THE KANSAS

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Poetry.

The Future.

The drop that falls unnoted in the stream,
Prattling in childhood on its native hill;
The stream that must leave home and travel far
Over rough ways, with torn feet and no rest,
Changing its voice, and then, in calmer flow,
Sobered by dreams of the eternal sea,
Pass with wide water, trembling in its depths,
To the great ocean, like a soul to heaven,
And bear the drop to rest, and roam no more.

For me, a life that only late set out,
In weakness, as a swallow from the nest,
On its long journey to the land unknown,
That, gaining strength, must pass through stony ways,
Be lashed in storms, and ofttimes, in thick gloom,
Lose sight of what is prized, yet with the hope
That all its blighted loves and treasures lost
Are taken of the wind, like winged seeds,
And sown by angels in the better land,
Where this tired life shall rest, and find them grown.

The beam that, distant yet, but on its way
Intent, past systems, over comet-tracks,
Comes like a pilgrim with an offering,
And through the pure space to the misty world
Brings the faint greeting of a star unknown.

For me, the light feet, not yet heard on earth,
That move towards me from the better land,
And, though unheeded, shall complete their work,
And, like the morning sunburst breaking nigh,
When my heart faints, and my life is dark,
Step from the cloud bearing the gift of Heaven,
Sweet face and tender hands to comfort me.

The poet that shall come in the world's need
And lead men to the light, and teach them truth,
And win them by the wonder of his words,
Till true be known for true, and false for false,
And build the many-colored bow of thought
In sight above their heads, and in the end,
From his gold cup shall so enrich the world
That men shall lavish blessings on his grave.

For me, the angel that shall take my hand,
When winds are ceasing, and my work is done,
And, like a king leading a beggar child,
Shall open death and lead me through the veil,
And gently guide me, dazzled with the light,
Till my hand rests on all that I have lost.

Miscellaneous.

☞ Miss Harriet Martineau, having a farm of two acres, lives in the country, and thus appreciates the life she lives:

"Whoever grows anything feels a new interest in everything that grows; and, as to the mood of mind in which the occupation is pursued, it is to town-bred women singularly elevating and refining. To have been reared in a farm-house, remote from society and books, and ignorant of everything beyond the bounds of the parish, is one thing, and to pass from an indolent or a literary life in town to rural pursuits, adopted with a purpose, is another. In the first case the state of mind may be narrow, dull and coarse, in the latter it should naturally be expansive, cheery and elevated. The genuine poetry of man and nature invests an intellectual and active life in the open universe of rural scenery. If listless young ladies from any town in England could witness the way in which hours slip by in tending garden, and consulting about the crops, and gathering fruit and flowers, they would think there must be something in it more than they understand. If they would but try their hand at making a batch of butter, or condescend to gather eggs, and court acquaintance with hens and their broods, or assume the charge of a single nest, from the hen taking her seat to the maturity of the brood, they would find that life has pleasures for them they know not of—pleasures that have as much 'romance' and 'poetry' about them as any book in Mudie's library."

Among the many pleasant things the lady is able to say about the farm, is the following suggestion to educate cats;

"We educate our own cat, and that at the cottage; and if the neighbors would do the same, there would be an end everywhere to the loss and discontent and ill will which arise from this cause. When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it around her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured. She will never again desire to touch a bird. That is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from reproach and danger henceforth. Wild, homeless, hungry, ragged, savage cats are more difficult to catch; but they are outlaws, and may be shot with the certainty that all neighbors will be thankful."

The toad—ugly and venomous, hath yet a precious jewel in his appetite and taste. So think the market-gardeners of Paris and London, who employ toads to destroy insects that prey upon the produce of their vegetable beds. In such demand has come this auxiliary to successful cultivation, that he has become a game reptile, and a trade in toads has sprung up in both those cities. The market price in Paris is about fifty cents to a dozen. In London they have been sold as high as a dollar and a half, and this difference in value has produced a considerable import from France.

The kitchen gardens that surround London cover four thousand eight hundred acres, and employ thirty-five thousand persons. The minutest care is bestowed upon their cultivation, and the same piece of land is, in some instances, made to produce, in a single season, five successive crops. Not a single weed is permitted to show itself, and magnifying glasses are used to detect mildew, blast or parasite, that it may be removed as soon as it appears.

