

# PLANTERS' BANNER.



"GIVE TO THE LABOR OF AMERICA THE MARKET OF AMERICA."—*Choate.*

FRANKLIN, LA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1850.

**BERTRAND SUNK.**—The Steamer Bertrand, running between the Teche and New Orleans, sunk in bayou Sorrel a few days since. She had on board about 250 hogshead of sugar. The loss of the sugar, and the loss sustained by the steamer, cannot amount to less than fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. This is another proof of the difficulties of steamboat navigation between this place and the city—such losses in this trade are by no means rare. We venture to say that there have been losses enough of this kind within fifteen years, between this place and New Orleans, to pay for making twenty miles of railroad.

**SHAMEFUL.**—Of late there has been much annoyance by the firing of guns and pistols. But this would not be quite so bad if it had not become quite a custom to put up marks in various parts of the village and fire at them, regardless of the injury that might result from the practice. Two bullets have lately been lodged in the side of Mr. E. Talbot's dwelling house, in this place. This is shameful, and if there is any remedy for such things it ought to be applied. There is a vast deal too much rowdiness in this place, and always has been. These practices are in direct violation of the law, and those who are guilty of them should be made to know it.

We are requested to state that the sale of property, belonging to the estate of Aspasie Olivier advertised on first page of to-day's paper, is postponed to Saturday, 19th January.

**MECHANICS' RETREAT.**—Passing a grog shop, a few days since, on whose outer wall was hung a sign with the above inscription on it, we suggested the idea that sign was a slander upon the mechanics of Franklin. "No," said a friend of ours, "it is all right, only they neglected to punctuate it." It should stand thus:—Mechanics, RETREAT! We gave it up. If every mechanic would read it thus, it would be right. A grog shop should be looked upon as the lot of an enemy, and those who enter one are very apt to be captured. The only security is to retreat before it, and keep out of the range of the enemy's guns.

**"HURRAH FOR OUR HOUSE."**—Last Monday evening Odd Fellow's Hall in this place was crowded with Sons of Temperance. Thirteen new members were initiated, Mr. Phillip S. White presiding as W. P. It was one of the richest, grandest nights we have ever seen in St. Mary. Mr. White, after the initiation, being invited to address the division, poured out volleys of the most powerful arguments in favor of the principles of the Order, and offered the most cheering ideas in favor of the division, enlisting with renewed energy for the entire expulsion of intemperance from the parish. He showed conclusively that this is one of the grandest and most philanthropic schemes of the age, and that it should be the pride of a Son of Temperance that he is engaged with those who are battling for truth and humanity.

**MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE.**—Our citizens should get up a mutual fire insurance company in this parish. We have an abundance of people and property in the parish to justify such a movement. These insurance companies in New Orleans are not what St. Mary needs. They tax our citizens unmercifully, and contrive always to get the advantage in business transactions of every description. It would not cost our citizens more than half so much to insure if they were to form a company of their own in our parish. If a man wishes to get his buildings insured to the amount of \$2,500, and the buildings are not exposed to danger by other houses adjoining, they will graciously insure for 2 1/2 per cent per annum, or \$62 1/2 and if his buildings burn down they will pay him just three quarters of the amount, that is \$1875, so that the insurance in fact costs him nearly three and a third per cent, while they pretend that it is only 2 1/2. This is an amount that is too severe, and one had better run the risk than to get insured, unless the principal part of his property consists of buildings.

Yes, our planters want a Mutual Insurance Company in our own parish, by which we shall bear our own actual losses and no more; and insurance would then be so cheap that every man in the parish could afford to get his buildings insured. Will our citizens agitate this subject, and see if something can be done?

**ONWARD AND UPWARDS.**—Last Saturday evening ten members were initiated in the Atchafalaya Division, S. of T., at Pattersonville. That division now numbers forty members. They are battling intemperance like heroes, and we repeat what we predicted at the formation of the division, that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against them."

