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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, J. PAUL R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 21, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTENBELL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court-street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

FOURTH OF JULY. The leading features of the proposed celebration of the Fourth at Waterville give encouraging prospects of success. A good number of fire companies have already given notice of their acceptance of the invitation to be present and contend for the prizes, while others are waiting for official action upon the question. Enough are already pledged, to render it certain that we have one of the most interesting and exhibitions of fire engines ever held in the State. Our fire companies are seasonably engaged in preparing for the reception and entertainment of their guests; and with corresponding efforts and energy on the part of our citizens, we may hope for a celebration that will be honorable to our town. Those who have had experience in managing the festivities of our national birthday need not be told that every consideration demands the earnest aid of each and all, to the several committees upon whom these onerous duties have been urged. In a small village like ours mutual efforts are essential to success, and the burden selfishly shirked from one unwilling shoulder falls wrongfully upon some other.

In the floral department, the honors of which have been cast mainly upon our young ladies, we may safely expect a creditable manifestation of the taste and genius which have heretofore marked their efforts. In doing themselves the merest justice, they cannot fail to reach the highest gratification of those in whose behalf they have assumed these duties. The work is in excellent hands, and such as will by no means permit it to suffer neglect; and we confidently expect to see the floral procession the leading attraction (after its managers) of our proposed festival.

TO FARMERS. Probably few farmers in Maine are aware of the extent and variety of agricultural implements and wares kept at the extensive agricultural warehouses of Messrs. Kendall & Whitney, Market Square, Portland. This is by far the largest depot of the kind in Maine, and its growing business is a pleasant indication of the progress farmers are everywhere making in the use of improved tools and machinery. Its extent is also an indication of the vast sum annually expended for these things. The few bungling tools known in ordinary farming twenty years ago have become so many, and branched into so many varying and ingenious shapes, that a Rip Van Winkle who had taken only this brief nap, and opened his eyes here among the moving machines and their countless ingenious surroundings, would think he had passed to a "better land" prepared exclusively for tillers of the soil. The piles of scythes, rakes, and forks, now waiting orders for the coming hay crop, are immense; every improvement being represented, and all vying in polish, style and quality, to secure preference in the markets to which they are destined. We cannot do the farmers of our State a better favor than to commend this establishment to their attention, and advise them by all means to visit it when they go to Portland. They will be received with agreeable cordiality, whether they purchase or not; and no intelligent farmer can go through it with his eyes open, without getting hints and ideas that will more than compensate for time and expense.

WANTED. An extra session of the legislature is wanted by the people of Augusta, and the trustees of the Kennebec Agricultural Society have petitioned the Governor to call one, to keep out the cattle disease. We hardly see the necessity of the measure at present. The case of Massachusetts, instead of being an example, tends strongly to obviate the necessity for the precaution in adjoining States. The legislature of N. Hampshire, being already in session, is very properly discussing sanitary measures upon this subject; but in the present condition of the matter we believe the "powers that be" are competent, with the discretion the laws give them, and the liberal countenance they may depend upon from a generous and cautious people in an emergency, to do all that prudence may suggest, without incurring the expense of an extra session of the legislature.

DROWNED.—A young man named John McGrath, aged 20 years, employed in the factory at N. Vassalboro', was drowned in the mill pond at that place on Sunday morning last. He went with a friend to bathe, and unable to swim, ventured beyond his depth and sank, unnoticed by his companion. A person who saw him at a distance gave the alarm, but those who first arrived were misinformed in regard to the precise spot where he went down, and he was not discovered till life was extinct. He had relatives in this town, but we are not informed where his parents reside.