Slugs, snails, and other insects, are so voracious in some localities, around London especially, as in a single night to deprive all of a commercial value, asparagus, lettuce, carrots, and also the early spring fruits. The toads wage an exterminating war on all these destructive pests. Besides the toads, the gardeners have recourse likewise to chickens. These are employed to destroy wood lice. But first their feet are covered with a species of stocking to prevent them from scratching up the soil, and to oblige them to procure their prey with the bill only.

☞ "Look into your own heart, and write!" said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is the deepest, and the Thames where it is the thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained by some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently.—*From "A Good Fight," by Charles Reade.*

Past and Present.

This age is a practical one and a utilitarian one, and it makes sad havoc among the romantic notions of our grandfathers. It is not half so poetical as the age of chivalry, when women were worshipped for their beauty alone, and when men could find no more dignified or useful occupation than worshipping and fighting for pretty women. But that boasted age of chivalry was an age of ignorance and folly, and it is only the ignorant and foolish that can now regret it. The age of steam and electricity, of freedom and education, of labor and progress, is the true golden age of the world, and this nineteenth century sees the world in a much prouder condition, and mankind in a much happier state, than any century that has preceded it.—So we exult over the progress we have made since the "good old times" that croakers are continually lamenting, and we despise the cant which complains of this age because it is a practical, utilitarian age. Mankind were never so enlightened, so refined, so moral and so free as they now are. They have become so because they have cast off the romantic notions of feudal days, and have grown to be practical and utilitarian.

The inventor of the steam engine did more for the human race than all the knights that ever lived, from Arthur's Round Table down. Miss Dix, Mrs. Fry, and Miss Nightingale have been better and more useful women and more deserving of men's applause, than all the queens of love and beauty that ever were crowned at tournaments. The men of the American Revolution, who abolished the monarchial system on an entire continent, were greater benefactors of humanity than all the emperors, kings and princes that ever reigned in Europe. The public school system, as it exists in the American States, is worth more than all the public institutions of Europe in the age of chivalry. The free press, the free exercise of religion, the right of suffrage, the representative system of government—these and many other invaluable institutions of the present age are exclusively modern, and could not have existed in a time of feudalism and chivalry. There is nothing, in such an age as that was, that will admit of mention alongside of the railroad and the telegraph of these times, and there are thousands of modern mechanical contrivances, the results of free education and the free exercise of thought, that make this period incomparably superior to that of several hundred years ago.

In one thing alone can we recognize any superiority in the people of the Middle Ages over those of the present age. They built better churches. But even this was the effect of their superstitious subservience to a hierarchy, whose exactions monopolized all the energies and all the wealth of the masses. They built scarcely anything else that was fit to look at or live in, if we except the castles erected by the lords to overawe the people and restrain all ideas of popular liberty. At the present day we build no castles and no great churches or cathedrals. But we build railroads and steamships, colleges and free schools to study in, churches to worship in and not merely to admire, palatial hotels, fine mansions for the rich, and comfortable dwellings, "with all the modern improvements," for the poor.—There can be no question which system is the best for the happiness of mankind, the past or the present. The romance-writer alone loses certain materials for his compositions, when he comes to the present day. He can find little that is picturesque about a railroad, or poetical about a steamboat. He sees no romance about a free press or a free school. He can make no heroine out of Dorothea Dix, or Elizabeth Fry, or Florence Nightingale, or any imaginary character that resembles either of them. Even Sir Walter Scott himself, the prince of romance-writers, would have been confounded, if he had had to employ the characters, the ideas, the institutions and the machinery of modern civilized society in constructing his enchanting stories.—But the loss of the romance-writer is the gain of the world at large. The sentimental young lady may lament, and the sentimental young gentleman may scoff at the present state of society. But in reality much of the heroism of old times was as little wise as was the heroism of Don Quixote. The true heroes, and the worthiest of respect are those men who labor earnestly in some great moral cause, which concerns the present and the future of the human race. The true heroines are the thousands of noble women of the present time, who would not figure well in romance, or look well as the queen of love and beauty, but who are pure, virtuous wives, mothers and daughters, and earnest coadjutors of the noble men of the age in all good works of education, philanthropy and religion.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

