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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 31): February 24, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

A Family Newspaper... Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1848.

NO. 31.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within six months, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

Miscellaneous.

A TIPSY PARSON.

BY T. S. ANTHONY.

In a village not a hundred miles from Philadelphia, resided the Rev. Mr. Manlius, who had the pastoral charge of a very respectable congregation, and was highly esteemed by them; but there was one thing in which he did not give general satisfaction, and in consequence of which many excellent members of his church felt seriously scandalized. He would neither join a temperance society, nor omit his glass of wine when he felt inclined to take it. It is only fair to say, however, that such spiritual indulgences were not of frequent occurrence. It was more the principle of the thing, as he said, that he stood upon, than anything else, that prevented his signing a temperance pledge.

Sundry were the attacks, both open and secret, to which the Reverend Mr. Manlius was subjected, and many were the discussions into which he was drawn by the advocates of total abstinence. His mode of argument was very summary.

"I would no more sign a pledge not to drink brandy than I would sign a pledge not to steal," was the position he took. "I wish to be free to choose good or evil, and to act right because it is right to do otherwise. I do not find fault with others for signing a pledge, nor for abstaining from wine. If they think it right, it is right for them. But as for myself, I would cut off my right hand before I would bind myself by mere external restraint. My bonds are internal principles. I am temperate because temperance is sin. For men who have abused their freedom, and so far lost all rational control over themselves that they cannot resist the insane spirit of intemperance, the pledge is all important. Sign it, I say, in the name of Heaven; but do not sign it because this, that or the other temperate man has signed it, but because you feel it to be your only hope. Do it for yourself, and do it if you are the only man in the world who acts thus. To sign because another man, whom you think more respectable, has signed, will give you little or no strength. You must do it for yourself, and because it is right."

The parson was pretty ready with the tongue, and rarely came off second best when his opponents dragged him into a controversy, although his arguments were called by them, when he was not present, "mere fusian."

"His love for wine and brandy is at the bottom of all this hostility to the temperance cause," was boldly said of him by individuals in and out of his church. But especially were the members of other churches severe upon him.

"He'll turn out a drunkard," said one.

"I shouldn't be surprised to see him staggering in the streets before two years," said another.

"He does more harm to the temperance cause than ten drunkards," alleged a third.

"While others said—'Isn't it scandalous!'"

"He's a disgrace to his profession!"

"He pretends to have religion!"

"A minister, indeed!"

"And so the changes range."

All this time Mr. Manlius firmly maintained his ground, taking his glass of wine whenever it suited him. At last, after the occurrence of a dinner-party given by a family of some note in the place, at which the minister was present, and at which wine was circulated freely, a rather scandalous report got abroad, and soon went buzzing all over the village. A young man who made no secret of being fond of his glass, and who was at this dinner-party, met, on the day after, a very warm advocate of temperance, and a member of a different denomination from that in which Mr. Manlius was a minister, and said to him, with mock gravity—"We had a 'rare avis' at our dinner-party yesterday, Perkins."

"Indeed. What wonderful thing was that?"

"A tipsy parson."

"A what?"

"The man's eyes became instantly almost as big as saucers."

"A tipsy parson?"

"Who, Mr. Manlius?" was eagerly inquired.

"I didn't say so. I call no names."

"He was present I know; and drank wine, I am told, like a fish."

"I wasn't aware before that fishes drank wine," said the man, gravely.

"It was Manlius, wasn't it?" urged the other.

"I call no names," was repeated. "All I said was, that we had a tipsy parson—and so we had. I'll prove it before a jury of a thousand if necessary."

"It's no more than I expected," said the temperance man. "He's a mere wine-bibber at best. He pretends to preach the Gospel! I wonder he isn't struck dead in the pulpit."

The moment his informant had left him, Perkins started forth to communicate the astounding intelligence that Mr. Manlius had been drunk on the day before, at Mr. Reeside's dinner-party. From lip to lip the scandal flew, with little less than electric quickness. It was all over the village by the next day. Some doubted, some denied, but the majority believed the story—it was so likely to be true.

This occurred towards the close of the week, and Sunday arrived before the powers that be in the church were able to confer upon the subject, and cite the minister to appear and answer for himself on the scandalous charge of drunkenness. There was an unusual number of vacant pews during service, both morning and afternoon.

Monday came, and early in the day a committee of two deacons waited upon Mr. Manlius, and informed him of the report in circulation, and of their wish that he would appear before them on the next afternoon to give an account of himself, as the church deemed the matter far too serious to be passed lightly over. The minister was evidently a good deal sur-

prised and startled at this, but he neither denied the charge nor attempted any palliation, merely saying that he would attend of course.

"It's plain that he's guilty," said Deacon Jones to Deacon Todd, as they walked with sober faces away from the minister's dwelling.

"Plain? Yes—it's written in his face," returned Deacon Todd. "So much for opposing temperance reforms and drinking wine. It's a judgment upon him."

"But what a scandal to our church," said Deacon Jones.

"Yes—think of that. He must be suspended and not restored until he signs the pledge. I don't believe he'll ever do that."

"Why not?"

"He says he would cut off his right hand first."

"People are very fond of cutting off their right hand, you know. My word for it, this will do the business for him. He will be glad enough to get the matter hushed up so easily. I shall go for suspending him until he signs the pledge."

"I don't know but that I will go with you—If he signs the pledge he is safe."

And so the two deacons settled the matter between them.

On the next day, in grave council assembled, were all the deacons of the church, besides sundry individuals who had come as the minister's friends or acquaintances. Perkins, who had put the report in circulation, was there at the special request of one of the deacons, who had ascertained that he had at much, or a little more to say in the matter than any one.

Perkins was called upon, rather unexpectedly, to answer one or two questions. Immediately on the opening of the meeting, but as he was a staunch temperance man, and cordially despised the minister, he was bold to reply.

"Mr. Perkins," said the presiding deacon, "as far as we can learn, this scandalous charge originated with you; I will, therefore, ask you—did you say that the Rev. Mr. Manlius was drunk at Mr. Reeside's dinner-party?"

"I did," was the unhesitating answer.

"Were you present at Mr. Reeside's?"

"No, sir."

"Do you see Mr. Manlius coming from the house intoxicated?"

"No."

"What evidence, then, have you of the truth of your charges? We have conversed this morning with several who were present, and all say that they observed nothing out of the way in Mr. Manlius on the occasion of which you speak. This is a serious matter, and we should like to have your authority for a statement so injurious to the reputation of the minister and the cause of religion."

"My authority is Mr. Burton, who was present."

"Did he tell you that Mr. Manlius was intoxicated?"

"He said there was a drunken minister there, and Mr. Manlius, I have ascertained, was the only clergyman present."

"Was that so?" asked the deacon of an individual who was at Mr. Reeside's.

"Mr. Manlius was the only clergyman there," was replied.

"Then, said Perkins, if there was a drunken minister there, it must have been Mr. Manlius. I can draw no other inference."

"Can Mr. Burton be found?" was now asked.

An individual immediately volunteered to go in search of him. In half an hour he was produced. As he entered the grave assembly, he looked around with great composure upon the array of solemn faces and eyes intently fixed upon him. He did not appear in the least abashed.

"You were at Mr. Reeside's last week, at a dinner-party, I believe?" said the presiding deacon.

"I was."

"Did you see Mr. Manlius intoxicated on that occasion?"

