

Stanstead Journal.

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Neatly printed on short notice at the Journal Job
Office. Orders respectfully solicited.

MISCELLANY.

GRACE NEVILLE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Two or three winters ago, our lit-
tle village had the good fortune to
have its curiosity excited by the sud-
den appearance of a lovely and ele-
gant young woman, as an inmate in
the house of Mr. Martin, a respecta-
ble farmer in the place. The plea-
sure of talking over a new comer in
a country village, which, much as I
love country villages, does, I confess,
occasionally labor under a stagnation
of topics, must not be lightly estima-
ted. In the present instance, the en-
joyment was greatly increased by the
opportune moment at which it oc-
curred, just before Christmas, so that
conjecture was happily allowed in all
the parties of that merry time, en-
livened the tea-table, and gave zeal
and animation to the supper. There
was, too, a slight shade of mystery,
a difficulty at coming at the truth,
which made the subject unusually
poignant. Talk her over as they
might, nobody knew anything cer-
tain of the incognita, or her story;
nobody could tell who she was, or
whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to
whom her neighbors were on a sud-
den most politely attentive in the
way of calls and invitations, said
nothing more than that Miss Neville
was a young lady who had come to
lodge at Kinlay-end; and, except at
church, Miss Neville was invisible.
Nobody could tell what to make of
her.

Her beauty was, however, no
questionable matter. All the parish
agreed on that point. She was in
deep mourning, which set off advan-
tageously a tall and full, yet easy
and elastic figure, in whose carriage
the vigor and firmness of youth and
health seemed blended with the ele-
gance of education and good compa-
ny. Youth and health were the
principal characteristics of her coun-
tenance. There was health in her
bright hazel eyes, with their rich
dark eye-lashes; health in the pro-
fusion of her glossy brown hair;—
health in her pure and brilliant com-
plexion; health in her red lips, her
white teeth, and the beautiful smile
that displayed them; health in her
very dimples. Her manners as well
as they could be judged of in passing
to and from church, leading one of

the little Martins by the hand, and
occasionally talking to him, seemed
as graceful as her person, and as o-
pen as her countenance. All the vil-
lage agreed that she was a lovely
creature, and all the village wonder-
ed whom she could be. It was a
most amusing puzzle.

There was, however, no mystery
in the story of Grace Neville. She
was the only child of an officer of
rank, who fell in an early stage of
the Peninsular war; her mother had
survived him but a short time, and
the little orphan had been reared in
great tenderness and luxury by her
maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtful,
expensive man, speculating and san-
guine, who, after exhausting a good
fortune in vain attempts to realize a
great one, sinking money successively
in farming, in cotton-spinning, in
paper-making, in a silk mill, and a
mine, found himself one fair morn-
ing actually ruined, and died—such
things have happened—of a broken
heart, leaving poor Grace, at three-
and-twenty, with the habits and edu-
cation of an heiress, almost totally
destitute.

The poor girl found, as usual
plenty of comforters and advisers.
Some recommended her to sink the
little fortune she possessed, in right
of her father, in a school; and some
to lay it up for old age, and go out
as a governess; some hinted at the
possibility of matrimony, advising
that at all events so fine a young
woman should try her fortune by vis-
iting about amongst her friends for a
year or two, and favored her with a
husband-hunting invitation accord-
ingly. But Grace was too independ-
ent and too proud for a governess;
—too sick of scheme for a school;—
and the hint matrimonial had effectually
prevented her from accepting any,
even the most unsuspecting invita-
tion. Besides, she said, and per-
haps she thought, that she was wea-
ry of the world; so she wrote to
Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's house-
keeper, now a substantial farmer,
and came down to lodge with her in
our secluded village.

Poor Grace what a change! It
was mid-winter: snowy, foggy, sleety,
wet. Kinlay-end, an old manor
house dilapidated into its present
condition, stood with its windows
half closed, a huge vine covering its
front, and ivy climbing up the sides
to the roof—the very image of chill-
iness and desolation. There was,
indeed, one habitable wing, repaired
and fitted up as an occasional sport-
ing residence for the landlord; but
those apartments were locked; and
she lived like the rest of the family,
in the centre of the house, made up
of great, low, dark rooms, with oak-
en panes, of long, rambling passag-
es, of interminable galleries, and
broad, dusty stair-cases, up which
you might drive a coach and six.—
Such was the prospect within doors;
and without, mud! mud! mud!—
and nothing but mud! Then the
noises;—wind, in all its varieties,
combined with bats, rats, cats, owls,
pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys,
chickens, and children, in all varie-
ties also; for besides the regular in-
habitants of the farm-yard,—biped
and quadruped,—Mrs. Martin had
within doors smudgy coops of pou-
ltry, two pet lambs, and four boys
from six years old downward, who
were in some way or other exercising
their voices all day long. Mrs. Mar-
tin too, she whom so soft-spoken
and demure, had now found her scold-
ing-tongue, and was, indeed, noted
for that accomplishment all over the
parish; the maid was saucy and the
farmer smoked.

Poor Grace Neville! what a trial!
what a contrast! she tried to draw;
tried to sing; tried to read; tried to
work; and, above all, tried to be
contented. But nothing would do.
The vainest endeavor of all was
the last. She was of social, cheer-
ful temperament, to which sympathy
is necessary; and having no one to
whom she could say, how pleasant
is solitude! began to find solitude
the most tiresome thing in the world.
Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good
sort of people in their way—scolding
and smoking notwithstanding; but
their way was so different from hers;
and the children, whom she might
have found some amusement in spoil-
ing were so spoiled already, as to be
utterly unbearable.

