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The Past and The Present.

If a gun be discharged at a distance from us, we all know that we can see the smoke before we hear the report, and are aware therefore that sound takes some time in travelling. We believe, however, our seeing to be instantaneous—as practically it is; but it is only because of the limited power of the eye. Even to the longest sighted, a man a mile off is a small object; two or three miles off he is almost imperceptible, and quite so at eight or ten. We have no sensation, therefore, of the time which light takes in travelling, because our power of seeing is restricted to a distance so small as to make the time occupied in its rapid transit inappreciable. Light travels, in round numbers, one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second; if, therefore, we were gifted with eyesight to distinguish objects at a distance, we should see a movement of the moon a second after it occurred. The sun is about ninety-five million of miles from us, so that with sufficient power of eye-sight we should see what was passing on its surface some eight or nine minutes after the incidents happened. Or if we looked to those stars which astronomers tell us are so remote that it takes thousands of years for the light they emit to reach our world, we should witness the progress of events which had ceased there thousands of years before.

I had been speculating whether instruments would ever be invented to give us this wonderfully increased power of vision, and on the vast addition to our knowledge of the universe we should derive from it, when I fell into what the old writers would call a vision, or a dream. I was walking along a London street in familiar converse with a friend, when I was struck by his saying, after narrating an incident which had occurred, 'It is not more than two thousand millions of miles off.'

'Not more than what?' I said.

'Not more than two thousand millions of miles off.'

Seeing that I still looked bewildered, 'Why, where have you been,' he continued, 'not to have heard of the new method of reckoning time by distance, which has already with us passed into a habit?'

'Reckon time by distance?' I repeated dreamily.

'Just so; time since an incident by the distance at which you may see it now.'

'I am aware of the power of seeing at any distance,' I said; 'but I can't understand yet your new method of calculating time.'

'Then you don't know of our recently acquired faculty of transferring our consciousness at will to any point, however remote.'

The idea took away my breath; for some time I could not reply. After a while I began, 'Do you really mean to say—'

'My dear fellow,' he interrupted, 'we have not possessed the power so long, that I cannot in some sort appreciate your feeling on hearing of it for the first time. But a practical instance will tell you more than many words of mine. Come with me into this court of justice—for the certainty with which offences are now detected has not yet convinced all men of the folly of offending—come in with me, and you will soon know all about it.'

We entered; the court was as I had seen it before, except there were no counsel; there was the judge, the jury, the prosecutor in the witness-box, and the prisoner at the bar—the latter charged with a street robbery. As we went in, the judge was asking the prosecutor when the alleged robbery took place.

'It is about one hundred and twenty thousand millions of miles off now,' replied the man.

'Are you not aware, sir,' said the judge to him sternly, 'that in courts of law we abide by the old formula? Tell me how many days it was since; I can calculate for myself, if needful, the distance in miles.'

'It took place this day week,' said the man, in Cheapside.

'And at what hour of the day?' inquired the judge.

'About five o'clock in the afternoon.'

Gentlemen of the jury, said the judge, 'you have heard the charge made against the prisoner at the bar, and the time and place in which the offence is said to have been committed. You will now, if you please, project yourselves with me, and so many of those present who choose to accompany us, to the distance the prosecutor, in compassion to our ignorance, was good enough to mention—one hundred and twenty thousand millions of miles; we will then move gently downwards till we see Cheapside at five o'clock in the afternoon, which we shall know by the vehicles being all jammed together, and at a stand still, just as every one has the strongest desire to get out of the city quickly.'

'What can this mean?' said I to myself.

'However, I should like to go wherever they go.'

The wish had scarcely flashed through my mind, when I was in the open air; I could see no one, not even myself, but I had a kind of consciousness that my friend, the judge and the jury were all about me. Looking down, I beheld the world far beneath, its divisions distinct as one sees them when stooping over a globe. While I was gazing about in astonishment, now at Europe, now at Africa, I was recalled to myself by hearing the judge say,

'Gentlemen, we are too far off: Cheapside is jammed up, it is true, but the horses heads are now turned from the City; and soon we saw the prosecutor come out of his shop-door, buttoning up his great-coat.'

'Yes, the prosecutor, gentlemen?' said the judge.

'Yes,' in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

The prosecutor was evidently in a hurry; he had left his warehouse without staying to fasten his coat or put on his gloves. When he had buttoned his great-coat, he took his gloves out of his pocket, and in so doing pulled out part of his pocket-handkerchief. He walked rapidly along Cheapside, and just as he was crossing Queen street the prisoner made his appearance.

'You see the prisoner, gentlemen?' said the judge.

'Yes,' in one voice replied the twelve jurymen.

'Watch carefully what takes place,' said the judge.

I saw the prisoner side up to the prosecutor; for some little time he walked close behind him. At last, as the prosecutor was staying a moment by the crowd at a crossing, the prisoner took hold of the handkerchief and drew it out of the pocket, in doing which he saw out also a pocket-book, which I distinctly saw fall on the pavement; the prisoner stopped down, picked up the pocket-book, and made off with both it and the handkerchief.

Gentlemen, said the judge, 'you have witnessed the transaction; you have seen both handkerchief and pocket-book stolen?'

Eleven of the jury assented, but the twelfth said:

'I saw him take the handkerchief; but I did not see the pocket-book.'

'How very provoking!' said the judge.

'How stupid!' said the eleven jurymen.

'We must, if you please, rise sixty millions of miles and witness the transaction again,' said the judge; 'and pray, sir, look attentively this time when the handkerchief is pulled out of the pocket.'

Another conscious change of position, and in a minute we again saw the prosecutor issue from his shop, buttoning up his coat, and take out his gloves; again the prisoner appeared, followed him, drew out the handkerchief and pocket-book, picked up the latter and made off.

'I saw the pocket-book stolen this time,' said the unfortunate jurymen.

'In that case,' said the judge, 'we may resume our places in court.'

In a moment we were there, as quiet and untroubled as though no one had moved.

'How say you, gentlemen of the jury,' said the judge, 'is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?'

'Guilty, my lord,' in one voice, said the twelve jurymen.

'Prisoner,' said the judge, rising, 'we have all seen you commit the robbery with which you stand charged. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned for twelve months with hard labor. The proceeds of your work will be appropriated, first in recompensing the prosecutor for his loss by your act, and for his time occupied in this trial; then in payment of the cost of your food and of keeping you in safe custody; and if aught should remain after these claims are satisfied, it will be given to you on your liberation. I trust that during this time of enforced abstinence from evil habits, and separation from evil companions, you will seriously resolve to lead an honest life in future; and that you will always bear in mind, and when the term of your imprisonment arrives, will tell your late associates, that, by the new powers which science has conferred upon men, the chance of escape for a criminal is gone: the judge and jury who try him are now able with their own eyes to see the offence committed.'

We left the court.

'But how could it be,' said I to my friend, 'that we saw the same thing twice over?'

'How?' said he; 'do you think it was that we saw it once?'

'By being in a position,' said I slowly, and thinking over each word, 'to which the light in its passage was just arriving.'

'Exactly,' said my friend; 'your description is true of all seeing: we see a thing when the light in which it is done reaches our eyes—there is nothing new in this. You can see it a third time, or a thousandth, if you wish; it is but the willing to be certain millions miles off. That which has been, is always; it is only a question of where we must be to see it.'

The First State Prisoner.

BY GRANT THORNTON.

