

# RALPH REGISTER

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM }  
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE }

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### THE REGISTER

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### TERMS.

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### Selecting Seed Corn.

From the Rutherford Gazette.

J. G. BRUM, Esq.

I have just received the enclosed letters, on the subject of selecting and planting the best kind of Seed Corn; and as I take a deep and abiding interest in every thing pertaining to farming, I hope you will publish them for the purpose of diffusing all the information you can to enable our Farmers (who constitute the main pillars of Government) to raise the greatest quantity of fruit from the least labor, and in the best possible manner. I am no speculative or experimental farmer; I go for practical and useful farming, and believe the information contained and imparted in these two letters, will at least put a large and valuable class of people to reflecting and improving our mode of cultivation. Respectfully, yours,  
JAMES GRAHAM.  
Washington, Feb. 14, 1837.

Patent Office, Jan. 30, 1837.

Hearing of some great improvements that had been made in the common Corn, I addressed a letter to Mr. Baden, a highly respectable gentleman in Maryland, to ascertain what facts I could on the subject.

His letter is very interesting, and I transmit you a copy of it. The experiment of Mr. Baden shows most clearly what can be done to improve seeds, by carefully selecting each year the best kind raised. Theoretical opinions sustain Mr. Baden; but few experiments have been tried so successfully. What might be effected for agriculture by similar efforts?

The like efforts in improving the breed of animals have been crowned with great success, especially in Europe. I avail myself of this opportunity to send you a small sample of the Corn mentioned by Mr. Baden. I will only add, that I have conversed with several persons who have planted the "Baden" corn; and the concurrent opinion of all sustains the statement made in the letter. I have a few samples, at the Patent Office, of corn raised in this neighborhood, which has four and five years on a stalk; and I expect soon some stalks containing six, seven, and eight ears. If this corn were generally introduced, how greatly the amount of Bread stuffs might be increased, without any extra labor. I hope some public spirited citizens will try to improve wheat, oats, barley, and other grains.

I avail myself of the opportunity to mention the introduction of the Italian Spring Wheat with great success. A friend of mine in Connecticut, raised the last year forty bushels on an acre. This grain is heavy; makes good flour; yields well; and the crop avoids all the danger of winter freezing. I have ordered a quantity of this corn and wheat to be shipped to Indiana, and intend to try both on the fine soil of the Wabash valley, the ensuing summer. I am yours, very respectfully,  
HENRY L. ELLSWORTH.

N. B. Be careful to plant this corn in a place by itself. When good seed is planted in a field with poor seed, the former will degenerate. H. L. E.

### COPY OF MR. BADEN'S LETTER.

Near Nottingham, Prince George's Co.,  
January 26, 1837.

SIR: I received yours of the 14th, making inquiry respecting the "Maryland corn," which you understood I had raised. I have the pleasure to say that I have brought this corn to its high state of perfection by carefully selecting the best seed in the field for a long course of years, having especial reference to those stalks which produced the most ears. When the corn was husked, I then made a re-selection, taking only that which appeared sound and fully ripe, having regard to the deepest and best color, as well as to the size of the cob. In the spring, before shelling the corn, I examined it again and selected that which was best in all respects. In shelling the corn, I omitted to take the irregular kernels at both the large and small ends. I have carefully followed this mode of selecting seed corn for twenty or twenty-three years, and still continue to do so. When I first commenced, it was with a common kind of corn, for there was none other in this part of the country. If any other person undertook the same experiment, I did not hear of it; I do not believe others ever exercised the patience of bringing the experiment to the present state of perfection. At first, I was troubled to find stalks with even two good ears on them, perhaps one good ear and one small one, or one good ear and a "nubbins." It was several years before I could discover much benefit resulting from my efforts; however, at length the quality and quantity began to improve, and the improvement was then very rapid. At present, I do not pretend to lay up any seed without it comes from stalks which bear four, five, or six ears. I have seen stalks bearing eight ears. One of my neighbors informed me that he had a single stalk with ten perfect ears on it, and that he intended to send the same to the Museum at Baltimore. In addition to the number of ears, and of course the great increase in quantity unshelled, it may be mentioned, that it yields much more than common corn when shelled. Some gentlemen, in whom I have full confidence, informed me they shelled a barrel (ten bushels of ears) of my kind of corn, which measured a little more than six bushels. The common kind of corn will measure about five bushels only. I believe I raise double or nearly so, to

what I could with any other corn I have ever seen. I generally plant the corn about the first of May, and place the hills five feet apart each way, and have two stalks in a hill. I can supply you with all the seed you may need, and I suppose I have now in my corn-house fifty, & perhaps more stalks with the corn on them as it grew in the field, and none with less than four, and some six or seven, ears on them. I will with pleasure send you some of these stalks, and also some seed corn, if I can get an opportunity.