The only companionable person
about the place was a slipshod ur-
chin, significantly termed the "odd
boy," an extra and supplementary
domestic, whose department
it is to help, all the others
out of doors and in; to do all they

leave undone, and to bear the blame
of everything that goes amiss. The
personage in question, Dick Crosby
by name, was a parish boy taken
from the workhouse. He was, as
nearly as could be guessed, for no-
body took the trouble to be certain
about his age, somewhere bordering
on eleven; a long, lean, famished-
looking boy, with a pale complexion,
sharp thin features, and sunburnt
hair. His dress was usually a hat
without a crown; a tattered round
frook; stockings that scarcely cov-
ered his ankles, and shoes that hung
on his feet by the middle like clogs,
yet, underneath these rags, and
through all his huffings and cuffings,
from master and mistress, carter and
maid, the boy looked and was merry
and contented; was even a sort of a
wag in his own way; sturdy and in-
dependent in his opinions, and con-
stant in his attachments. He had a
pet sheep-dog—for amongst his nu-
merous avocations he occasionally
acted as under shepherd, a spectral,
ghastly looking animal, with a huge
white head and neck, and a gaunt
black body. Mephistopholes might
have put himself into such a shape.
He had also a pet donkey, the rag-
gedest brute upon the common, of
whom he was part owner, and for
whose better maintenance he was
sometimes accused of such petty lar-
ceny as may be comprised in stealing
what no other creature would eat,
refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed
cabbage leaves, and thistles from the
hedge.

These two faithful followers had
long shared Dick Crosby's affections
between them; but from the day of
Miss Neville's appearance, the dog
and the donkey found a rival. She
happened to speak to him, and her
look and voice won his heart at once
and forever. Never had high-born
damsel in days of chivalry so devo-
ted a page. He was at her command
by night or by day; nay, "tho' she
called another, Abra came." He
would let no one else clean her shoes,
carry her clogs, or run her errands;
was always at hand to open the
gates, and chase away the cows
when she walked; forced upon her
his own board of nuts; and scoured
the country to get her the wintry
nosegays which the mildness of the
season permitted, sweet-scented colts'-
foot, china roses, and stocks.

It was not in Grace's nature to re-
ceive such proofs of attachment
without paying them in kind. Dick
would hardly have been her choice
for her pet, but being so honestly and
artlessly chosen by him, she soon be-
gan to return the compliment, and
showered upon him marks of her fa-
vor and protection; perhaps a little
gratified, so mixed are human mo-
tives, to find that her patronage was
still of consequence at Kinlay-end.
Half-pence and sixpences, apples and
gingerbread, flowed into Dick's po-
ckets, and his outward man underwent
a thorough transformation. He cast
his rags, and for the first time in his
life put on an entire new suit of
clothes. A proud boy was Dick that
day. It is recorded that he passed a
whole hour in alternate fits of look-
ing in the glass and shouts of laugh-
ter. He laughed till he cried, for
sheer happiness.

I have been thus particular in my
account of Dick, because, in the first
place, he was an old acquaintance
of mine, a constant and promising
attendant at the cricket ground—his
temperament being so mercurial that
even in his busiest days, when he
seemed to have work enough upon
his hands for ten boys, he would
still make time for play; in the se-
cond, because I owe to him the great
obligation of being known to his fair
patroness. He had persuaded her,
one dry afternoon, to go with him,
and let him show her the dear crick-
et-ground. I happened to be passing
the spot; and neither of us could
ever exactly remember how he man-
aged the matter, but the boy intro-
duced us. He was an extraordi-
nary master of ceremonies, to be sure,
but the introduction was most effec-
tually performed, and to our mutual
pleasure we found ourselves acquain-
ted. I have always thought it one
of the highest compliments ever paid
me, that Dick Crosby thought me
worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

We were friends in five minutes.
I found the promise of her lovely
countenance amply redeemed by her
character. She was frank, ardent,
and spirited, with a cultivated mind,
and a sweet temper; not to have
loved her would have been impossi-
ble; and she, besides the natural

pleasure of talking to one who could
understand and appreciate her, was
delighted to come to a house where
the mistress did not scold, or the
master smoke; where there were
neither pigs, chickens, nor children.

As spring advanced and the roads
improved, we saw each other almost
every day; the soft skies and mild
breezes of April, and the profuse
floweriness of hedgerow, wood and
field, gave a never-failing charm to
our long and rural walks. Grace
was fond of wild flowers, which her
protege Dick was assiduous in pro-
curing. He had even sacrificed the
vanity of sticking the first bunch of
primroses in his Sunday hat to the
pleasure of offering them to her.—
They supplied her with an indoor
amusement; she drew well, and
copied his field nosegays with taste
and delicacy. She had obtained,
too, the loan of a piano, and talked
stoutly of constant and vigorous
practice, and of pursuing a steady
course of reading. All young ladies,
I believe, make such resolutions, and
some few may possibly keep them;
Miss Neville did not.

However lively and animated
whilst her spirits were excited by so-
ciety, it was evident that when alone,
poor Grace was languid and restless,
and given to reverie. She would
even fall into long fits of musing in
company, start when spoken to,
droop her fair head, like a snow-drop,
and sigh. Oh such sighs! so long,
so deep, so frequent, so drawn from
the very heart! They might, to be
sure, have been accounted for by the
great and sad change in her situation,
and the death of her indulgent uncle;
but these seemed worn out. I had
heard such sighs before, and could
not help imputing them to a different
cause.

My suspicions were increased,
when I found out accidentally that
Dick and his donkey traveled every
morning three miles to meet just such
another Dick and such another don-
key, who acted as letter carriers to
that side of the village.

