

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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BY W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIVE POINTS.

BY S. P. WILLIS.

As I presume you are interested in the one portion of New York made classic by a foreign pen, let me first visit to Dickens' Hotel at Five Points, made one evening last week with a distinguished party, under charge of the Box officer.

I had had an idea that this celebrated spot was on the eastern limit of the city; at the end of the omnibus routes, and was a few minutes walk from Broadway, and in full view from one of the fashionable corners. It lies, indeed, in a lap between Broadway and the Bowery, in what was once a secluded valley of the island of Manhattan, though to believe it ever to have been green or clear, requires a powerful effort of the imagination. We turned into Anthony street at half-past ten, passed "The Tombs," and took the downward road, as did Orpheus and Dickens before us. It was a cold night, but women stood at every door with bare heads and bare shoulders, most of them with something to say, and by their attitudes, showing a complete insensibility to cold. In every thing they said, they contrived to bring in the word "shilling." There were few men to be seen, and those whom we met skulked past as if avoiding observation—possibly ashamed to be there, possibly shrinking from any further acquaintance with Officer Stevens, though neither of these feelings seemed to be shared by the females of the company. A firm turban to the left brought us up against what looked to me a blind, tumble-down board fence; but the officer pulled a latch and opened a door, and a flight of steps was disclosed. He went down first and threw open a door at the bottom, letting up a blaze of light, and we followed into the grand subterranean Almack's of the Five Points. And really it looked very clean and cheerful. It was a spacious room, with a low ceiling, excessively whitewashed, nicely scented, and well lit, and the black proprietor and his "ministering spirits" (literally fulfilling their vocation, behind a very tidy bar) were well dressed and well mannered people, and received Mr. Stevens and his friends with the politeness of grand chamberlains. We were a little early for the fashionable hour, the ladies not having arrived from the theatres; and, proposing to look in again after making the round of the other resorts, we crept up again to the street.

Our next dive was into a cellar crowded with negroes, eating, drinking, and dancing, one very well made mulatto girl playing the castanets, and imitating Elsie in what she called the cravener again. In their way these people seemed cheerful, dirty and comfortable. We looked in afterwards at several drinking places, thronged with creatures who looked over their shoulders very significantly at the officer; found one or two bar rooms kept by women who had preserved the one virtue of neatness, (though in every clean place the hostess seemed a terrible virago,) and it was then proposed that we should seek some of the dormitories of this Alcatraz. And at this point must end all the cheerfulness of my description. "This is called murdering alley," said our guide. We entered between two high brick walls, with barely room to pass, and by the light of the police lantern we managed to make our way up a broken and filthy staircase to the first floor of a large building. Under its one roof the officer thought there usually slept a thousand of these wretched outcasts. He knocked at a door on the left. It was opened unwillingly by a woman who held a dirty horse blanket over her breast, but at the sight of the police lantern she stepped back and let us pass in. The floor was covered with human beings asleep in their rags, and when called by the officer to look in at a low closet beyond, we could hardly put our feet to the ground, they lay so closely together, black and white, men and children. The doorless apartment beyond, of the size of a kitchen, was occupied by a woman and her daughter and the daughter's child, lying together on the floor, and covered by rags and cloths of no distinguishable color, the rubbish of bones and dirt only displaced by their emaciated limbs. The sight was too sickening to endure, but there was no

egress without following close to the lantern. Another door was opened to the right. It disclosed a low and gloomy apartment, perhaps eight feet square. Six or seven black women lay together in a heap, all sleeping except the one who opened the door. Something stirred in a heap of rags, and one of the party removing a dirty piece of carpet, with his cane, discovered a new-born child. It belonged to one of the sleepers in rags, and had had an hour's experience of the tender mercies of this world! But these details are disgusting, and have gone far enough when they have shown those who have the common comforts of life, how inestimably, by comparison, they are blessed! For one, I had never before any adequate idea of poverty in cities. I did not dream that human beings, within reach of human aid, could be abandoned to the wretchedness which I there saw—and have not described the half of it, for the delicacy of your readers would not bear it, even in description. And all these horrors of want and abandonment lie almost with the sound of your voice, as you pass in Broadway! The officers sometimes make a descent and carry off swarms to Blackwell's Island—for all the inhabitants of the Five Points are supposed to be criminal and vicious—but still thousands are there, subjects for tears and pity, starving like rats and dogs, with the sensibilities of human beings!