"Mr. Manlius! Good Heavens! no! I can testify, upon oath, that he was as solemn as a judge. Who says that I have made so scandalous an allegation?"

Burton appeared to grow strongly excited.

"I say so," cried Perkins in a loud voice.

"You say so? And, pray, upon what authority?"

"Upon the authority of your own words."

"Never!"

"But you did tell me so."

Perkins was much excited.

"When?"

"On the day after the dinner-party. Don't you remember what you said to me?"

"Oh, yes—perfectly."

"That you had a drunken minister at dinner?"

"No, I never said that."

"But you did; I can be qualified to it."

"I said we had a 'tipsy parson'."

"And, pray, what's the difference?"

At the words 'tipsy parson,' the minister burst into a loud laugh, and so did two or three others who had been at Mr. Reeside's. The grave deacon in the chair looked around, with frowning wonder at such indecorum, and felt that especially ill-timed was the levity of the minister.

"I do not understand this," he said with great gravity.

"I can explain it," remarked an individual, rising, "as I happened to be at Mr. Reeside's, and know all about the 'tipsy parson.' The cook of our kind hostess, in her culinary ingenuity, furnished the table with a dessert which she called 'tipsy parson'—made, I believe, by soaking sponge cake in brandy and pouring a custard over it. It is therefore true, as our friend Burton has said, that there was a 'tipsy parson' at the table, but as to the drunken minister of Mr. Perkins, I know nothing."

Never before in a grave and solemn assembly of deacons, was there such a sudden and universal burst of laughter, such a holding of sides and vibration of bodies, as followed this unexpected speech. In the midst of the confusion and noise, Perkins quietly retired.

He has been known, ever since, in the village, much to his chagrin and scandalization, he being still a warm temperance man, as the 'tipsy parson.'

"There goes the 'tipsy parson,'" he heard said, as he passed along the street, a dozen times in a week, and he is now seriously inclined to leave the village in order to escape the ridicule his over-zealous effort to blast the minister's reputation has called into existence.

As for the Rev. Mr. Manlius, he often tells the story and laughs over it as heartily, as any one.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The original of the custom of St. Valentine's Day is a little uncertain, but the most rational account we have seen, and probably the most correct one, is given by an English author, (Mr. Douce,) who explains it as follows:

"St. Valentine was a priest at Rome—it was the custom in that ancient city to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Janus. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were deposited in a vase, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every means, endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, instead of the women, and to the festival of the Lupercalia had substituted about the middle of February, they chose St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, and accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremony was preserved; it is therefore reasonable to suppose, that the above practice of choosing mates, would gradually become reformed in the sacred. It is also recorded that on St. Valentine's day each bird of the air chooses his mate."

THE BRACELETS.

Maria Antonette of France, was passionately fond of the opera. She once played Suzanne in the 'Marriage of Figaro,' in a private theatre in the palace. Opposite the queen's box at the opera house, one evening, sat the wife of a rich banker, bedizened with jewels, and sporting a pair of magnificent diamond bracelets, and so anxious was she to attract the notice of the queen, that she leaned her hand on the velvet cushion of the box that the jewels might be fully seen. Her movements did not escape the notice of the queen. She cast several significant glances at the lady, who was delighted at the homage paid to her brilliant. In the course of the evening, a servant wearing the queen's livery knocked at the door of the box, and with many compliments to the lady and apologies from the queen, begged that the lady might have a closer view of one of her splendid bracelets which had so much occupied the public attention and admiration. In a moment it was unclasped and given to the queen's messenger.

The banker's wife soon discovered that it was an ingenious thief, who had observed her movements and efforts to attract the attention of the queen, that had thus obtained the bracelet. The police were soon apprised of the loss, and next morning, while at breakfast she was made happy by receiving a note from the commissioners of police, stating that the thief and the bracelet had both been captured, and requiring her either to send the other bracelet by the subaltern of police and his attendants, to identify the one recovered, or to come herself with it to the bureau—she was 'en negligee' and preferred giving the other bracelet to the officer, with many cautions of care; but she found in an hour or two that both her bracelets had come off! Two gone!

The rogue who had obtained one at the theatre had ingeniously managed to possess himself of the other.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

"Be not easily provoked." If a fire find no vent, it will cease to burn. The tongue is a fire. Keep then, the door of your lips. Do not consider how soon thoughts engender feelings; feelings rise into tempers; tempers find expression in words; words lead to actions; and actions to war and strife! Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! All this might be avoided by ejaculating a prayer to Him who waits to be gracious, and who can, by instant assistance, control the hidden springs of feeling, or divert your thoughts into another, a higher, and a holier channel. Habits are formed by repeated acts; and you will find that this prayerful habit will become easy and delightful; it will give weight to all your instructions, and efficacy to all your endeavors; and soon will you possess the happy consciousness, that you are indeed in the path of duty, and training for God, the children whom he has entrusted to your care.

You must remember, as it respects Sabbath employments, that mental labor quickly becomes wearisome to children, whose minds will not, under any circumstances, bear to be long on the stretch. Very frequent changes of occupation are indeed injurious, and beget instability of mind; yet you must not expect close or continued attention to one object for a long period. The absence of outward evil is not to be undervalued; and for this reason, I ventured in a former paper to recommend certain innocent employments which I have seen to excite, in many families, much interest. And here I may mention as a further instance of the same nature, that I have also seen the greatest attention created in children, by intimating to them that you are thinking of a Scripture character, the name of which begins with a certain given letter, as P, S, T, &c., and exciting them to discover the person thought of. When they have guessed Paul, Sarah, Titus, &c., as the case may be, you may encourage them to recollect and communicate to you a little of the history or character of the individual in question, according as their age or disposition may direct you. If you have alphabets of loose letters, you may sometimes vary the same exercise, much to the delight of children, by giving them the letters which form the name you have thought of, and exciting them to arrange these letters so as to form that name for themselves. This recreation is innocent, and may be rendered very profitable; it serves well for any winter's evening, when the young children of a family are all assembled round the home table; nor need we doubt, that our Saviour Christ himself often designs to bless such pleasant little companies. [Eng-woman's Magazine.]

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.

In the 'Recits de la Captivité de Napoleon a Sainte-Helene,' by General Montholon, the following characters of the two Empresses are given as from Napoleon himself:

"Their characters were diametrically opposite. Never were there two women less like each other. Josephine had grace, an irresistible seduction, an unreserved devotedness. Maria Louisa had all the timidity of innocence. When I married her she was a truly virtuous novice, and very submissive. Josephine would sacrifice millions upon her toilet and in her liberality. Maria Louisa, on the contrary,

economized what I gave her, and I was obliged to scold her in order to induce her to make her expenditures consistent with her rank. Josephine was devoted to me; she loved me tenderly—no one ever had a preference to me in her heart. I uniformly held the first place, her children the next. And she was right, for she was the being whom I most loved, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind."

A MILITARY EXECUTION.—The following letter, describing a military execution in Mexico, appears in the Monterey Gazette of the 8th of Jan.

"La Encantada, Mexico, Dec. 27th, 1847."