☞ The Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* furnishes pen portraits of some of the Democratic celebrities at the Syracuse Convention.—Here is one of "Fernandy Wud," as his Irish compatriots call him:

"Fernando Wood is the Mephistopheles of politicians. He is the 'mildest mannered man' that ever packed a caucus or got up a row. He is what boarding school misses would call 'a love of a man.' His form is slender, but faultlessly proportioned, his tread elastic to airyness, and his carriage graceful to the last degree. His forehead is broad without being massive, and his features regular, yet strongly marked. The general expression of his face is that of external placidity. He might have sat for the portrait of 'Oily Gammon,' in 'Ten Thousand a Year;' and were it not for that pitiless eye and those closely compressed lips, you might mistake him for a moral reformer or a Home Missionary Society's agent. The face of Louis Napoleon is not more sphynx-like in its expression. Without the apparent dullness of the latter, it has all its inscrutability. We watched it narrowly during that terrible row at Syracuse, and, except that it was a shade paler, you could not have known that a human passion had ever stirred it. He has, in an eminent degree, the elements of a successful modern politician. He is cool, intrepid, shrewd, unscrupulous; a man who, if his character were equal to his brains, would stand head and shoulders above his Democratic rivals in the State."

☞ The Legislature of California has rejected the Bachelor's Homestead Bill, which proposes to give to men who prefer a life of single blessedness, the same immunity from seizure of their homestead, for debt, as now enjoyed by those who have the good sense to get married.

A Morning with Rosa Bonheur.

Paris, Aug. 10, 1859.

By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius, to the world.

She is the most distinguished female painter living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame—no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever Art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany and the smaller kingdoms of Europe, the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word.

At twelve o'clock on the eleventh of March we were set down at No. 32 Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate and down to the farther end of a garden, where we entered the vestibule of a small cottage house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*—a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second *etage*—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edgewise.

"You have accomplished much, mademoiselle," we said, glancing at large picture on the easel, called "*Les Moutons*" (The Sheep.)

"Yes," she replied, "I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old: I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband—my world—my life dream—the air I breathe. I know nothing else—feel nothing else—think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

"You have not married," we said.

"Have I not said that I married Art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptation of the term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. But the subject is painful; give me some other topic."

"You don't love society?" we said.

"Yes, I do," she replied, with an air of impatience; "but I select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature; the company of my horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books and the thoughts of great minds.—I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her—society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them, I have succeeded."

"Have you given the Women's Rights question any attention?" we asked.

"Women's rights! women's nonsense!" she answered. "Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works, and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint '*Marche au Chevaux*,' (The Horse Show,) for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint. I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who *ask permission to think!*"

At this moment two or three visitors entered, and while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*.

On the wall to the left of the entrance was the head of a buck with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the farther end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl and a parrot.—On the wall, *en face* the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, &c., in bronze and plaster, modeled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us.

The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made upon us, on entering the *atelier*, was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave, promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now entrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instructions gratis.

Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days, it would be easy for her to do it in England by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. "*Marche aux Chevaux*," (The Horse Fair,) which was exhibited at Williams & Stevens' a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess.

America also paid, the last year, ten thousand dollars for a "View of the Pyreneese"—one of her least known pictures.

A rich Hollander, visiting her *atelier* recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. "It is impossible to comply with your request," she said, "I am not inspired."

Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium hight of women; in appearance, about thirty years; *petite*, with quick, piercing blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short and parted on the side, like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alapaca skirt, *sans crinoline*, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish.

Mademoiselle also has an *atelier* in the country, where she spends much time.—When in the city she wears the costume of her sex; but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear.

There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day, when she returned from the country, she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival, the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and seeing a young man (as he supposed, from the costume,) seated on the side of the bed, with his arm around the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. "Oh! run after him, he thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!" cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down stairs, and soon returned with the modest doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude.

On another occasion, Mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theater. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel until the carriage was announced. "Yes," said Rosa, "*je suis prete;*" and away she went to the theater *comme la*. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her with surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him, he went off in a rage.

"Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible.—Turn her out! If you do not, I will never enter your theater again. It is an insult to respectable people to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle."

