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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 17): November 6, 1856

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A Tale of the Schooner Polly Ann,  
WITH A MORAL TO IT.

Dodge's Musical Journal gives the following story, which may possibly have a political application, so far as this, that the North will be perfectly safe in standing by the constitutional rights of freedom:

A few years ago Captain B., of Provincetown, Cape Cod, Mass., loaded his snug little schooner, 'Polly Ann,' with shingles at Gardiner, on the Kennebec, Maine, and sailed with the morning tide for Charlestown, South Carolina, where in due time he arrived safely and disposed of his freight to a good advantage to the builders of that city.

He now, for return freight, took in a load of cotton for the Lowell Mills, and with one passenger, a fair, wind, and a jolly loving crew sailed for Boston.

On the third day out, the crew heard an unearthly, and howling, agonizing howl, or groan proceed from the hold—and though some of the victims of superstition, as most sailors are, their humanity got the better of their fears, they at once opened the hatchway and brought to light and fresh air a stalwart though half-suffocated and starved negro, who had been secretly stowed himself, hoping thereby to gain a free passage to freedom.

As the negro was brought upon deck, the single passenger—a wealthy planter, residing near Charleston—was enjoying his after dinner cigar, and recognizing the subject being before him as the slave of an old friend, he claimed in passionate and authoritative tones:—*'Take you infernal rascal! ain't you Joe Brown's nigger?'*

*'Well, I was his nigger, massa,'* replied the trembling colored man; *'but day afore I left Charleston Massa Brown sells my wife and child to de slave trader, who stakes 'em to de soil for de sugar fields, and Massa Brown knocks me with a club and kicks me, kase I cries so dat I couldn't work. So I jist hides myself in de cotton down in de ship, so I might go Norf where I wouldn't be any more whipped for having a soul!'*

The slight tone of sarcasm in the closing sentence aroused the indignation of the planter, and he attempted to kick the poor negro for his impudence; but the good hearted though Herculean mate interfered, with the suggestion that there had never been any flogging on board the 'Polly Ann,' and without the Captain's positive order, nothing of the kind could for a moment be thought of.

Proceeding at once to the cabin, the planter gave vent to his feelings to the good natured and imperturbable captain: *'Capt. B., d—n your eyes! A runaway negro has just been discovered aboard your vessel, and I demand in the name of the Constitution and Southern rights, that you immediately 'bout ship and return to Charleston.'*

The Captain coolly and deliberately took from his mouth a half-smoked Havana, gazed at his excited passenger through the gray curling cloud of smoke gracefully floating above the cabin and replied:—*'you are unduly excited my dear boy, let us talk this matter over.'*

*'I won't talk the matter over,'* exclaimed the planter; *'I only ask for the rights of the South, and those rights I will have.'*

*'But,'* says the captain, *'we are now three days out at sea, and isn't it best for us to discuss this subject a little before deciding to lose six days sail, a fair wind, and our own self-respect, for the sake of gratifying your selfish ambition to rule and command wherever you are, and to return a poor unfortunate black man to a life-bondage of cruelty and oppression?'*

Perfectly thunderstruck at the captain's coolness and audacity to speak of Southern 'chivalry' as a 'selfish ambition,' the planter sprang to his feet, seized a pistol in one hand and a Bowie knife in the other, stalked to and fro through the cabin a number of times, and suddenly stopping in front of the captain—who had resumed his smoking—exclaimed in thunder tones:—*'Sir!'*

*'Did you wish to resume the discussion about the Negro?'* inquired the captain, offering his passenger a cigar, and pointing to the unoccupied chair.

*'This is no discussion, sir!'* exclaimed the planter. *'I came not here to discuss, but to demand Southern Rights, and by all the powers of Heaven and Hell, I'll have those rights, or—I'm done with you forever.'*

*'Let us discuss those rights first,'* replied Captain B.; *'for you are at present a little excited, brother K.'*

*'Don't brother me!'* screamed the infuriated passenger; *'I am brother to no man who will not give me my rights without discussion; and I now give you fair warning that unless you 'bout ship and start for Charleston within eighteen hours from this time, you shall be debarr'd from my friendship, co-operation and society in this vessel.'*

Having thus discharged himself of his over-charged eloquence and spirit, the planter returned to the quarter-deck to devise means for a dissolution with the Yankee captain.

The next morning, at the break of day, on coming on deck the captain was not a little surprised and amused on noticing that the planter had seated himself in the yawl at the stern of the schooner, and by the aid of the tackling rope had lowered her to the water's edge and was now being drawn along by a rope—some thirty feet in length—fastened to the schooner's tiller.