Our battalion was ordered this morning to the general's encampment, well known by the name of Buena Vista, where it was said all would undergo a general inspection. No sooner had we been assigned our places in the ranks, than we heard the music of a drum and rifle and immediately discovered a small procession moving slowly and silently along—a few paces in advance of which were four men bearing a coffin, and in the rear of them, was a man by himself, whom we immediately recognized as the individual for whose sake the coffin had been prepared; having reached a place which all eyes could see, they called a halt, and the coffin being placed on the ground a few paces in advance, this lone man was brought forward and seated thereon; I was not sufficiently near to hear what was said, but I could plainly see what was going to be done. A file of some half a dozen men who were armed for the occasion, formed a straight line in front of the lone man seated on the coffin. They simultaneously brought their guns to bear—took aim and fired. A little before I heard the report of the guns, I saw the man fall from his coffin. He was executed, I understand for having threatened to take his captain's life, together with several other minor misdemeanors of which I am not in possession."

MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF.—A New York merchant, supposed to be worth \$200,000, failed a few weeks ago, for a very large amount. Instead of taking to drink—blowing out his brains—suspending himself by the neck—or introducing a knife between his ribs—he, like a sensible fellow, accepted of a \$600 clerkship, and goes to work again like a man.

There is no sense in crying.
Or sighing.
To recall a thing that is past:
Start now for the goal,
And be bold,
And your soul
Shall joyfully triumph at last.

ANECDOTE.—Old parson Puffer was a somewhat dry and hard but earnest and honest preacher; and had had the misfortune, in some part of his life, to be rather roughly handled in Court by the gentlemen of the legal profession. Hence he took a strong dislike to lawyers, and more especially to Squire Bateman, who attended his church, and, with other failings, was reputed to be over sound in the faith. The doctor, in one of his sermons, delivered in the presence of the 'Squire,' took the occasion to enlarge upon his favorite topic and repeated with an evident gusto the scriptural words denounced upon lawyers. He pictured the happy state of a peaceful community where one lawyer would be a surplus, and, by way of consolation, added that, in another region, which may be nearer than some of us expect, all wrongs will be righted; and those who have made a business of stirring up strife, and have lived upon the contentions and crimes of this fallen world, will experience a righteous retribution, in a state of entire separation from the good and righteous. All eyes were turned toward the limb of the law, as it is apt to be the case in meeting, to see how the sermon taken effect upon the sinners of the congregation. But he was as pleasant as ever: the stroke had glanced. After meeting, the doctor, pleased with his performance, jogged along up to the 'Squire,' and, after the usual compliments, asked him slyly how he liked the discourse. 'Dr.', he replied, in the best of humor, 'it was what we might have expected from you. But you omitted one thing, the worst of all.' 'What was that?' 'Why, you forgot to say that the hardest punishment of the wicked in the world to come, may be in their being obliged to listen to a great deal of poor preaching!—Providence Herald.

EDUCATIONAL FUNDS AT THE WEST.—The West, the West! The wants of the West! The Schools of the West! The Colleges of the West! Give, give! Take care of the West! These cries have been so loud and incessant among us for some years past, that many good people—aye, and benevolent people too—have become weary of giving, and are all but vexed to hear a word said about that bottomless abyss, the West, into which our New England people and money have been so lavishly poured; and as it would seem, to little purpose, as the cry is still—give, give!

A Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Evangelist gives an account of the provision made for educational purposes in Ohio, and the way in which this provision has been perverted; which, if a sample of the way things are done at the West, explains the reason why those States are so deficient in their educational arrangements, and why New England is so constantly beleaguered by Western agents in pursuit of funds for colleges and schools in that country.

The writer says that, 'besides many local and special grants, Ohio, had three entire townships given (by Congress) for colleges, and 640 acres in each of the other townships in the State, with a few exceptions, for common schools.' Had these grants been carefully managed, he estimates that the college endowments of the State would now have been worth not less than one million of dollars, and the common schools would have had an endowment of not less than eight millions of dollars. But, how have these lands been managed? Why, they have been leased or sold for a song. Lands that were worth one hundred and fifty dollars an acre have been sold and alienated for six dollars an acre; and farms (not subject to taxes) have been and are now leased out for sums less than other farmers, who own their farms, of equal value, pay in taxes alone. And this, the writer says is a fair representation of the way things have been managed all over Ohio, and he thinks, too, in Illinois and Indiana. If this be true, the pressing wants and destitution of the West in respect to education, are easily ex-

plained; and we are enabled to understand why there should have been in Ohio, in 1840, something like 100,000 white inhabitants, over 30 years of age, who could not read or write; in Indiana, over 50,000; and in Illinois about 37,000 in the same condition.—Boston Traveler.

ROOT CROPS.

At a late meeting of the Massachusetts Legislative Agricultural Society, at the State House in Boston, the following discussion of this important branch of agriculture took place:

Mr. Buckminster, Editor of the Ploughman, said he would offer a few remarks, for the purpose of calling out the friends of the particular roots. He doubted the value of the root crops. They were very exhausting to the soil, and he doubted whether they would continue to be as popular as they had been. They required a great deal of labor to gather them and take care of them; and then it was very difficult to keep them. They must be used the same year they are raised; and were, therefore, very much less convenient and valuable as a crop than grain. In Great Britain the root crop was very popular; but Indian corn could not be raised in that country, as it could be here, and it was, therefore, necessary to resort to the root crop to prepare the ground for wheat.

Mr. Leonard, of Norton, remarked that in order to cultivate the root crops most successfully, a knowledge of the constituent parts of soil was necessary; and this knowledge required an acquaintance with agricultural chemistry, a most important science. He considered the root crops as among the most important crops that could be raised, if the amount of nutrition which they yielded was taken into the account; for, from the same quantity of land, planted with roots, could be raised more food for man and beast, than any other crop would yield. Then again, these crops could be raised on almost any kind of soil; and they did not exhaust the soil like other crops.

Mr. Brooks, of Princeton, considered carrots to be worth as much, for feeding out to young cattle, as an equal weight of good English hay. He did not think much of them for fattening cattle; for this purpose they were not worth more than one third as much as good hay. Potatoes he did not think were worth more than one quarter part as much as English hay, for fattening cattle. For horses, 10-12 pounds of carrots he estimated to be equal to about 3-4 pounds of oats. Carrots would not sustain horses or oxen at hard work. He thought the expense of raising carrots and potatoes was about the same. The tops of carrots were worth gathering and preserving, for fodder. His plan was, to make them up into small stacks, out doors, from which he fed his cattle during the fall and winter; and he could in this way keep these tops fresh and good all winter, if desired.

Lieut. Gov. Reed thought the potato crop a most valuable one, and suggested that early planting might do something towards preventing the destruction of the crop by the rot. He had made very fine beef, by feeding out his potatoes before they began to rot. Deep plowing he deemed very important in raising all kinds of roots, even onions, the roots of which he had known to run 18 inches into the ground. He thought that what is called at the South and West, the *Shovel Plow*—a Scottish plow, with two shares and no mould-board—might be used, very advantageously in cultivating the roots.

Mr. Reed, from Brookfield, had fed out his potatoes to his cattle, to save them from rotting; but he considered them lost, nevertheless; they did not pay for raising for this purpose. He had found late-planted potatoes to rot less, in some instances, than early-planted.

Another gentleman, whose name was not announced, mentioned that he had carefully examined a large field of potatoes in Brookfield, on a Friday, and found them in excellent condition; but on the Tuesday following, when they began to dig these potatoes, half of them were found rotten and worthless.