As we returned we heard screams and fighting on every side, and the officers of the watch were carrying off a party to the lock up house. We descended once more to the grand ball room, and found the dance going on very merrily. Several very handsome mulatto women were in the crowd, and a few "young men about town," mixed up with the blacks: and altogether it was a picture of "amalgamation" such as I had never before seen. I was very glad to get out of the neighborhood, leaving behind me, I am free to confess, all discontent with my earthly allotment. One gentleman, who was with us, left behind him something of more value, having been robbed at Almack's of his keys, pencil-case, and a few dollars, the contents of two or three pockets. I wind up my "notes" with the hope that the true picture I have drawn may touch some moving spring of benevolence in private societies or in the Common Council, and something may be soon done to alleviate the horrors of the Five Points.

Outlawry in the West.—It is a common practice out west, for persons whose enterprise exceeds their means, to settle on vacant government land, and make improvements, which, according to their notions, give them a pre-emptive right. Quite numerous communities can be found composed of those who have no other title to the land they occupy than the claim to this right. Among such this claim is generally recognized, and is not infrequently sold for a valuable consideration. It, however, occasionally happens, that a man wishing to buy, goes to the land office and selects one of the tracts thus improved. Notice is given to the squatter of the fact, and if he is unable to pay the price, the land is sold to the stranger. Custom requires he shall pay the former occupant the value of his improvements, but no law compels him to do so, and in case he does not, he is apt to have an uncomfortable time of it. The settlers look upon him as their enemy, and treat him accordingly. Sometimes the settlers associate together for mutual support, and give warning to all those seeking to buy their lands of the treatment they may expect. In the Milwaukee Couflet of the 22d ult., we find the proceedings of a meeting of this class of people, from which we copy the following in reference to those who buy land "in violation of the rights of the rightful claimants thereon," as they express it. The resolution is a terrible detestation of outlawry.

Resolved. That we will extend to such persons none of the hospitalities of friendship, none of the civilities of social life—that we will countenance no alliance with him in business of friendship—that we will neither lend nor sell to him—that we will not give him fire when that in his house goes out, nor assist him in his corn huskings, log rollings, nor raisings; nor in any of our intercourse recognize him as our fellow, save in preserving his property from destruction by fire, or himself from death when in our power to do so, and by giving him bread when he is hungry, and awarding to him the rights of Christian burial when he dies. And that if any person shall extend him other treatment, he shall be viewed in the same light as the aggressor himself.—*Buffalo Con. Adv.*

A Faithful Negro.—Dr. Hagau, of the Vicksburg Sentinel, relates an interesting anecdote of a negro belonging to Dr. Emanuel, of that city. We copy it with as full space as we can afford, and hope to see it republished in every paper in the country that is not tainted with the rank infection of abolitionism. The Sentinel states that some months back Dr. Emanuel gave his servant Richard permission to visit his birth-place in Virginia, and he not only returned, but resisted all persuasions of the base abolitionists of Cincinnati to runaway and spend his days among them. Richard was supplied with a pass and a letter to his old master, in Lynchburg, giving the Doctor's reasons for allowing Richard to make his visit; in his purse he carried upwards of one hundred dollars in gold, besides a good supply of silver-coin ready use. On his arrival at Lynchburg his old master wrote, at his instance,