On seeing the captain, the planter suddenly rose from his recumbent position, sprang to the bow of the tottering little yawl—for the sea was now heavy and dangerous for a small craft—drew from his bosom his glittering bowie-knife, and exclaimed:—*'It wants but one blow of this shining steel to sever forever the cord that now binds us! Say that you will accede to my proposition made yesterday, and the blow shall not be given; but unless you at once retract your offensive remarks and promise me under oath that I shall not again be crossed in my desires on board this vessel, the fatal blow shall be given—a final dissolution effected, and the fearful consequence, with all its horror, shall rest upon your head. Speak the word quickly, Captain B., or the knife falls!'*

The captain deliberately seated himself on a bench-coop, lighted a cigar, and commenced making astronomical calculations for the day—and when the bell rang for breakfast—the sea meanwhile increasing with the wind—the passenger begged him a trooper for assistance to hoist the yawl; for like an honest reputation he found it much easier to lower than to raise it.

Being an exceedingly timid man himself, it has always seemed strange to us that the captain did not at once make the required pledges—*'but there are those who see in the captain, "Uncle Sam," and in the planter, a State that talks loudly of "dissolution," and these men declare that the planter, never for a moment intended to cut the rope, and that the Polly Ann wouldn't have sunk if he had.*

[Dodge's Musical Journal.

A NEW LIGHT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.—The London Press says that all the readable articles in Household Words are written by a young man named Sala. This young literary Bohemian we have heard from other sources, is a most remarkable instance of a literary mimic, and his fecundity is not less marvelous

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than his imitative talents. He writes so much in the style of either Dickens or Thackeray that it would take a sharp critic to distinguish the false from the real author; and, what is more marvelous still, is his facility of imitating popular actors. People have wondered at the fertility of invention and industry of Dickens, in writing so many of the articles in the Household Words, while he was at the same time engaged in writing his Bleak House and Little Dorrit. But the secret of his wonderful fertility is explained by the announcement of the fact that he has an admirable Crichton in his pay, who acts as his double. This literary journeyman is a son of Madam Sala, a theatrical performer.

## Nature the Work of One Mind.

The unity of God's works, as brought to light by modern science, was the theme of Prof. Agassiz, in his address at the dedication of the State Geological Hall at Albany, a few weeks since. His remarks, which are very interesting, were as follows:—  
Ancient philosophers studied only morals. Then they took up speculations of astronomy and of physics. Only recently has philosophy turned its attention to the study of the earth. These studies lead them irresistibly to the conclusion that Nature can only be the work of an intellectual Being—of Mind—of an Individual God.

Everywhere there is a diversity among organized beings. Everywhere we find types among them that are identical. The two facts, taken together, show that all organized beings have been ordered according to a plan. That is visible everywhere; in geological distributions, in organic structure and gradation. Everywhere there is an intellectual connection running through the whole.

We are not intellectual beings, allied by the nature of our intellect to the Maker of these, we could not read them. That we can trace the plan, is proof of our mental affinity to the Being that planned it.

For an illustration of this universally appearing plan, take the human arm. It has an upper socket, next a large single bone, next two smaller bones, next the smaller bones of the wrist, next the diverging bones and joints of the hands and fingers. Now take any animal that walks, or creeps, or runs, that has limbs, and you will find the same bones in the same consecutive arrangement. Even the fish, unlike as it appears to a human being, has in its fins what might be a copy of the bones of the human arm.

This chain of resemblances shows that our intellect controlled the whole, and ordered them alike. Why should they all be constructed—how could all be constructed on the same plan, unless they were constructed by the same hand?

The same resembling adaptation of means to ends we find throughout all created animals and plants. Their diversity is in special expressions, their unity in general design.

A fish and a bird, unlike as they look, have the same general anatomical structure. There is the vertebral column, there are the bones diverging from it, there are the cavities above and below, in each. Nay, more. Thousands of fish and birds, thousands of snakes, turtles and quadrupeds, and so on up to man himself, all are alike in these particulars.

Look at the lizard. There are a vast number of lizards distributed over the globe, differing from each other mainly in the number of their legs. One kind has none. Another has hind only. Another two. One has a single toe, another two, another three, another four, another five. When brought together in a museum, it is evident that they are variations of the same great family. But to find them you must go all over the world. For one kind you must go to Bengal, for another to Australia, for a third to the Philippine Islands, for a fourth to South Africa, for a fifth to the Cape of Good Hope, for a sixth to South America, for a seventh to Europe, for an eighth to the United States. They are scattered about the earth, wide as the poles apart, and yet they form, when brought together, a system that we read at a glance? How else could they have been formed, unless by an Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Provident Creator?

