

# Highland Messenger.

"LIFE IS ONLY TO BE VALUED AS IT IS USEFULLY EMPLOYED."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern C. Advocate.]

### Narrative of Sergeant Everhart.

A SCRAP OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

I have often heard it said that the men of the Revolution were a peculiar class. One thing is evident, they were eminently fitted for the work which Providence had assigned them. They are now nearly extinct, and many of the interesting facts which occurred in their eventful history have passed away. Could these facts touching their noble bearing and personal bravery be gathered up, and thrown into a separate volume, succeeding generations would read it with profitable delight. Every attempt to rescue from oblivion interesting passages of those times should be encouraged.

The writer of this sketch was well acquainted with Sergeant Everhart. I have ridden with him, and marked the superiority of his horsemanship. I have conversed with him, and noticed the strong vein of common sense which ran through his remarks. He was a German rather above the ordinary size, and seemed formed for strength and activity. When I knew him, he was a truly pious local minister of the Methodist Episcopal church; and such he lived, and died.

The substance of what I am about to relate was communicated to a brother minister by Father Everhart himself; and from him I received it. I think from the impression made on my mind, that the facts may be safely relied upon as substantially correct.

The Sergeant belonged to Col. Washington's troop of horse; and a braver man never backed a steed or drew a sword in the cause of liberty. In an enterprise that required despatch he was usually selected; and riding a horse of noble powers, his common course was to dart into the thickest of the fight, fearless alike of limb and of life. He had received seventeen sabre wounds; and these were the shining marks of his valorous deeds.

The incident which I am about to relate took place in a rencontre between Tarleton and Washington. On the evening of the day before the battle, Col. Washington and others of his staff were seen examining with critical exactness the circumjacent grounds. They were in council, and preparing for the worst; for the British army was not far distant; and a contest was anticipated.

After the officers had dispersed, Col. Washington rode up to his brave troops, and calling Sergeant Everhart by name, communicated to him the following facts and orders. "Sergeant, we have learned from pretty good authority that the enemy intends making an attack upon us before day in the morning. Now I wish you to select seventeen men and take your station at the blacksmith shop on the main road, and do your best to throw their van guard into confusion. Keep them back if you can till day dawns, and we shall be ready to meet them. The Sergeant bowed assent, and wheeling off respectfully from his superior in office, soon began to adjust himself to the task assigned him. The men were presently selected. One small difficulty, however, occurred in the selection. The number designed was seventeen, but eighteen had volunteered. A trooper leaping from his horse, and snatching up a chip from the ground, cried out to his contending comrades, "wet or dry." The case being thus decided, off they started with Everhart at their head, to their position at the blacksmith shop.

The night was rather dark; and the little band waited in silence and breathless anxiety for the approach of the enemy. At length before the day began to dawn, the noise of clattering scabbards, and prancing hoofs of the advancing cavalry was heard in the distance. On they came, not suspecting that it would be necessary for them either to face or feel a broad sword until they had reached the plain. All of a sudden, the Sergeant gave the word of command in his half German word English style, "Sharpe, sharpe!" and in an instant the van guard was thrown into confusion. In the scuffle, a British trooper was cut off from his associates and supposing himself surrounded by the Americans, cried most lustily for "quarter, quarter." The Sergeant's reply was, "Yes, quarter him; remember Monck's Korner." The fellow, however, made his escape.

It was thought best not to push the matter too far lest the smallness of their numbers should be discovered. But as daylight had not appeared, Everhart concluded that by retreating to his position and awaiting their return, he could give them another brush. He did so, and the enemy advanced in good order, sword in hand.—The directions were, "Now, my brave boys, ven I dosh gif de vord, sharpe, den every von of you must begin to yelp and howl just like de Inshtuns, and den dat will frighten de hosses so dat day will run off mid de riders."