They would have arrived at
Kinlay-end by noon in their natu-
ral progress, but Grace could not
wait; so Dick and the donkey made
a shortcut across the country to way-
lay his namesake of the letter-bag,
and fetch disappointment four hours
sooner. It was quite clear that what-
ever epistles might arrive, the one so
earnestly desired never came. Then
she was so suspiciously fond of moon-
light, and nightingales, and tender
poesy; and in the choice of her mu-
sic, she would so repeat over and
over one favorite duet, and would so
blush if the repetition were remark-
ed! Surely she could not always
have sung, "La ci darem," by her-
self. Poor Grace Neville! Love
was a worse disease than the solitude
of Kinlay-end.

Without pretending to any remark-
able absence of curiosity on the one
hand, or pleading guilty to the slight-
est want of interest in my dear
young friend on the other, I was
chiefly anxious to escape the honor
of being her confidante. So sure as
you talk of love, you nourish it; and
I wanted hers to die away. Time,
and absence, and cheerful company,
and summer amusements, would, I
doubted not, effect a cure. I even
began to fancy her spirits were im-
proving, when one morning towards
the middle of May, she came to me
more hurried and agitated than I had
ever seen her. The cause, when dis-
closed, seemed quite inadequate to pro-
duce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin
had received a letter from her landlord
that he had lent to a friend the apart-
ments fitted up for himself at the
farm, and that his friend would ar-
rive on the succeeding day for a
week's angling.

"Well, my dear Grace, and what
then?"

"And this friend is Sir John
Gower."

"But who is Sir John Gower?"

She hesitated a little—

"What do you know of him?"

"Oh, he is the proudest, sternest,
cruellest man! it would kill me to
see him: it would break my heart, if
my heart is not broken already."

And then, in an inexpressible gush
of bitter grief, the tale of love, which
I had so long expected, burst forth.
She had been engaged to the only
son of this proud and wealthy bar-
onet, with the full consent of all par-
ties: on the discovery of her uncle's
ruined circumstances, the marriage
had been most harshly broken off by
his commands. She had never heard

from Mr. Gower since they were sep-
arated by his father's authority, but
in the warmth and confidence of her
own passionate and trustful love, she
found an assurance of the continu-
ance of his. Never was affection
more ardent or more despairing. No
common man could have awakened
such tenderness in such a woman.—
I soothed her all I could; and im-
plored her to give us the pleasure of
her company during Sir John's stay;
and so it was settled. He was ex-
pected the next evening, and she
agreed to come to us sometime in the
forenoon.

The morning, however, wore a-
way without bringing Miss Neville;
dinner-time arrived and passed, and
still we heard no tidings of her. At
last, just as we were about to send
to Kinlay-end for intelligence, Dick
Crosby arrived on his donkey, with
a verbal request that I would go to
her there. Of course I complied;—
and as we proceeded on our way, I
walked before, he riding behind, but
neither of us much out of our usual
pace, thanks to my rapid steps, and
the grave, funeral march of the don-
key. I endeavored to extract as
much information as I could from my
attendant, a person whom I gener-
ally found as communicative as
heart could desire.

On this occasion he was most pro-
vokingly taciturn. I saw that there
was no great calamity to dread, for
the boy's whole face was evidently
screwed up to conceal a grin, which,
in spite of his efforts, broke out ev-
ery moment in one or the other of his
features. He was bursting with glee,
which for some unknown cause he did
not choose to impart; and seemed to
have put his tongue under a similar
restraint to that which I have read
in some fairy tale, where an enchan-
ter threatens a loquacious waiting
maid with striking her dumb, if dur-
ing a certain interval, she utters more
than two words, yes and no. Dick's
vocabulary was equally limited. I
asked him if Miss Neville was well?
"Yes." If he knew what she want-
ed? "No." If Sir John Gower
was arrived? "Yes." If Miss Ne-
ville meant to return with me?
"No." At last, not able to contain
himself any longer, he burst into a
shout something between laughing
and singing, and forced the astonish-
ed donkey into a pace, in that sober
beast might pass for a gallop; rode
on before me, followed by the bark-
ing sheep-dog, to open the gate;—
whilst I, not a little curious, walked
straight through the house to Miss
Neville's sitting room. I paused a
moment at the door, as by some
strange counteraction of feeling one
often does pause, when strongly in-
terested; and in that moment I caught
the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung
by a superb manly voice, and accom-
panied by Grace's piano; and instan-
tly the truth flashed upon me,
that the old Sir John Gower was
gathered to his fathers, and that this
was the heir and the lover come to
woo and wed. No wonder that
Grace forgot her dinner engagement!
No wonder that Dick Crosby grin-
ed!

I was not mistaken. As soon as
deorum would allow, Sir John car-
ried off his beautiful bride, attended
by her faithful adherent, the proudest
and happiest of all odd boys!—
and the wedding was splendid enough
to give a fresh impulse to village cu-
riosity, and a new and lasting theme
to our village goosings, who first and
last could never comprehend Grace
Neville.

WINTER.

The following sketch from Mitch-
ell's Dream-Life, has all the qualities
of a beautiful poem: except uniformity
of rhythm:

Slowly, thickly, fastly, fall the
snow flakes, like the seasons upon
the life of man. At the first, they
lose themselves in the brown mat of
herbage, or gently melt, as they fall
upon the broad-stepping-stone at the
door. But hour after hour passes,
the feathery flakes stretch their
white cloak plainly on the meadow,
and chilling the doorstep with their
multitude, cover it with a mat of
pearl.

The dried grass-tips pierce the
mantle of white, like so many ser-
ried spears; but as the storm goes
softly on, they sink one by one to
their snowy tomb; and presently
show nothing of all their array, save
one or two straggling banners of
blackened and shrunken daisies.
Across the wide meadow that
stretches from my window, I can see
nothing of these hills which were so

green in summer, between me and
them, lie only the soft, slow moving
masses, filling the air with white-
ness. I catch only a glimpse of one
gaunt, and bare armed oak, looming
through the feathery multitude,
like a tall ship's spars breaking
through the fog.

