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A Peep at the Atomic Theory.
BY A DISCIPLE OF DALTON.

When it is affirmed of a philosopher that he has a world-wide reputation, the words must be received in a qualified sense. To say that the scope of his reputation is as extensive as that of the poet, the historian, or the narrator of fiction, is simply untrue, because all persons have in them the faculty, more or less developed, of being able to appreciate history, poetry, and fiction. The remark is truer still when extended to those who achieve reputation by the fine arts. The scope of their reputation is nearly universal. Far different is it with him whose fame depends on discoveries in science. A chemist's labors, for example, can only be appreciated by chemists, for the most part; an astronomer's, for the most part only by those who have cultivated astronomy, and so on for other sciences. Pity, then! Science has its bits of poetry, equal, at least in all that makes poetry attractive, to any thing the poetry of language and sentiment can boast. The flights of the poetry of science, too, are more daring; and, though often wilder than the wildest rapture of the poetry of words and sentiment, they have the rare merit of being as true as they are wild.

Here, then, is a beautiful field for the mind to career upon, like a steed from harness released—a field all covered with gems and flowers, the gems and flowers of truth. But around that pleasant field is a thorny fence, bristling with technicalities. The philosopher alone can penetrate that hedge, and enter within. All who are not philosophers must be content to remain outside. Nevertheless, little gaps can be found here and there, through which inquisitive folks may peep; and we think it may be possible to give the reader who is no chemist a peep into the enchanted domains of the atomic theory and doctrine of definite proportions—to unravel the secrets of which was the aim of Dalton's life-long labor. Yes, there is an opening, and you shall have a satisfactory peep, but on one condition only—you must not be frightened by names. If people would only make up their minds not to be frightened by names, they would find science so difficult. The atomic theory is the name, or rather one of the names, you are not to be frightened at; the doctrine of definite proportions, or equivalent, these are other names. Forget the existence of all these names, however, at present.

The philosophers of ancient Greece, and more recently of the middle ages, were fond of arguing about philosophic beliefs—matters which they could neither prove nor disprove, because they were not experimental people. Among the chief topics of argumentation, the following was one: whether anything having weight and cognizable to the senses—matter—could or could not be divided without end. Epicurus and Pythagoras imagined that matter could be thus divided; but the atomists, and Lucretius sets forth the views of these philosophers. Other ancients, too numerous for mention here, adopted the other side of the argument; and so they continued to argue away, proving nothing, till both sides got tired.

And what do you say about the argument, reader? Don't let giving an opinion. You have common sense, and that goes a long way in philosophy. What do you think about it? Can a substance—any substance—a potato, for instance—can that potato, we ask, be indefinitely divided, or is such indefinite division impossible? Evidently the potato may be cut into two halves, and each of the two halves may be halved again, and again, and again, and so on, till our eyes are not sharp enough to see the little pieces. If instruments be now had, recourse to a microscope and a delicate knife—the division may be carried still further; and it thus seems proved that the subdivision of the potato *ad infinitum* is conceivable. If our instruments were delicate enough to effect the subdivisions, and our eyes to make them discernible. Thus argued Epicurus and his followers.

Let us now look at the other side of the argument, illustrating it by an assumption. Suppose that among the unknown things existing in parts of the earth yet unexplored, there should be a lump of new matter found. We may not say a particle—a lump of some definite size—as big as a potato, for example. Suppose that lump of new matter should be so very hard that no human means could break, or cut, or otherwise divide it. What then? It would be indivisible, of course; 'uncuttable,' or, if we choose to adopt a Greek expression, it would be 'atomic,' that word being a modification of *a*—not—and *temna*—to cut—not cuttable, or not divisible—in short, 'atomic.'

So it appears, then, that our ordinary notion of an atom, as being something necessarily small, is only, after all, an indirect notion. That atoms must be small, if they really do exist, is demonstrable, since all matter can be divided to the furthest limits permitted by our means; and the division might be carried further still if our means and our senses permitted. But, for anything one knows to the contrary, the potato may be composed of amazingly small indivisible parts; and the hard indivisible parts might each have been tangibly large—as large, say, as a potato, as we have assumed to be the case with the new mineral invoked by our hypothesis. Whether large or small, such palatable indivisible masses would have been to all intents and purposes atoms.

Mark, then! There lurked a fallacy in the argument of those who denied the possibility of atoms, because a substance—a potato, for example, as they said, be conceived to be indefinitely divisible. This line of illustration, by no means proves that the potato could be indefinitely divided, were it not for the imperfection of our senses and our tools; but merely shows that it is quite another thing—that the space occupied by that potato might be thus divided.

If atoms of matter be so inconceivably small, how then could people expect to see them? and if not seen, how could their existence be demonstrated? The ancients could get no proof; so they allowed the discussion to drop. Even in later times, our own illustrious Newton, though a believer in the existence of atoms, could not prove them to exist. He hoped they might hereafter be rendered visible by high microscopic power, but that hope has never been realized, and no one at this time believes that it will ever be realized. After Newton's time the discussion dropped once more, and it may be said to have remained in abeyance till the celebrated labors of Dalton proved the existence of atoms by every testimony short of rendering them visible. We can never hope to see them, they are so very, very small.

Reader, we must now get a tangible illustration, else you will not get your peep into the enchanted regions of the atomic theory. So, and I, we will assume, are school-boys of the name. We have a bag before us, that bag containing leaden bullets. Dipping my hand into the bag, I withdraw a handful of leaden bullets, throw them into the scale-pan, and weigh them; their weight we find to be, say, five ounces. We take another dip, and proceed exactly as before; but the weight is now, say, six ounces. Once more, six ounces. Once more, six ounces; and yet again, two ounces. That will do. Let us now see what comes of this.

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Experiment	Ounces
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We perceive that, although our dippings have been quite at random, we get no fractions of an ounce—no halves and quarters, and so forth. Moreover, the results of the five weighings seem to prove that each of the bullets weighs exactly one ounce; and if similar results accrued from any number of weighings, that which was at first a notion would grow into an irresistible conviction. Do you perceive what comes of this? There are sixty-three known kinds of matter, in respect of which Dalton perceived that, weigh them, torture them, analyze them as he might, his weighings, torturings, and analyses disclosed no fractions. How can this fact be explained, except on the assumption that matter is composed of ultimate atoms?

If we now assume, in place of the existence of one set of bullets of one weight and one substance, the existence of sixty-three different kinds of bullets, differing from each other in weight; so that, calling the weight of the lightest 1, the weight of the heaviest would be 213, we arrive at a still nearer idea of the conditions of the atomic theory.

It so happens that each kind of matter has its own appointed work to do; and that one kind of matter can do the work, or fill the place of another kind; thus, to give an example in the language of chemistry, chlorine can unite with hydrogen, and so can oxygen; but whereas exactly eight parts by weight of oxygen are required by exactly one part by weight of hydrogen to generate water, it takes thirty-six parts, by weight of chlorine, to be equivalent for, or take the place of, the aforesaid eight parts by weight of oxygen, and by combining with the one part by weight of hydrogen, to form muriatic acid. So 1, 8, and 36, are said to be the equivalents or atomic numbers of hydrogen, oxygen, and chlorine respectively. In like manner, each of the sixty-three kinds of matter has its own combining, or equivalent, or atomic number: for instance, the atomic number of the metal copper is 32, and that of silver is 108; by which we mean to say, that if one part of hydrogen can do a certain amount of work, it will require eight parts of oxygen, thirty-six of chlorine, one hundred and eight of silver, and thirty-two of copper, to do the same amount of work.

