

Agriculture, &c.

CEMENT PIPES.

J. N. inquires for the best mode of constructing hydraulic cement pipes. There are two distinct modes in practice—one, forming the pipes simply of water lime cement, with a bore through it; and the other, laying small tubular tile surrounded with the cement. In either case the water lime must be of undoubted quality, which has been proved, and the sand clean, coarse and sharp; these must be well mixed dry. The easiest mode is to use tile where it can be had, the smaller the better, an inch and a fourth bore would be just the thing. We have used an inch and three-fourths with success. This mode answers well where there is a considerable flow of water, and not much head or pressure at any place. The ditch was cut to a narrow and smooth trough at the bottom; then an inch of freshly prepared cement or mortar spread quickly and solidly along it. The tile was then laid closely end to end, and pressed a little into the mortar. Then with a trowel the sides and top were covered with the mortar about three-fourths of an inch thick. A rope covered with cloth so as to be just large enough to fit the bore, was drawn through it as the work progressed, to wipe out the inside smoothly, and to prevent mortar from protruding through the crack. After drying enough, say a few weeks, the ditch was filled with earth. It has been about two years since this pipe was laid, and it is now as hard as stone, the cement being much harder than the hard burnt tile, and would now bear considerable pressure—the first year it would not. The smaller the tile the less is the danger of bursting under a head of water, the less cement is needed, and the cheaper the construction. A moderate share of skill will make a good pipe in this way. The other mode consists of laying a mass of cement around a plug or cylindrical piece of wood, which is drawn along as the work progresses leaving a bore in the hardened mass.—The chief care is to draw the plug gently, and at the right time to prevent any cracking of the cement. The new mode of using India rubber tubes for forming the bore to be kept inflated with air except at the time it is withdrawn, would obviously prevent cracking better than the common mode.—Country Gentleman.

OUR TEETH.

They decay. Hence, unseemly mouths, bad breath, imperfect mastication. Everybody regrets it. What is the cause? It is want of cleanliness. A clean tooth never decays. The mouth is a warm place—98 degrees. Particles of meat between the teeth soon decompose.—Gums and teeth must suffer. Cleanliness will preserve the teeth to old age. Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating. Brush and Castile soap every morning; the brush with pure water on retiring. Bestow this trifling care upon your precious teeth, you will keep them and ruin the dentists. Neglect it, and you will be sorry all your lives. Children forget. Watch them. The first teeth determine the character of the second set. Give them equal care.

Sugar, acids, hot drinks, saleratus are nothing compared with food decomposing between the teeth. Mercury may loosen the teeth, use may wear them out, but keep them clean and they will never decay. This advice is worth more than thousands of dollars to every boy and girl. Books have been written on this subject.—This brief article contains all that is essential.—N. Y. Independent.

PUFF-BALLS AS FOOD.

The following extract is from the Rev. S. W. King's *Alpine Tour*, and may be acceptable to some of our readers as a culinary wrinkle:—"Few persons are aware what a good, delicately-flavored, as well as wholesome dish, they neglect in the common puff-ball. The large ones, taking in the fresh growing state and cut into slices and fried, as Badham recommends, (*Esculent Fungus of England*), in egg and bread crumbs, have the flavor of a rich, light omelette. It is most digestible food, and the timid need have no apprehension whatever as to its being the right kind or not, as all the fungi of the *Lycoperdon* class, which are of a spherical form, and have no stalk, are perfectly innocuous."—*London Gardeners' Chronicle*.

THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELETTE.

It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelette has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in their travels never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it.

Omelette is simply egg beaten and fried in butter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying pan, and hold the pan over the fire with the handle a little elevated so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook run a case knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry fold one half of the omelette over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so; it is the idle man that is the miserable man.

Trial of Mr. Roupell for Forgery.

Great interest has been felt in Britain in the trial of Mr. Roupell who, not long since, occupied the position of member of Parliament for Lambeth, a district of London. He was brought up for final trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the 24th ult., before Mr. Justice Byles. On a previous day, being taken by surprise as it appeared, he had refused to plead, and a plea of "Not Guilty" was recorded. On this day he desired to withdraw that plea and to plead "Guilty" of both the charges.

He had previously fled from England to Spain but returned and came voluntarily forward and confessed that he had forged deeds under cover of which he had fraudulently dealt with property to a large amount belonging to his late father, and that he had also forged his father's will, thereby changing almost entirely the destination of the property left by the testator.