The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter.

"Rosa Bonheur:" he gasped. "Who'd have thought it? make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again."—*Home Journal.*

Sixty Years Since.

A cotemporary contains an essay on the manners and customs sixty years since, which is full of admonition to the present generation. Sixty years make a great change, not only in the condition of an individual, but in the habits and principles of society. We make an extract for the benefit of our readers, male and female:

"When Washington was President, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and made dough-nuts and cakes between Christmas and New-Years; now the married ladies are too proud to make dough-nuts—besides, they don't know how, so they even send to Madam Pompadour, or some other French cake baker, and buy sponge cake for a dollar or two a pound. In those days the city was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splendid misery. Then there were no gray-headed spinsters, (unless they were ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin housekeeping for twenty, and in washing his clothes and cooking his victuals, the wife saved more money than it took to support her. Now, I have known a minister to get five hundred dollars for buckling a couple—then wine, cake, et ceteras, five hundred more—wedding clothes and jewels a thousand—six or seven hundred dollars in driving to the Springs, or some deserted mountain—then a house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at an expense of three or four thousand—and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake, bake a loaf of bread nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for twelve dollars a month—a chambermaid, a laundress and seamstress at eight dollars each, and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, these blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme, and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen. Thus lighting the candles at both ends, it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door, and drives love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of blessedness; and hence you find a longer record of deaths than marriages."

Verdancy in Indiana.

An insurance agent in this city, a gentleman well and favorably known as a man of truth and veracity, tells the following, in illustration of the verdancy of a gentleman in Pike county, Ind., with whom he had effected a policy of insurance:

In the list of printed questions in the Company's blanks, there is one like this: "Ashes—how kept?" The Pike county gentleman was burned out, and after the fire, discovered this question in his policy, and, resolving to make a sure thing of his premium, wrote our informant something in this wise: "Dear Sir—I was burned out on the —— day of ——, and according to your laws, I have kept the ashes. They are in barrels, what shall I do with them?"—*Peoria Union.*

The Most Curious Book in the World.

One that was produced in France about three years ago. It is entitled "*Liber Passionis Domini Jesu Christi*," and is *neither written nor printed*. The letters are cut out of the finest vellum, and being interleaved with blue paper, may be read as easily as the best of print. The materials are of the most delicate and costly kind, the workmanship exquisitely exact, and the labor necessary to complete the work must have been immense. In 1640, Rudolphus II, of Germany, offered for it 11,000 ducats, nearly equal to 60,000 ducats (or dollars) at this day.

A Retort Direct.

A clergyman from a neighboring town and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said: "I see they do; but I can't."—*Providence Post.*

☞ A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture—"He was *clothed* with *curses* as with a *garment*." "It signifies," replied the Divine, "that that individual had *got* a *habit* of swearing."

The Franking Privilege.

The franking privilege was a British "institution," until the introduction of Rowland Hill's Penny Postage, in January, 1840. Up to that time, each Cabinet Minister, and the heads of several public departments, had a right of franking—the number of letters sent being unlimited in such cases, and there being no check upon the weight. This franking was borrowed from the British by the Americans, who do not limit the weight of official or other frank. The New York *Herald*, which is notoriously addicted to sneer, in turn, at all things American, had the following statement, one day this week: "It is notorious that members of Congress are in the habit of sending home by mail their dirty linen to be washed, and of receiving it back clean by the same medium." We should think that the linen would run some chance of being rumpled, if sent in an envelope, as a letter through the post. There never has been any accusation against British officials of the franking era that they communicated with their laundresses by means of their franking privilege.

Besides the *official*, there used to be a great deal of *parliamentary* franking. There were about 450 members of the House of Lords, who enjoyed this privilege, as well as 658 of the House of Commons. Each of these legislators was entitled to receive fifteen letters a day, and was limited to franking ten. Moreover, no letter so freed from postage was allowed to weigh more than an ounce. Nor did the restrictions end here—the address, with date, had to be written entirely by the person entitled to frank, and any deviation from this caused full postage to be charged in every instance of omission or neglect. Thus, an English frank used to be in this fashion:

London, September Nine, 1837.

To

James Holyoake, Esq.,
36 Sackville street,
Dublin.