The development of animal life from infancy to maturity, shows the same working of a single intellect. This development during the lifetime of an individual corresponds closely to the gradations from lowest to highest, of the whole series to which the individual belongs. Thus in one series of animals, we have the lowest Worm, next above it the Crustacea, such as crabs and lobsters, with perfectly developed legs and head, and next above that the Insects with perfect head and six legs fully formed. Now, how does the insect develop? Why, in its first stage, it is a worm or caterpillar. In the next it is a chrysalis closely resembling the Crustacea. In the third it is a perfect insect. It goes through as many gradations in its lifetime, as there are gradations below it in its existence. Here, then, is that, but thought reaching the same result, through two different processes, in two different series.

Just so, the animals of former ages were different from those of the present one, and the whole series has been gradually developed on similar principles. Just so the Crustacea now existing, exactly resemble, in their different stages of growth, the different and successive fossil crustacea found in the geological beds. The crab when but a germ, is like a tri lobite, the oldest fossil found. As it goes on to maturity it passes through stages each of which resembles another and another fossil, found in succession, each more complete than the preceding.

In the vegetable kingdom, the principle holds. Leaves form regular series. They are arranged according to a regular succession of numbers or fractions. Consider a blade of grass. Its leaves spring alternately on either side. Commencing at the bottom of the stalk and going up spirally, you find the second leaf on the opposite side from the first, and exactly over it, the fourth over the second, and so on. You go spirally half way round from one to the other.

Now take marsh grass. Its blades are arranged round the stalk in the same way, but the distances are different. The second blade is one third of the way round the stalk from the first. The next is two-thirds of the way round, and so on.

Take now a rosebud stem. The second leaf is distant from the first, two-fifths of the way round the stalk. The others follow each two-fifths farther around until finally the sixth is just over the first.

Take again a pine tree twig. The second blade is distant from the first three-eighths of

the way around, until finally the ninth blade is exactly over the first.

Other plants have their leaves arranged each distant from the other five-thirteenths of the way around the stalk.

So that we have a series of fractional distances, thus:

them less than 1-3, and none of them more than 1-2. They form a regularly ascending series, in which any two added together will make the third. Such is the uniform and careful arrangement of the countless leaves of the elms above our heads, and of the pine forests of yonder plains!

Turn now from plants to planets. Measure the time in which each of them circles the sun. It is here:—

Neptune	62,000 days.
Uranus	31,000 "
Saturn	10,000 "
Jupiter	4,300 "
Asterodia	1,600 "
Mars	680 "
Earth	365 "

Now examine these sums. The second is half the first; the third is one-third of the second; the fourth is two-fifths of the third; the fifth is three-eighths of the fourth; the sixth is five-thirteenths of the fifth. So that we have again precisely the same fractions in the same order:—

1-2	1-3	2-5	3-8	5-13
Whence this strange similarity? * How can it be accounted for except by the fact that the same Hand adjusted the blades of grass, which set in motion the Orbs of the Universe?				

Interested Parties as Witnesses.  
The St. John Courier, in allusion to the new rule of law applicable to evidence, allowing parties in civil suits to testify, which is about to go into operation in New Brunswick, and which has been established in our own State, says:—

'The new rule of law which permits the plaintiff and defendant in a civil suit to give evidence touching the matter in dispute between them, though it does not come in force until the first of January next, was put in practice by consent of the parties in the case of *Cushing v. Godard*, decided in the Supreme Court on Monday. This case is no criterion of the manner in which the "new law" will work either one way or the other, though we may remark, for the comfort of those who thought the interest of a plaintiff or defendant in a case would lead them into the most fearful perjury, that the presiding Judge stated to the jury that there was no irreconcilable difference between the plaintiff's and defendant's testimony. The facts sworn to were mainly the same, the inferences they drew from these facts, and the construction they put upon them, of course differed. Probably in nine cases out of ten, it is in the construction of facts agreed on, that plaintiffs and defendants differ. We believe we are right in asserting that actions in which parties trust to fraudulent means to get a verdict, are comparatively rare. Fraud is at least as rare in civil cases as in criminal cases, and more rare than in cases in equity. The fact that witnesses have to undergo a strict examination, and rigid cross examination in open court, that every word they utter is carefully weighed by an intelligent jury, and thoroughly examined by a Judge able by long practice readily to discriminate between a true tale and a false one, is generally pretty good security against wilful perjury. Besides, the security against perjury is just as great in civil as in criminal and equity causes, and yet we have always allowed complainants in criminal causes to give evidence in matters affecting not only the purse of an accused, but his liberty, which is dearer still. In Chancery suits, too, plaintiff and defendant are at liberty to make affidavits respecting their dispute, and to spite of the disadvantage of their testimony being written, and not oral and public, we rarely hear of wilful and deliberate perjury even in equity causes.