Phillip S. White gave an address in the afternoon of Saturday, at the Meeting house in Pattersonville, and an intense interest was shown by the audience in his remarks. His powerful arguments were well appreciated, and we have no doubt that Pattersonville will long feel the good effects of his visit. He presided in the evening in the division, and we had the pleasure of being present. The members of the Order showed the most intense interest in the cause, and if we are not mistaken the division is made up of the right kind of heads and hearts to insure its success.

**Deaths by Poisoned Whiskey.**—Five Irish laborers died suddenly, some time since, in the parish of Iberville. The cause was at first supposed to be cholera, but upon examination of a whiskey barrel, from which they had been drinking freely, it was found to contain a quantity of copperas.—*Delta.*

And how much worse is it to be killed by poisoned whiskey than by any other kind? How many hundreds die in New Orleans yearly by drinking whiskey without any other poison than that which is found in all whiskey! But so many die in this way that it ceases to excite notice—it seems almost like dying a natural death. For those who think the devil is all poisoned, and who wish to annihilate it, victims in the number of thousands yearly, they should find the number more than thirty thousand. We feel sure that those who are in that bowl of egg-nog that has been poisoned so extravagantly a short time ago, or were to partake of it too

## The Celebration and the Ball.

Yesterday was by far the proudest day that St. Mary ever witnessed. It will leave an impression upon the minds of our citizens that will go with them to their graves. It cast an influence over our parish that will be felt long after the present generation shall have passed from the scenes of time.

At about 11 o'clock A. M., the Sons of Temperance began to assemble in large numbers in Odd Fellows' Hall, and a short time before 12 o'clock they formed a procession in connection with a portion of the troop, and a respectable number of the Odd Fellows of this place, at the head of which our new brass band moved, sending forth strains of music as cheering to the united orders as it was creditable to the musicians. The Sons numbered more than one hundred and thirty, and more cheerful faces and lighter hearts never gladdened any other village under heaven.

After marching through several streets the procession arrived at an open space on Willow street which had been fitted up for the occasion, and though seats had been prepared for a large assemblage of people, great numbers were obliged to remain standing.

A magnificent banner was presented to the Sons of Temperance by Miss Virginia Johnson, on behalf of the ladies of St. Mary. The following is the substance of her address on the occasion:

*Gentlemen—Sons of Temperance:*

This has been selected by the ladies of St. Mary as a suitable occasion to make known to you the lively solicitude they feel in the success of your flourishing institution. Deeply sensible, therefore, of the honor their too great partiality has bestowed on me, to officiate as their organ, I gladly undertake the pleasing task, and bring up before you this beautiful banner, as a visible, palpable token of the very high estimate they place on the objects contemplated by your Order.

How pure and elevated must be the motives which called this large and enlightened auditory here to-day! They came not to attend a Greek or Roman festival; but came to bless and smile upon the efforts which are made to ameliorate the condition of the human race, and to witness exercises intimately connected with the most solid and durable interests of society.

It is right that you should have this marked and decisive proof of our devotion to your cause; but far be it from me to undertake a picture of the woes and gloomy sorrows that flow like muddy waters from the dark caverns of intemperance. It is enough when it is known that our hearts leap with joy when we believe that our friends and our neighbors are, or will be, snatched from the untold and unspeakable plagues of dissipation.

We rejoice, therefore, in witnessing these public exercises, and participate in them, as we are now permitted to do—not from principles of selfishness, or on account of the benefits which are to result exclusively to our sex, but from a conviction of the goodness and righteousness of the cause itself, and feeling a solemn assurance that the successful progress of your cherished institution cannot fall short of the sweetest smiles of Heaven.

We are naturally led to think of the difference between the ceremonies of to-day and those similar in some respects which were witnessed in our town but a few years since. As a corps of our gallant citizen soldiery left their homes to follow their country's summons into a foreign land, fair hands committed a standard to their charge. That was a commendable and noble display of patriotism. But far different the object we now endeavor to accomplish. With war come violence and devastation. All that is high and holy in morals and religion fall prostrate before it. The cherished arts of peace, the fruits of industry and science, vanish at its approach. The fallen column and the broken shaft attest its dreadful reign. The young, the brave, the gifted of earth are immolated at its crimson shrine; but the banner we now present you with our prayers and invocations of good is to lead you to higher aims and to nobler ends.

