

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."

VOLUME VIII.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., July 5, 1843.

NO. 23

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER BY W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

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All Job work done for persons living at a distance, must be paid for at the time the work is done, or the payment secured in the village.

All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

Missionary Notices.

The undersigned being appointed Missionaries, in the first Division of the Edgefield Association, expect to commence their labors at each Church in the following order, viz:

Rehoboth, Saturday before the second Lord's day in July.
Red Hill, Saturday before the third Lord's day in July.
Bedford, Saturday before the fourth Lord's day in July.
Bulah, Saturday before the fifth Lord's day in July.
Cullhams Mills, Saturday before the first Lord's day in August.
Mount Moriah, Saturday before the second Lord's day in August.
Gigal, Saturday before the third Lord's day in August.
Bethany, Saturday before the fourth Lord's day in August.
Horch, Saturday before the first Lord's day in September.

F. F. SIEG.
D. D. BRUNSON.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed Domestic Missionaries, for the 4th Section of the Churches of the Edgefield Baptist Association, give notice, that we will by Divine permission attend the Churches, at the following times:

Hamburg, on the Saturday before the 2nd Lord's Day in July.
Big Stephens Creek, on the Saturday before the 3rd Lord's Day in July.
Mount Zion, on the Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in July.
Horn's Creek, on the Saturday before the 5th Lord's Day in July.
Edgefield, on the Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in August.
Red Oak Grove, on the Saturday before the 2nd Lord's Day in August.
Bethany at Republican, on the Saturday before the 3rd Lord's Day in August.
Antioch, on the Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in August.

JOHN TRAPP.
H. A. WILLIAMS.

In consequence of the number of Churches, and the limited time for visiting them, it is impracticable for us to attend each. We have, therefore, from their readiness to each other, appointed one meeting for Mt. Lebanon and Mt. Zion, to be held at the latter. The reasons for this appointment will be given more fully at the meeting.

J. T. W.

The undersigned will commence their Missionary labors, on Saturday before the 2d Lord's Day in July, at Salem.

On Saturday before the 3d Lord's Day in July, at Fellowship.

On Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in July, at Mountain Creek.

On Saturday before the 5th Lord's Day in July, at Damascus.

On Saturday before the 1st Lord's Day in August, at Good Hope.

On Saturday before the 2d Lord's Day in August, at Little Stevens Creek.

On Saturday before the 3d Lord's Day in August, at Chestnut Hill.

On Saturday before the 4th Lord's Day in August, at Sister Springs.

Each meeting will continue one week if circumstances favor it.

Z. WATKINS.
JOS. MORRIS.

May, 1843.

The undersigned will commence their Missionary labors, on Saturday before the 2d Sabbath in July, at Salem.

On Saturday before the 3d Sabbath in July, at Red Bank.

On Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in July, at Cloud's creek.

On Saturday before the 5th Sabbath in July, at Bethel.

On Saturday before the 1st Sabbath in August, at Rocky creek.

On Saturday before the 2d Sabbath in August, at Sardis.

On Saturday before the 3d Sabbath in August, at Lexington.

On Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in August, at Cloud's creek.

WM. WATKINS.
JAMES F. PETERSON.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to us on accounts due the first of January last, are requested to come and settle up. We have to pay our debts.

GOODE & LYON.

Feb. 13 1843

French Mustangs & Printed

LAWNS.

A FINE assortment, for sale Cheap, by

JNO. O. B. FORD.

Hamburg, April 15 1843

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FLOGGING SCHOOLMASTER.