informing the doctor of it. He remained there five weeks, and not meeting any person travelling to the South, he commenced and continued the whole journey alone, travelling by land to Gyaudotte, and on steamboats from that place to Vicksburg. He remained a day at Cincinnati, and intended stopping there a day or two longer, waiting for a boat, but the abolitionists became so troublesome and annoying to him, that he determined to leave in the mail boat for Louisville, and wait there for the boat, which he did. He says that the abolitionists commenced their arguments and entreaties with him at Gyaudotte, and never let him have any peace until he reached Louisville. He told them that he knew his own business, best, and should return to his master, who treated him as well and allowed him as many privileges as he wanted. He reached home on Wednesday the 13th inst., happy and delighted to see his friends, and to resume his duties in the rough department of the doctor's drug store.—*N. O. Pic.*

Death from Pills improperly taken.—The Coroner of New York on Wednesday last held an inquest at No. 38 Mulberry street, on the body of Susanna Shaw, a native of Ireland, aged about 30 years. The deceased had been unwell for several years, and on Saturday went to the Medical Institute in Broadway, where stating her case, Dr. Revere, the professor, prescribed to her pills of strychnine, or concentrated nux vomica, ordered sixteen pills, each containing 1/16th of a grain of a grain 1/4 of a grain of which, or 8 pills taken at once, are sufficient to cause death. Of these she was to take one only, each night previously to retiring to bed. The pills were carefully put up by Dr. Frey, the apothecary, and Dr. Wainwright carried them to the deceased himself, giving both oral and written directions for her to take only one each night. On Sunday and Monday nights she took each one pill, and finding no relief, on Tuesday night between 9 and 10 o'clock, she took ten of the pills equal to 3/8ths of a grain at once, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her mother, and retired to bed. Some time after she was taken very ill, her mother became alarmed, the neighbors came in, and before 3 o'clock the woman died. Verdict, came to her death by administering to herself an overdose of strychnine, contrary to the directions of the physician, and through ignorance of the effect.

Light Reading.—By light reading is generally understood that kind of reading which calls for little mental effort, and the effect of which is a pleasant excitement of the imagination. Novels and the light tales which abound in modern periodicals constitute the literature of a large number who look no further than to the gratification of the moment, and are reluctant to submit to the labor of thinking. The effect of such habits is to dissipate the mind, and qualify for no higher effort than that to which it is thus accustomed. No information is obtained, no just sentiments formed, no stores of knowledge laid up for the practical uses of life. Fictitious sympathy may be created, unreal scenes of life familiarized, and the mind encouraged to entertain dreams of fancy which never can be realized. But the mental faculties are not only weakened for want of stronger food, but essentially vitiated. Such reading, therefore, cannot be too strongly condemned, as both worthless and pernicious.

Sensations in a Trance.—The sensations of a seemingly dead person, while confined in the coffin, are mentioned in the following case of trance: A young lady, attendant on the Princess —, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail down the lid of the coffin, a kind of apparition was observed to appear on the surface of her body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day. The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology.

She said it seemed to her that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin. She felt them put on the dead clothes and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act in her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in the body, and yet not in it at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arms, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The inter-nal anguish of her mind was, however, at

its utmost height when the funeral hymns were begun to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried, was the one that gave activity to her mind and caused it to operate on her corporal frame.

Shaving the Beard.—Shaving is one of the evils which civil life has subjected man to; and we have now become accustomed to it, that we regard the wearing of a long beard as a very strong evidence of a man's insanity, or at least very great eccentricity. And yet, if a new edition of the Bible were to come out with elegant engravings, representing the patriarchs and the prophets, and our Saviour and the Evangelists without a beard, we should all be much shocked at the seeming sacrilege. Every intelligent mind that reflects on the subject, must soon be convinced that the true and full dignity of the male form in the human species, requires the presence of the full grown beard, and no physiologist can doubt that the habitual shaving of the beard serves in some measure to abbreviate the period of his existence.—*Science of Life.*