Gentlemen,—with our hearts' best wishes for your happiness, accept this banner, with its device, a goblet of pure and sparkling water, fresh from the gushing fountain, and may purity like that of the element represented by the design, continue to be the ornament of your institution. Then take this flag, and as our country's banner was borne up and waved over the head of the great Washington, amid the battle's storm, until Liberty triumphed, so may you, with the aid of Providence, under and with this humble testimonial of our wishes for your success, continue to redeem your fellow men, and be yourselves forever redeemed from the thralldom of intemperance.

Mr. D. D. Richardson had been appointed by the division to receive the banner, but as on account of illness, he did not make his appearance in season, we were appointed by the division to fill his place. Our address being necessarily entirely unprepared, we have thought proper to make no note of the language used on the occasion, but we have obtained the address of Mr. Richardson, prepared for the occasion, and have thought proper to publish it in connection with the address of Miss Johnson. It is as follows:

Lady, I need not attempt to describe the deep joy and overflowing gratitude with which I, in the name and on behalf of Teche Division receive this beautiful banner. We prize and cherish the gift not alone on account of its chaste beauty and appropriate design, but because it comes from the hands of fair woman as a token of her deep sympathy in the cause we are united to perpetuate. I need not assure you that we will guard it from dishonor—as philanthropists we will protect and honor that beautiful banner with the same zeal that our patriotism would impel us to protect and honor the flag of our country.

The existence of our order may be hailed by your sex with raptures and rejoicing, for upon the success and stability of our cause rest woman's best hopes; for though the awful light that follows in the train of intemperance falls first on man, how terribly does it recoil upon woman!

The war which we wage, though a war to the death against the most subtle tyrant of the world is a moral war waged not to kill our species but to make alive to build up, to kindle the smile of hope, and to restore reason to her rightful throne. Thus far we have gone on "conquering and to conquer" with truth for our commander, reason for our guide, and God for our protector.—Under a banner bearing the inscriptions—"Love Purity and Fidelity," in a cause sanctioned by everything great and good, we occupy a proud position and we look for a succession of the grandest victories that the world has ever witnessed.

Now, Ladies, in conclusion permit me in behalf of our division to thank you for your presence on this occasion. Your bright approving smiles are more to us than an array of banners, and the sound of trumpets—we esteem your co-operation of more value than gold. The assurance that your hearts beat in unison with ours, and that your sympathies are enlisted in favor of the great reform whose interests we aim to build up, are to us cheering in the brightest degree. And to you, young ladies, can I offer a better or more appropriate wish for your welfare, than that your future lords may be gentlemen of principles as pure as the water from the crystal fountain, and whose names are enrolled among the

admiration of the audience, and of the lecture also, prayer was offered by Mr. Cooper. Then commenced the address of Phillip S. White.—Then commenced one of the most powerful and masterly efforts ever made in St. Mary in behalf of the cause of truth and humanity. He held up the horrors and miseries of intemperance in such a manner that his audience seemed shocked and stupefied—he presented the claims of the temperance cause to the support and sympathy of our citizens, in such a manner as to excite an interest such as can only be raised by a combination of logic and eloquence of the rarest stamp.

The facts which he thundered in the ears of what are termed the "higher classes," reminding them of their obligations to their fellow men—truth in regard to the pernicious and dangerous tendencies of the fashionable liquor drinking of the day, were presented in a manner too clear to be misunderstood—too forcible not to be deeply felt. He rolled out his arguments in favor of what are termed the "higher classes," reminding them of their obligations to their fellow men—truth in regard to the pernicious and dangerous tendencies of the fashionable liquor drinking of the day, were presented in a manner too clear to be misunderstood—too forcible not to be deeply felt. He rolled out his arguments in favor of what are termed the "higher classes," reminding them of their obligations to their fellow men—truth in regard to the pernicious and dangerous tendencies of the fashionable liquor drinking of the day, were presented in a manner too clear to be misunderstood—too forcible not to be deeply felt.