Amidst the rapid changes which have marked the progress of society within the present century, and they have been wondrous indeed, there is none perhaps more striking than that which has taken place in the mode of punishing delinquents. Formerly, the arm of the law seemed to be nerve with something very nearly akin to revenge in exacting penance for an evil deed, all its efforts were directed to the body instead of the mind, and in proportion to the corporeal pain inflicted, was judged the due expiration of the crime; no melioration in the offender was thought of, except by inspiring terror, and to the absurd idea of supporting the dignity of the law, were sacrificed every principle of enlightened justice, and every feeling of soft humanity. In the old country, the whipping post was to be found in every town and village, and the pillory and the stocks were constantly exhibited on market days in the rural districts. Some degrading spectacle or other of rustic vice, condemned by indiscriminating magistrates, thus to pay the forfeit of their trifling misdeeds. In the training of the rising generation, a similar process of summary action was put in movement to quicken the slow, and excite the diligent, and in all cases of juvenile delinquencies, whether of omission or commission, the rod and the breech were ever brought to try conclusions together. Schools in those days were regular flying establishments, and the young student found in his cost that the road to learning, as was once aptly remarked by a celebrated wit, invariably lay through groves of birch and gentry tapering lime twigs. It is a melancholy fact in human physiology that a habit of inflicting pain generates ever in the mind a kind of ferocity that supercedes all other pleasures, and he who once indulged in a blow to a child, wife or dependent, is in great danger of degenerating into a most merciless tyrant. We recollect some clerical pedagogues who had an absolute passion for the birch, and the sight of a black gown and band even now excites in us a feeling of horror which we can hardly master. Some years ago, before the conclusion of peace between France and England, an emigrant of the former country, probably a descendant of one of the great families ranking with the De Montmorency's or De Guiches in the days of their renown, was travelling in the West of England, eking out his living by taking portraits or miniatures, and hiding his poverty under that noble pride and industrious action for which the fugitive French noblesse were so remarkable at that period.

It happened that as he was trudging along the road on foot, and about to enter the small town of Credinton, in Devonshire, he was encountered by a host of boys of all ages belonging to a school in the neighborhood, who had obtained half a holiday in consequence of the rejoicings occasioned by recent intelligence of one of the victories won by Lord Wellington in Spain. Attracted by something peculiar in the appearance of the Frenchman, the mischievous urchins surrounded him, shouting and hallooing at the top of their voices, "Down with the French! Wellington forever!" which Monsieur not relishing, a little altercation ensued: a row quickly followed, in which the crown of the stranger's hat was broken in and his coat covered with dirt. Unable from their number to contend successfully with his youthful adversaries, he made way for the school, bawling with resentment, and proclaiming aloud his intention of laying his complaint before the head master.

Now this said head master was perhaps the severest of all his tribe that had been known in that part of the country for ages; a Doctor of Divinity and a most able scholar, he had by the success of his pupils at the two Universities, acquired a character which every year of his sway he seemed desirous to increase by the incessant use of the birch. Aware of the consequences of condemnation, the boys concocted a plan by which to divert the anger of the master from themselves to the complainant. Outraining the Frenchman they arrived at the house, and informed the Doctor that they had been insulted in the road by a French-spy; a row had taken place, and he was coming hither impudently to beard them all.

On the Frenchman's reaching the school, with little regard to ceremony, and irritated beyond measure at the sight of his hat and garments, which his slender purse could ill afford to repair he loudly expressed his wrath, and demanded instant justice to be done on the aggressors. The Doctor refused with some asperity, commenting on his questionable character; the Frenchman rejoined in a rage, until losing all command of himself, he dared to say he was no gentleman. "What!" said the school master, "insult me before my own scholars! 'Horse him boys, instantly!'"

The latter amongst whom were many strapping fellows of 18 or 19 years of age, delighting in the fun, were prompt in obeying the order and surrounded the unhappy Monsieur, notwithstanding the most vigorous resistance on his part, stripped him and mounted him on one of their backs. In a few seconds he was writhing and yelling beneath the birch of the pedagogue, when after receiving a severe castigation, he was bundled into the road, "loose, unbuttoned," to gather himself up, and go whither he pleased. Boiling with fury

and yet burning with shame at the humiliating treatment he had received, he made off for the nearest door, not daring to remain in Credinton, well knowing the ridiculous effect his appearance would produce on all those who would quickly become acquainted with the fact.