The roof of the barn is covered;
and the eaves show dark stains of
water, that trickle down the weather
beaten boards. The pear-trees that
wore such a weight of greenness in
the leafy June, now stretch their
bare arms to the snowy blast, and
carry upon each tiny bough a nar-
row burden of winter.

The old dog marches stately
through the strange covering of earth;
and seems to ponder on the welcome
he will show—and shakes from his
long ears, and with a vain snap at
a floating feather, he stalks to his
dry covert in the shed. The lambs
that belonged to the meadow flock,
with their feeding ground all covered,
seem to wonder at their losses; but
take courage from the quiet air of
the veteran sheep, and gambol after
them as they move sedately towards
the shelter of the barn.

The cat, driven from the lichen-
door, beats a coy retreat, with long
reaches of her feet, upon the yield-
ing surface. The matronly hens
saunter out, at a little lifting of the
storm; and eye curiously, with heads
half turned, their sinking steps; and
then fall back to a quiet cluck of
satisfaction, to the wholesome gravel
by the stable door.

By and bye, the snow flakes pile
more leisurely; they grow large and
scattered and come more slowly than
before. The hills that were brown,
heave into sight—great billows of
white. The gray woods look shrunken
to half their height, and stand
waiving in the storm. The wind
frequents and scatters the light flakes
that crown the burden of snow; and
as the day drops, a clear, bright sky
of steel color, cleaves the land and
clouds, and sends down a chilling
wind to bank the walls, and to
freeze the storm. The moon rises
full and round, and plays with a
joyful chill, over the glistening raim-
ent of the land.

I pile my fire with the clean cleft
hickory; and musing over some
sweet story of the olden time, I
wander into a rich realm of thought,
until my eyes grow dim, and dream-
ing of battle, and of peace, I fall to
sleep in my old farm chamber.

At morning, I find my dreams are
written on the window, in crystals
of fairy shape.—The cattle, one by
one, with ears frost-tipped, and with
frosted noses, wend their way to the
watering place in the meadow.
One by one they drink, and crop at
the stunted herbage, which the warm
spring keeps green and bare.

A fond bays in the distance; the
smoke of cottages rises straight to-
ward Heaven, a lazy jingle of sleigh
bells wakens the quiet of the high
road; and upon the hills, the lifeless
woods stand low, like crouching ar-
mies, with guns and spears in rest;
and among them, the scattered spiri-
tual pines rise like banner men, tut-
tling with their thousand tongues
of green, the proud war-cry—"God
is with us!"

But the sky of winter is as cap-
ricious as the sky of spring;—even
as the old wander in thought, like
the vagaries of a boy.

Before noon the heavens are man-
tled with a leaded gray; the eaves
that leaked in the glow of the sun,
now tell the tale of morning's warmth
in crystal ranks of icicles. The cattle
seek their shelter; the few, lingering
leaves of the white oak rustle dis-
mally; the pines breathe sighs of
mourning.

As the night darkens, and deep-
ens the storm, the house-dog bays,
the children crouch in the wide chim-
ney corners; the sleety rain comes
in deep gusts. And as I sit by the
light-leaping blaze in my chamber,
the scattered hail-drops beat upon
my window like the tappings of an
Old Man's cane.

CALIFORNIA FEVER.—Dr. W. C. Stig-
gles, who left the town of Industry
in this State, and is now a resident
of California, writes to the Maine
Farmer a long letter, from which
the following is an extract: "Port-
land Advertiser."

I am led to say from the great
numbers who have arrived during
the last few months of even days,
that I would have all my fellow citi-
zens weigh well the subject, and ve-
ry candidly, too, before deciding to
leave their happy homes, in the

Pacific, which arrived at San Francisco on Tuesday evening last, out of 306 passengers, there were 107 from Maine; and by the arrival of the Tennessee yesterday (Sunday) morning, of between five and six hundred passengers there were about 150 from Maine. These facts may serve as hints to our Maine men.—There cannot possibly be profitable employment at this time and season for one half of those who are landing, excepting such as have been here and are returning to continue their operations; and those are very few. It is now very dry in the mines, and the washing is mostly suspended.

EUROPEAN CRISIS.—The English correspondent of the Philadelphia North American assures us that the events in France have not postponed the strike for liberty in Europe. He says that the republican league in Europe with Kossuth and Mazzini at the head is fully organized and extended in its ramifications through Europe, determined to strike a heavy blow this year. He says Kossuth could not prevent the movement if he would, yet he and Mazzini are its acknowledged leaders. When they march all follow; it is a matter of perfect indifference what course the political affairs of France, Austria, or England may take, these republicans are prepared to fight simultaneously throughout Europe, and even the precise day is named.

Of the Italian republicans he says the watch-word will be, "God and the people." The Papacy and the Empire are two falsehoods, and Italian democracy will combat both till the day in which the Rome of the people and the Vienna of the people shall have signed the emancipating compact of alliance.

For nearly a week a story to the effect that a California steamer had been blown up and many lives lost, was current in this city, creating much excitement, though nothing of the kind can be found in the papers, and the telegraph was silent in regard to the story. Last Sunday, we learn that great inquiry was made by the telegraphers in Vermont in relation to the statement, and as the story was current in Nashua, Lowell and other places at the same time, there can be no doubt that it was deliberately planned by some rascals for evil purposes.—*Manchester Mirror.*

In view of the many accidents occurring on railroads, and with a desire to promote the safety and comfort of railway passengers, F. M. Ray of New York offers for competition the following premiums: \$1,500 for the best invention for preventing loss of life from collisions, and from the breaking of axles and wheels.

\$800 for the best method of excluding dust from cars when in motion.

\$400 for the best railroad brake.

\$300 for the best sleeping or night seat for railroad cars.

The premiums will be open for competition until the next annual Fair of the American Institute, and the award will be left to competent judges, appointed by a committee of the Institute.