Confession of Mason, the Harrisburg Murderer.—He was after work. He arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland in July last, and had been wandering about the country ever since. When in Harrisburg he heard that this old couple had laid up from their sales of marketing, quite a large sum of money to support them, and that they had it in the house in specie. He was in a state of utter desolation, and having nothing to do, and no prospect of work he conceived the plan of murdering the couple alluded to, in order to obtain their wealth. He began by lurking about the premises to ascertain when the old people were alone. On the morning of Friday he watched until he saw the sole leave for market, when he sneaked up cautiously towards the house. As he looked in the door, he saw the aged couple sitting at a table, upon which were spread a number of small pieces of money. The old lady was sitting at one end sewing, with her spectacles on her nose. The old gentleman was sitting at the other end, apparently engaged in examining and counting the coin. Fired by the exhibition of this money, which brought into vivid distinctness the picture of his own beggary, he retreated to an adjacent wood pile, and selecting from it an oak stick about a yard long, and knotty at the end, returned stealthily to the house. He first struck the old lady a tremendous blow upon the head from behind, completely mashing in her skull and exposing the brain.

The sudden blow paralyzed with fear and astonishment, her husband, before recovering from which, he received a blow from Mason—a blow also that gave him an awful gash upon the forehead, from out of which gushed a torrent of blood. This would seem to have finished the dreadful deed, but the old man was athletic, and though blinded by his own gore, and agonised with the pain, he attempted to grapple with the assailant. Another and another blow followed, some of which struck the table and broke a corner of it off. The old lady here made an outcry, it was her death-shriek, and the murderer alarmed, aimed another blow at her, which missed her head, but dashed the spectacles from her face, and broke them, when with a gurgling groan, she dropped dead. The old man now grasped the villain, in a moment of returning consciousness, by the leg. Another blow from the bludgeon which by this time was covered with blood and brains, and the gray hairs of the murdered couple, completed the fiendish work, and all was quiet. Mason now hastily snatched up the money from the table, and proceeded to rifle the drawers. He saw one drawer open with a key in it—probably the one from which the coin upon the table had been taken. From this drawer he took some relief notes and some silver.

Just as he was about to close this drawer, he discovered a little box in it. He broke it open, and found it full of gold. He seized one gold piece, but just at the moment the old man, turning over in his blood, began to groan. The murderer became alarmed. At the same instant, he thought he heard approaching footsteps—possibly the son returning home. A panic seized him—where lay the gold before him—he wanted it—he could hardly clutch it—but his fingers seemed paralyzed—his brain bewildered—and giving way to the instinctive sense of safety, he rushed out of the back door of the house, leaving his bloody stick behind him, and made with all possible speed for the woods. He next went to the river, and there washed the stains of blood from his clothes. That night he slept in a barn. On examining the money he had taken, he found that the whole sum did not exceed twenty dollars. The next day he was arrested and discharged, as above stated—proceeding to Reading—where our narrative finds him.

Murder will out.—We notice that Wm. H. Faulkner, who murdered a young man at Louisburgh, North Carolina some two or three years since, was recently apprehended in the neighborhood of Danville, where he had married a Miss Wharf, and was apparently secure. The circumstances which led to his recognition and apprehension, says the Danville Reporter, are such as could have been ordered only by that superintending Providence, who directs all the steps of men, and who has wisely ordained "that the way of the transgressor is hard."—*Louisville Journal.*

FOREIGN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Of Col. Fisher and Gen. Green, commanders of the Texans captured at Mier, with General Tornel, in relation to the terms of their surrender and their present treatment: CASTLE OF PEROTE, March 31st, 1843. To his Excellency Gen. Tornel, Minister of War and Marine.

Sir—Having seen it published in your public journal, that we surrendered at "discretion," and judging from the treatment we have received since we were placed under the charge of the Commandant of the 4th Regiment of Infantry that such an impression still exists, we beg most respectfully to enclose to your Excellency a copy of the articles of capitulation entered into at Mier on the 20th of Dec., vt.