D. O'Connell.

Here, it will be noticed, the date is written in words, not in numerals. This is to prevent any alteration of date. Formerly there inevitably prevailed the abuse of writing franks to be used by other people. At that time, the average rate of postage in Great Britain was twenty cents per letter, with an extra single postage charged for every separate enclosure. So strictly was this interpreted that a letter enclosed in an envelope was always considered double and charged with double postage. As a frank would cover an ounce weight, it was capable of taking half a dozen letters or notes written upon thin paper. Thus the franking privilege took a great deal out of the Post Office revenue, even though it never sent shirts to the laundress or received them back, as the owner of the "wills" on Washington Heights has had the impudence to say.

There were some checks, it will be seen, on any gross abuse of the franking privilege. Until a pretty far advanced period in William Pitt's Ministry, the frank of a British peer or member of Parliament was simply his name, written by himself, on the left-hand corner of the letter, which carried as large a packet as the sheet of paper could hold. Mr. Pitt introduced the check of also having inscribed on the letter the address of the party receiving it, with the place and date—all in the holograph of the party franking. He also limited the weight to one ounce, and, curtailing the privilege of a franker's sending and receiving through the post each day as many letters as he pleased, cut the number down to the sending ten and receiving of fifteen free letters daily.

Having the *place* whence the letter was to be sent written by the franker on the address, was what Mr. Fagin would call "an artful dodge." For example, a man might write a frank, to oblige a friend or constituent at Leeds, dating it from thence. If this were not posted at Leeds, where it was dated, it was null and void as a frank, and would be charged full postage. Again, as to the *date*. Suppose that the letter whose address we have given above, as dated *September nine*, were to be posted before or after that date, it would not then be a frank, but would be charged full postage. If a member, having written a letter on the 9th, which he had failed to post, wished to send it on without writing another frank, (envelopes being scarcely used then,) he should erase the word *nine*, write *ten* or any other date over it, and subjoin his initials to the correction.

In January 1840, when the Penny Postage put an end to the franking privilege, it was ascertained that of 57,000,000 letters which annually passed through the British post offices, 7,000,000 were franked letters. Of these 4,813,448 were Parliamentary, and 2,109,010 were official franks. The entire weight of British Parliamentary franked letters, by over 1,100 legislators, (at an average weight of nearly half an ounce for each letter) was about 1,200 tons in the last year of franking, or little more than three tons per diem.

This of course takes into account not only letters sent direct through the General Post Offices in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but heaps of letters from country places which never entered those great establishments. It is the whole, in fact, of all franked letters in all parts of the country.

The number of franks was actually 135,000 per week, distributed thus—London, 51,000; English post offices, 56,000; Ireland, 21,000; and Scotland, 6,500. On the average, each peer and member of Parliament received fifty, and sent away thirty-four letters per week, and *no* documents whatever.

There was no such thing, in the days of British franking, as sending "documents" through post. A few public statutes were sent, but those generally by officials; and only 77,542 were sent in 1839. If a member made a speech which he desired his constituents to read, they would find it in the *Times*, or other London papers, among the Parliamentary Debates; If he wished this to be given more fully than the London reporters deemed it worth giving, they had a report of what they said, or wished to have said, printed in the newspaper or newspapers in their interest in the district with which they were connected as hereditary or legislative representatives. Of course, leading men's speeches, in or out of Parliament, are published, for their own importance, in most of the newspapers, all over the country, holding opinions like those thus expressed.

A calculation was made, when the British franking privilege ceased, that the franked and free letters amounted to over 30 per cent. of the whole number of letters transmitted by the general post. The average weight of each chargeable letter, was about three-tenths of an ounce; of a parliamentary frank about forty-eight hundreths of an ounce; of an official kind 1.9376 oz., or nearly two ounces; of a copy of a public statute, 3.1129 oz. The rates upon these would have been, parliamentary franks, £348,814; official franks, £616,965; statutes distributed, £36,443. The total postage, then, on 7,000,000 free letters, in one year, was £1,002,222, equal to upwards of Five Million Dollars. All this, at one sweep, the Penny Postage system restored to the public revenue of Great Britain.