Mr. Rice, of Newton, described his method of raising carrots and onions, to which crops he had given considerable attention. For carrots, he preferred a loamy soil—what is generally called plain land. He was particular about his seed. He raised his own seed; which, after thrashing and thoroughly pounding, in order to remove the beards, he threw into water, stirred it, and skimmed off all that rose to the surface, saving only what sunk; he then spread the seed to dry. Ten ounces of seed prepared in this way contained about as much clear seed as a pound of what was usually bought at the seed stores. He plowed deep, then spread his manure and plowed it in, and brushed it over the land until it was quite smooth. He allowed two pounds of his seed to an acre, sowing with drills in a sowing machine, with which a man could sow nearly two acres a day. After the crop was up, he hoed it three times, and then passed through it and pulled up the weeds as occasion required. He preferred the white carrots to the yellow ones, for these were more easily gathered, growing out of the ground more than the yellow carrots. Of this kind he had raised 500 bushels to an acre; and allowing 40 bushels to a ton, this crop was equal to ten tons of hay, and was worth half as much as hay. He had sowed carrots for four successive years on the same ground, and found the last crop as good as the first.

In raising onions, he had used the same ground for five successive years: There was no need of shifting. The crop did not exhaust the soil. He had raised, from 64 rods, 160 bushels of onions; which was equal to about 400 bushels to the acre. To raise a good crop of onions, it was necessary that the land should be warm, moist and rich. It should be prepared very much as for carrots, and the crop should be cultivated very much in the same manner.

Mr. Cole, editor of the Cultivator, exhibited a specimen of mammoth turnip, which he called the cabbage turnip, and which he considered the best and most profitable kind of turnip that could be raised, both for stock and for table use. He raised about 200 bushels of these, last year, on less than 1-2 an acre of land, which was thick set with a nursery of young trees. For manure, he used a compost of salt, plaster and wood ashes. He thought the crop was worth a great deal more than the potatoes which could be raised from the same quantity of land, the cultivation of which would cost five times as much.

As to potatoes, he had experimented on some 40 different kinds of potatoes the past year,

and had found of these ten or twelve kinds which showed no signs of rot; and he thought by pains-taking some new varieties might be found which would not be subject to this destructive disease. He did not regard the rot as any thing new; 20 or 30 years ago he had suffered from the same disease as severely as of late. He believed that the rot was produced by what is generally called the rust, which was brought on by continued wet, warm weather.

Mr. Proctor, of Danvers, gave some account of the culture of the root crops in his neighborhood. Turnips were not considered of much value by the farmers in Essex county. Beets were found to exhaust the soil very badly. Carrots were regarded as the best of the root crops. He had examined one field in his neighborhood, on which 35 tons of carrots to an acre were raised. Another field yielded 82 tons to the acre. These were worth \$8 a ton. Kelp and sea manure was used freely on these fields.

Carrots were an excellent preparative crop for onions, which was the most important vegetable crop raised in Danvers. More than 100,000 bushels of onions were raised annually in the town of Danvers. Single farmers raised 8000 bushels annually. He thought the culture of this crop was better understood in Danvers than in any town in the State. The farmers were very particular about the seed they used. They raised their own seed, and took great pains to pick out the best formed onions for this purpose, and had thus succeeded in improving very much the quality of their crops, they being now worth 10 per cent. more than formerly. Great pains were taken in the preparation of the land and the selection of manure for this crop. The manure bed, mixed with other manure, was considered an excellent dressing for the onion beds. It was not unusual to raise 700 or 800 bushels of onions on an acre of land; and he had known 30 or 40 acres to average 500 bushels to the acre. The clear profit of this crop was \$150 and upwards an acre.

Mr. Calhoun, of Springfield, was very glad to hear the uniform testimony in favor of the carrot crop. It was specially important since the failure of the potato crop, that attention should be directed to other root crops. There was a prejudice against raising carrots, on the ground that they required so much labor in weeding and cultivating. But, in his opinion the prejudice was groundless; carrots not requiring more care, after being once thoroughly cleaned, than any other vegetable.

[Correspondence of the Providence Journal.]
THREE WEEKS IN GREECE.

In Switzerland and in Greece I have been particularly impressed with the descriptive poetry of Lord Byron; and as no other song has ascended like his to the loneliness and awfulness of the mountain top, so no other has touched so firmly and so delicately the pensive intellectual beauty, the sad, contrasted, wasted splendor of classic scenes.

But let us examine the city of Athens and its antiquities a little in detail. The present town contains more than 5000 inhabitants, and is far the most important town of Greece. In the newer portions there is some attempt at regularity in the streets, and architectural symmetry in the buildings; but, generally speaking, the streets or rather lanes, are narrow, destitute of pavement and dirty, and the houses low, mean, and of the coarsest and flimsiest materials. Two or three curious old Byzantine Churches have survived the fanaticism of the Turks. Of the new modern edifices, the Palace of King Otto is the most important and conspicuous. White as drifted snow and of great size, wherever you turn, this vast cube of stone, crusted with Petelian marble, stares you in the face. It seems to insolently defy the Parthenon to comparison, and to claim with it the lion's share of admiration. It would look tolerably well at Munich, where marble is at a discount, but standing, as it does, within sight of the Acropolis, and so near the temple of Jupiter Olympus, it excites in the beholder, as Sir Robert Peel says, '*Mouvements divers*, something between a shudder and a laugh.' A fine University building, and two or three other institutions of education, show that Athens is making a feeble struggle to re-obtain its old renown as patroness of learning and letters.

In this connection the pious efforts of Rev. Mr. Hill and lady should not pass unmentioned. I visited the infant school of Mrs. Hill, and was much impressed with the intelligent, happy faces of the scholars, and the order and smiling diligence which reigned throughout the school. Mrs. Hill has imparted the elements of a sound religious education to generations of Athenian girls, some of them belonging to the most prominent and noble families of the land. Rev. Mr.

by the learned, to bring the modern as near to the severe simplicity of the ancient language, as the changes of time and the introduction of thousands of new words, will permit. The modern pronunciation continues nearly the same as the Greek Byzantine before the so-called reform of Erasmus, which introduced the European and parent English method of pronunciation, and the question most naturally arises, why should not the immediate descendants of the ancient Greeks be the most likely to have preserved the true classic pronunciation?