But what are these numbers the respective weights of? grains, ounces, pounds, or, in short, what? Just whatever you please. Atoms being inconceivably small, we are unable to weigh them absolutely; we can only ascertain the relation subsisting between their weights; the ratio according to which is lighter or heavier than its neighbors.

Cui bono? What the advantage? O, it is universal. Every thing truthful and reliable in analytical and operative chemistry depends upon an application of the facts above mentioned. Take an example. If silver be thrown into aquafortis, the metal dissolves and disappears, but it still exists in the aquafortis. The piece of silver, we will presume, weighed 108 grains. A chemist wishes to get this silver, but the aquafortis will not let him have it till it receives a *quid pro quo*. The greedy solvent will be content with copper, and so the chemist determines to give it the exact quantity required, a little more nor less. Dalton's law teaches the chemist that 32 grains of copper will be the exact quantity. He adds that amount, and down goes the silver. It was a great thing, even practically speaking, to have made this discovery, believe me, and if you ever become a chemist you will say so.

Advertisement of an Honest Rum-Seller.

MR. EDITOR:—I found this advertisement in the Pacific Advocate, and was so struck with its correctness that I think it ought to be in every family, and if you think so just give it a place in your excellent paper:

'Friends and neighbors: Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of 'liquid fire,' I embrace this early opportunity of informing you that on Saturday next I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers and beggars, for the sober and respectable part of the community to support. I shall deal in 'familiar spirits,' which will excite me to deeds of riot, robbery and blood, and in so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community. I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with great expedition, to prepare victims for the asylums, the poor houses, the prisons and the gallows. I will furnish an article which will increase the number of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those that are harmless incurable. I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, many of reason, most of property, and all of peace; which will cause fathers to be fiends, wives widows, children orphans and all mendicants. I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the Gospel, defile the purity of the Church, and cause spiritual, temporal and eternal death. And if any would be so impudent to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—money. The spirit trade is lucrative, and some professed Christians give it their cheerful countenance. I have a license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will. I live in the land of liberty. I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom. I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the above evils brought upon themselves, or their dear relatives or friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so. [St. Louis Christian Advocate.]

A SLENDER DODGE.—A democratic representative in Congress (Thompson of New York) was the other day warmly denouncing Mormon polygamy. Mr. Giddings asked whether the Mormons have not as much power under the squatter sovereignty doctrine to establish slavery. Mr. Thompson replied that he 'did not wish to mix this with the question of slavery,' and proceeded to condemn polygamy, &c., &c. Every one will see the close corner in which the gentleman was placed by Mr. Giddings' question, and it may also be seen that his reply was an inevitable one.—There was no argument for him to offer, and he was prudent enough to attempt none. Such is the beauty of the much vaunted doctrine of squatter sovereignty. [Gardner Journal.]

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair. They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare. They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight. They are sowing their seed in the solemn night!

What shall the harvest be? They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought. In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought. They have brought their fancies from wood and dell. Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell; Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed. Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed. Of the gentle word and the kindest deed. That have blessed the heart in its sorest need. Sweet shall the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seeds of pain. Of late remorse and a maddened brain. And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane. Ere they sow the seeds from the soil again. Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand. Yet they scatter seed on their native land. And some are sowing the seeds of care. Which their soil hath borne and still must bear. Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of noble deed. With a sleepless watch and earnest heed. With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow; And the fields are whitening whither they go. Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness or sown in light. Sown in weakness, or sown in might. Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath. In the broad work field, or the shadowy path.— Sure will the harvest be.

MR. CHARLEY.

BY MISS H. B. STOWE.

When the blaze of the wood flickers up and down in our snug evening parlor, there dances upon the wall a little shadow with a little nose, a domestic household shadow—a busy shadow—a little specimen of perpetual motion; and the owner thereof is 'our Charley.'

Now we should not write about him and his ways if he were strictly a peculiar and individual existence of our own home circle; but it is not so. 'Our Charley' exists in a thousand, nay a million families; he has existed in millions in all times back; his name is variously rendered in all the tongues of the earth; nay, there are a thousand synonyms for him in English—for indubitably 'our Willie,' or 'our Harry,' or 'our George,' belongs to the same snub-nosed, rosy cheeked, restless shadow-maker. So in France he is 'Leonce,' or 'Pierre,' as well as 'Charley'; in Italy he is 'Carlinio' or 'Francisco'; in German, 'Max' or 'Wilhelm'; and in Chinese he is 'Ling-Fung,' with a long silk tassel on the back of his head, but the same household spirit among them all; in short, we take 'our Charley' in a generic sense, and we mean to treat him as a miniature epitome of the grown man—enacting in a shadowy ballet by the fireside all that men act in earnest in after life. He is a looking-glass for grown people, in which they may see how certain things become them—in which they may sometimes even see streaks and gleamings of something wiser than all the harsh conflict of life teaches them.

'Our Charley,' is generally considered by the world as an idle little dog, whose pursuits, being very inconsequential, may be put off or put by for every and anybody; but the world, as usual, are very much mistaken. No man is more pressed with business, and needs more prudence, energy, tact and courage to carry out his schemes, in face of all the opposing circumstances that grown people constantly throw in his way. Has he not ships to build and to sail? and has he not vast engineering works to make ponds and docks in every puddle or brook, where he shall lie at anchor? Is not his pocket stuffed with material for sails and cordage? And yet, like a man of the world as he is, all this does not content him, but he must own a railroad stock too. If he lives where a steam-whistle has vibrated, it has awakened an uneasy yearning within him, and some day he harnesses all the chairs into a train and makes a locomotive of your work-table and a steam-whistle of himself.

He inspects toy-shop windows, gets up flirtations with benevolent shopmen; and when he gets his mouth close to papa's ear, reveals to him how Mr. So-and-so has a locomotive that will wind up and go alone—so cheap, too—can't papa get it for him? And so papa (all papa do) goes soberly down and buys it, though he knows it will be broken in a week. Then what raptures! the dear locomotive; the darling black chimney sleeps under his pillow, that he may feel it at the night, and be sure when he first wakes that the joy is not evaporated. He bores everybody to death with it as artless as grown people do with their hobbies, but at last the ardor runs out. His darling is found to have faults. He picks it to pieces, makes it work better; but finds too late that he can't put it together again; and so he casts it aside and makes a locomotive out of a broken wheelbarrow and some barrel staves. Do you my brother, or grown-up sister, ever do anything like this? Do your friendships and loves ever go the course of our Charley's toy? First, enthusiasm; second, satiety; then, picking to pieces; then dropping and losing? How many idols are in your box of boy's play-things? And may it not be as well to suggest to you, when you find flaws in your next one, to inquire before you pick to pieces whether you can put together again, or whether what you call defect is not a part of its nature. A tin locomotive won't draw a string of parlor chairs; by any possible alteration, but it may be very pretty for all it was made for Charley and you might both learn something from this.