By order of Mr. Justice Byles, Mr. Hemp, the deputy clerk of arraigns said,—Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted, upon your own confession, of felony. What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

The Prisoner then said,—My Lord, I am aware that a British judge will do his duty un-influenced or unbiassed by either eloquence or professional skill; and my words, therefore, shall be few and simple. I am guilty of these crimes, and I confess them, but I must add that my life has been one continued mistake. In my youth I suffered privations of which the public can have no conception. At the age of twenty-one I incurred a debt to purchase books—that debt was contracted with one who was connected with me by the most intimate tie. My friend who lent me the money suddenly became involved in grievous pecuniary troubles which caused him to meditate suicide. I could not pay him the money I owed him. I could not get assistance, and I risked my soul to save my friend. (The prisoner here exhibited slight emotion.) I will not say how that friend requited me. Whatever I have suffered I have deserved. I don't wish to cast blame on any man; the guilt is mine alone, and I admit that it is unmitigated guilt. It is true that I have had to bear peculiar trials, but I have not been tempted more than I should have been able to bear, and I repeat that the guilt is mine, and mine alone. I wish to cast blame on no one. I am most desirous to clear every one connected with me from any share in this most monstrous guilt, and I particularly allude to those professional men who had transactions with me, and who were retained by me to make these deeds. No precaution could have prevented them from being deceived, no precaution could have prevented them from being imposed upon by a desperate man such as I was. I grieve that so many innocent persons should have suffered by my proceedings, and that they should lose the property which they believed they had legally purchased from me, but the motive for the course I have now taken is simple. There is no truth in the suggestion that has been made in many quarters that my conduct is to be explained by the fact that being myself irretrievably ruined I have been induced to make these admissions in order simply to benefit my family at the expense of others, without any regard to truth or justice. I submit, my Lord, that such a supposition as this carries its own refutation with it. The crimes that I subsequently committed were all the consequences of my first false step. It is true that my father just before he died continued to express the confidence he reposed in me, and he undoubtedly retained that confidence in me after the great fraud that I had already committed. It is also true that he was desirous that I should take possession of the whole of his property, and that I should have the entire control over that property, subject to annuities of certain amounts which he desired to be given to the different members of the family. But I was prevented by my previous crimes from carrying out his wishes in the way he desired, though when I committed my subsequent crime of forging my father's will I really believed that I was merely carrying out his intentions, and that I was justified in the course I pursued. I do not think so now. My ruin has been the result of the course I adopted. I do not say how that ruin has been consummated—it would be too long a story. Since I have been in prison I have written the history of my life at great length; but, upon consideration, I have come to the conclusion that, if published, it would only cause unnecessary pain to others, and would be of no public good. I have, therefore, resolved to suppress this story, and will content myself by saying that many of the statements made at the trial at Guildford, and the comments that have been made in some of the cheap newspapers, are incorrect, and are only calculated to mislead the public. I am a living paradox; no one can solve my conduct but myself, and I cannot, therefore, ever hope to be understood by the public. I will, however, say this,—I do not argue; I simply state the fact.—It is not true that I am personally extravagant; it is not true that I ever gambled; it is not true that I am a libertine. Those who do not wish to believe me will probably remain unconvinced. To those who love me the statement is unnecessary. I will not allude at any length to the terrible events that induced me to leave England, but I will state that when I resolved to take that step I felt that my first duty was not to my family, but those who had advanced money to me or purchased property of me to a very large amount, believing that I had a legal power to dispose of that property, and confiding

in my honour and in my representations. Before I left England I took steps to make the whole of these persons fully acquainted with my guilt, and informed them of all that I had done. I told them that I had committed these offences, but they would not adopt any proceedings against me. I remained in England for more than a week after I had made the disclosure, and after I had made a full confession of my guilt, but they did not take any proceedings against me. During this time I carried my liberty as it were pinned to my shoulder. I offered to surrender. I had made no provision for myself, and intended to make none, my sole object being to retrieve the past. I pressed them to tell me what they intended to do. In reply they told me that they did not believe a word of my story; that they thought it had been cleverly concocted for the purpose of benefiting my family and that if any of my family dared to take any proceedings to disturb them in the possession of the property they would prosecute them and me also for conspiracy. This prevented me from effecting any compromise, and I found I had no alternative but to leave the country. I did so, and quitted England in despair; but it should be remembered that I had ample resources,—that I was full of youth, and strength, and the capacity for enjoying life, and that there were many quarters of the world open to me where I could have spent the remainder of my days in perfect safety. Notwithstanding this I resolved to return, and I came back a self-condemned criminal, actuated by sincere repentance for my crimes, the only object I had in view being to serve the interests of justice. I know what I have to expect—a terrible fate awaits me, terrible to any man, still more terrible to any man of education and refinement. But if I do possess these qualities I must admit they only make my guilt the greater. I repeat that I know what I have to expect—and that it is a dreadful fate. I have, however, looked calmly in the face, and I deliberately prefer penal servitude for life to the existence I had before me—one of continued disgrace, concealment, and passive remorse. My Lord, I make no appeal for mercy. I only ask you to believe in my sincere repentance, and my sincere desire that justice, complete justice, shall be done.—For mercy I appeal only to that still higher tribunal where alone an appeal for pardon in such a case as mine can fitly be made. My Lord, I await my sentence.