Four miles between this town and Exeter, there is rather a large village, at which our luckless hero stopped, and in the parlor of the little inn he meditated his plans for vengeance. The first thing, of course, according to all the rules of chivalric bearing, was to call his enemy out, but how? no friend was near—in a strange place—unimportant, something must be done to wipe away the stain his honor had received. He calls for pen and ink—attempts to sit down but by a painful start, is reminded of the still smoldering seat of his outraged honor—hastily pens a challenge, and calling the waiter, a stout fellow of about 21 or 25 years of age, dispatches him off to the school, promising him half a crown on his return.

The astute little dreaming of the nature of the massive birch, quickly arriving at the school, and making his way into the noisy beauty, found the Doctor seated at his desk, in all the pomp and pride of conscious pre-eminence. Master Staldeman delivered the hostile message, and holding his list in his two hands, looked around with considerable complacency. The Doctor broke it open, but no sooner did he glance over its contents, than his brow assumed a most threatening appearance. "What," said he, "no regard for my cloth—inult me in my very sanctum! I will let his messenger hear back my answer, but it shall be behind him, to quicken his celebrity. Boys, horse him!"

In less than three minutes the heavy hide of the order was painfully vibrating under the terrible instrument of school discipline, though he made almost superhuman efforts to get away adding prayers to imprecations, and shouting out aloud that he was a married man. "Twas an use—he got a most woful birching, and sweating, swearing with his clothes about his heels, he was thrust out of doors with a warning never to show his face there, on pain of receiving another similar punishment. Grinding his teeth anxious to be revenged on somebody; not clearly understanding what it all meant, he hastens home in a moment, bursts into the parlor, where was our Gallic friend, meditating on the probable choice of weapons of the Doctor, and wishing it might be the small sword, at which he was expert. "Oh, you d-d Frenchman!" said he "what trick is this you have been playing me! By thunder! you shall pay for it or my name ain't Jim Higgins!" He thereupon seized the Frenchman by the collar, and was going to commence a serious assault, when the landlord and landlady, interfered and rescued him from his gripe. "Mine good sake, here you mad! Sit down and give me do as you like!" "Sit he d-d!" replied the order in a rage; "I shan't be able to sit for a fortnight; and as for going to bed, I shall be obliged to lie on my belly for a month! The infernal person! I'm all a fire behind!" A little elation took place, which the Frenchman heard with open mouth and staring eyes. Without more ado, after giving Jim Higgins his dearly bought half crown, he pays his little bill and hastens away with all imaginable speed, slowly muttering as he crossed the threshold, "Sacre bleu! tonnerre de Dieu! Dis flogging School Master!"—N. O. Tropic.

RECORDS OF THE PAST.

A TENDERNESS SKETCH.

There was another whom I loved in those early days, and there is much that is sad in my memory, for her lot was a grievous one though all unmix'd with guilt. I did not know her, of whom I speak, till Henry Linton made her his wife, and brought her to dwell near my own home. I was then but a child, but I passionately loved the beautiful, and with almost reverential admiration I gazed upon the elegant Isabel Linton, for she was the very impersonation of all that is lovely in woman, the embodiment of my fairest visions.

How well I call to mind the first time I saw her, I had been playing a game of "hide and seek" with a few laughing girls of my own age, and more ventures than the rest I had, to conceal myself, clamored over the railing of the upper balcony of my father's house and sought to find a foothold upon the wall, which divided our garden from the elegant grounds belonging to Mr. Linton's residence. But the wall was below my reach, so giving the requiring call, I swung myself around and landed on the balcony of the next house, meanwhile giving vent to loud shouts of merriment. Imagine my confusion when I found myself in the presence of the beautiful Mrs. Linton who was a little amused by my singular entrance.

"Well, little stranger," said the lady, "whom have we here—where did you drop from—and where did you intend to alight on this moulden sphere? Shall I claim you as a 'god-son,' or would some one dispute my title? Come tell us your name, and your illustrious parentage!" Vexed and mortified at my faux pas, and the mirth of the lady, and her husband, I did not dare raise my eyes from my soiled and torn apron, to the lovely countenance before me. At length, ready to cry with mortification, I faltered out my name, and timidly asked if I might go home.