After the address was over, during which the most powerful emotions of grief and joy were at times called forth, the procession re-formed and marched through several streets to Odd Fellows' Hall. The division met at 3 o'clock, P. M., and twenty nine members were initiated, many of whom are ranked among our most respectable citizens, and altogether they were a valuable accession to the Order. It is worthy of remark that one of the new members is a merchant of the highest distinction in our parish, and he gives up entirely all dealings in spirituous liquors, thus setting an example which shows that he believes in something more than "lip service" in the cause of temperance.

Our division now numbers 160 members, Atchafalaya division numbers 40 more, making in all 200 members of the Order in this parish which contains but 700 voters. Surely Providence bestows her best smiles upon St. Mary.

After the address and the meeting of the division the ball given by the Sons of Temperance commenced. The assemblage of people was immense, the ball room was crowded to excess, beauty, music joy and gladness were the inmates of the room. In short, the address, the procession, the division meeting, and the ball were grand and glorious. Phillip S. White and the 16th of January will long be remembered with joy by our citizens.

## Attakapas and New Orleans Railroad.

We have come to the fixed conclusion that this railroad will be constructed, and that it will meet with the hearty cooperation of our intelligent and enterprising citizens. We care not for the cry of "humbug." That is a word which is oftener used by pennywise loafers than by men of enterprise and public spirit, and it avails nothing. Facts may be called humbug, but that does not make them so.

We have in Attakapas the finest country in the world—in the construction of this country nature has dealt out her favors in the most lavish manner. We want but two things to enhance enormously the happiness and prosperity of our citizens, and raise the price of property generally in the parish—one thing is a thoroughgoing temperance reform, by which our citizens' heads and arms will be free to plan and execute—and a railroad to New Orleans, by which the distance between the two places will be nearly annihilated, and Attakapas and the city will be placed side by side.

Does any one for a moment pretend that our steamboats could for a single month compete with a well constructed railroad between Attakapas and the city? Such an idea is grossly absurd. North river in New York offers as fine a steamboat navigation as there is in the world; and yet, on its western bank they are constructing a railroad at an immense expense, and though passengers are now taken from Albany to New York city for a dollar, a distance of 150 miles, the railroad will present a competition that they cannot withstand. How different is the case in regard to the contemplated railroad in this country? Our navigation is both tedious and dangerous. Can boats make their trip to the city in a week? on a railroad we could go to the city in six hours, and return in as many more. In a level country like this a locomotive could draw as large an amount of freight as can be taken by a steamboat such as engage in this trade, and could make seven trips to the city while a steamboat would make but one.

Suppose, then, that a steamboat, at an expense of \$100, per day, takes 300 hogshead of sugar to New Orleans and returns in one week, and that the expense of a train of cars which will take the same amount of freight to the city and return in a day be the same as that of the steamboat; then 2100 hogsheads can be taken to the city on a railroad as cheaply as 300 hundred can be taken by steamboat. The same holds good with regard to passengers and all kinds of freight. When a railroad between the two points is once established it is established for ages. Instead of going to decay, improvements are added to it yearly. Lands in its vicinity which have been of but little value, immediately upon the establishment of a railroad obtain a double value, and are at once settled and cultivated, and these new settlers create business that forms an additional amount of business for the railroad. In a few years the railroad from one extremity to the other is lined with thrifty farmers, and every foot of land that can be reclaimed is brought under cultivation.

The Atchafalaya and Lafourche can be crossed without the slightest difficulty, without impeding their navigation, such difficulties are overcome with the greatest ease on northern railroads, and the same thing can of course be accomplished in this country. The way is plain and easy, and the object is worth laboring for.