THE FAMILY CABINET.—The *Morning Herald* thus explains the family mysteries of Downing Street.—To begin with Earl Grey, the head of the most powerful family connection: He is himself Secretary for the Colonies. His brother-in-law, Sir Charles Wood, is Chancellor of the Exchequer. His cousin, Sir George Grey, is Secretary for the Home Department. Sir George brings him the following:—Sir Francis Baring, First Lord of the Admiralty, is brother-in-law of the Home Secretary; Mr. Labouchere, the president of the Board of Trade, is cousin and brother-in-law of the First Lord of the Admiralty. No one certainly will deny that in the persons of these five Cabinet Ministers, the Grey connection is very fairly represented in the Councils of the Sovereign. The ducal house of Bedford supplies the prime Minister. He again is supported by his father-in-law, the Earl of Minto, and his cousin, the newly-appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who again conveniently supplies a closer bond of union between his cousin the Prime Minister, and his cousin the Earl of Carlisle. The alliances and cross-alliances between the noble houses we have mentioned, and those of Cavendish, Gower, and Ponsonby unite the nine Cabinet Ministers we have pointed out in the closest bonds of family connection.

A man and his wife purchased a gallon of whiskey in a village in Yates county, N. Y., a few days since. They started home in a sleigh, and the next morning the woman was found on the sleigh frozen to death. The husband had left her sitting in the sleigh, and she was too much intoxicated to follow him.

It has been generally supposed that the Natural Bridge of Va., was the only geological wonder of the

kind in the country. This is a mistake. In Carter county, Ky., there is a natural bridge across the Rock-bridge branch of the Canny Fork of Little Sandy. It is 195 feet span, 12 feet wide 20 feet thick in the middle of the arch, and 197 feet above the water. In the county of Walker, in Alabama, there is another similar natural curiosity, which was discovered in a recent geological exploration. The span is 120 feet, and the height nearly 70. This bridge is formed of sandstone, and is very symmetrical. Large beech and hemlock grow on the bridge, and the surrounding scenery is represented as sublime.

Kossuth was to leave Cleveland on the 14th inst, for Columbus, having been detained in consequence of his wife's illness.

The Queen of Spain is so delighted at becoming a mother, that she has announced her intention of increasing her family, and has forbidden her subjects to take the customary oath of allegiance to the first princess, as she "hopes to present the nation with a son shortly."

Judge Allison, of Philadelphia, in his charge to the Grand Jury, took ground in favor of the Maine Liquor Law.

Gov. Ramsey, of Minnesota, sent his message to the Legislature on the 13th. It represents the Territory in a flourishing condition.

Gen. Cass, says an Alabama paper, has lately been trying a bit of blarney on the Irish. "The next thing we expect of him is, that like Senator Hale, he will claim that his mother was an O'Brien. The General is reported as saying at the Congressional Banquet to Kossuth:—'Shall we sit here blindfolded, and see a tyranny prevailing in every region of the world? No!'"

Some bigots would much rather hear a man condemn religion altogether than speak harshly of their own particular sect.

To be anybody, or know any thing, take a home newspaper. To have a clear conscience, pay for it. To cure dull times and be successful, advertise.

A subscriber who only owed us a few months, the other day sent us the arrears and a year in advance, saying:—"I can't read your paper any longer." We supposed at first our friend had taken some offence, or had got sick of the *Telegraph*.—No such thing. He was only going to read his own paper.—*N. H. Telegraph.*

Punch gives the following sentiment:—*America*—A spirited lad who beat his big brother for bullying him, but who will join him as partner in business when they both become men.

A western debating club submits the following question: If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or to let go?

Counterfeit \$3's on the Tremont Bank, Boston, have made their appearance at the West.—They are printed from the same plate as the counterfeits on the Bank of Orleans.

A gentleman, having a remarkable long visage overheard one had observe to another, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck with the observation, he requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I read at school that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

A western paper speaking of a poet out his way, says he begins to claim the usual privileges of talent. He has been drunk four times within the last week.

RECIPROCITY.—The Washington correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, under date of January 20th says:—

I have made enquiry in the proper quarter, and find that the reciprocity measures are being prepared for introduction into Congress. The representative here of the British Government is in correspondence with the Governor of Canada, respecting certain of the details requisite to be incorporated into the Bill. When these matters are matured, it is likely that the subject will soon be entered upon, as Congress seems to be in a working humor. On the whole, there is reason to hope for their success in the main, though it will not be without a great deal of discussion and sharp struggle.

An exchange paper says that a lad of fifteen who saunters about rum shops, smoke cigars, chews tobacco, drinks wine, or falls in love with a lady much older than himself, is "rotten before ripe!"

GENIUS.—"I know no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "Genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, "that if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only."

THE JOURNAL.

STANSTEAD, FEB. 13, 1852.

Two or three weeks since, we referred to the Reports of the special Committee, appointed to inquire into the causes which retard the settlement of the Eastern Townships.—From a cursory examination, we find it consist principally of a Pamphlet published by twelve R. C. Missionaries, and arguments based upon their statements by Mr. Fortier, chairman of the Committee, and agreeably to which he framed his Bill of last Session.