"Would you ascend again," said the lovely Isabel, "or do you seek a home to this wide world?"

Then seeing my tears, she kissed me and said she would show me the way out, but I must come to see her again—must come frequently, for she delighted in children, and then she descended into the garden with me, and opened the gate into our own grounds.

I did go again, and very frequently, and I went the more when spring came, for I loved the beautiful flowers the lady tended. I loved her singing birds, and her gentle pets and more than all I loved the beautiful lady. She sported with me when I was merry—and soothed me when troubled by my childish sorrows; she sang to me, too, those songs which at this day are my favorites, (for around them seem to linger such a host of bright memories,) as she sang I would gaze upon her exceeding beauty, till its charms colored every idea my heart cherished as worthy of admiration.

Not many months after our acquaintance commenced, the low music of an infant's cooing was heard in that dwelling. Oh! how great was my delight when I saw the lady's babe! It had its father's features but its mother's smile, and when it was old enough to prattle, it had its mother's tones. I often wondered in my heart if there was any thing on earth more lovely than that smile, more full of music than those sweet tones.

But now a cloud seemed to hang over that happy home, and its sunshine was fading away; the lady's eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her beauty was fast withering under the bright influence of some great sorrow which she strove to conceal; her birds and her flowers, even the carresses of her lovely child failed to win her from the grief. She did conceal it when with her husband; then she summoned smiles to her pale lips, and the brightness of love still lingered in her eye, but it was only sorrowful to me to see those smiles, for I knew her heart was breaking the meanwhile, and that the finger of the Destroyer had been laid that pallid brow. I was not long ignorant of the cause of such misery; rumor spoke loudly of Harry Linton's midnight revels, and his devotion to the cup whose contents cast a blight on all that is fair and good in life. Soon the truth of this report was confirmed by his altered countenance and mien. Oh! who would not have wept over the wreck of so much beauty, over the ruin of that noble mind, over the misery of that lovely lady! Then, too, there was ruin wrought over those broad lands, and soon the stranger claimed them as his due, and the lady was told that elegant mansion was henceforth no home for her—that she must seek an abiding place elsewhere, if so be she might find one.

There were times when the spirit of other days seem revived in Harry Linton, when he was again the fond husband, the tender parent, and in the world, the man of honor. But these were rare intervals, and even then, the consciousness of his unworthiness haunted him, and conscience never ceased its torments as it unrolled before him a record of broken promises, and deeds of sin, and pointed his finger sternly to him, as the destroyer of a household's peace. Then he looked on his wife and he saw her fading from earth, he cursed himself as her murderer, and again sought the Lethean cup to drown remorse; and after wild debauch he would return to his home to pollute it with his daring oaths and mad revelry. He had gone abroad seeking rest but finding it not when the intelligence reached him the harpies of the law were busied in his dwell. He hesitated thither, and the first object that met his eye was the form of that injured wife, she was engaged in preparing for removal the few articles that remained to her when the claims of the law were satisfied, and as he entered, was looking with fearful eyes upon a canvas, where, in the person of her husband were displayed so many many crimes. He saw that delicate and timid creature, that frail exotic whose rare beauty he was to guard and nurse "with gentle sunshine, gentle dew," now exposed to the gaze of rude and vulgar men, exposed to their coarse jests and taunting laughs, and he became infuriated, stung to madness. Isabel met him gently and without fear, there was no reproach in her look or tone save their sadness, and no work of bitterness escaped her lips.

"Harry, this portrait shall go with us to our new home, it is so beautiful, and so many pleasant thoughts of the past cast their sunshine around it; there is the same smile upon those lips that they wore when you asked me to be your bride so long ago. Look, dear Harry," she said, raising her mild eyes to his face. "What an expression of fury met her gaze—those tones of gentleness, those eyes beaming truth and tenderness as her woman's heart looked forth from them, only plunged still deeper in his heart the gnawing tooth of remorse—and in his mighty anguish, Reason no longer swayed him. With the force of a madman, he dashed the offending thing from her hands, the canvas was rent in twain, its frame splintered into a thousand pieces.