I landed in New York, June, 1785, by trade a rough nail-maker, in the 22d year of my age. In October following, I went up to the Park to see a man hung (at that time the Park was out of town, and only 20,000 inhabitants). With ten thousand fools, some bigger and some smaller than myself, we stood watching the vibrations of the rope and the iron hook, during two long hours.

Then the Sheriff stood on the scaffold and read a printed list of names.

I expected to see a hanging, but no hanging was there.

The man was Noah Gardner. He kept a large shoe store in New York. He committed forgery, which, at that time, was death, by the laws of the United States. The State Prison was building at that time; this was the first prisoner erected in the world for reform instead of hanging. The Society of Friends were the chief promoters of this humane system. One room in the prison was now ready to receive criminals. The Friends procured from the Governor a commutation from death to the State prison for life.

Being a shoe-maker by trade, they gave him a stool, wax, last, and awl, and here commenced the State prison manufactory. Next court, six vagabonds were sent to keep him company; these he taught how to make shoes.

I visited the prison three years after this. In one large room at three hundred shoemakers. Noah was provost marshal, walking cane in hand, punishing evil doers and praising them that did well.

Seven years having passed over Noah, the Friends waited on the Governor. 'Friend,' said they, 'seven years ago you would have hung this man: now he is a reformed member of society.'

He received an unconditional pardon and came out. The Friends found him a store in Pearl street, lent him money, endorsed his notes, and gave him their custom. Immediately he was in a thriving way. He joined the society of Friends, and said *there and then* with the best of them. He had a wife, and children arrived at maturity.

His journeyers were chiefly men of families and wrought at their own houses. 'Now, friend,' said he, 'these must bring these boots home on fourth day evening.'

Says the man, 'You shall have them.'

The boots did not come home until fifth day evening. Noah was wroth. He gave the man a long lecture on the evils of disappointment and want of punctuality.

When he drew up to breathe, the man replied:—'Sir, I am a poor man; I have a wife and three children, the youngest only forty-eight hours old. I had to attend on my wife and cook for my children. It was not in my power to finish the boots sooner.'

Noah still continued to magnify the horrors of disappointment.

The man grew angry, his Scotch blood boiled in his veins, he struck the counter with his fist like a sledge hammer. 'I know,' says he, 'it's a terrible thing to be disappointed. I remember going up to the Park to see you hung, and never was so disappointed in my life as when I saw the reprieve!'

Now this was a knock-down argument, as an Irishman would say. It was a case in point, as they say in court, and a fact beyond controversy, as they say in Congress. Noah was dumb; he opened his mouth. He gave the man another pair to make, kept him in employment, treated him kindly, but, as the man said, he never heard the word 'disappointed' drop from his lips thereafter.

Noah went on prospering and to prosper.

He one day borrowed various sums of money and obtained a number of endorsements. The bills he changed for gold, the endorsements he got shaved in Wall st. That night he was off for parts unknown, taking with him a dear sister, the wife of a young friend, to cheer him on his way.

The story is true to the letter, and being the first subject of State prison reform, the day dreamers of the present time may settle the question whether hanging or State prison reform is the surest mode of curing a consummate villain. His friends never heard from him.

Freedom in Slave States.

Among the signs of the times are expressions recently uttered by Republican Members on the floor of the Senate, which we do not feel at liberty to pass without notice. Mr. Seward has stated that he regards the great battle between Freedom and Slavery as over, inasmuch as, before one year passes away, the Free States will be to the Slave as nineteen to fifteen. This has been followed by a remark from Mr. Fessenden expressly disavowing any intention or desire to interfere with slavery in the States where it now exists, and others have asserted the same thing in language equally as broad. It is with deep regret we chronicle the use of such terms by men in whose public conduct we have seen much to admire heretofore, and must deplore the tendency which betrays itself in certain quarters to give so great a cause a purely sectional aspect. If Mr. Seward wishes only a preponderance of Northern States in the confederacy, he may well say the battle is over; and if Mr. Fessenden desires to confine the benefits of free white labor to the section it now holds, he may well say that he does not intend to interfere with Slavery in the Slave States; but all must see that such positions, whether so intended or not, are sectional, selfish, and recreant to human progress. Partisans and placemen may be content to wear the honors they have won, but the people will not rest satisfied with the delights of any such Capua. To-day we are struggling here in Missouri, a present Slave State, to give all its valleys to cultivation by free white citizens, relieved from slavery competition, and we are told that such effort meets no endorsement at the hands of men who have heretofore held to a broad faith in the progress of free institutions. Very well, let it be so. We shall go forward, nevertheless, and may say with Nelson, when slighted by admiralty dispatches, 'some day we shall have a gazette of our own.' We are struggling now and here not for theoretic preponderance of Free States in the Federal Government, nor for mere Territorial liberties to guarantee free labor expansion, but also to reclaim Missouri from the disadvantages of a slave system that is paralyzing her energies and crippling her advance. And we make bold to say, furthermore, that our sympathy and our service are not confined within the line that separates our State from adjacent States; but that all efforts to confer like benefit upon other commonwealths—to elevate and encourage and protect the labor of the free working citizens against the depression of servile toil, will ever meet with our zealous cooperation. In Kentucky, in Virginia, in Maryland, the same movement in behalf of free soil for the free labor of a free yeomanry is transpiring, and we hail it with emphatic congratulation. We know that it will be in vindication of the positions assumed by Senators, that Congress and the Federal Government have no right to interfere in such work, and that the Republican party has no mission to constrain the expansion of free principles in Slave States. This in part is true, but it does not fully meet the case. Practically, Congress is determining now the existence or non-existence of Slavery in Kansas, under the shadow of a dominant party, of an Administration and of a Supreme Court that do not recognize the power of Congress over the question of Slavery in the Territories. It is the influence, the patronage, the moral weight, the protection of the Federal Government that affects the subject even in the absence of direct intervention. It has been so in Kansas; it is so in Missouri. All these are now thrown in to the scale against free labor and for slave labor. Moreover, it is the role of political organizations, national and otherwise, to formulate distinct policies, to give momentum to great truths, to achieve victories everywhere in behalf of the right. To this end the extinction of Slavery in the central, grain-growing Slave States is one of the first steps in the path of progress—a step that is to be accomplished through the instrumentality of their own swelling populations doing the work, as is now being done in the territories and elsewhere, and sustained in so doing by an embodied public sentiment throughout the nation, call it party or whatever name suits, that will cheer and uphold their self-advancement. It is idle for leaders, in their isolation, to ignore such manifest outgrowths. The shoots show forth the vital sap in the trunk. Whether, therefore, present organizations may see fit to accept the appointed mission of cherishing free principles, extending a protecting ægis over free emigration, and vindicating the cause of free labor everywhere, as it moves from climate to climate, is a matter of small consequence; for the masses of the people of the United States will not long want combination expressive of these great ends, whenever the same becomes needful. It is moreover, thus, and thus only, that a true nationality will take the place of mere sectionalism, for it transfers the strife from a conflict between States to a contest for populations. It substitutes physical development, social elevation, and home grandeur, for the issues of prejudice, repression and disunion which now obtain. It subordinates the Slavery question to the popular will, and makes appeal to that will a legitimate field of controversy. The Free-Labor movement, as it has taken body and shape and form out of the late Territorial and incipient State struggles, as it has found its strength in colonization and its development in thickening settlement, as it has gathered in its hand the aspirations of the heroic, the hopes of the economic, the devotions of the fanatical and the calculations of the speculative, as it has manipulated the tide of streaming thousands who pour forth from their home, and directed it here or there, so it will dominate the future of politics in despite of all opposition. Those who are with it may guide it to beneficent ends, and cheer the heart of patriotism with its miracles and its gospels; those who are not with it will be crushed beneath its momentum, and left upon the shore as bleaching wrecks to mark a foolish anchorage.