Charley's business career, as we have before intimated, has its trials. It is hard for him to find time for it; so many 'important' interruptions. For instance, there are four hours of school, taken out of the best part of the day—four mortal hours, in which he might make ships, or build dams, or run railroad cars; he is obliged to leave all his affairs, often in very precarious situations, and go through the useless ceremony of reading and spelling. When he comes home the housemaid has swept his foreman into the fire, and mamma has put his topicals into the rag-bag, and all his affairs are in a desperate situation. Sometimes he gets terribly misanthropic; all grown people seem conspiring against him; he is called away from his serious avocations so often, and his attention distracted with such irrelevant matters, that he is indignant.

He is rushing through the passage in hot haste, hands full of nails, strings and twine, and Mary seizes him and wants to brush his hair; he is interrupted in a burst of enthusiasm and told to wash his hands for dinner; or perhaps, a greater horror than all, company is expected, and he must put on a clean new suit; just as he has made all the arrangements for a ship launching down the avenue.

This dressing and washing he regards with utterable contempt and disgust; secretly, too, he is skeptical about the advantages of going to school and learning to read; he believes, to be sure, when papa and mamma tell him of unknown future advantages to come when he is a 'great man'; but the present he is sure of; his ships and sloops; his bits of strings and fish hooks, and old corks and broken railroad cars; and above all, his new skates; these are realities. And he knows also what Tom White and Bill Smith say; and so, he walks by night more than by day.

Ah, the child is father of the man! When he gets older he will have the great toys of which these are emblems; he will believe in these earnestly and really, and in his eternal manhood, nominally and partially. And when his Father's messengers meet him, and face him about, and take him off his darling pursuits, and sweep his big ships into the fire, and crush his tall grow cars, then the grown man will complain and murmur, and wonder as the little man does now. The father wanes the future, the child the present, all through life, till death makes the child a man.

So, though our Charley has his infirmities, he is a little bit of a Christian after all. Like you, brother, he has his good hours, when he sits still and calm, and is told of Jesus; and his cheeks glow, and tears come to his eyes; his bosom heaves; and now he is sure he is going to be always good; he is never going to be naughty. He will stand still to have his hair combed; he will come the first time mother speaks; he will never speak a cross word to Katy; he repents of having tyrannized over grandmamma, and made poor mamma's head ache; and is quite sure that he has now got the victory over all sin. Like the Israelites by the Red Sea, he beholds his spiritual enemies dead on the sea shore. But to-morrow, one hour even, what becomes of his good resolutions? What becomes of yours on Monday?

With all 'our Charley's' backslidings, he may teach us one thing which we have forgotten. When Jesus would teach his disciples what faith was, he took a child and set him in the midst of them. We do not presume that this child was one of those exception ones, who have memoirs written, but a common average child, with his smiles and tears, his little naughtinesses and goodnesses, and its uprightness as an example was not in virtue of an exceptional—but a universal quality. If you want to study faith, go to school to 'your Charley.' See his faith in you. Does he not believe that you have boundless wisdom, infinite strength? Is he not certain of your love to that degree that he cannot be repelled from you? Does he hesitate to question you on anything celestial or terrestrial? Is not your word enough to outweigh that of the wisest of the earth? You might talk him out of the sight of his eyes, the hearing of his ears, so boundless is his faith in you. Even checks and frowns cannot make him doubt your love; and though sometimes, when you cross him, the naughty murmuring spirit arises, yet in an hour it dissolves, and his little soul flows back, prattling and happy into your bosom. Be only to God, as he is to you, and the fire-side shadow shall not have been by your heart in vain.—Independent.

AN INCIDENT.—I heard not long ago from a friend, an incident of the last Presidential campaign, which I have not seen in print, but which is too good to be lost. I give it from memory, which does not profess to be exact in quotation of conversation, but its substantial accuracy I can vouch for.

Imagine, then, a group in the porch of a country tavern, in the Eastern part of Tennessee. They are discussing the merits and chances of the several candidates for the Presidency, and passing from the topic, by a sort of fatal gravitation, to the question of slavery and its conflict with freedom in the coming periods of our history. The conversation is interlarded with epithets of no dubious character, which I omit, in deference to the clerical traveler who stands 'taking notes.'

A Fillmore voter directs his harangue to a couple of Democrats, who are as wide awake as he, to the vexed question which is agitating the land—and so runs his discourse.

'I believe that we are bound to go down, sooner or later, in this fight about our niggers. What's that? How so?'

'Just as I say—we are bound to go down. Those fellows at the North are the strongest. We've got no chance. They can out-vote us, and if it comes to the worst they can out-fight us. They are fifteen millions to our seven—and no fools nor cowards either. We can give them a good lesson in a fair fight—but we've got no chance with fifteen millions of them in front, and three millions of niggers behind. I tell you there's no reckoning for us—we are bound to go down.'

'We'll get help from over the water.'

'Where? England is against us—France is against us—the civilized world is against us, except the Spaniards. They are kith and kin with us, and a precious help they would be. There isn't a decent nation on the globe to give us a lift. The public opinion of the world is against us. More than all that, God Almighty is against us—and the Lord Jesus Christ is against us—there's nobody to fight for us, or with us, but those infernal Spaniards, and the Devil.'

'Why don't you give up, then, and go for Abolition?'

'No—I won't. The niggers are ours. No body has any right to meddle with them, but we will hold on to them as long as we can, and fight it out—but I tell you, we are bound to go down.'

'This incident speaks for itself, and is a good story, at any rate. Perhaps it gives a glimpse of the working of more minds than one, in and out of Tennessee.—Boston Traveller.

A free negro of Kent county, Maryland, having petitioned the Legislature for a permit to sail his vessel without a white man on board, and the whole subject of registering, enrolling, licensing and selling of vessels belonging to Congress, the Treasury Department has in arrested the Collector of the port of Baltimore not to permit a free negro to act as the master of the vessel.—Boston Paper.

This is a very practical application of the Dred Scott decision. A colored man is not to be permitted to command his own vessel—it is frequently urged against the negro, that he has no capacity for anything above book-keeping and wood-working. Yet

it seems that the pro-slavery men have no faith in their own dogma, and take very good care that the negro shall have no opportunity to rise above menial labors. They make the degradation they enforce an apology for its continuance.—Portland Transcript.

REPENTANCE AND FAITHFUL ERASING.—The difference between a bad and a good man is not that one does wrong and the other does not, for neither is exempt from the common infirmity of sin. It consists in the difference of the effect upon each man's conscience. A bad man does wrong, and does not think it is wrong, or thinks nothing about it, or justifies it, or boasts of it, or covers it with various excuses, or disguises it—that he may easily drive it from his mind and forget it. He is not penetrated with a wholesome sense of the evil. He does not turn from it. But a good man, when he has fallen into wrong, is hurt and grieved, and the nobler the man is, the more sincere is his sorrow for the wrong he has done.

All genuine repentance has an element both of feeling and of action. One of these without the other, though either may be better than neither, is not true repentance. Both must be combined. The kind of feeling, and the kind of action or conduct which the feeling produces, depend greatly upon the nature of the wrong, and the circumstances attending its commission.