"Oh, papa!" said the timid voice of a child "pray do not be angry with mamma. Dear mamma, she never is angry with you, and every night she bids me love you, and pray for you, that you may be good, and then she weeps so much." "Oh, papa! papa!" it is very naughty to make mamma cry so," said the little boy, growing bolder as he pleaded for his sweet mother.

Henry Linton turned to the boy and with clenched hand, smote him to the ground; then with the yell of a demon he rushed from the house. None thought to

pursue him, for beside her dead boy lay the stricken wife and mother, almost as lifeless. From that death-like swoon she recovered only to learn the extent of her wretchedness. She lingered in the world a short time, but the name of her husband never passed her lips. She looked on the corpse of her child with a steady eye, then calmly replaced the shroud over his stiffened limbs and sought her chamber, and never left it again.

One evening at the holy hour of twilight she asked to be raised in her bed, that she might once more look on the glory of earth.

"And now leave me for a few moments, sweet friends," said she, "I would commune once more in life with a pardoning God, ere I seek his presence."

We obeyed her behest, and she was left alone with her heart and with her God. When the glory of the heavens had faded away, and dim twilight hung her veil around the earth, there was heard in Isabel's chamber a light step, and the murmur of a low voice; we entered her room, and saw the thin pale hand of the lady resting amid the matted locks of an emaciated being who knelt by her bed side; we approached, and discovered that the spirit of the destroyer and his victim had gone together to the tribunal of the Just.—(To be continued.)

A hard Case.—An incident occurred on Sunday last, in one of the respectable quiet streets of our city, which at any time would have been frightful, but in those temperance days is most passing strange. A young man, whose father on dying a few years since, left him a fortune of \$30,000, was seen to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so beastly intoxicated, so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence. He was without coat or hat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces and covered with dirt, while from the frightful gashes of his head the blood streamed down over his face, a spectacle of horror! Such a spectacle—such an object—to present itself on the Sabbath day at the house of a mother! And this is a wine-drinker—one whom we doubt not has always been a strenuous advocate for an "occasional glass"—that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that blasted drunkenness accumulates upon his head. This young gentleman, not yet 23 years of age, thus attired in his tattered and bloody habiliments, pitched from the cab on the pavement, and then staggered over the steps that led to his mother's dwelling. But fortunately that poor mother was spared the appalling exhibition. The family had just gone to church, and the son was denied admittance by the servants. This refusal enraged the drunkard, who in attempting to force the suiters, raised one by the hinge, which then fell upon him upon the pavement, and subsequently removed to the hospital. This really frightful scene was witnessed by a crowd of several hundred persons, drawn together by the ravings of the drunken madman. His history, brief, brilliant, beastly, should furnish a powerful lesson to the gentlemanly young toppers who are so conceitedly following in the same path.—*Saturday Morn.*

The only Safety.—Men should sign the Pledge for other reasons than mere self-preservation. He may have a child, a brother, or a friend, to sign with his example, who might otherwise become a drunkard. Every consideration should induce you to sign the Pledge even though you may be able to abstain without it yourself, do it for the benefit of those who cannot. And besides, if you are satisfied that drinking is an evil, and you are determined to give it up, why should you refuse to give your name to swell the cold water army? Is it because you think that under some circumstances you may desire to take a glass with a friend? If so, here lies all the danger—take one glass more, and that may prove fatal, this has been the case in more than one instance. The only safety is in total abstinence; this, experience has fully established as a fact—then why not adopt this principle for your guide through life?

Beare of Circumstantial Evidence.—Some time since, a gentleman travelling from Alabama, put up at the Union Hall in Forsyth, and in a conversation with the proprietor of the house, stated that a Negro fellow had been taken up for having committed violence upon the body of a white female, and that during his examination, he confessed that he had committed a similar act upon the body of a white female near Milledgeville, and that after he had gratified his brutal desire he hung her with a bunch of cotton thread. He stated that it was not his first intention to murder her—but to accomplish his object, he was obliged to choke her; finding (as he stated) she was near gone, he concluded to hang her, in which situation the body was discovered. The negro also stated, that Mr. Johnston was executed for the supposed murder, and that he was an innocent man; that he himself had committed the murder, and that there was no person concerned with him.