The sagacious calculation of the Sergeant was verified to the letter. The discordant notes of so many voices frightened the chargers worse than the roar of cannon. The men were willing to obey their officers; but the horses would not obey them. They snorted and bounded and ran; whilst the Sergeant and his company poun-

ced upon them with almost the impetuosity of a storm. Forgetting the smallness of their numbers, they thought themselves for the moment, enough for a host of red coats, and they were hurried on until they got into difficulties. A trooper of the Sergeant's band was so severely wounded under the right arm that when he raised it, the blood spouted out like water from a fountain! "Fall pack, fall pack," cried Everhart to his brave associate. "This he declared most solemnly he would never do while he had a drop in his veins."

Day by this time had dawned fully; and the Sergeant having led the way for his brethren in arms, soon found himself hemmed in on every side by overwhelming numbers. Utterly unable to extricate himself, he reluctantly sung out for "quarters." "Yes, quarter him." Finding that I was to have no quarter, I reigned up old "Bald Face," gave him de spur, and while de proats sords came down upon my heat like trumsticks, I cut a lane through de whole British lige, and just as I was about to be free again, mine ball-horse was shot from under me and down I came." At this juncture a British subaltern stepped up and saluted him with "how are you, Sergeant Everhart?" The reply was, (quoting his own words), "You see how I am all blood and wounds.—'Where is your bald horse?" "You shot him just now, or you would not see me here." "Well, that bald horse gave me the greatest chase I ever had in my life." The way of it was this. The officer some time before had climbed a pine tree that he might take an observation. The Sergeant happened to be in the top of another some distance off, for the same purpose! and having espied the red coat, he hastened down as quick as he could, and took after him. The other, however, had got the start. It was a hard chase; the Sergeant could easily have shot him, but this he would not do; his only object was to maim him, that he might bring him a prisoner of war. Now, the Sergeant was at his heels, and reaching over to strike his sword arm.—Then again the Englishman "could give his horse the spur and slip away from him. The chase continued until our hero ran within gun-shot of the British army. This was the man to whom the Sergeant was committed in custody. In the mean while, Col. Tarleton stepped up to them. This, said the officer is Col. Tarleton. The Sergeant strutted like a game fowl, and replied, "This is Sergeant Everhart!"—being determined to introduce himself, as the officer had failed to do so. Tarleton seemed diverted at his spunk, and looking the Sergeant in the face, asked—"Do you think that Washington will fight me?" This was almost too much to be borne; he put his arms a kimbo, and giving the Colonel a glance of his eye, now fixed with indignation, he replied with peculiar emphasis, "Fight you sir; fight you sir!" making a significant pause, and tossing up his head. "Would you fight me?" was the next question. Quick as thought he answered, "mine Got, give me my sord, and I fight you now."

Soon after this interview the battle commenced. The American horse with an enthusiasm that the love of liberty alone can inspire, presently turned the fate of the day. Clouds of dust were seen rising at a distance. The Sergeant and his attendant were sitting on a large log, which had fallen across the road, when the question was asked, "What does all that mean?" "Mean," said Everhart, "Why it means Washington is giffin ito him, and I am glad of it." Down they came like the rush of a tornado, and as they neared the spot where the two were sitting, the officer remarked, "we must get up, or they will be over us." "You may, if you choose, but I shant." Finally, the Sergeant was left alone, his keeper having fled for safety. It was manifest they would be over the log, but Everhart had formed his plan which was to lay himself lengthwise under its projecting side, so that they might pass over him, without observing, or doing him injury. It so happened that some one dropped a pistol near the spot of the Sergeant's retreat, he extended his hand and seized it; but did not know whether it was loaded or not. Just at that moment, a British horseman rode up to the log. The Sergeant started up from his horizontal position, and pointing the pistol at his breast, cried out "tillher or you are a dead man." No sooner said than done; the horseman dismounted, yielding his place to the Sergeant, who rode in triumph, and joined his fellows, and then fought the battle out.