The element of feeling in repentance, is different in different men. It is even different in the same man in different instances of repentance. Some people think that all repentance is just alike; that there is a certain capacity or faculty in the mind which a man uses for nothing else but to repent with; and that every act of repentance will be substantially like every other. This is not true. There is a repentance which results simply from a feeling of the intrinsic loveliness of what is good over what is bad. There are few minds that are keyed so high that their first apprehensions of divine truth are of this rare kind. Men are not only wicked, but are generally mean.—They usually begin to repent through their lower powers, and only gradually rise toward their higher. But the noblest repentance, which a man can experience is from the feeling of the intrinsic excellence of goodness and truth over wickedness and wrong.

A man that has made himself rich by a dishonest course, may repent of his course after he is rich. But when a man has grown rich by cheating others, he cannot make a true repentance without also making *reparation*.—Simply to stop his dishonesties for the future, and to live comfortably on what he has reaped by them in the past, is not repentance. A man who has injured another by a slander can not repent by merely ceasing to repeat the slander; he must go and contradict it, and apologize for it. God otherwise will not accept his repentance, for it is not genuine.—Christ says, 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath sinned against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' If men do wrong to their fellow-men, and suppose that they can repent without reparation, they deceive themselves; but they cannot deceive God. All their subtleties, all their pretensions of goodness, all their pious prayers, will be contemptible in His sight so long as they have not honestly, candidly, and in a manly way, sought to right the wrong they have done.

God, in seeking to lead men to repentance, regards with them through every faculty of the mind, from one end of the scale to another.—He comes to every human soul, and pleads with it in a thousand different ways. There is no man living who has not been obliged to bend up against divine assaults upon every feeling in his nature. There is no harp string in his soul that has not been struck again and again by God's hand. He has touched their conscience till it has been made to ring like a bell; He has touched them through shame, till this feeling has been stimulated to the last degree; He has touched them through imagination, soliciting them through this higher faculty; He has touched them through hope, seeking to disclose His face to them through its golden light; He has touched them through affection, trying to win them to Him by love; and all these failings. He has finally touched them by fear, arousing within them a shadowy and awful dread of the impending judgment, and the consuming fire.

IN THE CREEK WAR, a portion of those Indians were friendly to the whites, and have received Bounty Land Warrants for services, but occasionally one of the wrong side of the question puts in his claim, most ignorantly, but with great faith in getting it.

A short time since a renowned Hajo of the Creek nation, requested the services of one of our attorneys, while traveling in Indian country, in procuring his land warrant from the Department. The lawyer was delighted at the prospect of a good fee; the Indian promising him half the worth of the warrant, in the event of it being obtained. The lawyer wished to know of his employer the service he had performed.

'Don't know talk like this,' said the Indian. 'Well who did you fight under?' the lawyer asked.

'Me fight under log,' said Hajo: 'No; but who was your captain?' the lawyer inquired.

'Me big man; me captain, too,' answered the Indian.

'I want to know where you fought,' said the lawyer: 'at what battle?'

'Me fight heap; me shoot blind fire; me shoot under bank river; shoot gun heap,' said the Indian.

'Well, what did you shoot at?' asked the lawyer, thinking that he would defer further questions till an interpreter could be procured.

'Me shoot at General Jackson tree four time,' replied the warrant-writer.

A GOOD MOWER.—The farmers will brag as well as grumble. The weather is never just right, and their crops are all bound to be ruined; but after they are in, they do love to tell what famous ones they have had, and how much work they did in no time at all getting them under cover. 'Out in Michigan last summer,' writes a friend, 'a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the wheel of them by relating his experience: "I say, you have all told whoppers like mine, but I tell you just what I did."

What I done once in York State, on the Genesee flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I begun to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field and walk, or, as we say, 'carry my sawn.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did, and there was one hundred! That, gentlemen, is what York State folks call a big day's work. "So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer. "And mowed all the while you was walking?" said another. "So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can."

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The Congressional Fight.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier & Inquirer was an eye witness to the Congressional fight of Saturday morning last. After detailing the passage of words between Keitt and Grow, the correspondent adds:

'Keitt thereupon attempted to seize Mr. Grow by the throat, but Mr. Grow with his left arm threw Mr. Keitt's hand up. Hereupon Mr. Davis of Mississippi, whose only desire was to preserve peace, as he alleges, and as Mr. Grow and his friends believe, interposed, and requested Keitt not to make any further disturbance. He took hold of Keitt, as if to restrain him, but that person instantly threw himself upon Mr. Grow and caught him firmly by the throat. Quicker than thought Mr. Grow released himself from the grasp of the ruffian, and by a severe and well-directed blow knocked him down upon the floor. Keitt lay without any attempt to rise. In recovering himself Mr. Grow brought his head violently against the cheek of Mr. Davis inflicting a contusion. Keitt disappeared—how or when nobody knows. The clatter was seen no more until the affray terminated.

Mr. Barksdale of Mississippi, seeing his colleague, Mr. Davis, engaged, also interposed as a peace-maker, but no one on our side of the House could possibly know anything of their intentions; but it appeared that Mr. Grow was involved in an unequal conflict with three of the enemy. A rush, of course, was made from the Republican side to the assistance of Mr. Grow. Mr. Potter of Wisconsin distinguished himself in the confusion, striking up every one whom he supposed was implicated in the assault. Of course, as the melee was sudden and general, no member could understand the intentions of any other. In fact, the presumption from the beginning was, that the attack upon Mr. Grow was premeditated, like the outrage on Mr. Sumner, and the Republicans were seized with a desire to punish Keitt. Had the ruffian been found after the beginning of the disturbance, he would have been severely handled. Mr. Barksdale was collaring Mr. Washburne of Illinois, and seeing this, C. C. Washburne of Wisconsin bore up to the relief of his brother, and Mr. Lamar of Mississippi ranged up by the side of Mr. Barksdale, and Mr. Potter opened in artistic style on the whole, mistaking Mr. Washburne of Illinois for the enemy. Mr. Potter saluted him roughly on coming into action; but correcting himself, he came up to Mr. Barksdale's wig with one hand, his countenance with the other.—Mr. Barksdale received two severe blows, but whether from Mr. Potter or Mr. C. C. Washburne cannot be determined. Mr. Potter was thrown off his balance by Mr. Barksdale's wig coming off and remaining in his hands, and his blows probably failed of their object. Mr. Potter was slightly marked under the left eye; Mr. C. C. Washburne had his thumb sprained, and Mr. Washburne of Illinois had his throat compressed. Mr. Lamar, it is stated, drew his penknife, but for what purpose cannot be known. When Mr. Davis of Mississippi felt himself struck in the face, he drew a weapon in self-defense, but quietly replaced it.

Mr. Matt of Ohio, a Quaker member much respected, and the Rev. Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, were thickly engaged, showing, holding, clanking, and crowding friends and enemies by turns—as peace-makers. Mr. Montgomery of Pennsylvania, and Leontopol Democrat, started for the field, but Mr. Bocock of Virginia attempted to hold him. A few sharp words passed, and Mr. Montgomery was in a moment by the side of his friend. Many more were engaged in the scene than those I have introduced into this picture, but I would not confuse the sketch.'