MENAGERIE & CIRCUS.—Bailey & Co.'s attractive exhibition takes place here tomorrow. It is said to be highly unique and pleasant as a whole, and the animal department particularly good. Those who limit themselves to one such indulgence each year, may very safely select this for the favored occasion. Such as need an apology can get it of the lion and monkey, while those who desire none can pay their compliments to the clown without provoking his blues.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The July number, just issued, is highly attractive and furnishes a rich feast for its readers. The contents are as follows:—
Metempsychosis, by D. W. Bloodgood, New York; Treason-Trove, a capital serio-comic poem, decidedly bloodily, by Leonard Case, Jr.; A Legend of Maryland, by John P. Kennedy; Hunting a Pass, by E. G. Squier; The Cattle to the Post; More Words about Shelley, by William Dove; Clarian's Picture, a spirited, well written story, by Edward Spencer; Spring; Rufus Choate, by Horatio Woodman; To the Cat Bird; The Professor's Story; Galleries of Art, by James Jackson Jarvis; Florence, Italy; Darwin on the Origin of Species, an interesting paper, full of quiet humor and sly irony, on the latest sensational philosophical theory, by Prof. A. Gray; Vanity, by Aubrey de Vere, London; Reviews and Literary Notices.

No better number of this excellent magazine has probably ever appeared than the one for July, 1860. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS.—The following pieces of music will be found in No. 81 of this cheap publication.
The Mount Stream. S. Glover.
The Echo Vale. Mrs. V. K. Conrad.
The King's Archer's Quadrille. C. Shubert.
The Joke Polka. C. Herz.

Twelve large, handsomely printed pages of music, arranged for voice and piano forte, are given in this work every week, for \$5 a year or 15 cents a single number, address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The July number is a very good one, in all its departments, and fittingly opens a new volume. In addition to a handsome steel engraving, a beautiful fashion plate, and the usual wood engravings of patterns, designs, &c., there will be found some illustrations of the "fashions of yore" which we are confident will interest and amuse. The number abounds in good stories, one of which we have copied on our outside this week.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BOOK AUCTION.—Our attention has been called to a very large and well selected stock of Books, which are for sale at auction each evening of this week in the Plaisid store Main st. This stock is standard in its character and comprises an unusually large number of choice works, in all departments of Literature. It is a novelty to see books of the class dispersed in this manner. Sales will be made privately during the day, and all are invited to call and examine.

EATON BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.—A change in the proprietorship of this institution has recently occurred.—Mr. H. M. Eaton—son of Rev. H. M. Eaton, formerly sole proprietor—having been admitted to share in the ownership and management of the school.—The new partner will continue to act as Principal, with A. H. Eaton as Assistant. No school in the State, probably, occupies a higher standing than this, and we are glad to learn that it is eminently prosperous.

ORDINATION AT BLOOMFIELD.—Rev. George Bullen was ordained pastor of the Baptist church at Bloomfield, on Thursday last week. The *Telegraph* says the exercises were of a very interesting character.—The Invocation was by Prof. Smith of Waterville College, the Sermon by Rev. O. S. Stearns of Newton, Mass., Ordination Prayer by Rev. Mr. Tilley, of W. Waterville, and the Address to the Church by Rev. Mr. Dexter of Augusta.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The news by the late arrivals from Europe confirms the accounts of Garibaldi's success. Recruits were flocking to his standard from all quarters, and the Neapolitan troops, becoming disaffected, in some cases had deserted to the enemy. It was reported that the Neapolitan army, at Palermo, 25,000 strong, had capitulated, being allowed to retire with the honors of war. The great powers refuse to interfere, evidently sympathizing with the Italian deliver.

RAIN.—A great quantity of rain has fallen here within the last 24 hours; the refreshment probably extending to Portland and further west, where the drouth has been more severe than here. For two weeks past, our vicinity has been most graciously watered, and crops generally promise well, except hay. The drouth in the section of Portland had remained unquenched to within a few days, and all crops suffered accordingly.

MAINE MEN KILLED IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Anson Advocate* states that Calvin G. and Oscar Williams, sons of Mr. Morill Williams of that town, were murdered by the Indians on the 7th ult., at the time of the massacre. Great excitement exists in California, in consequence of the recent outrages by the Indians, and a war of extermination will no doubt be waged.

HYATT, the contumacious witness, confined in jail at Washington by order of the John Brown Committee of the Senate, has just been released.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The democrats of Maine will meet in Convention at Portland, on Thursday, the 28th inst., to nominate a candidate for Governor and two candidates for Electors.

CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS.—The "Wide Awake" will not be slow, of course, to avail themselves of all the instrumentalities within reach, to enable them to arouse the "sleepy heads," and they will therefore thank us for pointing them to a few new ones. And first we have—

"Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in the celebrated campaign of 1858, in Illinois; including the preceding Speeches of each, at Chicago, Springfield, etc.; also, the two great speeches of Mr. Lincoln in Ohio, in 1859, as carefully prepared by the reporters of each party, and published at the time of their delivery." As these speeches appear in precisely the form given them by the friends of each of the speakers, we do not see why this book should not be eagerly sought for by both republicans and democrats. It is published by Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, and is for sale every where. Our copy comes from *Brown & Taggard*, of Boston, who will answer orders to any extent.

Bailey & Noyes, of Portland, send us the "Wigwam Edition" of "The Life, Speeches, and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln, to

gather with a Sketch of the Life of Hannibal Hamlin." The retail price of this is 25 cents, but Messrs. Bailey & Noyes will be pleased to answer large orders at a lower price. "Hutchinson's Republican Songster for 1860," edited by John W. Hutchinson of the Hutchinson Family Singers"—concludes the list. It bears the appropriate motto of "Lincoln and Liberty," and is filled with the spirited and stirring songs of freedom and right, among which will be found some old friends and many new ones, but all good. O. Hutchinson, publisher, 67 Nassau St., New York.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

GROTON JUNCTION, June 15, 1860.

Messrs Editors.—I am aware that I have kept my promise to write you, badly. I have however because the "Mail," regularly forwarded to me, has not been a reminder to me of my promise; not because the affairs of "Waterville Three," seconded by you, have failed to awaken in me the enthusiasm of former days; not because the event of a Senior Exhibition, grown so great as to walk beyond college limits and take its place familiarly on the Commencement boards, does not carry me back to college days; not because the record of the departure of those whom in boyhood I thought immortal, as they were wise and good, has not made me sad, thinking that even the trees, hills, rocks and streams of Waterville are not eternal; not because Waterville is not dear to me, from Rock Island to the Cascade from the Giant's Chair to Fort Point; not because I have not often, in mind, spent pleasant moments in the home where I have been made so welcome, and in those popular resorts, popular with me, I confess, the Printing office, the Cabinet shop, the Clothing store, and of late the Bank. It would be easy for me to fill your paper with reasons that have not hindered me from writing. More that have hindered me would not interest you. I remember a time that I thought it would be fine to leave Waterville. Never, however, did I long to leave it as I now long to return to it, never to leave again.

Groton Junction has about 1200 inhabitants. It is in the southern part of the old town of Grafton, afterwards spelled Groton; hence the pronunciation Groton instead of Groton. It was the home of the Lawrence of Mass.—Four railroads make their junction at this place, so that we have two passenger trains a day from one direction, and three a day from five directions. They arrive and leave at the same times, and the six locomotives with their trains, passengers and baggage, steaming, smoking, whistling, singing, (the locomotives not the baggage) make some stir, and as passengers sometimes think, confusion. Mistakes sometimes occur. One on record is of an Editor, who left Boston for Vermont; he went by way of Lowell, thinking to take the Fitchburg road at Groton Junction. He did take the Fitchburg road but not the up train; an hour and a half's further riding landed him safe in Boston again. The business of our place is principally in three establishments; a tanning and currying establishment, employing 70 to 80 men; a manufactory of agricultural tools, Nourse Mason & Co.—ware rooms over Quincy market, Boston; and the Mass. Caloric Engine Company's works. The latter, though not now the heaviest concern, promises the most should nothing take it from us.

