

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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MARCUS WATSON, Printer.

WOMAN.

BY SYLVIA CENTER.
From the German of Schiller.

Honor to woman! she it is who weaves
Eternal roses in the web of life,
Fashion the rapture-giving bond of love,
And in the "Garden" of the soul, the heart,
At every star weeping down upon us. His
eyes are—New York, Tribune Building; Boston, School-street; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets.

Reason's bonnet for eyes opening,
Wanders Man's impetuous and
Over the stormy sea of Passion,
Without compass or control,
Ever grasping at the future,
Scorning joys that near him lie!
And in far-off regions chasing
Phantasms that for ever fly.

But woman hurls the wand with a glance
Back to the sweet realities of life!
With fond endearments clings her transient thought
A gentle mistress! in every clime
Nature's true daughter, most, faithful, meek,
Filling the household home with deeds of love.

Man's unmanageable spirit,
Like the torrent in its course,
Over the opposing mountains of duty
Rushes with destructive force.
Ever scheming, unending joy,
Whisper in his trembling heart,
Like the faded leaves of Hybla,
Only left to rise again.

But woman, satisfied with simpler joys,
Gathers the transient blossoms of to-day,
And tends and treasures in, with many a smile,
More precious to her narrow sphere than Man,
Amid the withering mists of Science laid,
Or wandering in the poet's wide domain.

How unlike Man's selfish nature
To woman's generous soul,
Yielding up her will, her reason,
Traffic of self-control!
Proud, ambitious, unending joy,
Rash, impatient of the rest,
Struggles, wrongs and disappointments
Only steel his stubborn breast.

But woman, armed with gentleness and grace,
Vibrates responsive to the Summons of truth,
The heart of woman, sensitive and kind,
Trembles at some earnest tale of two distresses,
Inactive thrives, and from her living breast
The gathering drops of tenderness fall fast.

Man is ever fierce and reckless,
Proud to combat and rebel!
In his breast, as in a dungeon
All unbridled passions dwell.
Weakness sinks beneath his fury,
While to reason beyond his grasp,
Startled by the voice of heaven,
Trembling Mary shakes away.

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Rich compost should not be put in the hills, for it makes more vines than potatoes, and the vines are more liable to rot. Put a little straw from the cow yard into each hill on top of the potatoes and bury the whole with a well formed hill—not too high or too flat; and if you plant but few in the hill you may have large potatoes—if you plant a quart you will have quite a mess of small potatoes.—Ploughman.

FRUIT AND FLOWER CULTURE.—The increasing interest taken in pomological, floricultural matters in this country, is a hopeful sign. The gardens of the wealthy, filled with choice fruits and beautiful flowers, and the nurseries and hot-beds of those who make gardening a business, have greatly improved. Train the vines upon the sunny side of your house—dig up the little patches by your door—near the trees, and vegetable, and nurse the flowers. Their fragrance will be at your windows, the birds will come and sing to you, and the melon, the plum, the pear, and the apple will be in their season.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR HORSES THAT PELL ON THE HALTER.—Put on a strong harness with good breeching, and a long strong halter, and bring that down through the collar; fasten him to something he cannot move. He will make but few attempts before he gives it up, and in this way he can be broke of it.—J. T., in Country Gentleman.

PROLIFIC SHEEP.—We are informed that Deacon Andrews of Livermore, has seven sheep that brought him this spring fifteen lambs, which are all alive and smart. This is getting about in the mutton line pretty fast.—Maine Farmer.

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE concludes an article on the crops with the following sensible advice:—
There is pressing need now for a great crop, as great, or greater than that of last year; and we may have it, if those who read this article will bear in mind the burden of its song, and urge upon all with whom they have any influence, to plant corn—plant more than you intended—more than you did last year, if only by one grain, one hill, one rod, one acre, one field; still let your motto be that which begins and ends this appeal—PLANT CORN!

Propagating Grape-Vines.
Messrs. Editors.—An objection to the purchase of choice grape-vines is frequently made, that they cost so much. If persons who own a little land, could properly appreciate the difference between good and ordinary fruit, and could see how rapidly the vines can be multiplied, the objection would in some measure cease.

I last year planted a root of the Concord grape and by laying down the branches, I have obtained five additional roots. I saw a nurseryman who did the same, and his six additional roots.

When setting out the first root, it is a good plan to set it rather low in the ground. That will give a better chance for laying, as the surface will yet be so low that the roots can be more readily watered.—Boston Cultivator.

GOOD SEED-CORN.—Mr. James Day, Haverhill, Mass., has sent us a sample of the crop of corn which he received the first premium of the Essex Agricultural Society last year. It is a fine specimen of what is sometimes called the improved Canada variety. The ears are two-rowed, and of good length; the cob is not large; and the grains are set very closely, and are remarkably heavy. We have known the variety many years, and always considered it one of the best where early maturity in the crop is important. It can be obtained of Mr. Day.—Boston Cultivator.