This soldier of the revolution, finally became a soldier of the cross; and having settled in Middletown Valley, Md., he there spent the balance of his days. The last time I saw him, was at a Camp Meeting, not far from his residence. He was then old and feeble, but happy in God his Redeemer. Once, and only once during our exercises, did he attempt to officiate.—When he rose in the stand every eye was upon him, and having delivered his message with a feeble and tremulous voice, he took his seat, leaving nearly the whole audience in tears. It is pleasant for me to think of former associations. It is pleasanter still to contemplate the period when they shall all be renewed, never again to be marred by circumstances, disturbed by distance, or broken by death. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

J. S.

### Story of a Village, or the Happy Match.

BY STACY G. POTTS, ESQ.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife, when they went to housekeeping, "it's my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first because he loved her, and in the second place because he knew she was sensible, economical and industrious; just the reason which should influence every sensible man now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible, consequently each had the same motives to act well he allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undisturbed by other cares. For himself he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to enjoy in the bosom of his family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her attention to them.—Her husband's business doing habits, temperance, correct life, had all the power of example, increasing her anxiety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health and a disposition to improve it, they had nevertheless a strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that home should have some attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toils and weariness of the day, and there he found it. When perplexed or low spirited he retired thither and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always solace in the sunshine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed upon him, and chased every cloud from his brow.

However others treated him, there was always kindness confidence and esteem. If others deceived him, and hypocrisy, with its shameless face, smiled on him to delude or injure him, there all was sincerity of the heart which makes amends for suffering and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a wife a good housekeeper and a good domestic economist, as that kindness of the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that which thrives and gives strong promises that her care and prudence will have a profitable issue, and Harry Hemphill had this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to his business with steady purpose and untiring zeal. He obtained credit by his plain and honest dealings, custom by his punctuality and constant care, friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village. None was ever deceived who trusted his work. He always drove his business a little beforehand, for he said things go badly when the cart gets before the horse.

I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character. A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road at the end of the village, by a youngster who was making a dash in business, and who wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars.—The wild old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had and sided off from him as soon as he could.

He rode directly down to Hemphill's and told him he had a sum of money to loan, and if he would take it, the payments should be made easy—just as they would suit him.—Indeed, replied Harry, you have come to a bad market. I have a little cash to spare myself, and have been looking around these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in business all went like clock work at home. The family expenditures were carefully made; not a farthing was wasted, nor a scrap lost. The furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental. The table plain, and frugal, but wholesome and well spread.

Little went to the seamstress or the tailor. No extravagances in dress, no costly company keeping; no useless waste of time in too much visiting; and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill and loved her. She was kind without ostentation; sociable without being troublesome. And while few people lived more comfortably, none lived more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who build upon them. Even the angry frown of misfortune is almost put at defiance. A vantage ground is soon gained which the storm seldom reaches; and a reward comes in its proper time, to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The music of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that left the village for a distant residence. It was not sunrise; and as the coach bore us by the cool and quiet residence of the villager, I saw that the door was open and the breakfast smoking upon the table. Mary in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy amid her

household affairs, and a stranger who happened to be my fellow passenger to the city observing it, said: "There's a thriving family, my word for it." And he spoke well. There are certain ways of working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Aylesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields spread themselves out on every side as far as the eye could reach, flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene—the sun was just setting behind western hills; and while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school-house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled in their noisy mirth. "There," said an old friend, "lives Harry Hemphill: that is his farm, there are his cattle, here is his school house, educated at his own expense. Having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity, and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of all this."

My heart expanded then, it expands still, when I think of them. And I pen this simple history in the hope, that as it is entirely imitable, some who read it will attempt imitation.