**To PRESERVE SMOKED HAMS.**—The Southern Cultivator notices some hams exhibited in the Georgia State Fair which were one, two, three and four years old. The writer says:

The owner refused to divulge his secret, but as we have fortunately become possessed of it, we here give it. Procure some good, clean hickory ashes, have them perfectly dry, draw your meat from the pickle on a dry day, sprinkle the ashes over the meat pretty thick being careful not to knock off more salt than what must fall off; then hang up your meat as high as possible; smoke it with cool smoke, made by hickory wood; be sure to take it down before skipper fly makes his appearance, being generally in this climate the first of March; pack it away on a dry day in casks; first, a layer of hams in perfectly dry hickory ashes; second, a course of cobs, &c.; cover your cask snug and tight, and you may rest easy about your hams.

**Teas Teaching Morals.**—The lively stable keepers in Galveston, Texas, advertise horses and carriages to let, except on the Sabbath. The Kentucky Yeoman considers this a reproach to the old Puritan towns and cities of the United States, where the hardest day in the seven for the negro animal is often that which the Lord

## TO PHIP S. WHITE

P. M. W. P. of the Division of the Sons of Temperance.

Among the bright names thine own should stand.  
To grace the annals of our native land.  
A beacon light of love to all who faint,  
Would break the terrors of destruction's reign,  
And calm the fears that in the mother's breast,  
And bid the anguish wife to be at rest,  
And feed the famish little ones who long  
Have only known thine care that follows wrong;  
The blithing curse at infancy that clings  
Unto those harmless protected things,  
Who draw their breath from him, who, day by day,  
In dissipation flings his life away;  
Who drowns within that accursed and maddening bowl,  
The man, that once rested in his soul,  
And leaves him 'rest' of feeling, hope, and pride,  
A bleated thing to infamy allied.

O great and glorious White, how much we owe  
To thee, who in this world of crime and woe  
Hast staid the march of the great monarch vice  
Whose cravings all the world would not suffice,  
But seemed to grow—decrease—as victims came,  
And offered up their every hope of fame,  
And life and happiness to quench a thirst,  
Which would be greater far a last than first.

Thou sawest this evil growing in our clime,  
And saw its million victims steeped in crime;  
Thou heard'st a cry of anguish wildly rise,  
From windowed hearts and saw the weeping eyes  
And haggard cheeks that once were bright and fair,  
Now sunk into the depths of wan despair;  
Thou heard'st the mother's and the infant's prayer,  
To the Eternal one, to shield and spare,  
All that they loved from shame and crime and death;  
Thou saw and heard'st—and win thy living breath,  
Before high Heaven didst then and there declare

A war with that stern monarch of despair,  
That should not end until the victory was won,  
Or till in death's dark shade had set thy sun.  
Thine oath by angel messengers above;  
Was borne to Him who rules supreme above;  
And midst the songs of love and harmony,  
In Heaven's bright page was recorded on high.  
Years have passed by, yet still along our clime  
Thy mighty voice swells up in tones sublime,  
Warning the youth to shun the fatal bowl,  
That down in lasting shame thine immortal soul.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—The Washington Union contains a letter from Mr. R. PORTER, one of the former Editors of the Scientific American, from which we make the following extract:

Messrs Editors:—I am authorized to announce the discovery and practical test of the most important scientific invention ever yet produced or brought to light since the world has been inhabited by man; an invention which must eventually and almost immediately, produce an immense revolution in the commercial intercourse and business in general throughout the world; and although it will break down and ruin many of the most important branches of business and avenues of wealth with hundreds of wealthy corporations and business establishments, yet it will build up thousands of others, and contribute hundreds of millions to the benefit of mankind, especially to the American community.