Let us hope that the words we have commented upon are hasty expressions which the speakers, seeing the attitude they place themselves in, will be the first to retract or explain. If not, we shall write with deep regret their withdrawal from the coming field of future victory, but no abandonment by parties or politicians shall induce us to trail the banner that has been unfurled in this State until Missouri shall be possessed in fullness and entirety by free white labor.—[Mo. Democrat.]

EXCUSES AND REASONS.—How differently people reason on different subjects. When one thinks of going to church, how obstacles loom up—when one thinks of attending a party or ball, how those obstacles dwindle. Here is a sample:

Excuses for not attending Public Worship. It rains; it shines; too hot; too cold; too wet; too dry. Slept late this morning, (as usual on Sunday) and my head aches. Clothes old, shabby, i. e. not fashionable enough to be decent. Want to sleep; rest; take medicine; write letters; go a journey. Got a new novel; promised to return it to-morrow. Worked hard all the week; no other day to enjoy myself. Got a large dinner to cook for invited company. Forgot to buy gloves; too far off; only next door, can sit in my chamber and hear the sermon. The minister speaks too low; too short; too long; is personal in his preaching; cuts too close; wakes up my conscience; makes me uneasy. Singing makes me nervous; sermons put me to sleep, or bore me to death. Got nothing for the contribution box; don't like free seats; no, nor rented either; preachers are mere hirelings. Baby sneezed this morning; going to meeting don't save folks. One sermon drives another out of my head; half a day enough. Can read the Bible and a sermon at home, (but won't!)—Lame feet; corns; new shoes; too tired to keep awake. Nothing new; all form; service dull; too much getting up and sitting down; singing left to the choir; none by congregation. Ministers preach for pay; asked our minister why he wanted more salary, if he didn't preach for souls—said he couldn't eat souls—very sharp for a minister. Susy D. has got a new mantilla, won't go with my old one; coughed once last Sunday, set all the congregation to coughing. Minister hasn't called on me; want to look at my accounts; going a riding; few doors too narrow; hoops too wide, &c.

Reasons for going to the Party, Ball, Theater, or Circus. I don't mind the weather; rain won't hurt me, neither sun or salt; been doing on it a week; sun ain't so very hot; cold air is wholesome; the house is always comfortable; never feel cold in such a place; rather wear my old gown (or coat) than not go; 'twill cure my headache, always does; worked hard all day, but don't feel the least tired; borrow a pair of gloves; no matter for a carriage; walked two miles many a time; long walks do me good; put off the dinner, eat a cold cut, fasting is good for my health. Tommy's a little flushed, but that's nothing, no danger; want a bit of fresh air; can write that letter some other day as well as not; ain't afraid of getting sleepy at such a place; can look at that account and inspect my ledger at some other time; what do I care for the price of tickets or any other expense? 'Go it while you're young.' Reckon I can squeeze in somehow, if the place is narrow, or over so crowded; all the world will be there, and I want to exhibit myself among them. I tell you where there is a will there is a way, and I'm bound to go anyhow, if it rains pitchforks—if thunder roar and lightning blazes. So don't say any more, for I will not hear the least objection, no, nor the greatest either; that's a fact, a fixed fact, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. I might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.

A SINGULAR AND FATAL CASE.—The Marysville California News states, on the authority of a Delor Gulch correspondent, that John Thomas in January last came to his death in the following manner:

'He and Ephraim Maringer, while conversing together in a store, differed concerning the length of time a man could hold his breath. Thomas thought ten minutes was the longest time, when Maringer offered to bet him ten dollars that he could not hold his breath five minutes. At last they put up ten dollars each, and he who kept in his breath longest was to have the money. Thomas said he was determined to win the ten dollars or burst. The parties were fixed, the word given, and each drew a long breath and held on. Second after second rolled away into minutes—one—two—three—minutes—and Maringer grew in with a loud puff, not able to stand it longer. At this the spectators raised a loud laugh; but Thomas gave no sign or motion to show that he was aware of his having won the wager, but sat, with his head bowed upon his breast, still—immovable! They called him by name; no answer. The spectators, of whom there were five or six, became alarmed. They raised him, raised him from his chair, and behold! he was dead! A physician was called in, but there was no hope of resuscitation. Two other doctors came, a post mortem examination was held, and it was found that the heart had been completely burst—asunder, thus causing instant death. 'He was determined to win the money or burst!' Both Thomas and Maringer were strong, robust and healthy men—miners, capable of undergoing much fatigue.'

ABLE TO OWE THE GOVERNMENT.—A Washington letter-writer narrates the following amusing display of Congressional genius:

'Notwithstanding the dignity which surrounds the supreme legislative body of the land, some ludicrous scenes occur within the Hall. Not long ago, a very enthusiastic and eloquent gentleman from Arkansas got up to address the House on the filibustering question, and as the discussion was roaming extremely wide, he soon found himself talking about public lands in his own State. On this theme he waxed warm, and in the midst of a burst of enthusiasm, and a fervent appeal in favor of a donation of land to Arkansas, a wicked member asked him if that State had not once borrowed money from the General Government?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the excited member, 'my State did get money from the government. She not only got it, sir, but she kept it; and let me tell you, Mr. Chairman, that our people down in Arkansas are an honorable people, and although they never intend to pay the

money, yet they will not repudiate, but will always acknowledge the corn, and confess that they do owe 'Uncle Sam,' and are able to owe him.' Of course this acknowledgment brought down the House.'

OLD PSALM TUNES.—Blackwood says of old psalm tunes:—There is to us more of touching pathos, heart thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm tunes, feeling displayed, than in a whole batch of modernism. The strains go home, and the foundations of the great deep are broken up; the great deep of unathomable feelings, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as unwonted, yet unchecked tears start in the eyes, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind, like far off dreams of paradise, mingling their chaste melancholy with a musing of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts, in the olden time, have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in these plaintive notes, that now, cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred church, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion?

Dentists as well as apothecaries, meet with queer customers at times. A man not long since called on a distinguished dentist, and wanted to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. The doctor examined his teeth carefully, and told him he did not see any cavities; but he must needs look again for the man was confident there were several. The doctor looked again, and told him he could find none, and he went away. A week or two after they met each other, and he asked about those teeth.

'O,' said the man, 'what's his name over here filled them for me; he found four holes—pretty large ones too. I knew they were there.'

'Ah,' replied the doctor, 'I looked very carefully and did not see any.'

'Well,' said he, 'he didn't find them until he drilled a spell.'

HOW TO CUT GLASS WITH A PENCIL OF IRON.—Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface,) then take a common spike or some similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness and apply it to the edge of the glass; draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the clink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half inch in every direction, according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be reheated as the crevice in the glass ceases to flow.—[Scientific American.]

A PERSISTENT SLANDER.—Macaulay, in the third volume of the new edition of his history of England, renews his attack upon William Penn, and scours everything said in his defence. The *Athenaeum Review*, in noticing this persistent slander of Macaulay, furnishes further proof of the existence of that George Penn, whom Macaulay mistakes in his history for good William, the founder of Philadelphia. The English public are satisfied these are two distinct characters, not to be confused with one another. George Penn was a parricide brother, at Taunton. William Penn was no relation, probably not even an acquaintance. By persisting in this wicked slander, Macaulay will undoubtedly tarnish and damage his own great fame, while it will be impossible for him to change the estimate which impartial history has placed on the name and character of the founder of Pennsylvania.