**TIME AND EARLY RISING.**—Reader! if you have lived to be old and twenty without having learned that time is money—more emphatically money than diamonds and rubies, you had better begin at your A. B. again. If you have made your fortune, beware of robbing your friends of their time whose fortunes are yet to be achieved by industry. Never enter a merchant's store, a mechanic's shop, or a lawyers office, for the purpose of mere conversation; if you have business with either, despatch it as soon as you can. Take it for granted, that every man of sense knows the present value of minutes, and endeavors to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

Industry, perseverance, punctuality, and integrity, are all greatly advanced by early rising. A youth may learn many sciences and languages and never make a penny, and more likely to do so, if he rises late in the morning. Early rising is perhaps by some considered a vulgar habit—therefore, it is a thing well enough for mechanics and laborers, but by no means to be adopted by the higher classes of society. But those who think so, either know nothing of the biographies of eminent men or have perused them with little attention. It is indisputable that few men ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished for their abilities, who were not in the habit of early rising. If you rise late, of course you cannot get about your business till a late hour; and then every thing goes wrong throughout the day. Dr. Franklin says, "that he who rises late may trot all day and will not overtake his business at night," indeed it may be confidently affirmed, that he who is in the habit of early rising in his youth, will be much more likely to live to an old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man in society, and more likely to pass a pleasant and peaceful life than he who makes a practice of lying in bed till a late hour in the day, as many do.

**SHAVING.**—A sailor being shaved by a barber with a dull razor, was frequently asked by the barber, "Does my razor go easy, sir?" to which Jack gravely replied; "To answer your question correctly, honest friend I must know what you are about: if you call it shaving, it is tolerable easy; but if you call it shaving, it is outrageous hard, and no mistake."

A pastry cook at Bologna has produced a very novel substitute for a newspaper. It is composed of delicate paste leaves on which witty articles are printed, not with ink, but with chocolate juice. Thus, after its literary contents are devoured, the reader may devour the production itself.

**HOLLOW WARE.**—A countryman once happened to stray from his native village, into a seaport town, where he saw a ship on the stocks. He had never before seen such an object. Climbing up the ladder on the side of the vessel, he exclaimed, "Hallo! you make 'em hollow, don't you?"

- 1. A poor farmer will be a poor man.
- 2. A large manure-heap makes a full granary.
- 3. Intelligence to plan, industry to execute, and economy to preserve—prosperity follows.
- 4. Ignorance, idleness, and waste, are followed close in the rear by distress, poverty, and want.
- 5. The interest and happiness of the owner of all domestic animals are promoted by kind treatment, full feeding and cleanliness. Try it.
- 6. Poor tillage, poor crops.
- 7. To raise an abundance of grass is the foundation of a husbandry, and should be the first and last effort of every person who desires to be a successful and prosperous farmer.
- 8. Plants derive their nutriment from the soil, and every drop removed takes away part of its productive power, which an honest farmer will take pleasure and derive profit from restoring as soon as possible.
- 9. Those who trespass on the kind disposition of the soil, to produce crops, without making adequate returns to it, are soon brought to judgment.
- 10. A wise man will spread neither his manure nor his labor over more ground than will enable him to attain a maximum result.
- 11. Postponing doing right, is doing wrong.
- 12. A well cultivated garden is the most profitable part of a farmer's domains.

**FRUITFUL EMBROIDERY.**—In his early days, Lord Chief Justice Holt gave but little promise of his future eminence. He had a great many "wild oats" to sow, and it took him a great while to sow them. Many of the associates of his younger years were unprincipled. One of them, while Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench, was tried for highway robbery, convicted and sentenced to be executed. After sentence had been passed, the Chief Justice inquired of him what had become of Jack, and such a one, and the rest of the gang? "Alas, my lord," said the criminal, with a low bow; "they are all hanged but your lordship and I!"

**HAVING.**—A certain farmer, who had not yet joined the Temperance Society, went into the field where his workmen were mowing, one day after 11 o'clock, and affected to be highly pleased with their work; but just then, making a mis-step, and finding himself in a horizontal position, he changed his tune, and exclaimed, in a rough and harsh voice, "You lazy rascals, you don't half cut your grass. I thought at first view that your work was pretty well done, but when I come to lay down to look at it, I see that you don't understand your business."