The present English system, in use since January 10, 1840, provides that each public department shall absolutely pay the postage upon every letter and document it sends out. Even the Queen's privilege of franking was abolished, by her own consent, in 1840 and her own letters when sent through the post pass free—by virtue of bearing Queen's-head stamps. Before this she used simply to write her initials, "V. R.," on the corner—for it was not etiquette for the Sovereign to make his or her signature vulgar, by writing it on a mailed letter.

When franking was allowed in England there was only one instance in which the privilege was allowed by proxy. This was the event of illness or physical inability to hold the pen, when a warrant, allowing a certain person named therein to write the frank, in the name of the incapable party, was issued by the Treasury, leave from the Sovereign being first obtained. To write a frank, except under the permission of this warrant, even though it were done with the member's own consent, was a felony punished with from seven to fourteen years transportation.

If, as most probably will happen, the franking privilege will *not* be immediately abolished in this country, perhaps the facts which we have collected may enable some one to frame a scheme for preventing the abuses of the franking system here. The great leading points are—that the whole of the frank must be in the handwriting of the party issuing the frank; that the place where it is posted, and the date of such posting shall be part of the address so written by the gentleman who franks; that there be a limitation of the weight which each frank shall cover, and that there also be a limitation to the number of franked or free letters which each member is to send and receive. If a man has to write to his Representative, it is not too much to expect him to pay the postage.

We do not enumerate these points in the franking system, long since abolished in England, with a view of recommending all of them. But some of these provisions are clearly worth consideration. The franking privilege may not be abolished, or indeed easily abolishable, in this country, but its abuses may and should be checked.—*Phil. Press.*

"Whose Sheddeth Man's Blood," &c.

Most of our readers remember the affair at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, about a year ago, in which Mr. Loring was killed by Dr. Graham. Dr. G. was acquitted by a New York jury, but the telegraph to-day brings the news that Dr. G. himself has been forced to suffer that agony which he forced to poor Loring's lips.

This event recalls to mind another affair that made upon our mind a very marked impression, and which seems to stamp with the light of truth the supernal prophecy of the Bible, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Buck Walker, of Madison county, Miss., ruthlessly shot a young man who was imploring him to marry his sister, whom he (Walker) had seduced; and not more than a year after the event alluded to, Walker was shot dead by a young man whose sister he had added to the list of his conquests, and he fell on the very spot which had been reddened by his victim a year before!—*Perfectly Independent.*

Bad Whiskey.

A man named Wm. Williams, recently died very suddenly in Ebensburg, Pa., having in his possession at the time, a bottle partly filled with whiskey. The whiskey was taken in charge, and sent to a chemist for analysis, and here is the report of the result:

"No strychnine was found in said liquor, but in lieu of that poison, I found an alkaloid known to chemists as *picrotoxin*, and which is the poisonous constituent of *Cocculus Indicus*. The proportion found was two grains to the pint of whiskey.—In regard to the virulence of this poison, I would inform you that it is considered by the best authorities fatal to human life in quantities of from five to ten grains, according to circumstances and conditions.

R. S. BUNN."

Illegal Voting in Old Times.

The following is an extract from the laws of Massachusetts for 1643, showing how voting was managed in the olden time:

It is ordered by this court and the authority thereof, that for the yearly choosing of assistants, the freemen shall use Indian corn and beans, the Indian corn to manifest election, the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or bean, for the choice or refusal of any public officer, he shall forfeit for every such offense ten pounds.

☞ Mr. Russel Smith will soon reproduce in London the "Poor Man's Bible," a very ancient copy of the Scriptures printed from wooden blocks before the invention of metal types. Fac-similes will be given of the engraving which illustrates the original work—forty in number, and of course rather singular in design and execution. Several copies are known still to exist in Europe, and the present reprint will be copied from the volume in the British Museum.

☞ Some people in the world appear to find their highest pleasure in being a sort of social hyenas, gathering together and digging up the reputations of frail fallen men and women, to feast with greediness and delight, whining and howling over the loathsome repast the while, as if they felt sincerely sorry to have found corruption, when they sought for it alone. Have we not all sins enough to make us patient, if we cannot be charitable toward other sinners?—*Pitts. Dispatch.*

Adhesion of Locomotive Wheels by Magnetism.