Of this treatment we do complain as violative of the pledged faith of your Government, and highly abusive of her generous magnanimity. That this complaint is not captious, we take great pleasure in stating, to the honor of your nation, that, with few exceptions, have we had a right to complain, and that we are not less gratefully for good than sensible of bad treatment, we beg leave to enclose to your Excellency, as we have nothing to disguise from your Government, a full copy of our correspondence with the several officers under whose charge we have been.

It would indeed be tedious, and perhaps unprofitable, to enter into minute detail of treatment which has been and is at present imposed upon us, wholly in violation of our articles of capitulation, of civilized warfare, and the magnanimity of a great and generous nation. And we protest, in the name of the civilized world, that the imposition of this treatment upon us, as subjects of a "revolted province," is arbitrary and not justified by the circumstances of the case. Several years since the people of Texas lost the character of "rebels," by demonstrating their ability to maintain themselves as a nation, and have been so recognized by the most enlightened nations of the earth; and whatever may be opinion of your Excellency, upon this subject, we are bound as candid and honorable men to assert your Excellency, that that ability is greatly increased; but notwithstanding the people of Texas are not less anxious for an honorable peace.

The unnatural and predatory warfare which for the last several years has been carried on upon the borders of our respective country, has met the reprobation of the most intelligent and just men of our country. But when we understood that your Government last summer declared that she would thereafter conduct the war upon the "principles of civilized warfare," and the invasion of Texas by Gen. Woll was believed to be in accordance with that declaration, the undersigned took the field under the orders of their Government. The consequence is well known to your Excellency. We met Gen. Ampudia's division in honorable combat; and while success crowned your arms, we have not discredited our own. We capitulated under the most solemn promises made though the honorable and chivalrous Gen. Ronolo de la Vega, and Cols. Carasco and Blanco—they pledging the straps upon their shoulders that we should be treated "with all the honors of prisoners of war." To add greater assurance to this promise, one of the fathers of our church, Padre de Liro, the priest of Camaguey, came forward and pledged the holy Catholic religion for this observance.

Our credulity accepted the terms, when still we possessed means of resistance, and what is the consequence? Let these dirty prison walls and the criminal's fetters that now bind our limbs answer. We speak the balance with deep mortification and shame, not for ourselves, but for that authority which adds insult to injury. We are now ordered out with your criminals as scavengers of nameless filth. But there is a duty, as humble representatives of our own country, beyond which we dare not go.

We furthermore solemnly protest, that if peace with Texas be desirable, she cannot, with honor to herself, in any possible manner entertain the question during the continuance of such treatment. However, it is not for the undersigned to read lectures to your Excellency upon the policy of such treatment, but of its justice the whole world may judge.

We have the honor to be very respectfully, your Excellency's obt. serv'ts. Wm. S. FISHER, Thos. J. GREEN.

The following is a transaction of a recent decree of the President of the Mexican Republic, respecting specie, which may be of interest to the merchants of the U. States.—*N. O. Courier.*

His Excellency the Provincial President has been pleased to promulgate the following decree:

Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, Provisional President of the Republic of Mexico to its inhabitants—Know ye, That using the powers which have been granted me, and confirmed by the representatives of the department; I have thought proper to decree the following:

Art. 1st. In place of the 2 per cent which is now paid upon the introduction of money into the ports pursuant to the law of the 19th April 1831, 4 per cent will be required, the collection of which will commence

at the end of thirty days from the publication of this decree in the capitol of this Republic.

Art. 2d. The coin which may be transmitted from one department to another will pay one per cent at the time of its exportation, to take effect at the same time noted in the preceding article.

Art. 3d. The coined gold and silver which may be exported will pay 6 per cent duty in place of that indicated by Art. 3d of the rates of 20th April, 1843.