The only unpardonable rebellion in the Democratic party (says the Providence Journal) is a revolt against slavery. Everything else may be forgiven. Senators and Representatives may denounce the President for enforcing or affecting to enforce, the neutrality laws; the fire-eaters—so they are called, but fire-talkers would be a better name—all over the South may vote against the President and threaten to dissolve the Union, and yet retain their full connection with the party and prefer the strongest claims to its patronage. But let a man, whatever be his fortune, whatever the length and value of his services, falter one moment in his allegiance to slavery, let him fall one step in the rear in the march of slavery over the law and the constitution and the plainest rights of the people, and he is no more a democrat than if he believed in the Declaration of Independence. All other tests of Democracy fail, but this is inflexible. The man who goes all lengths for slavery, its extension, its perpetuity, the increase of its influence, may do anything else, or leave anything else undone, and he is still a democrat; it matters not what are his views on the tariff, on the currency, on the public lands, on the army or the navy, if he is in favor of all that slavery wants, and against all that slavery opposes, he is a good democrat.

A SPUNKY WOMAN, in Lubec, whose husband had become a drunkard through the seductions of a rum-shop, seized an axe and made an attack upon it. While demolishing the windows the rum-seller appeared with a large jug of liquor, and asked, in a somewhat excited tone, what she was doing. 'Something your windows,' was the reply, 'and for two cents I would split your head open, and I will smash your jug,' and instantly the axe came down upon the jug, and the liquor was spilled. The Editor of the Eastport Sentinel, who tells the story, applauds the woman for the act.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—Asa B. Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson family, arrived in Boston last week and is arranging to remove his family, in March, to their 'Farm Home' in the 'Great Northwest.' Horace Greeley, writing to the New York Tribune from Chicago, says: 'One of the Hutchinson brothers (Asa) who are now here singing their way Eastward from their new home in Minnesota, informed me that he had been singing along four hundred miles through Minnesota and Iowa, taking grain for music wherever cash was unobtainable, and has done very well by it. In one instance a farmer drove up with eight bushels of corn in a sleigh, and his wife and six children seated thereon, saying, "We have no money, but we want to hear you, and corn is the best we can give you." He accepted the corn very gladly, and gave eight twenty-five cent tickets in exchange for it, and sang it off. In every such case, his landlord or some neighbor

OUR TABLE.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—Contents of the January number—African Life, Spirit and Spirit Rapping, Morality, Slavery, The Religious Weakness of Protestantism, The Crisis and its Causes, The English in India, State Tempering with Money and Banks, Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. S. will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

GOSNEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March is a beautiful number and the beauty of its embellishments is fully paralleled by the excellence of its literature. 'The Mother's Blessing' is truly a beautiful picture and very touching in sentiment. While the fashion plate is without a rival, and the knot-knocks—patterns and designs—past numbering. Great as is the popularity of this work, its circulation is constantly increasing, and when we consider how great is the return for the subscription price, we do not wonder that such is the fact. No lady can afford to do without it. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The articles in Nos. 716 and 717 are few in number, but of course longer than usual. The principal are—Augustine—Orator of the Ancient Church, Old Saint Ann's Gateway, Hunger and Thirst, Hindoo Emigrants, The Bells of Botroux—a legend, Hahlab, China, the conclusion of The Interpreter, A Way to End the Mormon War, The Utah Question, Meteoric Stones. The poetry is good and the short articles interesting. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at 86 a year, and sent free of postage.

GRHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The March number is filled with rich and rare reading and the embellishments are very pretty. The Editor's Easy Talk is spicy, as usual, and the Lady's Work Table presents many rare attractions for the fair patrons of this paper. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—'Napoleon's Peasants,' a very pretty steel engraving, ornaments the March number; also a beautiful fashion plate, with patterns and designs for ottomans, cushions, collars, morning robe, children's dresses, infant's shoes, caps, headresses, handkerchiefs, borders, slippers, &c., &c. The reading matter is pure and high-toned, and altogether such as can be safely commended to a wife, daughter, sister or friend. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

Maine Legislature.

The legislative mill is busily at work, and whatever goes into the hopper is bound to come out in some shape. The only indication of "shutting down" that we can discover is an order offered in the House, assigning March 10th for final adjournment; but this was laid on the table.

In the House, leave to withdraw has been granted on petition for amendment to constitution, providing for biennial sessions of the legislature.

The committee to investigate certain charges against Oliver L. Currier, County Attorney of Franklin County, make a report completely exonerating him.

The bill relating to solemnization of marriages was passed to be engrossed on Friday.

The Resolve authorizing the procuring of a statue of Gen. Knox has been indefinitely postponed.

In Senate, the Reform School committee have made a lengthy report, which is to be printed.

The petition of Geo. K. Jewett and others to be incorporated as Aroostook Railroad Company has been referred. Also petition for change of location of Skowhegan Bank.

An Insolvent Bill has been reported. The following is a brief abstract of its provisions: The bill provides that the courts of Probate shall be constituted courts of Insolvency, that whose action the estates of insolvent debtors shall be equally distributed among their creditors.

If an individual becomes insolvent after the passage of this act, and by its provisions his estate is distributed among his creditors, he shall have a discharge, if his assets pay fifty per cent. on his indebtedness.

If a person who is now insolvent, assigns his property under the provisions of this act, his assets shall be distributed among such of his creditors as file their claims, and such claims shall be forever barred; and he shall be exempted from arrest on any demand then existing against him. But if any creditor who did not file his claim commences a suit against him the debtor may then go into chancery, and his assets shall be distributed among his creditors, both old and new, and a discharge granted.

The bill also provides for several penalties against any frauds committed under it.

The Seed, the Stock, and the Graft.

The following paragraphs are taken from an article in the last number of the Horticulturalist, written by Wm. Mundie, Landscape Gardener, Hamilton, Canada West. Allusion was made to this article in the report of the Farmers' Club last week, and thinking some might be curious to know more of the theories broached, we copy the gist of it.

Without attributing other defects than those of the present routine of practice, and of course, a desire on the part of nurserymen and tree growers to raise as large a quantity at as cheap a rate, and in as short a time as possible, I consider that there is a very great oversight in the present mode of propagating and raising fruit-trees, and which, in my opinion, lies in the indiscriminate way in which the stocks (or seedling trees to graft upon) are raised and used. For instance, in the case of apple, if a cider-mill is near, a quantity of seeds are very readily obtained; but such seeds are probably from fifty or one hundred varieties, most of them having pedigrees, connections, relations, differences, and affinities to others, and to and from each other, inextricable beyond all calculation. They are sown and grown, of course, indiscriminately, and the further probability is, that many of them may be already hybridized with, and allied to, the sorts which will be grafted or budded on them, and presuming that the stock exercises a most decided influence on the graft, and also on the quality of the fruit, but more especially, on the health and productiveness or unproductiveness of the trees, and that, notwithstanding the goodness or productiveness of the sort which may have been grafted from, such indiscriminate amalgamation as this must be detrimental and deteriorating.