Early last spring, I let George Law, Esq. of Baltimore city, have some of this seed corn; he sent it to his friend in Illinois, with instructions how to manage it. A few weeks since he informed me that the increase was one hundred and twenty bushels on an acre; that there was no corn in Illinois like it, and that it produced more fodder than any other kind. I have supplied many friends with seed corn, but some of them have planted it with other corn, and will, I fear, find it degenerate.

I have lately been inquired of, if this corn was not later than other kinds? It is rather earlier; certainly not later. Corn planted in moist or wet soils will not ripen so quick as that which is planted on a dry soil. In the former, there will be found more dampness in the cob, although the kernel may appear equally ripe in both. In the two last years the wet seasons have injured much corn that was too early "lofted" or housed.

I believe I have answered most of your inquiries. I hope I have not exaggerated—I have no motive for doing so. I raise but little corn to sell, as tobacco is my principal crop. Should I fail to send you some seed this spring, I will next summer get some stalks with the corn, fodder, and tassels, and all, as they grow, and send to you, that you may judge yourself of the superiority of this, over the common kind of corn. Yours, &c.  
THOS. N. BADEN.  
Hon. H. L. ELLSWORTH,  
Comm'r. of Patents, Washington City.

### HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

James.—Good morning, Thomas; I have not seen you for an age before; how do you manage to keep your head above water these hard times; for I am pretty near being drowned, I tell you.

Thomas.—Why, James, my wife and I make out to swim along, though it requires a good deal of care and management.

James.—Care and management won't mend these times, I know; so a man might as well give up trying, and live by begging, borrowing or stealing, for nothing else will help us.

Thomas.—Come, James, I don't like to hear you talk so if even you are jesting.

James.—It's no jest, Tom, I tell you, 'tis a bitter truth. Why, what can poor men do, when the rich have every thing their own way. They've raised the prices of every thing—flour twelve dollars a barrel, wood twelve dollars a cord, rents extravagant, and every kind of provision double what it used to be.

Thomas.—The rich men have no more to do with it than you or I. If you want to quarrel, go to the farmers and kick and buffet them for not bringing forth good crops on their fields last year; tell them they are a set of rascally lazy drones because they did not destroy all the fly in the wheat, and make a good covering of snow for it in the winter and fine growing weather for it in the summer. Then grumble because our cities are so rapidly increasing in population, that the forests have been cleared for miles & miles around them to provide wood for the people, and it has become so scarce and high priced that in all States they are beginning to dig for coal, because there are so few trees to cut down; and then go to the ships loaded with emigrants and tell them to go back to their own country, for they create such a demand for houses as to make those without tenants hard to be got, and the rents of course very high. The rich men are not in fault here, James, and indeed if it were not for them what would have become of hundreds and hundreds of poor wretches this winter who are fed and clothed by charity. We would be worse off without wealthy men, I tell you.

James.—I don't believe this, not I, Tom. I cannot argue the matter with you; but I wish you would come to some of our meetings and you'd hear it proved beyond doubt, that the rich are the cause of all our poverty and our misery, and that the country would be ten times better off without them.

Thomas.—You could as soon make me believe that they caused the cholera, or that you can pump water out of a dry well, as to believe either the one or the other. Why, James, suppose there were no such men, where would we all find employment? I am sure, if it were not for them, you would not sell chairs enough in a year to find you in cloths. And I know, that I should have to let my tools lie on the shelf very long and pretty often too. No, James, all grades and stations, trades and callings, must live and let live, for one can't do without the other. The rich could not do without the poor, and the poor still poorer without the rich. The times are hard to be sure, but it's my maxim that a man may get along the muddiest road, without getting in over his shoe-tops, if he will only take head to his footsteps and keep a sharp look-out.

James.—I wish you would show me how to get along, Tom, for I am deep in the mire and don't know how to get out. I used to think myself better off than you for my wages as a journeyman were higher than yours, and besides this, my father left me something to begin with. I

don't know how it is but I am over head and ears in debt. I owe the baker, the butcher, the landlord and the grocer, and the worst of it is, I cannot pay them. How do you manage to keep up?