The caloric engine is no longer an experiment. It is in successful and extensive operation. It does not furnish great power.—Twenty five horse power is the largest that they are as yet building. The company are now building one of this size to furnish the power for their own factory. The most of them now in use are about twelve horse power. They are built as small as one half a horse power. Some of the advantages of these engines are these: they are perfectly safe. They will no more explode than a cooking stove.—They require no engineer. Any one that can run a fire place can run a caloric engine. The expense of running is very small. They furnish a great amount of heat. We are told that if you use steam in a mill you can save the expense of fuel for heating the mill.—But with the caloric engine, the fuel that will heat the building will more than furnish the power. The air of the room is taken into the cylinder at every revolution, heated to a great heat and driven out into the room through a pipe, with great force. The engine, i. e., the entire power, occupies less room than a large furnace. Thus the whole machinery for producing power can be placed in a small room in the cellar, pipes connected with it as with a furnace and the heat carried to every room in the building. Of course the steam can easily be carried out of the building when not needed, as in summer. Thus the whole expense of running the mill, is the expense of warming it, and that, too, less than the expense of warming by a common furnace. It requires no well, as does the steam engine, and no different chimney from a stove. It does not increase the rates of insurance, for it is as safe as any cast iron air tight stove. How convenient a small machine would be for you for working your press, at the same time warming the office and the store below. Our friend Caffrey—but let me not forget it, our honored Foreman—would find a small machine just what he needs to do all the heavy work of his shop and at the same time warm half the block. The Doctor would be delighted if he should use one to carry water over the rooms of his new and splendid house on College street. The students would find one quite equal to a Frenchman for carrying wood to their rooms and far more honest. Forbish & Drummond might avoid building again to that fevered locality where they have suffered so severely by using a caloric engine. The capitalists of Waterville would do well to buy the right of manufacture for the State of Maine. There is certainly money in the machine. For the hundreds of purposes for which small stationary machinery is used they are sure to take the place of steam, to

such a degree do they combine safety, convenience, and economy. G. B. G.

"This well known natural curiosity, alas, is now numbered among the things that were. The rude steed to which so many successive generations of village boys adventurously climbed, and the rocky tablet upon which we inscribed our names, hoping thus to escape forgetfulness among the scenes of our childhood, have been demolished. Blown from their foundations by the help of 'villainous scoundrels,' they were sliced down the mountain and transported to the village, where they now form a portion of the foundation of Dr. Boutelle's new house. When Birnam Wood should come to Duninno, Jacobeth was told to expect defeat; and what misfortune threatens us as Giant's Chair meets Fort Hill more than half way, we leave for the consideration of those more skilled than we are in the interpretation of 'portents dire.' Our correspondent hardly looked for so swift a realization of his thought, 'that even the trees, hills, rocks and streams of Waterville are not eternal.'"

LITERARY NOTICE.—One of the most interesting and useful publications which comes to our sanctum is the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, a weekly publication, devoted to popular science, new inventions, and the whole range of mechanic and manufacturing arts. The *Scientific American* has been published for fifteen years, by the well known Patent Solicitors, Messrs. Munn & Co. 37 Park Row, New York; and has yearly increased in interest and circulation, until it has attained, we understand, nearly 30,000 subscribers, which is the best evidence that the publication is appreciated by the reading public.

To those of our readers who may not be familiar with the character of the paper, we will state some of the subjects of which it treats. Its illustrated descriptions of all the most important improvements in steam and agricultural machinery, will commend it to the Engineer and Farmer, while the new household inventions and shop tools which are illustrated by engravings and described in its columns, with the practical receipts contained in every number, renders the work desirable to housekeepers, and almost indispensable to every mechanic or smith who has a shop for manufacturing new work, or repairing old.

The *Scientific American* is universally regarded as the inventor's advocate and monitor; the repository of American inventions, and the great authority on law, and all business connected with Patents. The Official List of Claims, as issued weekly from the Patent Office, in Washington, are published regularly in its columns. All the most important Patents issued by the United States Patent Office are illustrated and described on its pages, thus forming an unrivalled history of American inventions.

It is not only the best, but the largest and cheapest paper devoted to Science, Mechanics, Manufacturers, and the Useful Arts published in the world. Hon. JUDGE MASON, formerly Commissioner of Patents, is not only engaged with the publishers in their immense Patent Agency department, but as a writer of Patent Laws and Practice, his ability is forcibly portrayed in the columns of this paper. The *Scientific American* is published once a week, (every Saturday), each number containing 16 pages of Letterpress, and from 10 to 12 original Engravings of New Inventions, consisting of the most improved Tools, Engines, Mills, Agricultural Machines and Household Utensils, making 52 numbers in a year, comprising 852 pages, and over 500 Original Engravings, printed on heavy fine paper, in a form expressly for binding, and all for \$2 per annum.