These clergymen very justly represent the roads in the Northern and Eastern portions of the Townships to be bad in the extreme.—Evidence submitted before the Committee goes to show that the Counties of Drummond and Megantic, have not yet adopted the Municipal system; and that consequently the roads upon which Government has already expended large sums of money, have been allowed to get into so bad a state as to be nearly impassible. All this is very bad, no doubt, but our sympathies are not very strongly excited for the settlers in those Counties, notwithstanding. Firstly, they have already received considerable Governmental assistance in the way of roads and bridges. Secondly, by working the Municipal system, and imposing a small rate upon the wild lands—those of non-residents as well as residents—they could now have as good roads as any part of the Townships. Not so, however, think the Missionaries. Their object is to arrest the emigration of French Canadians to the United States, and to prevail upon the Government to levy a tax upon all the lands—cultivated and wild—in the Townships, for the purpose of making and repairing roads to open up lands upon which they wish their people to settle. This is a question that particularly affects the interests of the old settlers in the Townships, although in their investigations of the matter, this Legislative Committee have not seen fit to consult them, or in any manner lay their views before the House. The settlers in the Townships of American extraction, are referred to incidentally as "foreigners." We do the clergymen the justice to say, however, that they speak highly of the Agricultural prosperity of the Townships. "The nearer we approach the frontier," say they, "the greater the appearance of prosperity!"

What is required to facilitate the settlement of the wild lands of the Townships, is a Municipal law thorough in its operation, and vigorously carried into effect. A tax upon all the wild lands—whether owned by residents or non-residents, by the Crown, or set apart as Clergy Reserves. The people have the power in their own hands in regard to this matter. If, however, Municipal Councils will not do their duty, or the influence of large landed proprietors is too great in the newer Counties, we should be decidedly in favor of a Legislative enactment taxing the wild lands for the purpose of inducing the opening up of new Townships.

It is alleged that parties who obtained large grants of lands in the Eastern Townships, have not complied with the terms of those grants, and that the Crown officers upon whom devolved the duty of the Lands department, have winked at gross frauds, if they have not participated in the fruits of such frauds. It is well known that there has been a vast deal of trouble even in this County in regard to settling the titles to lots of land; and we know of instances where industrious and hardy settlers have been obliged to either give up the fruits of long years of toil and privation, or pay for their land a second, and in some instances, a third time. Such gross injustice should be prevented in some way. If these non-resident proprietors have failed to comply with the terms of their grants, the Legislature should interfere in behalf of real settlers. We leave it to that learned body to decide what is required in the premises, only protesting against the scheme of taxing the cultivated and occupied lands of real settlers. They are already burdened sufficiently to support the roads and bridges which have been opened and built by themselves without the assistance of Government. Those Counties, particularly, which have operated successfully the Municipal law, should be exempt from any tax for the benefit of those sections which have failed to do so.

The Municipal Council of the County of Sherbrooke, have recently sold wild lands of non-residents for taxes to the amount of £50, which is conclusive evidence that Municipal Councils can enforce the law when necessary without legislative interference. In this County there are but few lots of wild land, and we are not aware that any difficulty exists in collecting the necessary rates for the wants of the Municipality.

The fourth number of the "*Lantern*" has made its appearance, and sheds its rays of wit, fun and humor, illustrated with "pictures to match," over its twelve pages. The following are specimen *revels*:—
How is it that while all other fevers run to the head, the Kossuth fever runs to the feet?
A good dish for a Social Party.—The dish recently given by Louis Napoleon to the Socialist party, consisted of two separate dainties. First they attacked the *Ville* and then they went to *Hann*.
HYBRID.—The high breeding of the young men in New York at present, is told in the same way as that of horses—by the thinness of the legs.

The "*Lantern*" is an illustrated publication in the style of "*Punch*," published at 149 Fulton Street, New York, at \$3 per year in advance.

HO CALIFORNIANS!—Those who are intending to leave for California, will do well to notice the following paragraph from the *N. Y. Tribune* of the 5th inst:

PASSAGE TO CALIFORNIA.—It is idle, worse than idle, to visit this City with the idea of engaging a passage by steam across the Isthmus to California. All the vessels (both Panama and Nicaragua) are full up to April, and those for that month are rapidly filling up. Either engage your passage weeks beforehand or take your way around the Horn or over the Sierra—there is no help for it.

Quebec & Halifax Railway.

The following is a copy of a despatch recently received by Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, by which it will be seen that Mr. Howe was mistaken in regard to the views of the Imperial Government, in relation to guaranteeing the stock of the "European and N. A. Railway Co."

DOWNING STREET, 27th November, 1851.
SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Despatch, No. 33, enclosing a copy of the Speech with which you opened the extra Session of the Legislature of Nova Scotia on the 4th instant; and I consider it necessary to point out to you without loss of time, an error into which you have fallen, and which I much regret, in stating that Her Majesty's Government are prepared to recommend to Parliament that provision should be made for raising with the guarantee of the British Treasury the funds required for the construction of both the lines of Railway advertised in your Speech to the Provincial Legislature. Upon reference to the correspondence transmitted in my Despatch, No. 260 of the 14th of March last, you will find that it is distinctly stated that the only Railway for which Her Majesty's Government would think it right to call upon Parliament for assistance, would be one calculated to promote the interests of the whole British Empire, by establishing a line of communication between the three Provinces in North America.

It was added, that there would be no objection to the plan which might be decided upon including a provision for establishing a communication between the projected Railway and the Railways of the United States; but it is obvious from the whole tenor of the communication made to Mr. Howe, and of the Despatches which I have addressed to yourself, and to the Governor General, that while Her Majesty's Government entertain no objection to the establishment of a Railway communication with the United States, it was not contemplated that the assistance of parliament should be applied for this or for any other object than the formation of the main line connecting the British Provinces.

Looking to the large amount of the expenditure which would have to be incurred for this object, I do not anticipate that it would be in the power of Her Majesty's Government to extend to other lines the assistance which is proposed to the main one in question, though until some definite proposal is made on the part of the three Provincial Legislatures, no final decision can be adopted.

I have, &c.
(Signed,) GREY.
Lieutenant Governor,
Sir John Harvey.