The first and main feature, and foundation of the invention and which at once opens a field for hundreds of other inventions is the discovery by Henry M. Paine, Esq., of a ready and almost expenseless mode of decomposing water and reducing it to the gaseous state. By the simple operation of a very small machine, without galvanic batteries, or the consumption of metals or acids, and only the application of less than one three-hundredth (1-300) part of one horse power Mr. Paine produces 200 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and 100 feet of oxygen gas per hour. This quantity of these gases, (the actual cost of which is less than one cent,) will furnish as much heat by combustion as 2000 feet of ordinary coal gas, and sufficient to supply light equal to 300 common lamps for ten hours; or to warm an ordinary dwelling house twelve hours, including the requisite heat for the kitchen; or to supply the requisite heat for one horse power of steam.—This invention has been tested by six months' operation applied to the lighting of houses, and recently the applicability of these gases to the warming of houses has also been tested with perfectly satisfactory results. A steam engine furnace and a parlor stove, both adapted to the burning of these gases, have been invented, and measures taken for securing patents therefor.

**YANKEE SMILE.**—"Did you ever drink any of the Thames water quire?" said the clock maker, "because it is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland in the hawk speculation, I sailed from London, and we had the Thames water on board Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' sich water as that! Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the world—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too; it ferments works off the skum, clarifies itself, and beats all natur'—and yet look at all them sewers, and dye-stuffs, and factory wash and ammoniacables that are poured into it;—it beats the bugs, don't it!"

Well, squire, our great country is like that ere Thames water; it does receive the outpourings of the world—homicides and regicides, jail birds and galley birds—poor house coaps and work house chaps—rebels, infidels and forgers—rogues of all kinds, sorns, sizes, and degrees; but it ferments you see, and works clear; and what's most beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make—don't it! Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor lime enough to fur up the byler, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin—but just the thing; that's a fact.—*Sam Slick.*

**HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—This road has now been in operation to New Hamburg a little more than 170 weeks, and we understand is doing a fine business. At first the cars ran over the new part of the track above Red Hook cautiously, and its solidity and firmness at all points could be tested. But now the track is in fine running order, and the cars generally run at the rate of 35 miles per hour, which will be gradually quickened into still higher speed. The work between Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg is now driven ahead with great rapidity the track is nearly all laid, the buildings are getting a readiness, and we shall be surprised if the locomotive is not there within two weeks at the latest.—*Scientific American.*

**MOELL RAILROAD.**—It is said that the Albany and Baton Railroad Company have not paid out during the last year one dollar for accidents on their road. The business has increased by more than 110,000, notwithstanding the sickness of the season, and the consequent diminution of travel.

**HOW TO DEAL WITH PIRATES.**—The London correspondence of the Boston Chronotype says that Sir James Brooke Rajah of Sarawak, and a British government official in Borneo, has been inflicting a terrible chastisement upon a pirate population in that Island. The pirates had long been known and dreaded on those coasts. They sailed out from their town, 5000 strong, in one hundred vessels, each containing fifty pirates all armed to the teeth their object being to attack and plunder a neighboring town. Brooke went to the mouth of the river which they had left and with 150 men on board one ship-of-war the Nemesis steamer, and a number of men-of-war's boats, awaited their return. In a day or two word was brought that they were coming. The Nemesis went out to sea, to gain their back, and prevent their escape. As they came she closed in upon them, and the result was not doubt ful. What the Times calls "a Naval Execution on a great scale," took place. Congreve Rockets traversing guns on the deck of the steamer, and the bulk of the steamer itself (for she charged the vessels one after another and ran them under the sea, with her prows and paddle wheels,) destroyed in a very short space and without the loss of a European life, 87 out of the 100 of which the piratical fleet was composed. 2000 of these sea robbers met an instant fate. This was in the evening. In the morning the shore was strewn for miles with dead bodies. The business was terribly sharp and short.

The peace people and the liberal journals are severe against the Rajah Brooke, and he will have to give justification for this summary dismissal to their account of 2000 human lives. It is said however, that he is a man not to be trifled with, either by peace men or warriors.