These facts having come to my knowledge, I felt it a duty I owe to the family of this unfortunate gentleman, to give them to the public. JESTICE.

Servants in India.—There is one g convenience in visiting at an Indian house, namely, every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the house. The servants find for themselves in a most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and eat nothing; that is to say, in our houses, or of our goods. They have mats upon the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah, (or lady's maid,) and a tailor, (for the ayahs cannot work;) and a—has a boy; and two muddles, one to sweep my room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself; the maid carries grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged and ostensible attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put off upon him without being found out by the master and mistress. Notwithstanding their numbers, they are dreadfully slow. I often tire myself with doing things for myself rather than wait for their dawdling; but Mrs. Stanton laughs at me, and calls me "griffin," and says I must learn to have patience, and save my strength. (N. B.—Griffin means a fresh man or a fresh woman in India.) The real Indian ladies lie on a sofa; and if they drop their handkerchief, they just lower their voices and say, "Boy," in a very gentle tone, and then creep in perhaps some old wizened skinny browie, looking like a superannuated thread-paper, who twiddles after them for a little while, and then creeps out again as softly as a black cat, and sits down cross-legged in the verandah till "mistress please to call again."

[A Lady's letter from Madras.

Effects of Laughter on the Circulation of the Blood.—The deep inspirations and the short and frequent expirations made in the act of laughing, have a direct influence on the heart, increasing the quantity of blood within its cavities in the same manner as the quantity within these increased by muscular contractions. This condition of the heart, as might be anticipated, will vary in proportion to the violence and duration of the paroxysms of laughter. When these are moderate, the mind is only exhilarated, or, to use a common expression, "the heart becomes joyful," but if laughing be increased or prolonged beyond certain limits, a series of effects, more or less injurious, frequently supervene. Pain in the cardiac region and headache then comes on, and if the paroxysm be immoderate, the quantity of blood propelled into the brain is such, that the intellectual powers becomes greatly excited, and sometimes to such a degree as to cause their temporary aberration. Even convulsions follow immoderate fits of laughter, and I have known death take place from excessive laughter caused by titillation.

A disturbed action of the heart is usually observed in those affected with hysterics, which may account for the paroxysm of laughter, the risus sardonicus, the hiccup and all the more remarkable phenomena which are characteristic of that disease. Laughter, indeed, greatly disturbs a heart which is already irritable. This was strikingly exemplified in a person who had a disease of the heart, and could not indulge in laughing, without the increased action of the heart by which it was accompanied, always causing violent headache.—*Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart.*

Curious Scene in Hyde Park.—A good deal of amusement was afforded for some hours in Hyde Park on Wednesday afternoon, in consequence of the fruitless attempts of the police to dislodge a couple of men from their elevated situation in one of the trees, which they had climbed with the view of taking birds' nests. One of the A divisions first spied the trespassers, and finding his summons to descend was disregarded, he made his way up the tree to bring them down by force. One of the delinquents was a sweep, and as his experience in making his way up chimneys gave him great advantage over the constable, he continued for hours to elude all attempts to lay hold of him. constable, however, at one time did succeed in catching hold of his leg. The sweep immediately pulled off his sooty cap and belabored the policeman over the eyes and face till he was completely blinded and almost choked with soot. The constable was forced to let go and to descend, with his face black as his antagonist's, amid the laughter of the mob. A reinforcement of police was sent for; six constables surrounded the tree and kept the crowd off. In this state of siege the delinquents were kept from two o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night, when one of them having surrendered at discretion, the capture of the other was effected, after considerable resistance.

Killed by a Corn Doctor.—The New Haven Herald, under its obituary head, notices the death of Mr. Justus, Williams, a respectable citizen of Essex, (Deep River) and an exemplary and worthy man, by lockjaw, occasioned by the applications of a corn doctor.