Thomas.—I must tell you in my own roundabout way, so you must not get out of patience, if it is a long story. As I find the money, I must begin with myself first, although my wife is the mainstay of the management. First, I tend strictly to my business, keep out of taverns and grog shops both day and night, and spend all my evenings at home. And all the money I earn I give to my wife, and she lays in all our food and clothing. I take some credit to myself for making such a choice; she was a tidy, active and thrifty girl, and I thought she would make a good poor man's wife.

Nobody ever saw her with silk gowns or tawdry artificials; but she always looked as sweet, as clean and as fresh as a rose-bud just opening into full bloom. I used to feel very proud of her, when gallanting her from church on Sundays—her cottage bonnet, which she always bleached herself, was as white as any lady's in the land, and tied under her chin with a single band of green ribbon; her nicely fitted calico or gingham dress—her snow white cambric cape, or white muslin shawl, and her neat shoe and stocking, made her look more beautiful to my eyes than all the silks, the jewelry and the furbelows in the city could have done. It was a happy day, James, when I married her; but I have seen still happier ones since, for every day that I live I have cause to thank God for such a treasure as she is to me. It is an old saying, James, but a true one, that a man and his wife must both pull one end of the rope—and, indeed, if they only get hold of the right end and pull the right way, all will go on brisk enough. A good wife is a prize, I tell you, and if I had not such an one as I have, I might have been by this time, a poor drunken vagabond.

About a year or two after I was married, a man who was a fellow journeyman returned to the city and hired a house next to ours. He was a good-natured, lively fellow, and for old acquaintance sake, I often dropped in to see him after my work was done. He was very fond of all kind of gatherings, groups of men around the tavern door, evening clubs, political meetings, &c., and he was also very fond of disputing about public men and government, and thought he knew how every man should act, from the President down to the street inspector. As much talking generally produces much thirst, he often called for a glass to moisten his organs of speech, so as to set them going afresh. I, too, soon began to love the excitement of "hearing and telling some new thing," and to follow his example of treating and being treated to the ensnaring poisons. One night three or four of us were seated around a table at a tavern, engaged in a warm discussion, and the bottle was kept plying from one to another, until we all had become quite intoxicated. I had so lately become a brandy-drinker, that I was more affected than the others, and had to be carried home. My wife was still up, anxiously waiting my return. When they knocked at the door she opened it, and as soon as they laid me on the floor, they shrunk away to their own miserable wives. My poor Mary did not utter a word of complaint or reproach, but undressed me and helped me to bed. The next morning when I awoke, the recollection of the last night made me hate myself. I ventured to steal a glance at my wife to see if she were awake. Tears were trickling down her cheeks, and her red, swollen eye-lids and pale countenance showed that she had been bitterly weeping for my sin and degradation, through the live-long night. As soon as I stirred, she turned her face towards me, and taking my hand, addressed me with the tenderest expostulation, shewing me the precipice upon whose verge I was treading, and beseeching me, with all the earnestness of affection, to stop ere it was too late. She pointed to our dear boy, sleeping in his little crib beside us, and told me what would be the miserable effect of such a wretched example. I was melted into contrition, and promised never to touch a drop again, and I have kept my word. I felt so much self-reproach, when I first awoke, that I could not have borne hers. Had she scolded or used harsh language, my mortified pride would have rebelled against it, and from a wicked spirit of opposition, I might have been driven to continue my downward course. But, God bless her! her gentle affection and judicious kindness saved me from ruin.

And it was she too that taught me how to be saving. Whenever I used to receive a great sum of money, there was always this thing or that thing that I wanted to get for myself or my wife. Nothing that we actually needed, but little self-indulgences, that I thought I could afford, because I happened to have plenty of cash on hand. But whenever I proposed any thing of the kind to Mary, she would say "But, husband, don't you think it would be better, now we have a little money before-hand, to get a barrel of flour, a hundred of meal; a box of soap, and a box of candles; for you know we can get these so much cheaper and better by the quantity—or else we might use this sum in beginning to lay up our stock of wood, for it comes hard upon us to have to buy all our wood in the winter. I always took her advice, for she was more provident and thoughtful than I was, and I have found the benefit of it. She was always looking ahead, and laying up something or other for winter, which you know is invariably more or less hard times with poor people.