We have also by news just from China account of operations there carrying on between the combined English and American fleets against the hordes of pirates which infest every nook almost which can hide a rascal or tempt to plunder.—They had become so numerous as to endanger the commerce of the world. The British clipper Sylph bound with treasure to Calcutta, has been reported missing under circumstances which lead to the apprehension that she has been captured by these freebooters. The British steamers Medea and Canton which were dispatched to ascertain her fate, both had encounters with the pirates, the result of which was the capture of five junks; they however, obtained no tidings of the Sylph. The partial success of these steamers enraged the pirates to such a degree that they burned the village of Chappa, captured six junks and otherwise chastised the inhabitants. The pirates boast of one hundred sail of armed junks, and 8000 men. Two of their junks were recently seized by the Americans.—*Ex.*

**EXPENSES OF WAR.**—There is a reason to be lieve that at the present moment, about 2000,000 of Europeans, in the prime and strength of their lives, are abstracted from useful and productive labor, to bear muskets, to blaze away gunpowder, and occasionally to butcher their fellow creatures, thus consuming a prodigious amount of the wealth of the great family of nations without adding a fraction thereto. Upon a moderate calculation, the armies and navies, composed of these 2,000,000 of men, require for their support not less than two hundred millions sterling per annum! The fact is astounding, beyond expression or conception! What might be done by wise nations with that sum in diffusing comfort and happiness among the hapless millions who are now perishing for lack of food! The madness and wickedness of such conduct, exceeds all human comprehension. These things have lasted long, but they cannot last for ever. It is a wise arrangement of Providence, that evil, on a gigantic scale, always bears in its bosom the elements of self-destruction. This weight, with the debts thence resulting, and their heavy pressure on the productive energies of the nations, will ultimately crush them. The national debts of France and of England have already brought them to the very verge of destruction, and if these debts shall be indefinitely augmented, most assuredly the monarchy, the nobility, the aristocracy, and the moneyed interests, will all be precipitated into the gulph below!—*Ex.*

**BUTTER PRESERVED BY BOILING.**—A physician who has travelled through Switzerland describes a process of preserving butter as adopted in that country, and which he states to be far preferable to the English plan of salting. The process is as follows:—Into a clear copper pan (better no doubt tinned) put any quantity of butter say from 20lb to 40lb, and place it over the fire, so that it may melt slowly, and let the heat be so graduated that the melted mass does not come to boil in less than about two hours. During all this time the butter must be frequently stirred say once in five or ten minutes so that the whole mass may be thoroughly intermixed, and the top and bottom change places from time to time. When the melted mass boils, the fire is to be so regulated as to keep the butter at a gentle boil for about two hours more; the stirring being continued. But not necessarily so frequent as before.

The vessel is then removed from the fire and set aside to cool and settle, still gradually. This process of cooling is supposed always to require about two hours. The melted mass is then while still liquid, to be carefully poured into the crock or jar in which it is to be kept. In the process of cooling there is there deposited a whitish cheesy sediment, proportioned to the quantity of butter, which is to be carefully prevented from intermixing with the preserved butter. The caseous grounds are very palatable and nutritious, and are constantly used as food. Butter so prepared will last for years perfectly good without any particular caution being taken to keep it from the air, or without the slightest addition of salt.—*Globe.*

This plan of curing butter has been practised by some of the Tarter tribes for centuries. Two weeks ago a claim for a patent to Mr. Merriam, of Ill., appeared in our columns to accomplish the same object, but by very different and more simple means.—*Scientific American.*

**OLD MAIDS.**—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest, and best women we have ever known, were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel, to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart would not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection, the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love has kept many a woman single for life.—*Ex.*

**SOCIETY OF WOMEN.**—There is no society in the world more profitable, because none more refining and promotive of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. The beauty of woman is made to win, her gentle voice to invite, the desire of her favor to persuade men's sterner souls from strife to peace. We honor the chivalrous deference paid to woman. It evinces not only respect to virtue, and desire after pure affection, but that our women are worthy of such respect. But women were not made merely to win men to their society. To be companions, they should be fitted to be friends; to rule hearts, they should secure the approbation of minds. And a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of