Better, however, than all hypothesis, is the actual experience of the English Law Courts, where the practice of admitting the plaintiff and defendant to give evidence in civil suits, has obtained for the last four or five years with perfect success. This law was introduced, we believe, by Lord Campbell, the present Chief Justice of England; some of his brother Judges, if we remember right, viewed his Lordship's measure with undisguised alarm, as the precursor of an endless array of prosecution for perjury, and a wide spread disregard for truth. There was a general opinion prevalent in the public mind, however, that Lord Campbell's Act would work well, and as it has been in force so long without alteration or amendment, we may assume that it has fulfilled its object. We should not like to venture on the statement without statistical authority, which we have not now at hand, but we are under the impression that an assertion has been made on good authority, not since contradicted so far as we are aware, that the crime of perjury has actually diminished in England during the last few years. Whether, if this be the fact, it is owing to the improved moral tone of the public character, or whether the simplification of actions induced by Lord Campbell's bill has caused it, we cannot say, but the circumstance, if true, is worthy of notice.

There can be no doubt that in certain classes of actions, great hardships have often been experienced through the inability of the parties to testify in their own behalf. Take the instance of a small shop-keeper, whose business is insufficient for the maintenance of a clerk or shopman, and the delivery of whose goods to the purchaser is mostly made by himself without the presence of third parties. It seems exceedingly hard that such a man, however well known may be his character for honesty, integrity and fair-dealing, may be debarred from obtaining his just debts, by some designing knave who has taken care never to obtain goods from him; in the presence of third parties. Yet cases such as this are occurring daily within the knowledge of almost every one of us. The new law will remedy this. The oath of the little shopkeeper will weigh as heavy as that of the wealthy merchant's clerk; the same means will be used to test its worth, and there can be no reason to suppose that the one will be more likely to perjure himself for the sake of the gain, than the other will be for the sake of establishing himself in the good graces of his employer. In short, those who suppose that wholesale perjury will follow in the steps of this law, suppose a state of morals which does not exist among us; and which

in our opinion, says very little for their knowledge of their countrymen or for their knowledge of human nature. Experience, however, is our safest guide, in this, as in other matters, and we shall not long be left in doubt about whether the New Law of Evidence works well.

## The Emperor and the Woodman.

As Napoleon the First was riding out near Paris, attended by several officers, they rode past a forest where some woodmen were cutting timber. Observing one of them singing, the Emperor, with a smile, turned to his attendants, and said:

'Observe that man, who, though toiling hard for his daily bread, seems to be quite happy.'

The woodman, observing so many persons looking at him, made a respectful bow and approached to inquire if they had lost their way.

'No,' said the Emperor, 'but tell me, my honest man, what makes you so cheerful?'

'What may you earn a day?'

'Three francs, your honor.'

'Three francs!' said the Emperor; 'does that support you and your family? Tell me how do you manage to do so?'

'With pleasure, your honor, if you will step a little this way. With three francs I not only keep my wife and family, but I also put money out on interest and pay off my old debts.'

'Explain yourself?'

'Willingly, your honor. I keep my wife and children—I place money out at interest by educating the latter at a school, and pay off my old debts by maintaining my aged father and mother. So you see, your honor, I may well be happy.'

'Excellent man,' said Napoleon; 'here is a Napoleon for you, tossing him the money.—Keep what you have told me a secret. I am your Emperor, and on pain of my displeasure, I enjoin you to tell no one till you have seen my face at least a hundred times.'

'Sir, it shall be so.'

Napoleon turned his horse's head and rejoined his escort.

The same evening, as he appeared thoughtful, Gen. Rapp asked him if anything unpleasant had occurred that day.

'No,' said the Emperor, 'but I met a man, this morning, who, with three francs a day told me kept his family, placed money out at interest, and paid off his old debts. Gentlemen! continued the Emperor, 'you will please me much if any of you can tell me the meaning of what he said.'