As was announced in a recent number of the *Review*, an engine has been fitted up on the Central Railway of New Jersey with magnetic driving-wheels, and on Thursday last a series of trials was made, under the direction of Major Edward W. Serrell, in presence of the Master Mechanic (Mr. Crossman) and other officers of the road, and a number of gentlemen interested in railways.

The results of the trials may be very briefly stated as follows:

By means of the magnetist the adhesion is increased seventy-five to eighty per cent., without adding one ounce to the actual weight of the engine.

The trials were made on the engine "Lebanon," which weighs 21½ tons, and it was found that the power required to slip the wheels was equal to that which would have been necessary to do so if the engine had been loaded with a dead weight of eighteen tons beyond her own weight, and the force which gave this increase of adhesion weighed nothing at all. As many readers may not understand the nature of this arrangement, although it has in part been described in the *Review*, the following may be interesting:

The front driving-wheels of the engine are surrounded by a coil of copper wire traversely, and this coil consists of two hundred and eighty-eight turns, forming a helix of about six inches high and three inches thick. The wires of which this is composed are insulated from one another, and the whole are made damp proof with India-rubber and suitable casing.

The wheel plays through the helix, either end of it being sustained by the frame of the engine, and the helix is so curved that its center-line represents an arc of a circle, of which the diameter of the wheel is equal to the radius. The lower surface of the helix comes within about two and a half inches from the track at the apex, and twelve or fourteen inches above it at the ends. The wheel comes within about half an inch from the inside of the helix all round, but does not touch it anywhere. The inside of one coil is connected with the outside of the other by a wire the same size as the remainder of the helix.

In order to induce magnetism in the wheels the helices are connected to a battery on the engine. The one used on the "Lebanon" is composed of four square cells, each cell containing ten zinc and ten platinized lead plates. The zinc plates are twelve inches square, and the lead ones are proportioned according to the rules laid down by Smees.

Sulphuric acid (H. O.; S. O.) 1, water 20, is used to excite action.

Between the battery and the helices, in the circuit of the current, a "closer" is placed in the cab of the engine, accessible to the engine-man, by which, on turning a handle in one direction or the other, either or both of the wheels are magnetized, separately or together, or neither of them, as required, and a magnetometer is so arranged as to indicate, somewhat similar to a steam-gauge, when the acid in the battery requires replenishing. It is proposed, in order to make the whole apparatus as convenient as possible, to have a suitable tank at the water stations to supply the acidulated water, which is to be kept properly mixed and ready for use, and by means of a small hose of rubber to convey it into the battery.

The apparatus is simple, economical in use, and easily fitted to any old or new engine, and is no more likely to get out of order than any other part of the locomotive.

The objects of this invention are to enable light engines to draw as much as heavier ones now do; to enable the engine to ascend steeper grades, and to make regular time on a slippery track, all of which will save in the wear and tear of the machinery. The number of engines in use, to do the same business, will be lessened; no sand is required to prevent the wheels slipping, the bridges will not be strained so much, and above all, the superstructure will be saved the enormous weight and speed of our present engines.

While the trials were being made, the various persons present expressed great interest in the success of the experiments. One engineer said, if he had had "that thing" on his engine the night before, he should not have been kept out on the road four hours after his time in the cold fog. Another said, he could have gone to the fair if he had had it on his machine, but that he could not get in, the track was so "blamed slippery;" every one could see it was destined to do all that its friends bespeak for it. When the magnetism was shut off, the wheels would slip and the engine cease to draw; when it was again applied, by merely turning a small, brass handle, the wheels would stop slipping and take hold, and draw with the whole power of the steam capacity of the engine.—*Railway Review.*

The Valuation of Wisconsin.

The Wisconsin State Board of Equalization, which commenced its session at Madison on the 6th ult., finished its labors on the 10th. The land throughout the State is equalized at $6 63 per acre. The total value of lands in the State, as equalized, is $118,178,829; city and village lots $26,833,511 36; while the personal property, which could not be touched by the State Board, amounts to $13,607,893 04. The grand total of the property in the State, as equalized by the State Board, is $168,620,233 79.