JENNY LIND MARRIED.—The Swedish "Nightingale" was married to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, pianist, of Hamburg, on the 6th inst. at Boston. The application for the marriage certificate states that Miss Lind is 31 years of age, and Goldschmidt 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt left Boston the afternoon after their marriage, and repaired directly to Northampton, via Springfield, (by the grace of railroads,) where they will reside for the present, at least. The Springfield Republican announces the warbler's marriage in the following playful manner:

The deed was done at Boston, Thursday morning, and the happy bridegroom is Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist at her Concerts. Will the lip of the husband seal the voice of the virgin songstress? How was it brought about? Why were we not spoken to about the matter? Where are they going to live? What did she wear? Was she reconciled? A-a-a-what's the condition of the country? Well! we'll begin again, for in the excitement of the occasion, we have fairly run off the track. Nobody thought Jenny Lind was going to marry Mr. Goldschmidt, yet it was very natural that she should be smit with Mr. Goldschmidt, and that Mr. Goldschmidt should be gold-smit with Jenny Lind. Natural as it was, however, who thought that while young Otto, the blest, was drumming the pianostrings, in an accompaniment to her voice, she was fingering his heart strings, in accompaniment to his life-song of love! So Otto Goldschmidt has plucked the rose, and in wishing the wedded pair all earthly happiness, as we most sincerely do, we beg leave to suggest that the first incense fragrance yielded by the flower, be named, "OTTO OF ROSES."

THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA.—Our exchanges continue to mention the departure of large numbers for the "Gold regions." Tickets are sold for a premium for trips from four to eight weeks ahead. Hon. James Wilson, formerly of New Hampshire, in a recent letter to a friend in Peterboro, says:

"If people would come to California with any thing like reasonable hopes and expectations, if they would bring with them their habits of industry, economy and perseverance, if they would steadily apply themselves to farm labor and be satisfied with reasonable returns, in due season they should not fail of success. But they do not and they will not come here with any such views. If they had some little sense when they left home, it is all gone when they get to California. The glitter of gold bewildereth them, and nothing but a desperate adventure for a fortune will satisfy them. You eastern people have entirely erroneous opinions about California. The common idea is if people can only get to California, they have nothing to do but scrape up gold by the shovel-full until they satisfy all the cravings of avarice. The adventurer for California, starts with this opinion—his mind is all absorbed in thoughts about linen sacks, buckskin bags and close purses to hold his gold—he is anxiously contriving how to pack, keep and safely transport his yellow dust.—His beautiful reverie is never for a moment disturbed by a doubt of his getting it. It is a great and fatal mistake. It is enough of itself to blast the prospects of nine out of ten of all the people who come to California.—The stern experience of the practical miner soon dispels the error and the poor deluded sufferer is discouraged, disheartened and mortified—he loses his energy and fortitude—he

sickens and dies. I have seen many such cases and I dare not advise any of my numerous correspondents to come to California. Those who "stand well had better stand still."

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The American steamer Humboldt, Capt. Lines put into Halifax on Sunday. She left Havre on the morning of the 14th ult., and Cowes Roads on the same afternoon, bringing London papers of that day.

The next session of Parliament was to be opened on the 3d of February by the Queen in person. The present Cabinet, without any further modification, is resolved to face the difficulties of the session of 1852. All the overtures of the Russell administration to the leaders of the Peel party for the formation of a coalition have been declined by the latter.

It is stated in reference to the Pronchettus affair, that the British Government will express to the Cabinet in Washington, in frank and manly terms, their regret at what has occurred and testify in a marked manner their disapprobation of the aggressor's conduct.—There is no doubt, therefore, the matter will be amicably arranged.

The Crystal Palace is at last cleared out and the vast area is soon to be thrown open to the public.

It was daily expected that Louis Napoleon would declare himself Emperor, but it was felt that such a step would not add to the despotic power he at present exercises.

Large numbers of persons were being shipped off to the pestilent swamps of Cayenne. Decrees had also been issued banishing Victor Hugo, Charras, and a great number of the Mountain party from the territories of France, Algeria, and the Colonies.

The same decrees ordered the removal of Generals Changarnier, Lamoriciere, Bedeau and MM. Thiers, Girardin and twelve others for a time from France and Algeria, for reasons of public security. The Generals had been released from the fortress of Ham and escorted to the frontiers.

A conspiracy had been discovered for letting loose the convicts of the hulks at Rochefort Arrests continued to be made in all parts, and there was virtually a reign of terror.—The French funds had fallen considerably.

THREE DAYS LATER.

HALIFAX TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
Wednesday Evening, Feb. 4, 1852.
The R. M. steamship Niagara, Capt. Stone, from Liverpool, with 41 passengers, bound to New York, arrived at this port to-day, at 2 o'clock P. M. The Niagara brings London and Paris advices of the 16th, and Liverpool papers of the 17th ult., her day of sailing.

FRANCE.
The *Moniteur* has published the new Constitution as indicated in the proclamation. The President is to be responsible Governor ten years.

Justice is to be dispensed in the President's name. He has the initiative of laws and the right of pardoning.

He presents an Annual Message. Commands the land and sea forces. Declares war, and makes treaties—and appoints to all functions. "I swear obedience to the Constitution and fidelity to the President" is the oath required for all the public functionaries.

In case of the President's death, the Senate convokes the nation for a new election. The President is entitled, by a secret deed, to designate a citizen as meriting the confidence of the people.

The papers are filled with accounts of the removal of the prisoners sent to Cayenne.—Among them are two additional ex-Representatives, M. Alexandre Martin and M. Michel Broutet, who sat for Loyret.

Eight political persons had been transferred to the port of Toulouse. A second list of prisoners proscribed and banished from France was looked for in the *Moniteur*, but it had been postponed. It was reported to contain the names of some of the most eminent members of the Council of State, and several of the editors of the *Orleanist* papers.

On Monday the 12th, in execution of the decree for the dissolution of the National Guard, a quantity of arms were taken to the different Maires and given up to the authorities. They were afterward taken thence in large quantities to the Tuilleries for safe keeping.