Some practical nurserymen say, that by the root-grafting system, the unwholesomeness of stocks to graft is done away with, from the graft itself coming into the soil. I am of a different opinion, because I think that the grafting of the root rather aggravates the difficulty than otherwise, as, then, there will be

two distinct sources through which the tree will be supplied with sap, the amalgamation of which may be very injurious to either health, growth, productiveness, or quality. With other fruits which come under the process of budding or grafting (as with the apple), the procedure has been pretty much the same, and need not be enlarged on.

I have been led to believe that the indiscriminate manner in which seedling stocks are raised, reduces the productiveness, the size, the flavor, and also, in a very great degree, the constitutional health and vigor (or hardiness) of many of our fruit-trees, to be, in a great measure, a matter of chance, dependent as to whether any particular sort of grafts may happen to have been put upon stocks suited to them; and I suppose there will be but very few who will think otherwise than that their chance of being so placed would be but very slender indeed.

As a commencement to improvement, the adaptation of properly bred stocks to the various sorts which it may be wished to grow, might be the first aim; and, in my opinion, the nearer thorough bred (borrowing a term) or bred as nearly as possible in a direct and pure line from the crab-apple, pear, or plum, &c., so much the more likely are we to have success in producing healthy, hardy trees, and clean, handsome and high flavored fruit.

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.—Maine is well represented in this body. In addition to Gen. Simons, we find in the Senate, Sam'l Soule, trader; and in the Assembly, Cyrus Palmer, machinist, and Caleb Burbank, lawyer—all republicans and all hailing from the city of San Francisco. They are all from this vicinity, too, and their names are doubtless familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Burbank is a native of Belgrade, was educated at Waterville College, and we well remember him as the kindest and most efficient teacher that ever presided in our alma mater—the old yellow school house on the Common, (peace to its ashes.)

FIREMEN'S ASSEMBLIES.—The first and second of the course of Assemblies being given by Waterville Engine Co. have been well attended, and their excellent management thus far promises a good time on Friday evening, for which another is appointed. The course is to consist of four assemblies.

Putting the blame where it properly belongs.—Brother Witherell, of the Dexter Gem, in apologizing for the late appearance of his paper last week, says:—

"This issue of the Gem has been delayed a few days by the non-arrival of paper whereon to print it—the said paper being delayed by the non-reception of cash for the same, by the maker—the said tardiness being chargeable, principally, to the delinquency of some of our subscribers."

FARMER'S CLUB IN WINSLOW.—The farmers of Winslow have organized a Club, with promising indications of usefulness. Their meeting last evening, Wednesday, was at the house of Mr. Benj. C. Paine. Hereafter we hope to report some of their good sayings.

"HOSS WOOL!"—"What'd ye ask for hoss wool?" bawled one of our village boys the other day, to one of the "fancies," as he drove along his sheared horse. Fancy cracked his whip and looked sheepish, as though he didn't like to be twitted of his folly. Laugh about hoops or moustaches, calico balls for the relief of the poor, or girl-teams to haul wood to the minister; but let the man who shears his horse in a cold winter keep his mouth shut. Fortunately for him the "hoss wool" will grow out again.

REVIVAL.—There continues to be a good degree of religious interest in the several churches of this place, and a considerable number of conversions are reported in Fairfield.

FESTIVAL.—The installation of officers of Waterville Masonic Lodge drew a crowded house on Tuesday evening. Mr. Leonard's address was one of the good hits which he never fails to make on similar occasions; leaving his audience nothing to find fault with but its brevity. The close attention of the audience indicated not only good will towards the institution, but respect for the worthy men who illustrate its character and principles among us.

A favorable winter this, for the contractor for highways. The labor of shovelling through snow-drifts has been hardly worth mentioning. May his good luck continue.

Be careful, ye who hitch your horses at posts by the sidewalks, to give them a short tether. A long one tempts them to practice the circular dance they have learned at the fair; and it is a pretty good sleigh that endures winding more than once round a stoic post. The Major owns that his fail.

THE NEW HAVEN RIOT.—A letter from New Haven says:—

"The feud between students and townies, as they are called, is bitter, and of long standing. Several circumstances have of late exaggerated this feeling of hostility, though no one has apprehended an affray which might result so seriously as that which has just occurred. By an unfortunate coincidence, one of the boarding 'clubs,' made up of Juniors, has its rooms on the corner of High and Elm streets, but a few steps from the engine house of Company No. 2. In the fight four pistol-shots were fired, as the firemen allege, by the students, wrenched, ironed, &c., from the engine house, being used freely on the other side. One shot only took effect, wounding William Miles, the steward of the hose company, which occupies the same building with the engine company, the ball entering the right hip, passing through the bone, and lodging in the abdominal cavity. Knives were freely used, but no other person was seriously injured. As soon as it was found the students were armed, the firemen retreated to their engine house. The students withdrew into the College yard and gathered in an excited crowd in front of the Lyceum. Those acknowledged as leaders among them were proceeding to organize for attack or defence as the case might be. Reports that the firemen were getting out cannon to attack the College buildings, served to increase the feeling. By the energetic efforts of some members of the Faculty, particularly Prof. Thayer, the students were induced to disperse and keep in their rooms, thus removing any chance for increased excitement on their side."

Happy Nancy.

There once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken coop, a solitary woman. She was thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives, she was half-blind, quite lame and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, yet there, in that homely deformed body, the great God who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well Nancy, singing again!" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say with her sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! that's a fact, I am just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret. Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you—what's the reason you are so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got any body but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich fellows like you, depend upon their families and houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children; they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor simple thing as I am—and you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out, suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I can never suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy—you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the supposed time comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us with all our wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you're at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I were you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a despicable sight of mischief."

She was right; we do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and we pet and cherish the ugly monsters till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of the coming ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of misapprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate happy Nancy, "and never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow—do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it." Be more childlike towards the great Father who created you; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own, and above all, wait till the "supposed" comes, and "then make the best of it." Depend upon it, the earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow happy Nancy's rule and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

Cold Bathing.

In summer or winter we do best, except it be to jump into a river, splurge about two or three minutes, and then dress, and walk home as hastily as possible. All animate nature, except the hydra, instinctively shrinks from the application of cold water, if in health. Every body knows that cold water cannot wash the hands clean, and yet whole tones are scribbled about the purifying effects of cold water. Hundreds of children are killed every year by fanatical mothers, sousing them in cold water every day.

The ordinary use of a bath-tub is an indecency. A great deal of stuff is printed about the bathing habits of the ancients, about the Eastern nations, and their love of the bath. What if they did love it? The average of human life is shorter, by many years, among the Eastern people than among the Western. People talk glibly about the bathing habits of Eastern nations, and the cleanliness of the Houris, who grace the Turkish harem, and then we essay an imitation in this fashion. A Turk takes a hot bath, we cold one; we jump into a bath tub, a thing which no decent Turk ever does. We question if there is a single bath tub in all the dominions of the sultan, unless it be the pet property of some water-mad Yankee. A Turk washes himself under a stream of running water, after a vigorous first scrubbing, so that no impure particle, loosened from one part of the body, can, by possibility, come in contact with the body again. We wash ourselves in bath-rooms as cold as Greenland; the Turk cleanses himself in an apartment almost as hot as an oven. We really cannot see how a man can make himself clean in a bath-tub, after the usual fashion.