☞ Some of the San Francisco papers have published portraits of Greeley.—They seem to have taken for this purpose such wood-cuts as they had on hand, and instead of adapting the portrait to the original, they content themselves with adapting the description to the portrait. It was found necessary in one case to make him a "stout, burly, dark complexioned man, with black hair and a good deal of black whiskers."

☞ A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* states that a subterranean fountain of rock oil has been discovered at Sistersville, which yields 400 gallons of pure oil in twenty-four hours.

☞ German physiologists affirm that of twenty deaths of men between 18 and 28 years of age, ten originate in the waste of the constitution induced by smoking.

☞ The biographer of a venerable minister says he was remarkable for the felicity of his prayers, and returned thanks with the exactness of an assessor.

☞ Says St. Evremond, "A woman's last sighs are for her beauty."

Uses of Paper in Japan.

From a review in the London *Times*, of Capt. Sherard Osborn's book entitled "A Cruise in Japanese Waters," just published, we copy the following extract taken from the work itself:

"It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people. Our papier-mache manufacturers, as well as the Continental ones, should go to Yedo to learn what can be done with paper.—We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pigskin that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker-varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and we even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which *did* keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Macintosh.

"The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels or dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead-lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper."

It appears from Capt. Osborn's book that, owing to severe strictures in Com. Perry's Report, the Japanese refused to exhibit the brutal gladiatorial shows there spoken of, and they declared that Europeans should never witness them again.—This is creditable to the Japanese as well as to Com. Perry and his officers.

A Reporter's Challenge to M. Blondin.

The local editor of the McKean *Citizen* throws out the following challenge to M. Blondon:

"A single telegraph wire shall be extended from the American to the Canada shore, without a single guy, directly over the cataract at Niagara Falls. The 'local' of this paper, wearing a pair of cowhide boots, and dressed in the costume of a female Dutch cook, will proceed to the middle of the wire, with a common clay pipe as a balancing pole, driving before him a hog and a cow, and carrying on his back a cooking-stove, a coop of chickens, a bed and bedding, a keg of lager beer, a barber's chair, and various cooking utensils. He will then unload himself and immediately go to bed. After a snooze of fifteen minutes he will rise, dress himself, take a glass of beer, milk the cow, kill the hog and dress it, cook fresh pork for breakfast, after which he will eat a wolf's meal. He will then throw one hundred and thirty summersaults, sucking an egg while in the air at each evolution, alighting the last time on the tip of the cow's horn, and while in this position will take the chicken-coop, and after having taken the chickens out one at a time and wrung their necks consecutively, will balance the coop on the tip end of his nose, balance the cooking stove on his right hand thumb, balance the bedstead on his left thumb, at the same time finishing the beer and making a Dutch speech to the admiring crowds on either shore. After which—after the manner of Levi North's celebrated one-horse act—the 'local' will perform the one-cow act. The foreman of this paper will then come out on the wire, blindfolded and shackled, walking on his hands. Then there will be a representation of Heenan and Morrissey's prize fight, in which the 'local' and foreman will exchange sundry knocks and kicks and black eyes. The last scene will be both parties standing on their heads, and will, in this predicament, play a rub of twenty-one games of old sledge for the treat of all hands. The whole to conclude with a representation of some of the loving scenes in Romeo and Juliet."

High Bridge from England to France.

This magnificent project is being seriously entertained among engineers and men of science. There have been equally as wonderful things effected in our day. The English papers have published some of the details of the plans for uniting England with France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Cape Grinez. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the bridge would rest on one side on the cliffs of Dover, and on the other side on the cliffs of Cape Grinez, the French abutments being raised one hundred and fifty-three feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by one hundred and ninety towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for warning in fogs.—The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed, is one hundred and eighty-six feet. The bridge would have two or more railways, which, it is estimated, could be traversed in twenty minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light of day—being lighted at night by gas. In order to prevent all fear of invasion, the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be commanded by a strong battery. The towers, which would be one hundred feet in diameter and two hundred and sixty feet high, would rest on colossal bases three hundred feet square at the bottom, one hundred and fifty feet square at the top, rising to a hight of forty feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of the tops of the towers would thus be three hundred feet above the surface of the water. Mr. Boyd estimates the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £30,000,000, but thinks it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years.

☞ Every word, says Bulwer, has its sequel, and the sequel of epicure is beggar.