But I am breaking my determination as to 'doubtful disputations,' and would conduct my reader hastily anywhere else—let us say to the Greek House of Parliament. In the lieu of a great rival edifice to the Palace, which is to be erected when the government feels itself rich enough, the Parliament now assembles in a little building, which, however, is quite large enough for the purpose, and whose senate and representative chambers are snug, comfortable and well arranged apartments. If you enter the Hall of Representatives, you will see a small number of men seated upon plain benches, some dressed in entire European style, some in half Greek half European, and others in the rich, fanciful, and gaudy vest, fez, sash, fustanella, and buskin, of the national costume. They are generally dark, bilious looking men, and nervous in all their movements, and almost every one twirls in his hand a string of beads. When one speaks, he ascends to a little tribune before the desk of the President, as in the chamber of Deputies in Paris, still with the beads in his hand. He speaks loudly, fluently, and with great animation of manner. His speech excites nods and exclamations in the audience, and he is not unfrequently questioned by some member, thus producing a lively conversation, and at times altercation. One writer has very justly observed that the Greek House of Representatives resembles more a council of war, than a dignified and peaceful deliberative assembly. Hardly a fortnight since, the Speaker and an honorable member exchanged shots with inkstands. And what good do their deliberations and angry arguments produce, when the acts of one session are swept away by the resolutions of the next? when respectability of character has nothing to do with eligibility to membership, and an acknowledged assassin is permitted to sit in their midst, and co-operate in their proceedings? when they act under the pretended authority of a constitution, which is already no better than waste paper, and find it more easy to their own consciences, and more profitable to their own pockets, to servilely humor the despotic tastes of an obstinate and stupid king, than to resolutely maintain the principles of constitutional freedom for which they fought, and with which they commenced their political existence? The present Greek government is nearly proved to be altogether a failure. King Otto has not been the man for the Greeks. He has failed to appreciate the character of his people. He has brought the narrow, imperious, and Jesuitical ideas of a Bavarian elector, upon the throne of a fierce-minded and restless nation. He has forgotten that those who made him what he is, can at any moment unmake him. He has discovered unwise and open partialities for particular Powers, thereby exciting the hostility and jealousy of the rest. He has failed to unite and nationalize his people, unhappy, war-torn people. He fought against his coronation promise, till a constitution was thrust upon him, and then he fought against his constitutional promise, till a despotism seemed fabled within his grasp. He has not even shown a rash, patriotic, mad chivalry of disposition, which would have made him endeared, in spite of his errors of judgment; but he has only exhibited a species of personal, undisciplined, small irritability, which lately, in the case of the Turkish ambassador, plunged his government into unnecessary and increasingly alarming embarrassments. But perhaps we lay too much upon the head of one man, who is represented by all who come into contact with him, as being an amiable person, and not without generous movings, and whose faults, on the whole, are rather of the head than of the heart. He has a very delicate and difficult task to perform; an unstable, uneducated, half-barbarian people to govern, with a searching light of ancient renown to illuminate and magnify his faults, to steer through the jealous contentions of superior and ever meddling Powers, and to support the expensive machinery of a monarchy, with revenues insufficient even to recover it from the embarrassments with which it originally started. But I will say no more of the Greek King, nor of the Greeks, lest I expose myself to a portion of that bitter reproach of Lord Byron—"Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greece or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them!"

HOUSEHOLD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, Dr. Brown subjoins to his paper a list, as follows:

Weight and measure.
Wheat flour, 1 pound is one quart.
Indian meal, 1 lb. 2 oz. is 1 qt.
Butter, when soft, 1 lb. 1 oz. is 1 qt.
Loaf-sugar, broken, 1 lb. is one qt.
White sugar, powdered, 1 lb. 1 oz. is 1 qt.
Best brown sugar, 1 lb. 2 oz. is one qt.
Eggs, average size, 10 eggs are 1 pound.

Liquid measure.
Sixteen large table-spoonsful, are 1-2 a pint.
Eight large table-spoonsful are 1 gill.
Four large table-spoonsful are 1-2 a gill.
A common-sized tumbler holds 1-2 a pint.
A common-sized wine-glass holds 1-2 a gill.

AN INDIAN DEVOTED BY WOLVES.—A friend informs us that on the 5th ult., Jim Shongo, an athletic Indian and skillful hunter of the Cattaraugus tribe, on the Allegheny river, took the woods from his wigwam in search of game. Not having returned on the following day, a party of the tribe started in search of him. They soon struck and followed his track to where he had shot a deer. On taking the trail where he had dragged it, they discovered that a pack of six wolves had struck in and were ahead. The pack overtook Shongo within a few rods of the Indian camp, near the head of the Nine Mile Run, where the party found that the poor fellow had had a dreadful and fatal encounter. Nothing could be found but the head and an arm of the Indian, and the head and feet of the deer. Jim's rifle was lying near, with the breech broken into several pieces, and every evidence of a most desperate struggle. [New York Cour.]

The Gloucester Telegraph says, about sixty thousand lobsters are taken on the shores of Cape Ann during the year, and forwarded to Boston Market.

THE EMPEROR'S PAGE; OR A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

It was past midnight, as an individual, closely muffled in a dark military cloak, was rapidly passing through one of the most unfrequented streets of Paris. It was a black night, not a star being visible in the clouded heavens, a circumstance which seemed suited to the purpose of the pedestrian, whose concealed person and hasty movements pretty plainly indicated his wish to gain his destination unobserved. Suddenly, however, his progress was arrested by the hand of a youth, who emerged from the obscurity of a portal, and held a pistol to the pedestrian's head and demanded his money.

"Pshaw!" said the pedestrian, endeavoring to shake off his new acquaintance, "away, and do not detain me."

"Must have gold," cried the frenzied youth—"my misfortunes have maddened me! Refuse me, and this pistol sends a bullet through your head."

The other, perceiving his danger, suddenly disengaged his right arm of his cloak, and with the velocity of lightning laid the assailant prostrate. He then passed on—but suddenly retracing his steps toward the prostrated robber, he raised him from the ground, and dragging him for some paces toward the lamp which cast a "dim religious light" over a brief part of the scene, he exclaimed, "Ah! Louis Bonaparte!"

"Am I discovered?" exclaimed the youth, and falling at the feet of the other, who again drew his cloak over the lower part of his face, he ejaculated, "do not, do not betray me."

"Sir," replied the other, "my duty to the Emperor will compel me to disclose this atrocity."

"You will ruin me by so doing, forever! Hear, sir, my melancholy tale, and then say, if I am not deserving your pity. Since I have had the honor of being in the service of the Emperor, the whole of my salary has been dedicated to the support of my poor mother. For three years I have been the sole prop of her weary life; she has no other hope but me and Heaven. I have brought comfort and joy again into her humble dwelling. She was reduced to penury and wretchedness; my father had died in insolvent circumstances, and my dear mother was too old to work for her subsistence. I endeavored to gain work, but in vain. Day after day I trod the streets of Paris, and with all the earnestness of ruin, besought employment, but there was not a drop in my cup of misery, and at length I sat down in the garden of the Tuilleries, hopeless and despairing. I contemplated suicide—the thought of leaving my poor parent destitute chained me to life; but even that thought was becoming overwhelmed by despair, when our good Emperor passed me. He was struck with my haggard looks—he questioned me—inquired into the truth of my story, and then, in the benevolence of his good heart, took me into his suite. He saved me from despair, and brought smiling joy again into the widow's humble home."

"And you have repaid his kindness," observed the stranger, "by becoming a midnight robber."

"No, no," hurriedly exclaimed the youth, "I am no common robber. Heaven is my witness until this night—but hear my story out. Among the tradesmen who supplied the palace, there is one having a daughter, whose charms made an impression upon my heart, which reason could not dispel. Long did I strive to master love—but in vain. I struggled against the rising passions of my heart, but the more I strove to master the bewildering passion, the fiercer did it burn. We met—I told my love I found it was returned—and, disdaining any concealment, I openly avowed to the maiden's father my attachment to his daughter; but he, in all the pride and insolence of wealth, spurned my humble suit, and told me that till the Emperor made me worth having, his daughter should not think of me! Seeing that his child's inclinations turned towards me, he introduced a wealthy suitor, and insisted upon my wedding him. I cannot vie with my rival; he lavishes gold and gems on the lovely Adeline—I've only a humble heart to offer. But that she deemed preferable to all the wealth of the gross man of her father's choice; and till this night I dreamed that I was still beloved. But this night I have seen her at his side—her hand in his—her ear turned up to his whispering lips—and the love-tributes of gold and gems dazzling before her! I was maddened at the sight. I had clung to the hope that Adeline was constant; that hope was my solace by day, and gave inspiration to my dreams at night. I fancied the Emperor might one day promote me, when I could demand the hand of Adeline in marriage, in the confidence of my being able to support her without detriment to the comfort and enjoyment of my aged mother. This hope is destroyed—my dreams are all vanished, and I only see the despairing certainty of Adeline's affection turning to my rival! Oh, sir, if you ever loved—a situation like mine, ever known the agony of a love like mine, tell me, in your desperation I purchased this pistol, and determined upon laying contributions on the public, that I too might throw jewels into Adeline's lap, and rival the favored one even in his splendor. I saw no other way of recovering Adeline's lost affection. I could not desert my poor mother—the result is as you see. Will you betray me?"