HOSPITALITY IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.—Every church says an exchange paper, that would prosper, must show proper attention to strangers. It should be seen that they are promptly and courteously provided with seats and made to feel that they have a cordial welcome there. Kind looks should greet them as they come, and follow them as they go.—Should they come again, let them meet with the same reception. And should they become constant worshippers there, let them be sought out and visited, not merely by the pastor, but by members of the church and society.—Whether rich or poor they should not be overlooked or neglected. They have claims as strangers irrespective of all outward distinction. Let us see that they have prompt attention.

Let a man bring the matter home to himself. Suppose you are in a strange place. You go the house of God on the Sabbath, but are treated as a stranger in the fullest sense of the word. You are not spoken to—you are not seated. We venture the assertion that when you go home, it will be to attend some other meeting, if there is one near, and if there is no other, you will be quite inclined to stay at home.

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says: 'Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grocers act on a different principle, wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs being already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water, the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd, as to jump into a shower bath, after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap, and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in.'

CAUSE OF SUICIDE.—Many have wondered over the frequent suicides that have lately occurred, such as those of Rusk, Anson Jones and others. The *New Orleans Bulletin* gives an index to the secret:

The extensive adulterations of liquors which have taken place of late years act upon the brain and destroy its proper functions. Physicians and others know well that the brain is liable to disease, almost as much so perhaps as any other organ, and when it is so the individual is—crazy! and does not know what he is

doing. The brain of the drunkard, it is well known, will take fire, emitting a bluish light, and causing a small like burning alcohol.

We are strongly inclined to think that most suicides by males are referable to this as the primary cause.'

The Tyrant of the School.

It happened that our district school was kept one year by a young Englishman, named Stanley. He had some peculiar opinions on the subject of the management of boys.—Whether he was right or not, I cannot say, I can only relate my own experience.

Among the scholars was Ethan Bragg, a stout, overgrown boy, who was a terrible dunce in school, and a terrible tyrant out of doors.—For some cause, of which I was ignorant, he took particular pleasure in maltreating and annoying me. I could not come within his reach that he would not either knock my hat down rudely over my face, or trip me up, or soil my clothes with a kick from a shoe well charged with mud.

Whether it was that he saw my physical inability to resist him, or that he had a grudge against me because I was always above him in our class, I do not know. I was a full year his elder, which made it all the more mortifying to me to be obliged to submit to his ill-treatment.

One day, when I had been particularly annoyed by his catching me and slapping my face, and then throwing my hat into a puddle, I wandered away through a by-lane, weeping and miserable, when as I turned to go home, I met my sister Mary. 'Why, what is the matter, Paul?' she exclaimed. 'You have been crying.'

Thus appealed to, I was obliged to make a confession of my griefs. When I had finished, 'Well, my dear Paul,' said Mary, 'you must return good for evil. I will tell you what to do. Give Ethan your bag of marbles. I do not believe he will hurt you after that.'

'But Mary,' I replied, 'is there not something cowardly and selfish in my trying to buy a peace in that way? I would like to return good for evil, but to do it in a way that should let Ethan know I do not do it from fear. I think I will talk with Mr. Stanley on the subject.'

Hardly were the words out of my mouth than we met Mr. Stanley approaching, twirling a big stick, as if to keep his hand in practice. 'What now, Paul?' said he. 'Your eyes are the color of beets.' Mary answered his inquiry by telling my story for me; and then asked Mr. Stanley to intercede, and prevent any further annoyances on the part of Ethan Bragg.

'Nonsense! Paul is old enough to protect himself!' said Mr. Stanley, in reply. 'But he is not strong enough,' said Mary. 'That is his own fault,' replied the schoolmaster, 'and for that he deserves all the punishment that Ethan can inflict.' I began to open my eyes and my ears too. 'What do you mean, sir?' I exclaimed.

'I mean,' said the master, 'that instead of trying to invigorate your body by healthy out-door exercises, this fine winter weather, you keep in the house over the fire, contenting yourself with in-door games, books and pleasures. These are all well enough in their place, but, in order to be a whole man, properly developed, you must exercise the body as well as the mind. Bragg is a coward like all bullies. He sees that you are feeble physically, and so he worries and plagues you; and I hope he will continue to do so till he cures you of your immoral neglect of your bodily energies.'

'Immoral?'—'Yes! There may be immorality in neglect of the body, as well as of the mind. If the fault were not your own—if you were lame or ill, and Ethan were to tyrannize over you—I should take great satisfaction in punishing him. But, as it is, you have only yourself to thank for your sufferings. Look you, Paul—'

Mr. Stanley finished the sentence in a tone that Mary did not hear, and then turned on his heels and left us.

That afternoon, for the first time, I put on a pair of skates that my uncle had given me, and passed a couple of hours in practicing with them on the ice. The next day there was a snow-storm, and I shoveled paths all round the house. Without neglecting my lessons, I kept in the open air a good portion of the time. I contrived some gymnastic fixtures, and rose an hour earlier every morning and exercised.

I took especial pains to develop the muscles of my hands and wrists. Catching hold of the bough of a tree, I would lift my body up till my chin was on a level with my hands. I was careful, however, not to overtask my strength. I knew that I must be very gradual in my efforts. I was methodical and regular in these habits of out-door exercise, allowing no inclemency of weather to interfere with them. My parents soon began to wonder at the marked improvement in my health. My cheeks were no longer pallid. The cough with which I had been constantly troubled left me, all at once. I slept well; and I gained so in strength that I could with ease lift a barrel of flour into a cart.

For nine months I had been faithfully following this system, when one day, as I was passing along a secluded road that skirted our village, I heard loud cries, as from one in fear and distress. Turning a bend in the road, I saw a boy on the ground, with another over him, belaboring him with heavy blows. The victorious assailant was the butcher's boy of the village, and the unfortunate recipient of the blows was my old enemy, Ethan.

Without hesitation I rushed to the scene of the combat, and pulled Master Jacob, the butcher's boy, off from his victim. Jacob thereupon rolled up his sleeves anew, and remarked that he would give me 'fits.' Then like a young buffalo he came at me. But, as he flourished his arms in the onset, I caught him by the wrists, and held them as in a vice.

In vain did he struggle. I pulled him upon his knees, so that he could neither kick nor bite. Then, pressing his hands till he yelled with pain, I asked him if he had had enough. Jacob was in a very great rage, it was evident; but he did not care about having another turn of the screw put upon his hands. And so, when I finally inquired if he would go quietly home, without making any more fuss, he suddenly answered yes; and he kept his word.

As for Ethan, he could not have been more transfixed with wonder if he had seen me fly up in the air, or do any other marvellous thing. As I approached him he stared in stupid, silent astonishment. 'Ethan,' said I, calmly, 'you see I have turned over a new leaf.—Hereafter, any one who ventures to impose upon me, or upon another in my presence, will have first to prove that he is stronger in the wrists than I. Do you not think I am right?'

'Ye-es,' stammered Ethan. 'Shake hands on it, then,' said I. Ethan gave me his hand, but as I squeezed it with rather too cordial a pressure, he tried to pull it away, at the same time uttering a cry of pain. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed. 'You have almost crushed my fingers,' groaned Ethan, making a wry face. 'Why do you not squeeze back again?' said I, pressing his hand again, till he uttered another cry. 'That will do! I'll be trying hard to force a smile. His last words were prophetic. The lesson proved sufficient. He was henceforth the most peaceable boy in the school.