All of the party were very anxious to please the monarch, and knowing that he had spoken to a woodman in the forenoon, rode off on the following morning, and having found the woodman, asked him if he knew to whom he had spoken on the previous day.

The man said: 'yes, I had the honor of talking with the Emperor.'

'What did you say to him?'

'Excuse me gentlemen, that I must not tell you.'

One of the party said, 'I will give you fifty Napoleons to tell me.'

The man said, 'No I dare not.'

'You shall have one hundred if you will oblige us,' rejoined the officer.

The woodman after pausing a minute or two said:

'Place the money in my hand, and I will tell you.'

They placed it in his hand—and, after he had carefully examined every piece, he told all that had transpired.

The party rode off, and on their arrival at the palace asked to be admitted to the Emperor, when they expounded his riddle.

Napoleon pale with anger, said:

'Bring the woodman before me dead or alive!'

He was soon found, and ushered into the presence of his angry monarch.

'Sirrah, how have you dared to break your promise with me?'

'Sire,' said the woodman, with great composure, 'I have not disobeyed your commands.'

'How rascal,' said Napoleon, 'dare you tell me a lie?'

'Sire,' said the woodman, 'you told me I should tell no one until I had seen your face one hundred times.' Then putting his hands in his pockets he laid the pieces of money one by one, before the Emperor, with the heads up-wards. 'There sire,' continued he, 'have I not seen your face one hundred times?'

Napoleon burst into a loud fit of laughter, gave him a slap in the face, called him a clever fellow, and made him a captain in the artillery, where he proved himself deserving of his good fortune.

'THAT BLESSED BABY.'—This phrase has been applied to so many specimens of infancy that it has come to be a generic phrase. Well may it so be considered; for every baby—the exceptions proving the rule—is a blessed baby to papa, mamma, and grandparents, aunts, and the friends of the family. A little of the acidity of bachelorhood soured gentle and genial Charles Lamb, when he 'wondered why people made so much fuss about children; they were so very common.' Children collectively are common; but each particular child is a new and unprecedented thing—a fresh creation to those who love it, and love it because they cannot help doing so. Holmes, the poet, has said that though in point of fact Cain was the only original baby, nevertheless all succeeding babies have been respectfully, equally original. Quite correct the remark, and profoundly significant too. Baby is a governing power in the world, exerting no mean way. Baby is a large part of the moral police of society. Baby is the centre of home, that conservative institution. Therefore, may philosophers, philanthropists and statesmen, as well as loving mothers, cry 'Blessed be baby!'

SAD OCCURRENCE AT GARDINER.—We learn that a young man by the name of Quinn, a clerk in the Gardiner Post-office, was drowned on Friday evening last. He was returning over the bridge from Pittston, and fell through the draw of the bridge into the river, a distance of twenty-five feet, the draw having been left open. He was a most worthy young man, enjoying the respect of the entire community. The body was taken to Bowdoinham, of which place the deceased was a native. The funeral services took place on Monday, were attended by a large number of friends from Gardiner and Bowdoinham. The deceased was engaged to a young lady of Pittston, and was on his return from a visit to his affianced when he met his sad end.

## THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

UNITED STATES, if our good will could command its way, You would remain united still, Forever and a day.

Does England want to see you split, United States? The dance a bit, With less disgust should we see Only North and South discovered, And Scotland cleft in two.

We wish your great Republic whole, With all our heart and all our soul.

Why, who are we? Almost alone, With you, upon this Earth.

We bow before no Tyrant's throne, Believe us, aught but mirth, Your noble Commonwealth, if cleft, Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong, Together make, O friends! We wish you to continue strong, On union strength depends.

So, that your States may keep compact Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By Priest and Soldier's two-fold sway The old world groans, oppressed, Would be the cry of all the crew, With Liberty are blest.

And may we still example give, And teach the nations how to live.

How all the Despot would rejoice, Should you break up and fall! How would the flunkies' echoing voice Take up their masters' tale.

'Free institutions will not do, Would be the cry of all the crew, The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—None dare their thoughts to name.

In Europe round, and lucky stars, Arrayed in splendid shame! And creeds are, at the bayonet's point, Enforced in this time of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear Our witness, against these days, The world, at least, will not despair, Whilst we our free flags raise.

Then may you still your stripes possess, And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not, The peril of the free All spring from one unhappy blot, The taint of Slavery.

That, that to all you have to dread: Get rid of that and go ahead.

[Punch.