A New Volume commences on the 1st of July, and we hope a large number of our townsmen will avail themselves of the present opportunity to subscribe. By remitting \$2 by mail to the publishers, MUNN & Co. 37 Park Row, New York, they will send you their paper one year, at the end of that time you will have a volume which you would not part with for its price. The publishers express their willingness to mail a single copy of the paper to such as may wish to see it without charge.

BURGLARY.—The boot and shoe store of Mr. C. S. Newell, corner of Main and Temple sts., was broken into on Sunday night by removing a pane of glass in the door, and four pairs of thin boots were taken from their place, within arm's reach. The thief has not been discovered, but stands a narrow chance to "save himself" in swapping his own poor soul for eight better ones.

BE CAREFUL.—A little daughter of Mr. Joseph Hasty was thrown down and run over by a horse and buggy, in Main-st., a few days since. She was lucky enough to escape serious injury, but her case may serve as a caution to others.

NOTICE. Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Bath, will preach at the Universalist church on Sunday next. Seats free.

GREEN PEAS. We are not about to say we have had any yet, in spite of the drouth of the season; but we have seen samples from the garden of Mr. L. T. Boothby which assure us that this coveted luxury is full up to its usual season. Mr. Boothby might dine upon them tomorrow if he would.

RIGHT. A new republican paper, started at Columbia, Ind., bears the imprint of Hooper & Hill as editors and publishers,—the junior being Mr. Samuel H. Hill, a Waterville boy, who served an apprenticeship in the Mail office. We expected to hear a good report of him, and here it is. The "Columbia City Republican" looks well and reads well. Success to it.

BALTIMORE.—The democratic convention is in session when we go to press, but no nomination is made yet. We predict a nomination in which the South will generally, but reluctantly, concur.

"WATER OIL."—See the advertisement of the Water Oil Co., in another column. This is a new article for light, that promises great economy, and can be used in a very safe and handy way, without danger or offensive odor. It is worthy of trial, at least.

LUMBERMEN! order your cordage and chains of McGilvery, Ryan & Davis, Portland.

They know just what you want, and have got it. See their advertisements.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS.—The following anecdote of Bakewell has been told before we believe, but never in better form, than in a lecture by Mr. John Beasley, just published at London:—

The late Mr. Bakewell of Dishley, was not only an eminent agriculturist and breeder of stock, but a very wise and shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time begging that he would recommend him what to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of 1000 acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and was the eldest about to be married; he highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged of him to spend the night with him, and promised the next morning to give him the result of his cogitations. Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said, 'I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son-in-law one-fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three-fourths, and do not part with any portion of your capital and stock, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished.' His friend followed his advice; but at the end of two or three years, another daughter would be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend. Bakewell coolly said, he had watched his proceedings, and seen their result; he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The father seemed somewhat puzzled, but as the first experiment had succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity. 'Well,' said Bakewell, 'tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having reduced your farm by one-half?' The father acknowledged he thought it had not. 'Then,' said Bakewell, 'you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep your house and the remaining 250 acres for yourself, and to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital, and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever.' Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the 250 acres as he had ever had upon the one thousand, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it. This may be a somewhat exaggerated statement, but of this I am sure; a small, well-cultivated farm, will make a better return than a large ill cultivated one.

LOOK OUT FOR A SHORT HAY CROP.—The extraordinary dry weather for a month past has not been favorable to a heavy growth of grass, and the prospect is not now very good for an abundant supply of hay. The prudent farmer will save all the mowing ground he can, by providing other feed for his stock.—Nothing is better for stock, than a good lot of corn, sown thickly in drills, to be cut up and fed green. Aside from saving the meadow, there is great economy in having a mass of green, succulent food for all kinds of stock during the season of dry, short pasturage in the later summer. It is well to set apart a field, and sow corn, or millet, on separate portions of it, at successive intervals of 8 or 12 days. This will keep up a continuous supply of green food. If there is an excess, all the better, for what remains when good fall pasturage comes on, may be cut and dried for winter. Indeed there should be a quantity grown for this very purpose, which will aid in making up any deficiency of hay.—[Ex.]