Mr. Justice Byles, who exhibited considerable emotion, said,—William Roupell, you have pleaded guilty to two charges of forgery, one of them being the forgery of your father's will and the other the forgery of a deed having reference to some of his property, two of the most serious crimes known to the law; and from the dock at which you now stand, many a poor wretch, whose crime in comparison with yours was venial and insignificant, has gone to the gallows. By the humanity of the Legislature, however, the last penalty of the law is no longer inflicted for these and other crimes. In the address you have made to the Court you have stated that your whole life has been one serious and fatal mistake. I can well believe it. That mistake consisted in the absence of that perfect rectitude of intention and of that well-regulated mind which are the only safe guides in human life. The man who once deviates from the path of rectitude takes the first step towards a precipice, and he soon finds that to stand still is impossible, that to retreat would be ruin, and to advance destruction. You have stated that your conduct at the last assizes, and your proceedings of to-day, were dictated by a sincere, though a late repentance. Whether that statement is true or false is only known to One besides yourself. The law has entrusted to the judges, and has very properly entrusted to them, owing to the great diversity in the character of the cases brought before them, a very large discretion as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted. But, in your case, you must be aware—and you have properly stated that you are aware—that the crimes to which you have pleaded guilty are of such a nature as to render it utterly impossible, having regard to the interests of justice, that any mercy should be extended to you. I have only, therefore, to say that the sentence upon you is that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of your natural life.

The prisoner smiled slightly when the sentence was pronounced by the learned judge, and he did not appear in the slightest degree affected. His address to the Court was delivered firmly and deliberately, and he spoke like a man prepared to incur the fullest penalty attaching to his crime. The moment the learned judge concluded, the prisoner turned round and walked quickly out of the dock, evidently pleased that the painful ordeal to which he had been subjected was concluded.

WHAT BELONGS TO GOD, WHAT TO US.—A Virginia circuit preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he had heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book"—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much read Bible—"dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God—jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

Never turn a blessing round to see if it has a dark side to it.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College Agency.

Wilmot, Oct. 11, 1862.

DEAR EDITOR,—

I wish to supply an omission from my last.—The attentions and care I received from Bro. James Bligh, Esq., and his excellent lady, for some three or four days that I was thrown upon their generosity in my late affliction at Lakeville, demand grateful acknowledgment. These friends perceiving my anxiety repeatedly assured me of their willingness to serve me.—Many thanks to them.

In journeying toward this place I called on our mutual friend, David Lyons, Pleasant Valley. He good humouredly remarked, that like the bad weather, I was everywhere, and that he was in hopes to give me the slip. Bro. Lyons had been taking a ramble in New Brunswick where we had more than once met.—There I got his pledge for help.

My detention at Lakeville, which I concluded was against me, had just regulated the time for Bro. L. to get home, and he to his former benevolence added \$100 more to the College Endowment, and that will not be all.

Passing through Aylesford I got some encouragement, of which I intend to avail myself shortly. Got to Nietaux by appointment, found the Professor and Pastor from Wolfville first on the ground. After a little delay, a few were in attendance. The speeches were to the point, and of the first order. The afternoon meeting was adjourned till the evening, at which time the attendance was greater, and eloquence increased. The speakers were—Drs. Pryor and Tupper, Revs. S. W. Deblois, W. G. Parker, R. S. Morton, W. H. Porter, and the Agent, one or two other brethren spoke of their attachment to the College, and their intention to stand by it. Such meetings are highly beneficial—they should be continued.

The next day I drove to South Mountain, dined with a true friend, Abner Parker, who accompanied me to a Picnic and in answer to my enquiry as to what he could do for the Institutions, promptly replied I intend to give it a hundred pounds. All Nietaux approves of what this noble-hearted, honest man has done; but alas they do not follow suit. Bro. Wm. Randall has given £25 toward a "T. H. Chipman" Scholarship which I presume will be completed.

The Institutions are gaining in the affections of the people and many youth are looking forward and desiring to partake of their advantages.

Yours,  
A. D. THOMSON.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Discipulus" and Rev. xxii. 9.

MR. EDITOR,—

I apprehend that "Should like to know," will not be made much wiser by the information he receives from "Discipulus," on Rev. xvii. 9. Is it possible that one living so near the focus of theology should make statements so completely at variance with the plain scriptural representations concerning angelic beings and the "spirits of just men made perfect." If we understand "Discipulus" all the angels in Heaven are departed spirits. If that be true, then that part of them who having had their time of probation here, improved the day and means of grace, and went safely to the land of the glorified, unhappily were not so safe in heaven as they were while here, and consequently they fell from their high, holy, and happy state, became devils, and have been ever since engaged in the work of human destruction. We are at a loss to know what this writer means by his reference to 1 Cor. xv. 44, unless he believes the resurrection is past already, for he represents the departed saints as possessing now what Paul represents them as possessing at the day of the resurrection. He must have found a new bible and another gospel if he can prove that angels are departed spirits. We have good reason from the scriptures to believe that angels existed before any of the departed spirits went up to the world of glory. Are not angels and glorified saints represented in Matt. xxii. 30.—Luke xx. 35, 36, as two distinct orders of beings. Again in Heb. xii. 21, 22, we have "the innumerable company of angels" and "the spirits of just men made perfect" as two distinct orders of beings. "Discipulus" concludes his article by upsetting his own argument, for, according to his theory, angels can render themselves either