James.—I guess you find it hard times to buy flour by the barrel now, for twelve dollars is a good round sum to take out of a labouring man's purse, at one time and for one article too.

Thomas.—We manage this part pretty easily, for we do without it. We've bought no flour by the pound or barrel, since it got above six dollars. We can't afford a higher price than this.

James.—Oh! I suppose you do as we do, live on baker's bread.

Thomas.—You are mistaken there.—James, I will give you a notion of our daily fare, and you will then see one reason why we find it easy to get along, and we live well too, I tell you. We rise pretty early for the winter time, for you know the days are so short that we have to make the best of the working hours. My wife and I get a good deal done before breakfast. As we do with two meals a day in winter, we are in no hurry to eat our first one. As to the third meal, tea or supper, whichever you may call it, very few people stand in need of it. It is eaten mostly from habit, and to me it seems to be a sin to eat when you are not hungry, but only for eating sake. Rising early and working at a job gives me a keen appetite, and I am always glad to hear the call to breakfast. But indeed even the sight of our table would make even a dyspeptic feel hungry. My wife has a knack of making every thing look tempting. The clean white table cloth shining with the gloss of the smoothing iron; the white earthenware plates, whose glazing is polished by the towel until it looks like a coat of glass, and the brightly cleaned knives and forks laid beside them, sets off a table fit for a king to set down to. As soon as I come in, Mary places in the middle a dish of smoking hot Indian cakes, light as a feather, and baked a delicate, beautiful brown, and then pours me out a cup of good coffee. Could a man wish for a nicer breakfast than this? It makes me feel hungry to think of it. My wife knows how to make four or five different kinds of cakes and bread out of Indian meal, and I don't know which is most delicious—they are all as far before your dry and husky baker's loaf as a cookie is before a stale ship biscuit. And then our dinners—They are very plain, but a corporation one is not more nicely cooked or served up, I know. I only indulge myself with a joint of meat twice a week, but every other day we first set down to as nice a dish of soup as you could wish to eat, and then we have placed before us a large dish of the best potatoes. Now Mary knows how to cook a potato, and that is what few people do. I have seen some men sitting down with a plate of water soaked, waxy potatoes before them, and a little dirty looking salt in a cup or broken saucer, and I have pitied them from my heart. Why it's no wonder they complain of hard fare. Mary has her salt cellars filled with clean snow white salt, nicely smoothed over with our little bone salt spoons fancifully shaped out by myself, and she sets these one on each side the dish, with the spoons lying across them. And the potatoes—it would make your mouth water to see them. Mary knows the very nick of time when they ought to be taken up, and when they ought to be eaten; and whether they are roasted or boiled, as soon as you break the skin or it cracks open of itself, they look as white inside as snowballs. These, with a pitcher of pure fresh water, make up our second meal, and for our health and good appetite, it is a luscious one. Whenever I return thanks to God, at the close of our meals, my heart swells with grateful feeling, for all the good things with which HE has so bountifully provided us.

James.—Well, Thomas, I believe you follow the only way of making hard times easy. Industry, economy and good management will work miracles sure enough, and I must try to lead a different life. I wish instead of running about here and there, to listen to the men haranguing about the hard times, and trying to make us poor men feel more bitter and discontented under them, that I had attended to my business and tried to make the best of them. Spouting about the scarcity won't make things more plenty, that's clear—but if we listen to it; it will make us still greater sufferers, for the more idle time we spend the less money will be coming in.—I don't know how it is, Thomas, but when I listen to these speechifiers, they make me feel wicked and devilish, and ready to do any thing, I don't care how bad it is.—They make me hate all rich men, and feel as if I could cut the throats of every one of them. And they almost make me dislike my own country too, its government and its laws, for instead of representing it as a prosperous, free and independent nation, they tell us that every thing is going to ruin, and that our laboring men are held in slavery by the laws made by the aristocracy. And yet they tell us they are our friends.

Thomas.—I hold no man to be my friend who tries to make me discontented with my lot, and excites evil passions within my breast, which may lead me into rebellion and crime; these maddened passions may fill our prisons, but they will not feed or

clothe our perishing families. The suffering produced by the scarcity is great, but men have increased it tenfold by their own willfulness or improvidence. The times are hard it is true, but let us all be temperate, industrious, saving and managing, and we will then find hard times made easy.—New York Evening Star.

### BEAUFORT HARBOR.

From the Newbern Spectator.