RAISING POTATOES UNDER STRAW.—Several of our correspondents, within a year, have spoken favorably of the practice of planting potatoes and covering with straw, both as a low laborious and more profitable method of raising that crop. The idea is not new to us. As long as 1824, we saw this method practiced in Vermont, and it was reported highly successful for some reason it has not come into general use.

The experiments we saw tried were by selecting a short pasture field, dropping the seed at suitable distances over the ground and then covering the whole with a coat of straw to the depth of a foot or more. In the fall the straw was raked off and the potatoes picked up, all dry. In wet seasons this plan was thought to be very effective.

The editor of the Pike County (Ill.) Free Press has been presented with potatoes raised the last season by a Mr. Shipman of that vicinity, and details as follows:—
Mr. Shipman informed us that he planted them in the usual manner, then covered them to the depth of about six inches with straw; after this no further cultivation was required—the straw kept down the weeds, and the potatoes were not disturbed until they were dug. Not only has this method produced him a very superior potato, but it has this year brought him an extraordinary yield—4 bushels to the square rod, or at the rate of 640 bushels to the acre.

He has tried this mode of culture for three years past, and has in every instance found it to bring results superior to the common method. This year he has planted at three different times, with the following result:—
Early in April he planted Moshanocks in both ways, and pinkies under the straw; all were in the same kind of ground. The Moshanocks cultivated yielded two bushels and one peck to the square rod; those covered with straw, four bushels and one peck; and the pinkies covered, four bushels.

Pinkies planted on the 24th of May, covered with straw, yielded two and a half bushels and four quarts to the square rod. They were the smallest potatoes.

smallest yield, were the largest potatoes, and of the best quality.—Worcester Palladium April 10.

A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser writes as follows touching the use of guano:—
For one acre designed for corn and grain, I mix 300 pounds of Guano with about four times that quantity of either dried muck, loam, or sand, and let it remain a few days on the barn floor where it was mixed, to facilitate the process of amalgamation.—The land should be ploughed deep, and if broken or rough, harrowed. Then on the land thus prepared, I sow broadcast, and as evenly as possible, the mixture turning it in with a light horse plow or heavy cultivator, and finish with a brush harrow. I am confident that a strict observance of these simple rules will give the farmer for ten dollars invested in Guano, fifty dollars in corn.

For potatoes the Guano mixed as above should be placed in the hill so as to cover about the same space as the potatoes will occupy. 300 lbs. per acre is sufficient.

For roots—such as beets, carrots, &c., furrow the ground with a light horse plow and strew the mixture in the rows. For onions, other fertilizer is at all comparable to this mixture. When used as top dressing, the compound should be sown on a damp day, or when it is calm.

The growth of corn will be promoted in its earlier stages, if a handful of old stable manure is thrown in the hill.

Miscellaneous.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

In the Spring of '48, I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed, he had been with party of dissipated companions over to Tapham, and that on returning, they met the mail carrier on horseback coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier, and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but he tried to dissuade his companions. But they would not listen to him.

One of them slipped up behind the carrier and knocked him from the horse. Then they bound and blindfolded him, and having tied him to a tree they took the mail bag, and made off to a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some five hundred dollars in money in various forms. He went with them, but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did it fled, and as the carrier had recognized him in the party, he had been arrested.

The mail bag had been found, as well as the letters. These letters from which money had been taken, were kept by order of the officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons, to whom they were directed. These letters had been sent to me for examination, and I had returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before the next day, I went into the court to see what was going on. The first case which came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I

called Mrs. Nasyby to the stand. "You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner had access to your room," I said, "now could Nancy Luther have entered that room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else and any right there."

I saw that Mrs. N., though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come to my room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions for market men, who happened along with their waggons."

"One more question: have you known of the prisoner's having had any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther, I said, 'why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask you about the lost money?'"

"Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she put the lamp while she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did

years, and that during all that time she had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from the drawer," the girl told me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing of it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Nasyby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk, and they found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But O, sir, I never took it—somebody else put that money there!"

I then asked her if she suspected any one. "I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook, and I was the chamber-maid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, about twenty and twenty with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glance at once as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.

"Oh, sir, can you help me?" my client asked in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"

"No, sir."

"Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room and the case went on.

Mrs. Nasyby resumed her testimony.—She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there but herself. Then she described the missing money, and closed by telling how she had found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, it being two tens and one five dollar bill.

"Mrs. Nasyby," said I, "when you first missed your money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever before detected her in dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

"No, sir."

"Mrs. Nasyby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say 'trap me if you can.' She gave evidence as follows:—

"She said on the night the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs and from the manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right. So she followed her up."

"Elizabeth went into Mrs. Nasyby's room and stood the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key hole, and saw her at her mistress's drawer. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down to pick up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away."

"Then she told her how she had informed her mistress of this and proposed to search the girl's trunk."

I called Mrs. Nasyby back to the stand. "You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner had access to your room," I said, "now could Nancy Luther have entered that room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else and any right there."

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"One more question: have you known of the prisoner's having had any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"How should I? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now if you had any wish to harm the prisoner, couldn't you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No, sir," she replied with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir—only what Mrs. Nasyby may owe me."