### A most singular character.

"We extract from Memoirs of the life of Roscoe the following very curious account of a human phenomenon new living, which has no equal in the records of philology:—

"Nearly at the same time with the Illustrations of the life of Lorenzo de Medici, the little memoir of an extraordinary person appeared, under the title of a 'Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdoran, in the county of Carnarvon, in North Wales, exhibiting a remarkable instance of a partial power and cultivation of intellect.'" This most singular person, who is still living, and who continues to display a love of learning and an extent of erudition seldom exhibited within the walls of schools or universities, united with a want of common-sense amounting almost to idiocy, and a squalor and wretchedness of appearance of which a common mendicant would be ashamed, was first introduced to the notice of Mr. Roscoe in the early part of the year 1806. The impression which his extraordinary appearance and acquirements made upon Mr. Roscoe at this time is described in the following letter to Dr. Parr, who had unfortunately left Allerton just before the appearance there of the Welsh scholar:

"Your letter found me in conversation with one of the most extraordinary beings that ever occurred to my notice—a poor Welsh fisherman, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity. But beneath such an exterior is a mind cultivated not only beyond all reasonable expectation, but beyond all probable conception. In his fishing boat on the coast of Wales, at an age little more than twenty, he has acquired the Greek, the Hebrew, and the Latin languages; has read the Iliad, Hesiod, Theocritus, &c., studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connexion of that language with the Hebrew. He reads Latin with the utmost facility, and translates it either into Welsh or English. I asked him if he knew Italian? Yes, he could read it. I spoke to him in French; he answered me, and we carried on our conversation in that language.

"He is well disposed, modest, truly pious, and intelligent, but in his exterior motions is certainly like no other creature on earth. He has just entered the room with a wallet of books in all languages, and on my speaking to him, he saluted me with a sort of courtesy instead of a bow. Yet the expression of his features speaks his mind; and, if shaven and doctored, he might not appear so frightful as at present. He has now left the country, where he says he is persecuted, and thrown himself upon our benevolence, of which he thinks he had some proof on one of his visits here with some fish. What I shall do with him I know not; but I have promised him help and protection, which he shall have; and, if I find I can assist in rendering the very extraordinary talents with which God has been pleased to endow this humble child of indigence useful to himself or others, I shall have no small pleasure in doing it. If, on further experience, I find him as deserving as he seems to be at present, I shall most probably take advantage of your advice respecting him. At present, I assure you, I think it one of the most extraordinary circumstances that ever fell in my way; but, as first impressions are often incorrect, and I have yet seen but little of him, I will trouble you no longer respecting him at present, than to request your kind permission to mention him to you again, should I find him entitled to your advice and favor."

"This extraordinary being was immediately taken by Mr. Roscoe under his protection. His rags were replaced by decent clothing, and a comfortable bed was prepared for him at night.—So little, however, was he accustomed to the usages of civilized life, that instead of getting into the bed, he crept under it. Such, also, was his attachment to the squalid habits in which he had lived, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to submit to those ablutions necessary to render a near conversation with him agreeable, or indeed safe.

"At Allerton many persons of distinguished learning had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary attainments of Richard Roberts, who never failed to leave an impression of the singular powers of his intellect upon their minds. It was during the visit of Mr. Cook and Dr. Parr at Allerton, in the year 1815, that the following incident related in the memoir occurred:

"One of his friends happened to have a party to dinner, several of whom were persons of considerable literary distinction;—when by the misunderstanding of a message after dinner, the door opened; and to the equal surprise of both the host and his guests, Richard entered the room, his whole dress and appearance being grotesque in the highest degree. The curiosity of the company was excited; and, after the mistake to which his introduction was owing had been explained, he was asked several questions in French, to which he gave ready and correct answers. The conversation was then changed to Italian, in which he acquitted himself with equal readiness. This succeeded an inquiry into his knowledge of Latin and Greek, in which languages he read and translated some passages to the satisfaction of the persons present. One of the party then proceeded to examine him more particularly, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages, pray tell me what means you take in acquiring a language?"