Mr. Editor.—As Beaufort is now attracting the attention of a great portion of the citizens of North Carolina, & promises, if its advantages can be generally known, to be soon connected by a Rail Road with the West, and become a great Commercial Port, we think no circumstance, which can contribute in the least degree to elevate its Harbor and Bar, and recommend them to the notice of wealthy and enterprising men, should, at this important crisis, be kept from the public eye.

The Barque Navarino, of near 250 tons burthen, laden with Naval Stores, sailed from this Port on the 1st inst. for Liverpool. Some of our citizens thought proper, for the information of those interested, to notice what length of time this vessel would require to get to sea, from the place of her lading. They had the pleasure to find, that in the short time of thirty minutes after weighing anchor, with a fair though very moderate breeze, she was safe at sea, when the Pilot left her. By him we are authorized to say, that twenty minutes, with a fresh breeze, would have been a sufficient time to get clear of the bar. The tide was then at the lowest ebb, and the least depth of water on the bar was 18 feet.

The facilities of this Port for carrying on a commerce with the world have been highly recommended by all who have visited Beaufort, and a great deal, we expect, will continue to be said in its favor, but we think this circumstance alone should speak enough to those who now have the power, with little exertion, to raise up here a flourishing Sea-port.—Where is there, on the Southern coast of the United States, a harbor from which large vessels can get to the Ocean with such safety and facility as from the Harbor of Beaufort.

The ship Navarino, we should observe, is owned in New York, and has been loaded at this place by an enterprising citizen, of your town, to whose efforts in advancing the commercial character of our Port we wish the most ample success.  
R.

### Wilmington & Raleigh Rail Road.

The last Wilmington Advertiser contains a detailed statement of the proceedings of the Stockholders of this Company, at their special meeting held on the 27th ult. together with the lucid and comprehensive Report of Mr. A. Lazarus, President pro tem. respecting its affairs. It appears that this work, so vitally important to the entire lower section of the State, is prosecuted with a vigor and energy which insure its speedy and successful completion. The Report states that 7052 shares have been subscribed, on which \$95,391 57 have been received. This entitles the Company to the State subscription of two-fifths of its Capital, and the Directors were authorized to make the necessary application for it—also, to re-open Books for subscription for the residue of the capital stock. It is determined to establish, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, a line of stages between Wilmington and Halifax, in connection with one or more Steamboats. The Halifax and Weldon Road has been incorporated in this Company, and the Report states that about 400 laborers are employed on the Road; one locomotive is now here, another with the iron necessary for laying 30 miles of track, is on the way from England, and we hope to have 30 miles at this end completed before the close of the present year, and, within the same time, to have the Road graded to "Waynesboro", a distance of 85 miles. At the North end, we expect to have the Road completed from Enfield to Weldon, 30 miles.

### REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

From the Hamilton (Tenn.) Observer.

It is well known to our readers that among the many natural curiosities found in the extensive caves and grottoes in the vicinity of the Great Laurel Ridge, (Cumberland Mountains), many human skeletons and bones of animals have been discovered, some of them in a petrified state. These caves abound in prodigious vaulted apartments and chambers, exhibiting scenes of gloomy grandeur which astonish the beholder. Several petrified trees have also been discovered on the banks of the river near this ridge, as also bones of mammoths, and other animals whose races are now extinct.

But the most remarkable discovery that has ever been made in this part of the country—if not the greatest natural curiosity in the world, was brought to light on Sunday, 24th Jan. by two scientific gentlemen with whom we are acquainted and who are now in town. They have been for several weeks exploring the caves above alluded to, and gathering such curiosities as they wished to carry away with them. The wonderful discovery which will now shortly be presented to the public is three petrified bodies entire, one of a dog and two human bodies, one of them holding a spear. It is believed by these gentlemen that all three of the bodies may be removed

from their position in a perfect state; though the dog, being in a laying posture upon a flat rock, it will undoubtedly be a difficult task to remove it uninjured. The human bodies appear to be those of men—probably hunters. Their clothing can hardly be distinguished—but still it is evident that too was in a measure turned to stone. They are described thus—one sitting, with the head leaned as it were against a projecting rock, and the other standing, with a spear balanced in his hand, as though he was surprised, and had just started on a quick walk.—The dog lies as if crouched in terror, or about to make a spring—but the features or body are not distinct enough to determine which position.