"Then you didn't have twenty-five dollars when you came there?"

"No, sir, and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money that Mrs. Nasyby lost. You might have known that, if you'd only remember what you hear."

This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for a moment the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered:—

"I belong in Somers, Montgomery County."

I next turned to Mrs. Nasyby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?" I asked.

"Always," she answered.

"Could you send and get one of them for me?"

"She told the truth about my payments Mrs. Nasyby said."

"O, I don't doubt it," I replied; "but could proof be the proof of the court room. So, if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipts."

She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange straggling hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick straggling tone, at the same time looking sternly in the eye, "please tell the court and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the twenty-five dollars you sent to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started as though a volcano had burst at her feet.

She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could see her emotion, and then repeated the question.

"I never—sent—any!" she fairly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—I—didn't," she faintly uttered, grasping the floor for support.

"May it please your honor and the gentlemen of the jury," I said as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a youth who had been arrested for helping to rob the mail, and in my course of preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness announced, I went out and took this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. The letter was taken out of the mail bag, and contained twenty-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark, you will observe it was mailed on the very next day after the money was taken from Mrs. Nasyby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please."

The court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date save that the postmaster's stamp on the outside. I gave it here verbatim:—

"Sister Dorcas: I send you here seventy-five dollars, which I want you to keep it for me till I can come, I can't keep it here as I am afraid it will get stole, don't speak wun wun to a live soul about this coz I don't want nobody to know I have got my money, you want wun. I am first rate here, only that guide for nothin' spoil of his madworth is here by; but I hope to git rid of her now. You know I wrote you but her. Give my love to awl your friends. This is from your sister till death. NANCY LUTHER."

"Now, your honor," I said, "I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, 'you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery County.' And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. It is plain how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five were in the letter and sent away for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of other parts of the letter, I leave you to judge."

And now gentlemen of the jury, I leave my case in your hands, only I will thank God, and I know you will also, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

no more. Next morning I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor, defenceless, but much loved maiden.

It was signed 'Several Citizens,' and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth came to pay all the money he could raise. I simply showed him the note I had received, and asked him to keep his hand earnings for his wife when he got one. He owned he intended to make Lizzie Madworth his wife very soon.

Next day, I succeeded in clearing my other client from conviction of robbing the mail, and made a considerable handle of the fortunate discovery of the letter which had saved an innocent girl on the day before, in my appeal to the jury; and if I made them feel that the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, it was because I sincerely believed the young man was innocent of all crime; and I am sure they thought so too.

KEAN AND THE PUBLICAN. While playing at Exeter, in England, at the height of his popularity, Kean was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. The dinner was announced, the table sumptuously decorated, and the landlord all bows and submission, hoping that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found everything to their satisfaction.

Kean sat at him for a few moments, and then said:—

"Your name is—?"

"It is, Mr. Kean; I have had the honor of seeing you before."

"You kept, some years ago a small tavern in the outskirts of the town?"

"I did, Mr. Kean. Fortune has been kind to both of us since then. I recollect you, sir, when you belonged to our theatre here."

"And I, sir," said Kean, jumping up, "recollect you! Many years ago I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with a suffering wife and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands until you had received the trifles which was its value."

I left my family by your inhospitable roadside, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me like a brute, to take the wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune, you say, has done something for us both since then; but you are still the same, I see—the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy, money hunter. I, sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith, I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man—the same Kean whom you ordered from your doors; and I have now the same hatred to oppression I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat or drink in a house belonging to a so heartless a scoundrel."

Gentlemen," said he, turning to his friends, "I beg pardon for this outbreak; but were I to dine under the roof of this time-wasting, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful I am sure would choke me."

Kean kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

BIRTH OF NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURES. In 1787, the first cotton mill in Massachusetts was erected at Beverly, by John Cabot, and others; but such were their difficulties, that in three years they were almost compelled to abandon the enterprise. As a last resort they petitioned the legislature for assistance, and the committee to whom the subject was referred reported in favor of granting them one thousand pounds sterling, to be raised by a lottery!

In 1768, two Scotch brothers, named Robert and Alexander Barr, erected carding and spinning machines for Mr. Orr, at East Bridgewater, Mass., which was considered of such importance that the legislature, to reward their ingenuity and encourage mechanics, "made them a grant of £200, and afterwards added to their bounty by giving them six tickets in the State land lottery, in which there were no blanks!"

In 1805, the total consumption of cotton in all the United States was a little more than one thousand bales! Now, the cotton consumed by the mills of Lowell exceeds two million eight hundred and twenty thousand pounds per month.

AGRICULTURAL ANECDOTE.—Capt. B., from small beginnings, became a rich man, if his own definition of that phrase be correct, and I have never seen a better viz: "He is a rich man who is a little better off than his neighbor." Capt. B. could give orders as explicit to his hired men as to the militia company over which he presided.—And he was fortunate in having Mr. P., a young man who understood the English language, and could do

ence, April 21, 1966. 17