A week after this adventure, as I was trying

to pitch a large stone beyond a certain mark on the ground. Mr. Stanley tapped me on the shoulder. 'What have you been doing to Ethan?' said he, shaking his fore-finger at me. 'Returning good for evil,' answered I. 'Letting him see, at the same time,' added Mr. Stanley. 'What you could do, if you would—eh?' Well, Paul, was I not right in my advice? Returning good for evil is best shown when, having the power to return evil, we render good. And remember this.—The boy who neglects to develop his physical strength may neglect it at the expense of his moral strength also.—[Sargent's School Monthly.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... MAR. 11, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PAINTER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 State Street, Boston. Mr. Stanley, Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; E. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

WOOD.

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

Town Meeting in Waterville.

One of the merriest sessions ever marked by this time-honored anniversary commenced on Monday—to end at some future time. The first decided symptoms of "something in the wind" were seen at the "People's Caucus" on Saturday afternoon, which counted about one hundred of the most wide-awake voters of the Town. This was the Republican fashion, to be sure, but possibly more too! The first ballot nominated Joseph Percival as first selectman, in place of Charles H. Thayer, who had been a member of the board some five years, and chairman three years. He had served the town with good economy, and, considering the nature of the office, with good credit also. Charles Hallett, who has also served several years, was re-nominated by caucus at the West village, and confirmed here. Geo. Wentworth was nominated as third member of the board, in place of L. E. Crommett, who very reluctantly took the place of Mr. Wentworth two years ago, when he declined a re-election.

A proposition was submitted to the caucus by Rev. Mr. Deering, of the West village, to collect and disburse the taxes of the town for one and a half per cent., two per cent. having been previously paid. A motion to proceed to the nomination of a treasurer and collector, with a proviso that 1½ per cent. should be his compensation, resulted in the nomination of I. H. Low, the then incumbent. The rest of the ticket of nominees was filled very quickly. On Monday, Hon. D. L. Milliken being Moderator, the following officers were elected by decided majorities:

Selectmen—Joseph Percival, Chas. Hallett, George Wentworth.

Town Clerk—S. Heath.

Town Agent—James Stackpole.

Treasurer—I. H. Low.

Sup. School Committee—H. C. Leonard.

Auditors—J. Stackpole, Wm. Dyer, S. Kimball.

Constables—G. Wentworth, W. Brown, G. H. Esty, H. B. White, J. Nye, E. H. Piper, S. Keith, C. H. Stackpole, J. Nudd, C. R. McFadden, A. Jones, W. A. Caffrey, William H. Hatch.

Pound Keeper—H. B. White.

Seizors—S. Tozier, D. Muncy.

Town Hall Keeper—A. Jones.

Cutters of Hoops and Shingles—J. Higgins, J. B. Morgan.

Anything Man—James Stackpole.

Field Drivers—G. H. Esty, J. H. Plaisted, H. B. White, C. Hallett, Morris Soule, J. Nye, W. A. Caffrey.

Fence Viewers—G. T. Hubbard, Isaac T. Stevens, G. E. Shores, E. L. Getchell, Philip Thayer.

Health Committee—E. L. Getchell, L. E. Crommett, C. H. Thayer.

Cemetery Committee—L. E. Crommett, J. B. Bradbury, S. Appleton.

Road Comrs.—E. L. Getchell, J. Hitchings, H. W. Getchell.

Voted, to raise \$2400 for support of schools; \$1500 for support of Poor; \$100 for removal of French population; \$2500 for roads; \$100 for current expenses; \$250 for ringing bells and fire department; \$135 for a hearse.

Voted, to authorize the Selectmen to contract for support of the poor for a term not exceeding five years, and to contract or use the town farm separate or in connection with the poor, for the same time, at their discretion.

Instructed selectmen to remove at their discretion all persons likely to become paupers.

Authorized the Road Comrs. to contract the roads for one, three or five years, at a sum not over \$2500 a year, to one or more contractors.

To pay the Treasurer and Collector two per cent. for services in both offices. Authorized school districts to choose their agents. Not to raise money to build sidewalks, to pay night watchman, or provide a lock-up. Also, to dismiss Art. 16, to see what action should be taken on the suit, pending between the road contractors and the town.

Here the meeting adjourned to Monday afternoon next. The remaining five articles of the warrant embrace the following subjects:

17th—Selection of names for jury box.

18th—Raising money for small school districts.

19th—Prosecutions for violating liquor law.

20th—Acceptance of road of street in the West village, near the schoolhouse.

21st—Acceptance of road from the terminus of Hussey road to Hiram Blake's.

The questions of removing the French population, paying the Collector, procuring a hearse, and hiring a watchman, were closely contested on both sides; and out of these came

what we have called the merriment of the day. But for the time taken up the entire business designated in the warrant would have been completed. An early adjournment was necessary to enable voters from the west part of the town to return in the cars, and we think it a mistake that an entire day was not appropriated to the adjourned meeting. There is doubtless some merriment yet in store.

Waterville Farmer's Club.

The last meeting was with John Mathews, Jr., at the venerable old family homestead, so well known in days past. Our young host has for a year or two past wandered from his first love in business pursuits; and though by no means driven back by hunger or 'hunks,' he has returned to the sacred old spot to live like a philosopher. With good health and ample means, and, we hope, a long life before him, he ought to prove a worthy pattern of a good farmer.

The evening was cold and the fires formidable, but good company and warm fires only made the meeting the more pleasant. The subject of winter care of stock, in its various branches, made a lively evening's conversation, and nine o'clock and a dish of apples came before they were looked for. And it is due to these last named, which were Baldwin's, to say that their merits excelled those of their class generally seen this year. Mr. M. keeps his orchard well fenced, and pastures with sheep. His fruit is fairer and has less of the black, dry spots, which are so troublesome in the Baldwin, than most of that kind of apple this year. We think it is produced by the puncture of some kind of insect. If the difficulty continues to increase the excellent Baldwin will soon be spoiled for a market apple, and those who raise it should look sharply for the cause of the trouble.

We can't detail the good things said, the good hints given, and the good stories told by this goodly number of good farmers; but those who would profit by them should come and hear for themselves.

The subject of discussion for Friday evening next is 'The seeding and harvest of the hay crop.' The Club meets with Colonel Oliver Marston, who gives a broad invitation for a house full—and we guess he will have it.—Good fires, good apples and a hearty welcome will be the reward of all who attend.

Winslow Farmer's Club.

The meetings of this club constantly increase in number and interest. The subject of the last, "manures," elicited some original suggestions. Mr. W. C. Bassett thought barnyard manure was injured by freezing, and this query was ingeniously discussed. It was suggested on the other side that freezing and thawing and exposure to sunshine and rain, so as not to admit of leeching, were as useful to manures as to the soil, which was known to be improved by all these. We cannot detail the evening's conversation, during which many facts and experiments were stated; all tending to expose errors and suggest improvements in the use of fertilizers, and showing that the farmers of Winslow, as well as other places, are awake to the importance of higher and more careful tillage. The "better half" of the club was well represented; and no doubt a competent reporter would make their journal quite as interesting as that of the "lords."

The meeting last evening was at the American House, by invitation of Mr. Richards, the proprietor. Subject the same as last week.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.—King's Century Almanac, which you can carry conveniently in your vest pocket, but which is good for a hundred years, is one of the greatest of modern inventions, and will be soon found to be an indispensable article by all classes. See advertisement in another column.