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION.—This disease is not to be cured by medical prescriptions got from books. You must get at the cause and remove it. Of a dozen dyspeptics, scarcely two may be affected alike. In many cases, abuse of the stomach is doubtless the source of the trouble. All aperient pills increase the weakness which causes the complaint; to this rule there is no exception. All nostrums and patent medicines, of whatever pretensions are injurious. In no case can any relief be obtained from their use. Whoever uses tobacco or malt liquors, or other constant stimulant, or even coffee, and finds symptoms of indigestion, must abandon these habits; and it will be time enough to think of active remedial treatment when it is found that the disease is not then removed. Whoever has a troubled mind, or is confined to monotonous toil without exercise of labor or bodily recreation, and finds himself dyspeptic, must first seek relief by correcting these causes; for, so long as they exist, pampering the disease, medicine can be of no avail. If there be any drain upon the vital powers in any direction, beyond healthful moderation, it must be checked before we can hope to return to the digestive organs the vigor of which they are robbed. No doctor's stuff can supply the natural forces which only the vital chemistry of the living body can create. Like intoxicating spirits, dyspeptic medicines may for the moment exhilarate a patient and make him feel great things; but, afterwards, they make the trouble greater than before.

Beware of tea and toast, and such like diets as remedies for dyspepsia. These do but impose unreasonable tasks upon impaired digestion. What is wanted is exactly the opposite regime, namely, food that is small in bulk and rich in substantial nutriment; something which, with the least exertion of power, the stomach can turn into rich blood to relieve the poverty of the fluids. Rare beefsteak, for instance, not fried in a pan of fat and soleathered, but quickly embrowned on a gridiron, and served up with the cooling juices of red life; and if fluid accompaniment is desired, let us try port wine, weakened to suit the strength of the organs, but rather reduced in quantity than watered much.

Brain-dread is of no account in this disease. It is excellent for constipation, if used now and then, but not continuously. We must discriminate between these complaints. In constipation, often, the digestion is even super-excellent, and the torpor of the bowels, which occasions the trouble, is due to the too thorough absorption of the liquid parts of our food leaving a residuum too dry and rigid to be freely moved forward through the curvatures of the lower bowels. The most distressing affliction grows out of the impaction of matter in the colon from this cause, giving dull pains which banish sleep and good humor. Pills are not the remedy for this distress, but tepid or cold water injections, which readily reach the colon, and, by supplying moisture, bring away the obstruction. This treatment, though not a cure but a temporary relief, secures from distension of the bowel, which weakens its muscular power and promotes costiveness; and it also prevents it by dislodging, frequently, remnants which often lie impacted in the colon for years, causing all sorts of distressing feelings. [Scientific American.]

MANURIAL RESOURCES OF THE FARM.—It is an old maxim of husbandry, that 'a good farm, like a good joint of meat, only requires basting with its own dripping; or in other words, that it will furnish of itself sufficient fertilizing material to keep up its maximum productiveness.' As a general rule, we may rely upon this statement, and we propose here to offer a few hints on some of the manurial resources of the farm.

The first grand resource of the farmer will be found in the plowing under the greenward—the thicker and heavier, the more effective—to enrich the soil for the crops. Without grass as a manure, we should find it much more difficult to keep up the fertility of our farms. No other crop is so constant in growth—early and late, and under all kinds of treatment,—as that of different grasses. No other returns so great a burden of vegetable growth to soil and at the same time furnishes so valuable a supply of food for stock, in both summer and winter forage, as this much neglected, yet everywhere present, product of the soil. The growing of clover and the grasses lies at the very foundation of profitable farming, as may be seen from several points of view. And first, as above hinted, plowing under a thick sward of grass furnishes an ample manuring for several successive grain crops. The decomposition of the abundant roots and stems of the grass supplies natural growth of a different character, and having a greater money value to the farmer. Hence it may be good policy for the farmer to give a large share of his labor and attention to producing a heavy growth of grass on all lands when devoted to this crop, knowing that this mostly cheaply and effectively prepares his soil for the production of other crops.