The pedestrian was silent. The youth with passionate emotion caught his arm, and exclaimed convulsively, "Will you, will you betray me?" and again sank at his feet.

"I will think upon it," said the pedestrian coldly. "Give me that pistol."

"No, cold-hearted man!" suddenly starting upon his feet. "No, nor shall it be yours till life is out of this wretched body, and he put the muzzle to his forehead."

"For heaven's sake, hold!" cried the stranger. The trigger, however, was pulled, but the priming flashed in the pan. The pedestrian then seized upon the weapon, and after a short struggle, wrested it from the youth's grasp.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the pedestrian—"your blood boils!"

"Go," rejoined the youth, "disclose all you know. I am ready to go out upon the scaffold—I am tired of life—death will be welcome."

"Then come with me," Thus saying, the stranger took him fast by the arm, and hurried him through the dark narrow thoroughfare.

They proceeded along various obscure streets until they suddenly stopped before a doorway in a high extended wall, and the stranger touching a secret spring, the door flew open, and they entered. The stranger closing up the door after them. In a few moments they were in a neat and comfortable apartment, wherein two servants were sitting, who arose on the parties entering, and the stranger taking one of them aside, addressed a few words to him, and abruptly left the room.

It was soon evident to the youth, that the servant had been commanded to preserve strict silence; he was not in the mood for conversation, and this was therefore, to him, a matter of more pleasure than grief—his spirit was broken, and he looked upon death as the only refuge he could fly to for relief.

Soon after, the servants intimated to him he was to sleep there, and that the bed was ready. He followed them, and as he passed out of the room, he perceived that two gen'd'armes had been stationed outside the door. They followed him up stairs, and when he was ushered into a small narrow bed-chamber, and the door was fastened upon him, he heard the heavy tread of the gen'd'armes pacing to and fro on the outside. Here, in his loneliness, the thought of self-destruction again occurred to him. "O that I could die at once!" he inwardly exclaimed—"Tis horrible to be brought out upon a scaffold to public execution, before a gazing multitude. My mother! mother! he frantically exclaimed, to the protection of Heaven I must leave you! The world is done with me. O Adeline, this is thy work!"

He searched the apartment with insane curiosity to discover some instrument of death—but the room was bare of furniture, save the bed and its clothes. With the latter he busied himself, and tearing some of the sheets into strips, he was rapidly fastening them together, when a man suddenly entered the room and sat down upon the bedside. Louis was suddenly leaped into bed, and the man remaining in the position he had taken up, the youth insensibly fell into a deep slumber wherein he awoke during the night.

It was mid-day when he awoke. The man was still in the chamber. Louis was calm and refreshed, and when the man asked him if he would arise and accompany him to the gentleman with whom he had become acquainted on the previous night, Louis cheerfully assented. Soon afterward the youth stood again in the presence of the cloaked man whose life he had threatened. It was a dark and antique chamber, and the gentleman had taken his place in a recess, in the depth of which his person was dimly visible. Louis entered, pale and trembling, and with downcast and fearful eyes he approached the man, whom he had in his moment of frenzy assailed. A chair was pointed to him, into which he fell and buried his face in his hands.

"Young man," said the stranger, "you show a becoming sorrow—but what avails it? Suppose you had sent a bullet through my head last night, would your penitence awaken me to life again? Yours is the old story. Every villain is a penitent, when the guillotine stares him in the face."

"Oh! sir, spare me, I implore," cried the youth.

"Why should I? why should I spare you? You should have thought of the consequences of the crime you meditated. But you were headstrong—a fool—and you must suffer for your folly."

"Sir, I am ready to meet my punishment. Do not aggravate it by reproach."

"It will—it is a satisfaction that is due to me. I would show you the extent of your folly and your crime. I have made inquiries respecting your story; and find it, in its main points, correct enough; but, *Mon Dieu*, you were a fool. You adventured in the field of love, and could not read the woman you adventured with. I would be revenged in telling you, imprisoned as you now are, and in a fair way to the scaffold, that your conclusion respecting your mistress was a false one."

"False," echoed the youth.

"Ay, hot-brained boy, false! Your rival, pleased with your devotion and your attentions to your poor mother, became your friend, abandoned his suit, and even plead for you with Adeline's father. He succeeded; the old man had given his consent to your marriage with his daughter; for your rival—the man whom you saw whispering in the ear of Adeline—had bestowed upon you a marriage portion of five thousand francs. What think you now, rash boy?"

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the distracted youth, "it is impossible!"

"Not so, you shall hear the story from the girl's own lips; for justice allows one more meeting. See, see, rash youth, what your hot blood has driven you to! Fine love yours must be to doubt a lovely girl who had been constant to you for so many months, and resisted parents' frown and rival's gold, merely because you saw something which your jealous imagination tortured into crime."

"Oh, forbear—for Heaven's sake, forbear!" the youth cried. "If you would not see me fall dead at your feet, forbear."

"You would have laid me dead at yours last night," rejoined the stranger. "How can you ask for mercy?"

"I knew not what I did. Love, despair, a friendless aged parent, all presented themselves before me. I was distracted—I was mad—I know now, you cannot judge of my feelings then. Pray, spare me now."

"Ah, there's your mother too; when the mad fit was on you, you cared little for her; you thought not that when the guillotine had done its office, she would be left to starve and die."

"Oh, no; the Emperor Napoleon is the father of all his people, and he will not let the desolate widow perish."

"Hum," responded the stranger. "I believe you may make yourself happy on that score—the Emperor will protect her."

"Are you prepared to take your trial?"

"I am."

"Are you prepared to meet the girl you love? To hear from her own lips the story of her innocence, and the generosity of him you hated?"

An inward struggle was evident in the looks of Louis, but after a short pause he faltered—"I am."

"Tis well," replied the other. "Be firm young man. The scene that is about to ensue is no common one. You will look upon the face of Adeline as you never looked upon it before. You will take her hand, but not as the poor and humble, and innocent lover. She will not mingle her tears with yours over the story of your poverty and constant worship. Yours will not be the language of passionate hope, nor hers of encouragement and expectation. You have severed the Gordian knot of your fate, and must endure the issue. Come—she is ready."

With these words solemnly and impressively delivered, the stranger pushed open a door, and beckoned the youth to follow. They entered a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which was a door. They paused.

"She is within this room," remarked the stranger. "You tremble?"

"Oh Heaven! support me," murmured the youth.