The sum of the whole matter is this: If we want to cultivate habits of personal cleanliness and health, let us, at rational intervals, say once a week, have a room, in fire time, which shows seventy degrees of Fahrenheit, and with strong soap-suds and bog's hair scrub, let the whole body be most thoroughly scrubbed, almost as effectually as if we were rubbing a grease-spot out of a plank floor: then let the whole surface be rinsed with warm water, running from the spigot. When that is done an instantaneous souse in a bath tub, or, better still, a bucket of cold water dashed on the head, falling all over the naked person, and then to wipe dry and dress in two minutes; that, indeed, is a glorious luxury to any grown person, not an invalid. The "taking a bath" requires the exercise of a sound judgment, and that without this it is not unattended with fatal consequences. New Yorkers, especially have recently had some sad lessons. The lovely young wife of our national representative at Rome, went from the dinner table to a warm bath, and died in a few hours. One of our most distinguished lawyers, the district attorney, we believe, was within a year, found dead in his bath-room. Mordecai Livingston, one of New York's noblest merchants, took a bath one morning, remaining in the water a long time. On coming out he complained of cold over his entire person, and all the means made use of to restore warmth failed. He lingered a while, and died in a few days, aged fifty years, in the very prime of life! Bishop Heber, the author of that charming hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," etc., died from the effects of a bath; and how many thousands of children are annually hurried into the grave by injudicious washings, we will not hazard to conjecture.

(Hall's Journal of Health.)

MAN'S DESTINY.—The appearance of a man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation: the operations of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and reposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged 'rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.' And in looking along the long line of being—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations than all that ever went before him should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present troubles, a state into which he is never to enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with His humble creatures—who gives even the bee and dromouse the winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir to all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying grounds, and decyphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs, but there are other burying grounds, and other tombs—solitary chambers among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and the good; nor are there wanting, on even the mountains of the perished race, frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us, that while their burial yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.—[Hugh Miller.]

SENATOR WADE OF OHIO, and the LEGISLATURE OF THAT STATE.—The Legislature of Ohio lately passed resolutions on the Kansas question, approving Mr. Buchanan, but condemning Leocompton. In presenting these resolutions to the Senate, Mr. Wade spoke as follows:

"Sir, I have said a good deal on this floor against slavery. I do not like slavery or oppression in any form whatever; but I will say to the South, you have not on your plantations, in my judgment, a more craven-spirited set of people than those who have passed these resolutions. Charity begins at home, and you may reply to me, 'You have slavery in the State of Ohio.' God knows we have. These men instruct us to speak for the brave, generous people of the State of Ohio! Crouching, miserable slaves themselves, they assume to speak for freemen, and to freemen. Of course they need not instruct me how to vote or how to act on this question."

From 'New England Ministers' (a review of a recent book by Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany,) are the following:

Parson Deane, of Portland, was a precise man, and always appeared in the clerical regalia of the time, with powdered wig, cocked hat, gown, bands. Parson Hemmenway went about with just such clothes as he happened to find convenient, without the least regard to the conventional order.

Being together on a council, Dr. Deane playfully remarked—

"The ferryman, Brother Hemmenway, as we came over, hadn't the least idea you were a clergyman. Now I am particular always to appear with my wig on."

"Precisely," said Dr. Hemmenway; I know it is well to bestow abundant honor on the part that lacketh."

The following relates to the celebrated Dr. Bellamy:

"A young minister who made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success. 'Why, man,' said the doctor, 'can't you take a lesson of the fisherman? How do you go to work, if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line, you bait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now you get a great cod hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out, 'Bite or be damned!'"

The doctor himself gained such a reputation as an expert spiritual fisherman, that some of his parishioners, like experienced old trout, played shy of his hook, though never so skillfully baited.

Why, Mr. A., said he to an old farmer in his neighborhood, they tell me you are an Atheist. Don't you believe in the being of a God?"

"No," said the man.

"But, Mr. A., let's look into this. You believe that the world around us exists from some cause?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, at any rate, you believe in your own existence?"

"No, I don't."

"What! not believe that you exist yourself?"

"I tell you what, doctor," said the man, "I ain't going to be bothered by any of your syllogisms, and I tell you I don't believe anything, and I'm not going to believe anything!"

BUTTER.—Many a good woman is blamed for making poor butter. The fault is not wholly hers. Feed cows on leeks, and ergot, and sour wild grass, and to ask a woman to make good butter and cheese from the milk, is more than the requirement of a tale of brick, without furnishing straw or clay either. With such material no woman can make good butter.

The garlic is no worse than the others, except that the flavor is more perceptible. The poison in the others is worse, because unseen and therefore not guarded against. Sweet butter cannot be made from milk impregnated with garlic, poisoned with ergot, soured by wild grass, or heated with a feverish cow. Show us a farmer, that by good cultivation has drained his swales, destroyed the poison in the soil that causes ergot and sour grass, whose cows crop only the sweet grasses, and flowers that give fragrance to the meadow, and we will show you, in his kitchen, a woman that makes good butter.

A CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.—Mrs. Gretchen Luckstein, a German lady, complained that her eldest son, Gottlieb, had been bewitched by a neighbor of hers, an old woman named Catharine Griederman, who practices the art of fortune-telling by the cards, and is believed throughout the whole neighborhood to be a powerful enchantress. She keeps a 'stygian pig,' or familiar imp, in the shape of an ugly little black dog which about two weeks ago bit Gottlieb's heel as he was passing Mrs. Freiderman's door, and Gottlieb proved the mortality of the cur on the spot by killing him with a kick of his heavy boot.

"Soon after that," said Mrs. Luckstein in court, "Gottlieb gave up his place in der school where he worked, and now he do nothing but sit still and roasts his shins by der stove. He say it make him feel mush bad, shud to think about doing any work at all."

"And was he fond of work before?" asked the magistrate.

"Vell—nicht," answered Mrs. L. "He vash never care much about it; but 'since old Kaetreen Freiderman pettewitched him and the new lager beer saloon was opened at der corner, he shust smokes his pipe and trinks all der time."

The magistrate replied that, in his opinion, it might do the young man more good to be set to work; for by his mother's own statement, it appeared that he was bewitched chiefly by lager and laziness. A very good charm to break this sort of spell, (he added,) was to apply a good stout hickory stick to the patient's shoulders. But Mrs. Luckstein hearing these suggestions with much disgust, persisted in her demand that a warrant should be issued for the arrest of the supposed sorceress. This being refused, she left the office, muttering her conviction that nobody can be safe from diabolical enchantment while it is connived at by the public authorities.—[Philadelphia Press.]

MEXICO.—Since the war with the United States the Mexican Republic has tried three experiments in the way of government. The first was that of Herrera and Arista, which lasted from the peace of 1848 to Jan. 6, 1853, when Arista, an honest man, a sincere patriot and a wise statesman, at last yielded to the fatal power of circumstances and the greedy factions that surrounded him, and went into exile, where he died. Next came the experiment of despotism under Santa Anna, a charlatan and a braggart, if there ever was one, who clothed himself in regal state and titles, till he and they were suppressed by the sturdy old mountaineer, Alvarez. On August 9, 1855, Santa Anna, for the third or fourth time, abdicated and fled the country, which he had not known how to govern. Finally, we have seen the moderate democratic administration of Comonfort, who was put into power on Dec. 10, 1855, and has in turn been compelled to abandon the impracticable task and seek safety in a foreign country.