The following is from a business circular of an Illinois tooth-puller at Bloomington, Pa.: "Revolent Institution.—Dr. J. Payne, Dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform all operations on teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful silver cup will be presented to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted, and a splendid gold watch will be awarded to the one having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth inserted for \$1 per dozen."

We refer to the card of Dr. Tuck, of Kendall's Mills. Dr. T. brings commendatory letters from such men as Dr. Gilman of Portland and his predecessor, Dr. James Bates.

THE WEATHER.—Fair and sunny, since the snow of Tuesday. Drifts tolerable, with plenty of snow to make good sleighing for some time.

Winslow.—The selectmen elected at the late town meeting are Williams Bassett, Tufon Simpson, and Charles Stratton.

EARTHQUAKE.—They had two shocks of an earthquake in Portland, but considering the size of the city they were no great shakes.

EYES RIGHT!—See notice of Mr. Jacobs, in advertising columns. The Augusta papers speak in high terms of him, and what he brings for the benefit of the people.

RETURNED.—Our old friend 'Father Hills,' who will be kindly remembered by such of our neighbors as made his acquaintance in 1855, is again in Waterville, and will spend a short time in this section. To all parents and children, and to 'good folks' everywhere, we heartily commend him. His physiological instructions are invaluable.

A MISSOURI SPURGEON.—During a late revival in the Baptist Church at Lagrange, a lad 17 years old, who had acquired some notoriety in the town as a theatrical performer, joined the church and prepared himself for the ministry. He has recently been licensed, and has entered upon his clerical duties, and so wonderful are his powers that the whole community is in ecstasies with his efforts. When he preaches the church is crowded; persons from all the country round about flock to hear him, and the oldest veterans declare that they never before listened to such thrilling eloquence. The name of the 'boy preacher' is J. B. Fuller.—[Detroit Advertiser.]

OUR TABLE.

THE LOST DAUGHTER, and other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This work, announced as in press some months ago, but the publication of which was delayed in consequence of the financial pressure, has just made its appearance. Godey's Lady's Book says of it—"The 'Lost Daughter' is the charming story that gives its title to this attractive volume has left behind her many lasting and beautiful souvenirs of her literary triumphs. But, among them all, there is not one, perhaps, more worthy of her reputation than the affecting story of 'The Lost Daughter.' We are not called upon, we are aware, to repeat here all that able critics have so often and so truthfully said in praise of the dramatic powers displayed in the writings of the late Mrs. Hentz—of the ease, correctness, and gracefulness of her style—of the purity or the strength of her moral principles—or of the applicability of her lessons and examples to the prudent regulation of the affairs of every-day life. Like her works, these high opinions of the critics have become household words among American readers. But there is still room for the spread of the author's reputation and for the extended influence of her writings; which we so well calculated to elevate and enlighten the minds of those who may not yet have had the pleasure to peruse them."

The volume contains nine of Mrs. Hentz's stories besides that of the 'Lost Daughter,' all of which are very pleasant reading. Enclose \$1.25 to the publisher and you will receive the edition in cloth; or you may have it with paper cover for \$1.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The numbers for February and March reach us together. To enumerate their contents would fill a column of our paper, and we shall not attempt it. Suffice it to say that each number contains about 100 imperial octavo pages, filled with rare contributions of literature and art. As the articles are mostly drawn from sources not accessible to many, they will be new to the reader, and the illustrations are numerous and well executed. In this publication, one receives double the worth of his money; for it is in fact a union of two three dollar works furnished at the price of one. The fashion department is full and complete, and the colored plates are truly superb. Published by Frank Leslie, N. York, at \$3 a year.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.—Already, says the editor, is this work in regular use as a Reader. In a number of the best schools of the United States; and we learn that a new interest is imparted to the exercise of reading along by the novelty, freshness and variety of the lessons which our little magazine supplies. It is also becoming more and more an object of demand for its new dialogues and pieces for declamation. The March number is admirably well filled and handsomely embellished, as usual. 'The Tyrant of the School,' on the outside of our paper, is from this work. Published by Eves Sargent, Boston, at \$1 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Contents of the number for February, 'The Condition of Women. What will be done with it? By P. Mistratus Caxton—part 9. People have never met. Lord St. Leonard's Handy Book on Property Law. Zanzibar; and Two Months in East Africa—by Captain Burton. Thorndale; or the Conflict of Opinions.—The Poorhouse Matinee—The Punjab—No. 2. A familiar Epistle from Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription.—For one or 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. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—The March number has continuations of The Life of Washington, My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, and The King of the Mountains; also an illustrated History of Beards, Lost Civilization of the West, The Pumpkin Freshet on the Susquehanna, Cuba in a Spanish War with Mexico, The American Drama, The Fine Arts in New York, The Forfeit of Life, &c., &c., with a goodly quantity of spicy editorial chat. The embellishments are numerous and well executed, and in all its departments the number presents strong points of excellence. The liberal inducements to subscribe, held out by the publishers, will prove almost irresistible, apart from the strong attractions found in the magazine itself, which are probably not surpassed by these of any periodical in the land.

Published by Oaksmith & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—An indispensable article in these ticklish times, when so much bad money is afloat, is published monthly by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, at \$1 a year. Send for it.

Rev. D. N. Sheldon was recently elected an alderman in Bath, but declines the office.

"Bi Jink!"—Abijah Jenkins has been convicted in Boston of receiving stolen goods.

Sweeten up, for Sweetening will come down. Large cargoes of molasses and sugar have recently come into Portland.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—This occurred on Tuesday and resulted in the re-election of Haile, the republican candidate for Governor, by about 4000 majority. Of the representatives elected 141 are republicans to 72 democrats; senators, 9 rep., 3 dem. The Councilors are all republicans.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT at NORRIDGEWICK.—The March term will commence on Tuesday next.

BUSINESS MEN'S PRAYER MEETINGS.—Prayer meetings for business men are now held daily, at the Old South Chapel, Boston, commencing at 12 o'clock and continuing one hour.

MILITIA OF MAINE.—W. H. Titcomb has been elected Major General of the 4th division.

The hero of the hour in New York is Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Envoy, and the Gothamites held a pow-wow at the City Hall in honor of him and to gratify their curiosity on Tuesday.

LECTURES.—Hon. Sidney Perham, agent of the Me. State Temp. Society, will lecture at Town Hall, in this village on Saturday evening. On Friday evening he will lecture at West Waterville, in the Union Church, and Sunday evening at the church in Winslow.

S. or T.—We understand it is proposed to organize a Division of the Sons of Temperance at Kendall's Mills on Monday evening next.

We are pleased to see that our old friends J. P. Jewett & Co. are again doing business. We wish them abundant success. See their advertisement in this day's paper.

LECTURE.—Elihu Burritt will deliver a lecture in this place on Wednesday evening next—notice of place and hour to be given hereafter. Subject.—The Horizontal instead of the Perpendicular Palm towards the South.

Free or Stiff Soil.