The forts previously occupied by the National Guards, are now guarded by the troops of the Seine. A decree had been issued declaring that within three days the property of insurgents who had taken flight, was to be sequestrated and administered by the Director of the State Domains in the various Departments, in conformity with the civil and military laws.

It is announced in *The London Times*, that Louis Napoleon is about to strengthen his position by a matrimonial alliance with a princess of Sweden, a daughter of Oscar, and grand-daughter on the mother's side of Eugene Beauharnais. She is said to be in her twenty-second year, and may be considered French in her descent from both father and mother.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, Friday, Jan. 16, 1852.

FRANCE.—It is rumored that the *Moniteur* of to-day, will contain the names of the Senators. Also, that on Saturday (to-morrow) the names of those composing the Council of State will be given to the public. On the same authority, it is also stated that the electoral law will be published on Sunday. It is understood that by the provisions of the electoral law, the age for voting by universal suffrage is raised from 20 to 25 years. The National Guard delivered up their uni-

form at the appointed time with great regularity, and without any manifestations of discontent.

M. Emile Girardin has received orders to quit Paris. He will proceed to Belgium, and from thence, it is said, intends to go to England.

The correspondent of *The London Globe* states that Louis Napoleon styles himself Prince President, and that the "restoration" of titles is considered extremely probable.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

The Europa, Capt. Lott, from Liverpool, January 25, via Halifax, arrived at Boston on the 6th inst.

FRANCE.

It appears that Louis Napoleon is disposed to curry favor with the Church by giving seats in the Senate to several Archbishops and Bishops. All Protestants are to be excluded from the Senate. It appears that all persons professing the reformed religion are looked upon by Louis Napoleon with a horror worthy of M. de Montalembert himself. It is not, however, in consequence of any newly acquired zeal in favor of Catholicism that the followers of Luther and Calvin have fallen into disgrace—no, it is simply because they have shown themselves enemies to usurpation.

PARIS, Friday, January 13. The *Moniteur* publishes a decree, which institutes two new Ministries. 1st, "A Ministry of State;" 2ndly, "A Ministry of Police."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday forenoon last, Wm. Day, an Irish laborer on Capt. Flower's section of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, a little south of this Town, was crushed to death by the undermining of a bank of sand and frozen earth. A Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of accidental death.—*St. Gazette.*

We understand that the St. Andrews Society of Montreal have sent, free of charge for freight, 25 barrels of flour and 25 barrels of oatmeal to relieve the distress of the Scotch settlers in Lingwick. This timely relief arrived in Sherbrooke on Wednesday last, and was immediately forwarded to its destination by Mr. Wm. Brooks. The cost of it must have been upwards of \$200. This act is highly creditable to the St. Andrew's Society, and must call forth the gratitude not only of the beneficiaries, but of all who sympathize with suffering humanity.—*St. Gazette.*

A most daring burglary was perpetrated on the night of the 3d instant, on the premises of Messrs F. X. & C. Mangelier, merchants of St. Johns. Appearances would seem to indicate that the robbery must have been the work of more than one hand, an outer brick wall forming one side of a safe in the office was broken, and the bricks dislodged so as to admit a small sized person. A drawer containing about £300 in bank notes and silver was rifled of its contents. The villainy was the more daring as the night was light. We sincerely regret the loss of Messrs. Longelier, and trust that the active exertions now being made will secure the apprehension of the robber.

Since the above was in type, the money has been recovered, but strange to say, no punishment seems to be designed for the burglars, indeed, if we are correctly informed, this most audacious robbery has been followed by a compromise.—*St. Johns News.*

One thousand passengers sailed in the Cherokee and Prometheus for California from New York on the 6th. The steamers two months ahead have their full complement of passengers engaged. \$50 premium is offered for tickets by the Ohio.

The Panama Star states that a man named James Linn, while hunting on the Gorge Road, grew tired and lay down to sleep under a tree. On waking he found his limbs and body swelling, and death soon ensued.—The Star says that a tree grows on the Isthmus, under which cattle avoid eating or ruminating.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.—This morning, as the steamboat train from Providence to Boston was coming over the road, an unexpected addition to the number of passengers was made, in the shape of a fine, chopping, healthy-looking boy of German parentage. The conductor, Mr. Wilson, behaved with great propriety and presence of mind on the occasion, and with his characteristic politeness, charged nothing additional for the fare of the intruding stranger.—*Journal, 5th.*

A new office has been added to the Canadian Government, viz: a Bureau of Agriculture, which is to be attached, without salary, to the presidency of the Council, and filled by the Hon. Malcomb Cameron, formerly gazetted for the latter office. This addition to the duties of the ministry we regard with considerable interest, being satisfied that it may be so worked as greatly to benefit the country. The amount of local jobbing and mismanagements, connected with Agricultural Societies, seriously impairs the value of the large annual grant made in their behalf, and requires close looking into, by an experienced and practical man.—Such a superintendence, with a power to require particularized accounts, correct abuses, and suggest improvements, would practically double the value of the legislative grant in many localities. And, perhaps, few better men could have been selected for this kind of work than Mr. Cameron, aided as he will doubtless be by consultation with sagacious practical men.—*Montreal Witness.*

NOTICE.
The Lord Bishop of Quebec will perform Divine Service on Stanstead Plain, on Thursday the 12th inst., at half past 2 o'clock, P. M.—Stanstead, Feb. 9, 1852.

MARRIED.
On the 5th inst., at the Parsonage in Boston, by Rev. J. Green, Mr. THOMAS EWART, to Miss MARY HORN.
In this town, on the 4th inst., by Rev. R. V. Hall, Mr. NATHANIEL CATE, to Miss HARRIET WRIGHT, both of Stanstead.