"Give me your hand," replied the other, and as he took the youth's hand within his, he exclaimed—"Be not craven, Louis, at a moment like this, for the honor of manhood! And at this moment the doors were suddenly thrown open."

The blaze of light which illuminated the apartment into which they entered, dazzled the eyes of the youth, it was so different from the gloom and obscurity of the passages they had previously been in. The stranger hurried him along to the top of the apartment. A warm hand was placed in his; a woman's

face was buried in his bosom. It was Adeline.

They stood before a nuptial altar. They were not alone. The father of Adeline and the rival of Louis were there! The minister was at the altar, and beside the estranged pair stood the stranger, gazing with delight upon their ecstasy. Louis gazed at the strange scene before him, in wonder and astonishment. His eyes wandered from one to another; but they rested, and the stranger perceiving his amazement, gradually involuntarily dropped upon his knees, as he beheld in the person of the stranger, his sovereign, Napoleon, Emperor of France!

"Louis!" exclaimed the Emperor, "you have said that the Emperor is the father of his people. Is your father's mode of punishing the hot-brained folly of his son satisfactory?"

"My sovereign!" cried Louis, "I may not—can not speak—"

"You must, Louis, for I have given my word that Adeline shall become a bride this day; and you must fulfill my promise. Come, boy, no tears, no tears; your punishment was ended when you left the dark chamber; the reward of virtue commences. The Emperor Napoleon will not desert young Frenchmen who guide the declining days of aged parents with filial love, and scatter joy upon their gray hairs. Now let the service begin."

The ceremony was performed. Adeline became the bride of her beloved, and the Emperor Napoleon continued the constant friend of the widow's son.



WATERVILLE, FEB. 24.

A. & K. RAILROAD.

We are so frequently asked, "How are they getting along with the Railroad?" that we were induced to ascertain the present progress of the work. The amount of embankment and excavation, or earth removals, to be made, was not far from 1,500,000 yards in the whole, and some 40,000 yds. of ledge. In the month of January, 67,000 yards of earth were moved, and during the present month not far from 100,000 yards of earth will be moved. And by the first day of March not far from 400,000 yards of earth, in all, will have been removed, and 6000 yards of ledge. The stone for the piers and abutments of the Great Androscoggin Bridge, are all split and hauled to the spot, and also for the abutments of the Little Androscoggin Bridge, and that at the Narrows in Winthrop. The abutments of the Little Androscoggin are far advanced in construction. It is estimated that one-third of the grading, between the junction and Lewiston, has been performed, and one quarter between Lewiston and Winthrop.

It should be remembered that operations in grading, since early in November, have necessarily been confined to the deeper cuts, where fewer men could work to advantage. But as it is, there are now upon the road, between Waterville and Danville, something over nine hundred men at work. We learn that the contractor in Belgrade has recently added to his force fifty teams, and men sufficient to man them. We learn that thus far payments of assessments have been generally made promptly, as indeed they must be to prosecute such a work with efficiency.

"We have noticed in the Waterville Mail a series of articles upon the poems of Longfellow and Lowell, evidently by a writer of refined and cultivated poetic taste and ability. Who is he? The style would remind us of an old acquaintance, whom we have lost sight of for many a year—and who has himself occupied no mean position in the service of the Nine. If we do not mistake, his was not the least among the brilliant 'Galaxy' of names shining of yore with Pearl-like lustre in the heavens that overarched old 'Trimountain'—many of which, alas, are now—

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

Pray are we not right in our conjecture, Br. Mail?

Hush! good friend Banner; don't "Herald" our correspondent in this way. We don't wish it, and Pray don't, will you? If you have appreciated him, so have the public, and this enough.

BANGOR & WATERVILLE RAIL ROAD.—We learn from the Bangor Whig, that the company of Engineers who commenced the survey of the route of the Bangor and Waterville Railroad about the middle of November, have completed their survey.

The route, that paper proceeds to say, proves to be very favorable, and from Waterville to Bangor is more favorable than any equal distance that has yet been surveyed in New England. The amount of damages for the right of way will be small, and the people generally upon the line feel a highly favorable interest in the advancement of the enterprise.

The cost of the road from B. to Waterville has generally been estimated at one million of dollars, but it is now well ascertained that seven hundred thousand dollars will be amply sufficient to get the road in operation. Of this sum at least two hundred thousand dollars can be obtained west of the Kennebec, fifty thousand between the Kennebec and B., and if two hundred thousand dollars can be taken in that city, the company will organize and proceed with the work.

The survey which has been made is one of great accuracy. Every inch of the line has been levelled, and when the report is published it will be seen that no pains have been spared to master the whole subject and to give it in one view.

GLOVES OF WAR. A correspondent of the New York Express, writes from Washington: "I was conversing with a lady last evening about the gaiety of Washington, when she took occasion to remark that the number of parties was greatly diminished from that of last winter."

ter, and to what cause do you suppose she attributed this fact? To none other than the Mexican war. Half the ladies in town, she said, were in black, and added that you could hardly turn a corner without meeting a widow or bereaved sister. But the city abounds in other evidences of military glory; and I may mention, by way of illustration, that I have seen at an evening party at least half a dozen gentlemen who were wounded in the Mexican war. One of them used a pair of crutches, a couple of them had their arms in a sling, while others were able to get along with the help of an ordinary cane. Among the 'unarmed heroes' who figure at the private parties and the hotels, I notice that Capt. May and Midshipman Rogers are the most attractive; one of them for his peculiar Mexican appearance, and the other on account of his sufferings in captivity."

MR. PRAY'S LECTURE.—A large and intelligent audience gave evidence of more interest in the course of public lectures, connected with the proposed organization of a Lyceum, than we had supposed to exist. Notwithstanding the bad walking, and several conflicting attractions from other sources, the Hall was well filled. The subject of the lecture was 'London and the London Press,' and the familiar and highly practical manner in which the speaker handled it, rendered his facts particularly interesting as the result of personal observation. It was listened to with great attention, and the audience gave evidence of a high degree of satisfaction, though much had been expected.

The introduction drew the imagination of the audience to the position of London, in which the speaker represented himself, at an early hour in the morning, upon one of the bridges of London. The scene was vividly described, and an apt quotation from one of Wordsworth's sonnets served to rivet the attention of those present. From this point some philosophical views were taken of the manner in which the metropolis of Great Britain is supplied with daily food. We understood the lecturer to say that the mutton in the London markets averaged about 25 pounds per quarter in weight—and that within a century the average weight of sheep had increased from twenty-eight pounds to about one hundred. The same improvement was to be noticed in beef cattle—the average weight had increased from three hundred and ninety to eight hundred pounds.

By aid of a diagram prepared by Mr. Pray, the audience were made to comprehend very clearly the position of London and its principal objects of interest. The docks of London were described with great minuteness, and their position upon the Thames made apparent to every one. We regret that we have not space to give the details of this portion of the lecture.

Another interesting topic of the lecture was the periodical press of Great Britain, in which some wholesome remarks were made upon the character of newspaper readers and writers in England and the United States. Though some of his views were not loudly applauded by us, we doubt not that the audience relished them much better. The treatment upon this subject was clear, and the anecdotes introduced were received with great pleasure by the audience generally.

Some other subjects of importance contributed to add to the interest of those present, when the lecturer concluded by giving a very agreeable sketch of the character of the Queen, her domestic habits and occupations.