It is said that clay soils retain the manure longer than sandy loams. Doubtless this is the fact; but why is it? May it not be for the reason that crops cannot appropriate the manure in the soil to their own growth so rapidly, as they can in freer lands, where the finer roots have a readier access to every part of the soil? In our experience we have found that the same quantity of manure applied to a sandy loam, will cause young plants to spring forth sooner, put out a more vigorous growth and yield a larger crop in autumn, than if applied to stiff, clayey soils; and we are more than half inclined to think that if the latter retains its manure longer, it is because the crop has not been able to exhaust it, but has left a portion of it for the support of vegetation another year or later. But it is said that where soils are free and porous, the manures evaporate and pass off in the air; whereas in stiff soils they cannot thus escape. Now this doctrine of the real food of plants passing off in the air is rather a questionable one in our philosophy. Nature never meant to carry on such a random operation. Who ever knew his neighbor's poorly manured cornfield to grow any faster from the stench that the air wafted from another man's better manured field? It is a law of nature to decompose all animal and vegetable substances on the earth where the crops grow; all that the roots of plants need is in the soil, and cannot be floated about the atmosphere where the roots do not live. We do not believe that manures go down deep below sandy soils, or that they go up high above them. If they did, why don't we find mines of manure in digging cellars and wells, and why do not crops thrive best in a stinking atmosphere? The law of nature is to make a soil on the surface of the earth; hence she brings up from the nether regions and she brings down from the aerial, till a coat is prepared for vegetation. You may exhaust a soil by cropping; but it will not grow poorer by letting it alone, however sandy the loam is.

It is in the light of this reasoning, that we have had our prejudices measurably removed against sandy loams. True, they require annual manuring; but it is because they have done their duty to the preceding crops, and only wait, like the miller's hopper, for another grist to convert into the food of plants. After all, the earth is but a laboratory that works over the elements of nature to such a shape as will give support to the creatures that inhabit it. The soil is like the human stomach; feed it with congenial materials, and it will put flesh on the system; but when the stomach is so 'stiff' that it can digest but half of the food, it is to be considered no more meritorious for all that. Stiff soils are slow to digest; free ones perform their office more rapidly. We have often remarked, even when visiting the very sandy soils of the Old Colony and of Cape Cod, that the gardens and fields there yield as large crops, as they do in regions of clay. We have seen as rich cornfields on the sandy soils of the Cape, as we ever saw in any part of the country. True, the lands were manured well, in other words, the plants were generously fed; but excepting in those soils that can never be exhausted by cropping, if such there be any where, it will be impossible we think to secure harvests only in proportion to the rich condition in which the ground is placed by art. Sandy soils are less liable to be hozen by frosts in winter, are sooner settled in spring, and plants start earlier in them than in stiffer ones. The reason is, there is no dead water in the ground, the lively airs of heaven circulate more readily through them, and the heat of the sun penetrates them more effectually. For ourself we prefer a free, open, warm soil well dressed annually, to a stiff, heavy clay one that, because it cannot give off all its salient to plants in one season, retains its manure for subsequent years.—[Drew's Rural.]

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.—Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution under the head of 'Meteorology, in its connection with Agriculture,' has stated a number of facts, in the form of a larger report, which will make a deep impression at Washington when they come to be known and understood. This department of his is very elaborate and embraces a number of subdivisions, such as the 'Physical Geography of the United States,' 'The Winds of North America,' 'Currents of the Ocean,' 'The results of the Astronomical Conditions,' &c., &c., all highly interesting, but which perhaps would not interest your readers in this form. The inference from his facts, however, may be stated in a simple manner. The result is, that the entire region of the United States west of the 98th degree west longitude, (say the western boundary of Minnesota,) with the exception of a small portion of Western Texas and the narrow border along the Pacific (including California,) is a sterile waste of comparatively little value, and which can never be valuable to the agriculturists. The statement will astonish the reader when we direct his attention to the fact that the line of Prof. Henry, which extends southward from Lake Winnipeg to the Mexican Gulf, will divide the service of the United States into two nearly equal parts. If this be true, what becomes of the great national drama to be played on the North Western Empire of the American Continent, of which politicians have hanged and poets sung? The intense heat and extreme dryness of this region, which will make the Great American Plains a barren waste forever, are caused to a large extent, according to Prof. Henry's theory, by the fact that the returning Trade Winds, sweeping over the elevated masses of the Rocky Mountains, are deprived of their moisture; in other words, the heated air which ascends at the equator, saturated with moisture it has abstracted in its passage over the ocean, after depositing a portion of its vapor in the tropics at the 'rainy seasons,' is farther desiccated by the ridges and mountains which it meets, the vapor being condensed on the windward side by the cold, due to the increased vertical height, and it finally passes over and strikes the plains as dry as a sponge which has been thoroughly squeezed. Without moisture there can be no fertility, and without fertility no agriculture; and a great portion of this wilderness, according to Prof. Henry, is as sure, as the deserts of Africa. True or false, the theory is worthy of attention.

EUROPEAN FOLLY.—An eminent French statistician states that the land and naval forces of the European armies number 2,800,000 sound, picked men, in the prime of their productive strength; the annual outlay required to keep up the armies and the material of war is over \$400,000,000, not including the value of land or buildings occupied by fortifications, arsenals, hospitals, foundries, schools, &c., moderately estimated at \$5,000,000, on which, at 4 per cent. interest, the yearly expense is more than \$150,000,000. To this add the value of the labor which these men would productively perform, which amounts to more than \$150,000,000, and we have an annual war expense paid by European producers of nearly \$300,000,000.

Lost Civilization of the West.

BY TOLLE.

It has always been customary to regard the Old World as the great theatre of human action, and it is entitled to this position; but in our own continent there are evidences of a departed grandeur, such as is well worth the attention of the curious. Tumuli have been found in the central portion of the United States, which attest both the existence of some nation there, but long ago perished, and its progress in the arts. The great number of these mounds were military; some at the mouths and forks of rivers, once served as the foundations for massive stone edifices, whose ruins yet exist. These were used as arsenals, or as forts, probably for both; but the main body of mounds are to each other as the towers of a tower—being constructed at regular intervals in right lines, and well suited for making signals of distress by fire, as was the Peruvian custom. Occasionally there is found a structure whose position is too accessible to admit of its having had any but forensic use. The decline of oratory (for none can deny the fact, however they may dispute about the reason,) is a good example of compensation. A man is eminent only by the depression of his fellows; not, indeed, in consequence of this depression, as from a cause proper, but the degradation of the many is an essential condition to the splendor of the few. As the general standard is raised, a fewer number can rise above it. Oratory is not the product of civilization; if it flourishes at all, it is rather in spite of it.

Granting, then, that these relics unmistakably indicate the existence of a comparatively civilized nation, the question rises, who were they, and what the cause and manner of their decay. The most probable theory is, that they were the offshoot of Mexico. Had the inclinations of the Mexicans been to an emigration southward, their frail constitutions would have found an impassable barrier in the Isthmus of Darien. To the north-east they went, then, and the most obvious cause of their extermination there, is the colder climate—the genuine Mexicans not dwelling north of the tropic of Cancer, or about latitude 23° N. Probably the mother-country supplied them no relays, or but scanty ones, and the deaths among them became more numerous than the births.

A marked characteristic of a high civilization is the attainment of a stronger hold on life. Life was worth little to the Mexicans, for their cities were swarming like ant-hills, as the Spaniards found to their cost. Men were a drug where there was so little to do. Their powers of reproduction were strained to the utmost in ordinary times, though they need not have been, had not a prodigal waste of life been their habit, so that a pestilence, or an unusually-destructive war caused a gap in their ranks that needed time to fill. In an economic point of view civilization cannot afford to sacrifice thousands in war, or still more uselessly in the dedication of a temple; but the Mexicans could and did. But when they found themselves entrapped in the dismal interior of North America, famine and weariness left no need of human intervention in getting rid of the surplus population, while they could increase no faster under the pressure than before.