Art. 4th. The arrangement in art. 3d will take effect in the maritime and frontier custom houses in three months from its publication in the aforesaid Capitol of the Republic.

Likewise I command that this may be printed, published and circulated in order of its fulfillment.

National Palace at Mexico, March 10th. ANT. LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA. IGNACIO CAIQUEZOS, Min. of State.

The Haytian Revolution.—A letter from a Boston gentleman, who left here in the brig *Thosoa* for Aux Cayes, dated at the latter place 29th ult. says: "I arrived here March 3, and was much surprised, on landing, to find the place full of troops, the bridges around the town all destroyed, and barricades thrown up to prevent the insurgents from entering. The latter were posted about fifteen miles distant, in three divisions, holding the place in complete siege. The black General, in command here, was determined to defend his post to the last. It was related of him that, twenty-eight years ago he was one of Christophe's commanders, and a blood-thirsty character. When Christophe gave notice of his determination to destroy all the mulattoes on the island, this General who had a mulatto wife and three children, went home, shot his wife, and dashed all his children's brains out. He then went to the King and informed him of what he had done, and Christophe, enraged at the recital of such a horrid crime, struck out one of the murderer's eyes with his cane. You may imagine what a people felt at having such a commander. The troops were deserting, so that in a week he had not more than 400 out of 2,000 left, when one division of the besieging army marched into town, and were joined by all the Government troops. Two days afterwards, the remainder of the army came in, making about 8000 in all, but they were very orderly and quiet. In the mean time, Col. Touro, who commanded the arsenal, had threatened to blow it up before he would surrender. This alarmed the inhabitants, and about two thirds of them deserted the place. He kept the town in this state for two days, and about 7 o'clock on the second day, seated himself in the magazine with powder stored all around him, and applied the match. The explosion was tremendous. The arsenal was nearly in the centre of the town, and nearly all the doors and windows, within 500 yards were thrown open, and some stones, weighing 200 pounds were thrown 500 feet. The arsenal and fifteen other buildings were burnt, but the wind luckily blowing towards the water, the flames were stopped. The insurgent General, Reviere, was formerly Lieut. Col. of a regiment quartered in this town, under command of Colonel Touro, and it is said that the latter could not brook the idea of giving himself up to his junior officer, and hence his resolution of blowing himself up with the arsenal. The Patriot Army left us about a week since, marched to Port-au-Prince, which they entered without opposition, and thence will march to the Cape, and to St. Domingo city. They will probably find no opposition, as sixteen-twentieths of the people are in favor of a change of Government. All the men have gone with the Army, and probably nothing will be done for two months, or until their return."—*Boston Courier.*

Look Out, Bachelors!—The girls seem determined that men shall marry, or pay well for the luxury of single-blessedness. In a late number of the Boston Mercantile Journal, we find the following singular case related: "It appears that a fair damsel brought an action against a faithless swain in a neighboring State, to recover, in the shape of dollars and cents, consolation for a breach of promise of marriage. The evidence of promise having been given was not clearly proved, but the court very properly decided that if he did not promise, he ought to have done so!"

Up to one's Knees in Eloquence.—Handy Andy somewhere tells of a place so cold that the butter froze as hard as granite, and which could only be separated by a chisel and mallet. The words freeze as they came from their mouths, and dropped to their feet in pellets of ice; and frequently after a long conversation, a man might be seen standing up to his knees in his own eloquence!

The Rocky Mountains.—Mr. Thompson, the Astronomer of the Hudson Bay Company, reports that he found peaks between latitude 53 and 56 north, more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea. The latitude mentioned is much north of the United States Territory. The height is nearly equal to that of the Himalaya mountains of Asia.

The Montpellier (Vt.) Watchman states that the maple sugar produced in that State, the present season, at the low price of 5 cents per pound, will amount to \$1,000,000. This will make the quantity of sugar about 20,000 hhd's. In 1840 the quantity was but 5,500 hhd's.