This result has long been probable. It is, we think, impossible to deny that, on the whole, Comonfort has borne himself well in the final struggle; but the forces combined against him were too powerful and active to allow him much room for hope. There was the natural restlessness of a decaying State, in which the people are ready to believe that any change will be for the better; there was the ambition of a score of rival generals, whose advancement required a revolution; and above all, the enormous power of the church, which the President had defied, and at whose political ponderance he had struck an unpardonable blow in the secularization of the church lands. To this power and its purposes all other causes became subservient. In order to resist it Comonfort made himself Dictator, but in vain. After an arduous struggle, lasting now for some four months, the latter half of which has been marked by actual civil war, he has at last met the fate of Mexican rulers, and is a fugitive. The triumphant clerical party has set up in his stead a new man. Indeed, it is hardly possible for any man, except he is a miracle of force and genius, to govern Mexico for any length of time. With a half savage and ignorant people, an exhausted treasury, difficult foreign complications, pressing debts, and an army of hungry and unscrupulous generals, no government can long endure. But whatever the future may have in store for Mexico, and whatever errors Comonfort may have committed, he will forever have the glory of accomplishing, what none of his predecessors dared attempt, the transfer of more than a fifth of the whole territory of Mexico, and that its best titled and most populous portion, from the feudal tenure of the church to the possession of private owners and cultivators. For this act his countrymen will hereafter remember him with gratitude, though for the moment they may regard him with a very different feeling.—[New York Tribune.]

SINGULAR MEDICAL FACTS.—Professor Timothy Childs relates in the American Medical Monthly, a curious case of fatal apoplexy of the cerebellum. In the Summer of 1853, a young lady, aged 19, in taking care of her sister's infant, amused it by shaking her own head rapidly and violently a great number of times. Faintness and vomiting followed, and she was confined to her bed several days. On going out again, she could not walk without staggering. Various prescriptions were used; none relieved her, except that a seton was thought temporarily to do some good. In December, 1854, Dr. C. found she could not walk without help, and was growing rapidly blind; there was constant dull pain in the region of the occiput, bowels torpid, &c. A seton in the nape of the neck and a mild course of proutide of mercury improved the vision for a time, but entire blindness followed, and in January, 1855, a general convulsion took place, in a second attack of which she died, with intellect unaffected. Autopsy revealed an old hardened clot of blood, of the size of a large walnut, in the centre of the cerebellum, bared in nearly two ounces of yellow serum included in a cyst. The other organs were healthy.

A medical man named Salle, practicing his medicine, was completing the operation of tracheotomy, which he had undertaken upon a child suffering from purulent sore throat. Dr. Salle, who was only twenty-nine years of age, seeing the trachea quickly filling with blood, put his lips to the wound, and drew by inspiration the fluid ready to choke the child. The next day, the same purulent state of the fauces and the child appeared in M. Salle, and forty-eight hours afterwards he died, in spite of the efforts made by his colleagues to save their noble-minded friend's life.

HAS SLAVERY IMPROVED THE NEGRO?—One of the favorite arguments for the system of American slavery of late is, that it has improved the African race. Poor as the argument is at best, it is likely to be spoiled by facts. The missionaries of Jamaica testify that they find more truthfulness, more nobility of character among the native Africans whom brought to Jamaica than among those who were born in Jamaica, and enjoyed all the elevating influences of slavery. In a late number of the American Missionary we find other testimony of the same kind. Rev. Mr. Wm. M. D., missionary of the United Brethren, writing from Africa says:

"I am pleased to be able to state that the natives here are far superior to the negroes of our country. It has been claimed by some that slavery, as it is in the United States, has elevated the negro, but this is a great mistake. The British Consul, Handson, heretofore agent of, is an equal for any of our statesmen in plomacy. He is a very fine scholar, and is said to be an excellent speaker, which, judged from his ability in conversation, I believe to be true. Well, he is a native of this coast. I have seen many variations of the face and intellectual appearances of the people here in our own land. We have all the peculiarities in the native negro here that you see among the Anglo-Saxons in America. Child has humble and faithful followers here as well as in other parts of the world. There are those in Africa who have a faith that would put to shame the faith of one half the professed of America."

boring miller took the grain to sell as soon as possible and return him the net proceeds. He and his brothers will sing their way back through the same region next April, taking grain wherever cash cannot be had, and turning or shipping it as may be advisable in each case.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE. . . . FEB. 18, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. FLEMING, American Newspaper Agent, Agent for this paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office are at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore. S. M. PERCIVAL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

WOOD.

Those who propose to bring us wood are requested not to delay, as the sleighing may compel them to disappoint us when it is too late to supply ourselves elsewhere.

Farmer's Club.

Night bitter cold; discussion warm; attendance good. The following resolution was introduced by Mr. Maxham:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Club, the best way to raise a thrifty and permanent orchard, is by procuring healthy and well formed seedling trees of native growth, and grafting the branches during the second, third and fourth years after transplanting; and that we recommend this process to the farmers of Maine, as the only means of arresting the ruin that now threatens this branch of business.

The design of the resolution was to elicit inquiry and draw out facts, rather than to mark a definite conclusion. Mr. Crowell, of the West Waterville nursery, attributed the general failure of young orchards to want of proper care, rather than to fault in the choice of trees. He preferred the stock grafted trees because they produced fruit earlier, and believed that those who should begin an orchard on the plan contemplated by the resolution must content themselves with raising fruit for the next generation, rather than for themselves. Considerable dissent from his views was expressed by several persons; and in a brisk and lively conversation which followed, much practical light was thrown upon the subject of orcharding.

Mr. W. B. Marston inquired whether the popular custom of cutting off the tap-root of young trees before transplanting, was not injurious. It was replied, that the custom was established by nurserymen, so far as to pass without question. In reply to a question, Mr. Crowell stated that when once cut off close as was the custom, the tap-root never grew again. This part of the subject was dropped at this point; though we believe it deserving of careful investigation. Whether this treatment of the young tree does not inflict permanent injury, by disabling it from standing firmly against the wind, and depriving it of the means of reaching down deep for the mineral substances it wants, is yet an open question, and one of much importance—the practice of interested nurserymen to the contrary notwithstanding. No doubt it is convenient for them, as most of the trees that pass through their hands are taken up several times before they reach a permanent place in the orchard. Let this point be investigated.

The resolution was laid on the table, and E. Maxham and William Dyer appointed a committee to correspond, on this subject, with the secretary of the Board of Agriculture—who is an extensive and experienced nurseryman.

By invitation, the Club met on Friday evening at the house of Joseph Percival. Subject of discussion, "Winter Feeding and Care of Stock."

THANKS—to our old friend and townsman, Gen. Solon S. Simons, of California, for interesting public documents from the State legislature, of which he is a member. It does us good to learn that his merits are appreciated in his adopted State—or rather the State he has contributed to make. From the legislative chart we read: "Solon S. Simons, from Maine in 1851, farmer, aged 47, married, democrat, of Santa Clara." That's the man