This wonderful formation cannot be accounted for in any other way than that these persons were buried by some convulsion of nature. The cave in which they were found is full 125 feet into the mountain, and is situated about a mile and a half beyond what is called Mammoth Grotto, in a direct line. The entrance to the place is difficult, and it is thought that it was never before attempted at all. At the foot of the entrance of the cave is a considerable brook of water, which appears to gather from all parts of it. There is also a valley thence to the river. The gentlemen who have made this interesting discovery are making active preparations to bring away the bodies, which they intend to have forwarded to New York.

We make the following extract from the Speech of Mr. Bynum, in the House of Representatives, on the Abolition question:—

Mr. B. said, so far as he was interested, it would not make the least difference to him, as a private man, to live in a separated or a united Government, but as a public man and an American statesman, he felt the deepest interest in the perpetuity of the Union, and the sacred fraternity of the States; and it was that to which we must all come at last if this question ever gained the ascendancy in the Congress of the United States. The South would be compelled to decide whether they would give up their own property or the Union. Was there a single man in the nation so ignorant as not to know what would be their unanimous decision on that subject? Sir, said he, I repeat it, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a man to the South of the Potomac, that would not be looked on as a traitor, that would hesitate in deciding against the continuance of this Union under such circumstances. Such a one could not live amongst us, and it is for the Eastern and Northern abolitionists to press us to make this most sad decision. What, then, will be their condition? Will they have liberated one slave more? Will it not be placed farther out of their power ever to do this? Will they not have to decide, too, on this great alternative? Will they not have to decide whether they will remain members of this Union with the slaveholding States, or to separate from them in consequence of their continuing to hold their slaves? Sir, let them look to their commerce, their manufactures. Let them look to a non-intercourse with the Southern States, & what will become of those great sources of wealth, enterprise, and even sustenance to a great part of their population.

To a New England man, human nature cannot conceive a project more suicidal and self-immolating than that now agitated by the religious fanatics and priesthood of the Eastern and Northern States.—But such a policy could only be expected, when politicians were prompted to action by the exhortations of women and children. It is not in the field, nor is it in the cabinet, where the council of lovely woman has been found most potent; to adorn her sex, she is destined for a different sphere, and it is for the want of men.

"That women become most manish grown, And assume the part that men should act alone." He would tell the abolitionists not a single objection that they contended for could they accomplish, short of a civil war, and one, too, that would drench the fairest fields of this great Republic, with brothers' blood; and that they are stupid, silly, idle creatures who dream of the contrary. Where then will be found their women and children, who crowd this House with silly petitions? Where their priests? In the tented field? No, sir, but skulking, shivering, shrinking from danger and responsibility, and even then denying the part that they had once taken in getting up this tragic drama. Will their women then be seen in the field, amid the clangor of arms, and the shouts of victory, or heard in their cabins with the cries of their children around them? Let the hardy sons of New England, who have the heart or the will to do with getting up this excitement, but on whom alone the brunt of war would rest, if acted out, answer this!

Nahant Bank.—Isaac Story, Esq. has resigned his office as Cashier of Nahant Bank, Lynn, and Edward S. Davis, Esq. takes charge of the Institution until a new Cashier shall be appointed. The cause of the failure of the Bank is to be found in the following, which we copy from the Boston Atlas:

"The capital of the Bank is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It appears that Mr. H. A. Breed, the President of the Bank, is indebted to it in more than two hundred thousand dollars, of which sum about an hundred and fifty thousand, equal to the entire capital of the Bank, was fraudulently obtained, not in the ordinary mode of discounts, but by taking out the money, and leaving memorandum checks, which were entered in the accounts of the Bank as cash. Hezekiah Chase & Co. had drawn from the Bank fifteen thousand dollars in the same way. Other individuals, it appears, whose names are not mentioned, did the same thing, though not to an extent to hazard the solvency of the Bank. Mess. Breed and Hezekiah Chase & Co. were indebted to the Bank more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—Their failure necessarily caused the stoppage of the Bank."

An interesting child, the younger son of Mr. S. Greer, of Randolph county, about 7 years old, lately while playing with a large powder horn, unthoughtfully thrust the mouth of it into the fire.—The consequence may be anticipated! The powder exploded with a tremendous crash, which was heard two miles off blowing the horn to atoms, and the child and an older brother who was sitting behind him, across the room! Both children were considerably injured, and the younger one horribly burnt.—Mass. Telegraph.

Capt. Joseph Wyman, who was one of the guard of Andre, the night previous to his execution, died at Woburn, Mass. lately, aged 75.