The most remarkable fact of all is the identity of the remains found in the United States, Mexico and South America. A monster mound was found in Virginia, containing many skeletons, on which were strings of beads and copper bands covered with hieroglyphics. A similar one was found at Cholula, and another still, built very like the temple of the Sun in the city of Mexico, except that it was formed by slightly altering a natural rocky hill. The mounds in the United States are, however, earthen, and required less labor. All these, together with the Peruvian temples, are apparently modelled on the same general plan; and by the same race; and this fact, together with some resemblances in their Zodiacal signs, and their calendar of time, which always has been a matter of the greatest study and perplexity to every nation,—points to Asia as the country of their origin. The order of settlement probably was this: 1st, Mexico; 2nd, portions of the United States—3d, Peru. The fact that to go from the brick and stone structures of Mexico to the earthen ones of the United States, is a reversal of the natural order, may be explained on the supposition that, after they went to the northward, they perished there so suddenly as to give no time for erecting permanent structures in place of the earthen ones which, after all, may have been intended to be only temporary. This difference may also be accounted for by local considerations, as the difference between the metals worked in the two countries may be; for the precious metals, so abundantly used in Mexico, were here superseded by copper and iron.

The commonly received account of the founding of Mexico and the South American States, is that they were settled by emigrants from the north-west—from northern Asia. There seems to be no good reason for disputing this; and, on this supposition, the first comers were crowded along by those behind, and so on, in a nearly continuous stream. Why then did they not turn aside to the interior of North America, and let the stream pass by them, as a pedestrian in a crowded city turns down a by-street to escape a crowd—more especially, too, in this case, since they were not flying to any definite point? This question I acknowledge my inability to answer satisfactorily; and, if permitted to do so, would offer it by inquiring why, in Noah's time, the people did not build arks for themselves, since, during the first few weeks of the flood, they had time to build something of the kind, and since even the most skeptical must have been convinced of the probability that there would be a very heavy freshet, at least. In cases like these, we must be content with saying orally to ourselves, that ignorance of the reason does not, and cannot possibly affect the actuality of the fact.

It may also be asked why the Mexicans should go back on their own path, as it were, instead of pressing still farther to the southward. But we should remember that the course of civilization, or more properly emigration, is at all seasons, and in all countries, apparently anomalous. From Cancer to Capricorn, from one meridian to another, nearly on the same parallel of latitudes all the time, but now easterly, now westerly, from fertility to sterility, and back again, from comfortable to comfortless, have been the puzzling cross-directions of European emigration, and of the American also, so far as we are acquainted with it. The domain of Mexico was never large, so that a necessity existed for finding some safety-valve for ridding herself of the pressure of her surplus population. It is easy to understand how the Isthmus of Darien shut in the Mexicans on the South, when we reflect on the terrible sufferings of all nations, who, as nations, and all at one time, have attempted expeditions in search of lands and projects that were to them Utopias. Witness the Crusades, and the flight of a Tartar tribe, the Kal-mucks. Long residence in a tropical climate had enervated them, (the Mexicans,) for I am

not by any means saying that the emigrants to the United States were the same as the founders of Mexico herself. So much for this, and now a question in my turn: Supposing that the United States were settled first, why did they not stay there, especially as the climate very nearly comported with that of the country of their origin, and the country from which they had just made their exodus?

Some maintain that the Indians were the builders of the structures; but if they were, they vastly degenerated, even before the coming of the whites, and for this degeneracy it is impossible to assign any reason, to say nothing of its finding no analogy in history. Primarily, a nation can exist without civilization, as the unborn child can without air, but after it is once attained, the withdrawal of it is as surely fatal as the withdrawal of air to the child after birth. No nation has ever relapsed or can relapse, into a state of barbarism; though as in the case of the builders of the Western mounds, the nation itself may perish. Moreover, the supposition above made is utterly inconsistent with the Indian character. A pastoral people even seldom build cities to any great extent; but the hunting savage, who is lightly as the arrows of his quiver, never builds anything more than bark huts.

One more point, and I have done. Why do we not find, in Mexico herself, some written record of this northern emigration? Some such records doubtless did exist; but, if not lost in the general destruction of scrolls that took place in the fanatic zeal of the Spaniards, they are yet illegible to moderns. Our scanty knowledge of Mexico herself, as she was in those days, is mainly derived from the testimony of her Spanish conquerors; but the new country was to them only a land of spoils, and not one of historic interest.—[Emerson's Mag.]

SOCIAL REFORMERS.—The Social Revolutionist, a magazine published in Ohio, and very properly, too, in Dark county, enunciates its doctrines as follows:—

"I repeat that every grade of freedom has its own peculiar conditions. The conditions of marriage do not give a noble woman the freedom she craves. She wants a freedom the conditions of which at no time rob her of individual sovereignty. So she must be sovereign through the day and through the night; she must have her own room and her own bed, at her own sovereign disposal. If she becomes, either by her love or by any other condition, dependent upon any one man, then is her individual sovereignty at an end; she becomes the mere appendage of a man—the thing that she is now held to be by law and gospel. I say if a woman is thus dependent upon any one man, in any condition growing out of love, * * * then is the social freedom we are hoping for an *ignis fatuus*."

The editor thinks that something in the way of a phalanx is necessary to realize the full beauties of loose morals, as will appear by the following extract:—

"Affectional freedom demands facilities for industrial co-operation, and the fraternal or unitary home with a room and bed for each adult individual. Large hotels are, in a sense, unitary homes. Individuals sojourning or residing in them, and find their own employment, and yet they are as free as those who live in the isolated household. Unite many thus in one home; give each the control of his own business, free at all times to co-operate as seems to the parties concerned best, then would the unitary home and industrial co-operation exist rather than depress the individual. Thus located in the fraternal home, or in many of them accessible to each other, and women independent therein, then may affectional freedom obtain and be wholly compatible with all the rights and all the relations of humanity. Love—free love, if you please—would take the place of arbitrary yoke matching, and parents will not be robbed of rights in their children, nor children of rights in their parents. Parties who may have loved, but are not fitted to live as 'husband and wife' in a life union, may part quietly, and still enjoy their children, if there be any. Marriage makes a hell for such now, and it does so by its arbitrary bonds; freedom knows no such bonds."

At Skaneateles, N. Y., a man by the name of Tyler, is said to have been successful in organizing one of these Socialist clubs. A letter from that place says:—

"Such was Tyler's success that there are now no less than twenty whole families in this vicinity who avow free love doctrines, and whose conversion is due directly or indirectly, to his influence. And besides these, there are many isolated persons, who have announced their entire sympathy with the movement. The converts are mostly highly respectable farmers, all of whom are well to do, and some wealthy. They had previously been connected with the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Unitarian denominations. They hold regular weekly circles at the present time, in the houses of some of their number, and there exists among them a perfect unanimity of feeling."

'Omnibus quae prosunt sequimur,' or 'we labor for the good of all,' is the inscription on one of the chime of bells given by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. to the city of Lowell. That favored place may have the bells, but they cannot monopolize the Doctor's skill which is made available by his Cherry Pectoral and Catarrh Pills to all alike—not only in this country but in all countries where civilization and commerce have gone. While we admire the liberality and taste of those gentlemen in such a donation to their native town, we will remind our readers of the halloving influence a chime of bells spreads over the whole community that hears them. They are few in this country, and their influence is little known, but ask the exile from his home in