In another point, we see that grass-growing tends to improvement, when it is produced for the consumption of animals upon the farm. We can have no better resource for manure than in the practice of stock-feeding, and especially in this true sheep and fattening stock, and in a less degree of all the animals of the farm. Indeed, it has become an axiom of husbandry that stock-keeping must have a place in the management of every farm to render it profitable for a course of years.

A second grand resource of the farmer for manure—for keeping up and increasing the fertility of his farm—is not only to pasture and fodder stock, but to fatten them by the aid of the grain products of the farm. This course will not only largely increase the amount of manure, but will give it, under proper management, a much greater effective value as a fertilizer. It was a maxim of an excellent farmer, Mr. Coke, late Earl of Leicester, 'that the value of farm-yard manure is in proportion to what it is made of. If cattle eat straw alone, and dung is straw alone; the cattle are straw, the farm is straw, and the farmer is straw—they are all straw together.' And to come to an authority at home, John Johnston has advocated this course as the most effective and profitable for improving the value of our farms. 'High feeding,' says he, 'would make higher manuring, by both making a larger quantity and a much better quality.'

A third grand resource may be found in the inexhaustible muck beds so abundant in most sections of the country. These contain vast supplies of 'highly concentrated vegetable food, not only partly cooked but seasoned,' to quote Dana's 'Muck Manual.' It has been found by many extensive and repeated experiments, that (in the words of Prof. Johnston,) 'it is only necessary to mix half dried peat with any substance which undergoes rapid spontaneous decomposition, when it will more or less speedily become infected with the same tendency to decay, and will thus be rendered capable of ministering to the growth of cultivated plants.' We have in former volumes given considerable attention to this subject, but its importance will allow of its frequent recall upon the attention of our readers.

The fertilizing materials allowed to run to waste upon most farms, might supply another valuable resource for improving their productiveness. The liquid manure of stock, the slops of the kitchen and wash-room, the contents of privies, refuse bones, and waste animal matter—these, and many other things cumbering our back yards and befouling our cellars and store rooms, would form a compost heap of great richness and no inconsiderable value. But we must leave the subject with our interested readers, hoping each will look about him, and see what are, and how he can best apply the manurial resources of his farm. [Country Gentleman.]

MAKING AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.—There is a class of people who seem to think they are justified in swindling their newspaper reading out of the unfortunate publishers upon whom for the time being they manage to fasten themselves. It does us good occasionally to see an example made of such persons. The publisher of the *Leviathan Falls Journal* gives an account of a recent case tried before Justice Cochran of Monmouth, in which a Mr. Hutchinson, who had taken his paper for five years, endeavored to get rid of the obligation of paying for it by alleging (a very common dodge by the way) that he never subscribed for it. The fact came out, however, in his own testimony upon the stand that although he had been very careful not to take the paper out of the post office in person, he permitted members of the family to do so during the entire period, and thus obtained the regular reading of it for himself. Convicted out of his own mouth, the justice promptly awarded judgment against him for debt, interest and cost. 'We hope it will prove a salutary warning not only to him but to many others with whom most newspaper publishers have the misfortune to be acquainted.'—[Maine Farmer.]

Mr. Punch gives the following description of what a printer must be: 'How nice is this being a printer! A public servant and without a servant of the devil. A good natured fellow—must always smile—bow to everybody—must be killing polite on all occasions, especially to ladies—must always be a dear duck of a man, always witty, always dignified—he must never do anything that would not accord with the strictest propriety of the most precise old maid, and must always be correct in everything he does; he is always expected to know the latest news, is styled 'muggins' if he is not posted; must please everybody, and is supposed never to need the one thing needful: must work for nothing and board himself; must trust everybody, and is thought a great bore if he presents his bill; must be a ladder for all political aspirants to step into office, who soon become independent, don't owe him anything, consider the printer at best a sorry dog, who cannot expect any better treatment than kicks and cuffs; and finally summing it up, he is expected to be a man without a model and without a shadow.'