"A. It is according to what the nature of the language is.

"Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?"

"A. If it was Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words correspond with or resemble the words in any other language with which I was acquainted; as, for instance the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, learning only such as were the original words of the Spanish tongue; and then, by the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language.

"All the party admitted that this was a most judicious and excellent method; and Richard withdrew, with expressions of approbation from all present.

"It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr. Parr, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it, were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew. Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and, after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar.—Richard, being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, 'He is less ignorant than most men.'

"Many are the singular and amusing anecdotes recorded of Richard in this memoir; which concludes with a short comparison between the subject of it and the famous Moses Mendelsohn and the learned Magliabachi."

### Do we eat a portion of the soil?

Certainly. Every vegetable is partly made up of a portion of the soil. Our wheat contains lime and flint and a little clay. Our corn contains the like materials, only a little modified by a different proportion, and so of most of our grains. Our vegetables must have a little of the mineral about them, and our soils must be so prepared that these mineral matters shall become dissolved and taken up to form and constitute the substance in question. Animal manures also contain, among other things, these ingredients in a soluble state, and hence their use when added to soils. They supply the materials which may be lacking, and cause the crop to grow into the shape needed for our own sustenance. Thus there is a constant interchange going on, and the animal—the vegetable—and the mineral worlds, are intimately connected. The farmer should remember when he gathers in his crop at harvest time that he is collecting together a portion of what his soil at sowing time, and is carrying it off. The greater and more beautiful the harvest, the more of the soil he conveys away, and the less does he leave to sustain the future crops. Hence it is that soils become exhausted, and hence it becomes necessary that there should be a supply returned in order to keep up the fertility and ensure a profitable return of labor expended in cultivation. It would be an advantage if every farmer could analyze the produce of his fields and also the soil itself, and thereby detect what is most abundant and what is most efficient.

At present but few can do this, and there are many things yet in the economy of nature that they cannot explain. When the farmers themselves shall become so well acquainted with agricultural chemistry, these mysteries will gradually pass away. It requires only a mind to begin, a mind to persevere, and a mind to communicate results. When this is the case, when all the practical farmers shall become awake to this subject, and shall practice accordingly, agriculture will be a very different pursuit from what it now is. There will be less groping in the dark, and a greater return for capital invested.—Maine Farmer.

**ADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.**—Mr. Holbrook of Medway, the celebrated bell founder, who has put up a clock upon the Baptist church in this town, the present week, gave us a little incident in his life, which is worth relating, if nothing more than to show the importance of a knowledge of chemistry.—An immense pile of cinders and dross had accumulated near his foundry, which was supposed to be entirely useless, and was used to fill up stone walls, &c. A foreigner who happened to be in town examined the pile one day, and offered \$100 for it. So large a price excited Mr. H.'s suspicions that the cinders might contain valuable metal, and he declined selling it. The man then offered \$200, which of course confirmed his opinion, and after a little parley the stranger acknowledged that he was acquainted with a process by which valuable metal might be extracted from the cinders, which he offered to divulge for a small compensation. A furnace and apparatus was constructed according to his direction, and when the whole pile was run through, the mass of neglected rubbish yielded a net profit of \$13,000. So much for knowing "how to do it."—Lyons Freeman.

**A TEMPERANCE FACT.**—The Pennsylvania of the 6th says: It is not remembered that at any previous 4th of July, so few accidents have occurred in the city and its environs. We learn that not a single case has been brought to the City Hospital, originating in any casualty within the last four or five days, inclusive of the 4th—a circumstance altogether unprecedented.