P. S. There will be a second lecture on Monday evening next, by Professor Champlin of Waterville College.

INSTALLATION.—The ceremony of installing the officers of Waterville Masonic Lodge, which took place at the Universalist Church in this village, on Monday evening, was well attended, and the services highly interesting. The address of Rev. Mr. Gardner was listened to with great attention, and is spoken of as well arranged, instructive and interesting. The Lodge is said to be in prosperous circumstances.

The friends of Temperance, at West Waterville, are setting an example, which we trust will extend an influence in this direction.—They had a large and interesting meeting on Tuesday, in his usual practical and attractive style, and which, it is thought, will give an impulse to the activity already existing there, on the subject of temperance. If some of our friends in West Waterville would send a missionary to this village, he would find a fair prospect of getting up a respectable temperance meeting; though it must be confessed it would be something we have not seen for a long time. Whenever they propose to make a move towards us, and will send word, due notice shall be given.

BEARS!—We are informed by a gentleman who saw them, that four bears were killed in Clinton, on the 19th inst. They consisted of the mother and her offspring, and were killed by Mr. Joseph Crawford, assisted by two boys and a dog, with no effective weapons but an axe. It was judged the old bear would weigh from 200 to 250 pounds. This was a bold deed, and Mr. Crawford ought to find his name in Crockett's Almanac next year. Bear's meat makes brave men out west.

SIDE WALKS.—The ladies of Calais, (in this State), are getting up a Tea Party, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of laying Side Walks in that Village. They held a preliminary meeting on the 12th, for the purpose, which was 'fully and enthusiastically attended.' As many ladies use side-walks about as often as the rougher sex, it is about right that they attend to laying the planks.

We commend the above to the ladies of Waterville—with the additional hint, that in no other hands than theirs is there any hope that our streets will be crossed by the present generation with safety, except in dry weather. Will they save the good name of their fathers and brothers?

LECTURING. Gov. Briggs, of the Bay State, is lecturing on Temperance. A few evenings since he lectured in Lawrence, and obtained some two hundred signers to the total abstinence pledge.

SUMMARY.

EASTERN RAILROAD.—We have seen a tabular statement of the Eastern Railroad, from the opening, January 1, 1839, to Dec. 31, 1847, by which it appears that the average outlay has been \$2,591,856 81; the average amount of capital paid in, \$1,930,546 29; the average net earnings, after deducting all interest paid, 8 43-100 per cent; or, after deducting also the amount paid for renewals, 8 11-100 per cent. The average yearly dividend has been 7 29-100 per cent, leaving on hand, as a sinking and surplus fund, Dec. 31, 1847, \$141,915 76. The annual surplus of Earnings, over Dividends and Renewals, has been, on an average, \$15,768 42. The difference between the outlay and the amount paid in, has been supplied by a State scrip of \$500,000, and balance by money borrowed. This statement comprehends the whole road, both in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the outlay includes about \$850,000 in good property, independent of the road and its equipments. [Salem Reg.]

CAUSE OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS. The Legislature are about inquiring into the matter of Railway accidents. A pertinent inquiry would be, how many accidents are caused by defects in road and machinery, disobedience of orders, unavoidable occurrences, &c., and how many by the carelessness of passengers themselves.—Of the latter, there would no doubt be a great number. Of the sixteen fatal accidents upon the Boston & Worcester Railroad, the last year, over one half were caused by the carelessness of the victims themselves in jumping on and off the cars, walking on the railroad track, &c. &c. Yesterday afternoon, an intoxicated man who just after the cars had left a Depot, discovered that he had passed his stopping place, staggered out to the platform of the car, and was in the act of jumping off, when the brakeman seized him around the waist and prevented it. An instant afterwards a locomotive and freight train rushed past, by which the besotted man would have been cut to pieces if he had been allowed to carry out his insane intention, and ten chances to one if the public would have known that the cause of the accident was the man's intemperance.

Boston Traveller.

A HORRID CASE. On the 3d inst. James Godwin, a resident on the Ottawa river, near Montreal, was tried in that city for the murder of his wife, to whom he had been twenty years married, who was the mother of his seven children, and against whose conduct or character nothing appeared, except that her brutal partner had beaten and ill treated her until she was supposed to have become partially insane. She was then driven into a pig-pen, where she lived through a Canadian winter, from the first of November to the first of February, and was then found frozen to death. Her only covering was an old blanket.

Mr. Bagley, attorney general, conducted the investigation. Rev. F. S. Hove, as appears by his testimony on the trial, remonstrated with the husband, but why did he not complain to a magistrate? Mary, the sister of Godwin, stated that the poor wife came to her husband's door, and got a drink—tried to get into her house—but he ordered her off! Inside the pen it was getting 'suffocation,' but no one cleaned it. When the children went out after a cold Canadian night, they said she would not speak. Her husband said, 'she is playing some of her old tricks.' She was dead and frozen hard, and clutched a tin in her stiff hands! She had wished to be permitted to live in her husband's barn! Elizabeth, one of the daughters, testified that when her mother tried to come into her house to be warmed, the father beat her with a cord—she had to creep back into the pen! Dr. Surgeon swore that he found the body in the pen, a mass of ice; it was put on a door for the purpose of being removed to the house, but Godwin, objected, having resolved never to let her enter dead or alive! The night when she was said to have died was fearfully cold; the only way in which he could account for her living so long in such weather was that she was insane. Insane people are less sensible to cold than others. He thought that in the state in which she must have been before death—frozen stiff up to the middle—it would have been impossible for her to get out of the pig-pen. One foot was gone altogether, and half of the other was off. The stomach was empty and drawn up towards the backbone; and there was a vessel in her hands which had a hole as big as a pin and another as big as a pea. The coroner said, she must have been in a hurry if she drank out of that.

This is the most abominable thing that ever happened in a Christian country. Godwin was found guilty of manslaughter.

EXTRAORDINARY MORTALITY. Mrs. Jane Sewell, of Montreal, daughter of the late Jas. Caldwell, of Albany, died about three months since. In a few weeks thereafter, three of the children of her son, Dr. Stephen Chase Sewell, died within 24 hours, of malignant scarlet fever. On the 28th, the fourth and only remaining child also died at Montreal, of the same disease. The last steamer also brings advice of the death of Mr. Jameson, a son-in-law, at Edinburgh, where he has been residing for some years.

WM. H. NORRIS. The N. Y. Com. Adv. says that the American Bible Society have appointed Rev. Wm. H. Norris, for many years resident in South America, as a Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be their temporary agent in Mexico, for the purpose of ascertaining what can be done by the society for the circulation of the Spanish Bible in that country. Mr. Norris sails in two or three weeks.

POLICE COURT. On Saturday evening last, William Hunt made off from the City Market with a horse and sleigh, belonging to Constable Jackson S. Kimball, and after driving for some hours turned the horse loose, tackled one belonging to his father into the sleigh, and fled eastward. He was arrested in No 8 on Sunday, brought back, examined, pleaded guilty, and in default of bonds of 200 dollars, committed to jail. So says the Gazette.

TO IMPROVE THE BREATH. Take a glass of fresh prepared water, add one drachm of Peruvian bark and wash the teeth with the water in the morning and evening—before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually destroy all the tartar on the teeth, and remove the offensive smell arising from the ones that are decayed.

Barbarous Outrage. A man by the name of Smith, a teamster in the employ of Wm. Campbell, set a dog, this morning, on a boy,