AUTUMN.

BY W. O. B. PEARODY.

The dying year! the dying year! The heaven is clear and mild: And withering all the fields appear, Where once the verdure smiled.

The summer ends its short career; The zephyr breathes farewell, And now upon the closing year, The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above The lake's transparent breast; In splendid foliage all the grove Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the autumn throws Its brilliant robes of red; And sickness lights the cheek of those It hastens to the dead.

That tinge is flattering and bright, But tells of death like this; And they that see its gathering light Their lingering hopes dismiss.

O, thus serene and free from fear, Shall be our last repose; Thus, like the Sabbath of the year, Shall last evening close.

RELIGION AND RAGS.—There are more relations between these than at first appear, and they are singular and significant. Not that religion should lead to rags. Godliness, having the promise of life that now is as well as that which is to come, a christian community is generally found comfortably apparelled, and that in proportion to the truth and simple practical nature of its religion. Romanism has deteriorated so far from the simple Gospel that it enjoys almost a monopoly of the christian rags. The south of Europe and of America; the broad realms of the Pope, would furnish the most numerous recruits for Eastfall's regiment. And this cannot be owing entirely to the proximity of the sun, for in northern Catholic countries too, looped and window raggedness prevails. Ireland is not held in respect by tailors as a setter of fashions, but leads the van of the races that flutter in tatters. When her emigrants first arrives on our coast, it would take a brave captain to march through Coventry with them; but in proportion to their residence among us heretics, their wardrobe improves. Canada too is not clothed as such a rigid climate would seem to require its peasantry and mechanics do not look like those of Puritan Massachusetts, and especially of Unitarian Boston, the most generally well-dressed city in the world.

Italy, the head quarters of Popery, is the Vanity Fair of the European continent for rags. Nearly two-thirds of the rags annually imported into the United States from all foreign countries are brought from Italy. It may be said, that is owing to Italy's being the receptacle of the rags of the Levant, where large quantities of cheap cotton cloth are used.

This is true, but it is to be considered, on the other hand, what an amount of rags are retained in Italy that an American would think ought to have been exported some time ago.

Garments are worn so long there by the poor—as long as the swarms of beggars can make their coats and jackets hang together, tied around the neck, without putting the arms through the sleeves, they seem yet to be too good to be condemned to the paper mill. All those Levant rags have come from the backs of no Protestant christian population.

Thus rags are an inverse measure of the Christianity and of the Protestantism of a country; and besides these two hands of the meter, there seems to be a third indicating the simple practicalness of Protestantism. They furnish this religious meter, whether estimated in the streets at home or at the custom houses of the foreign countries to which they are exported. They are exported from Catholic to Protestant lands; never the other way. Our custom house returns are a pretty sure index of the religious and moral state of society abroad. For why is it that no Protestant country exports rags, and no Protestant country keeps them at home when wholly beyond use as raiment? It is because the former reads and writes and becomes enlightened, and the latter does not. The former needs all the paper it can manufacture. The latter has no free press, prints few books and newspapers; is too illiterate for much epistolary correspondence. Where the mass of the people can read and write, rags are too precious to be exported. The subjects of His Holiness monopolize that business.

Hence it is clear that rags and the press exercise a dissimilar and directly opposite action or one another. Rags support the press, but the press ungratefully is working day and night to suppress rags, or at least to cut off its foreign supply. If it could be allowed to reciprocate the favors of Italy, and return the manufactured article for the raw material received, its enlightening productions would probably set the Italians reading and writing, and

needing every beggar's shred and tatter for their own paper mills in future. And when the Pope has established his seat of government in this hemisphere, as his followers sometimes predict, we may find the truth of saying that there is no ill wind that blows us no good; for we may have paper cheaper. We are looking about now for new materials for its manufacture; but under the Papal crozier, we may revel in rags ourselves, and perhaps send some to printing Protestant Italy. But we are getting into a question of religio-political economy, and perhaps political economy may be tabooed to the religious press as well as politics. It only shows how religion has after all to do with everything; and it is hopeless and absurd to think of excluding its light and judgments from any department of human action.—[Ch. Register.

'I Love You.'

Who do you suppose said it?

No. Not that bright creature, by whose side stands a lover, looking so tenderly in those glorious eyes. She is very beautiful, with her cheek of rose hue, and the curling auburn tresses that the wind sports with so gallantly; but she did not say it. Nor yet the dimpled babe, with cherub face, lifted to the more mature, but not less innocently sweet features, with the holy light of mother











