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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper... Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1852.

NO. 11.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAHEM & WING,
At No. 3-1-2 Bouteille Block, Main Street.
DANIEL R. WING.

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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMMORTALITY.

I wandered in the solemn night, lonely
And a weary wail of thought and gloom—
Is there a world beyond, or am I only
A traveler to the tomb?

Will all these dreams of life within me glowing
These earnest thoughts that never weary roam,
These aspirations ever upward flowing
Find nowhere a home?

There came an answer on the night winds swelling,
A joyous tone that school-children sing,
And our mingled voices ever telling
Of sunnier lands for thee?

Is it not whispered in the south wind's murmur,
Is it not spoken in the tempest's might,
Bidding thee to go onward, made but firmer
By this world's chilling blight?

There came an answer from the distant ringing
Of ocean waters o'er their secret caves—
And are not we of life eternal singing
We, the deep sounding waves?

Yes, we in strength and beauty living,
Unconquered by the storms of time,
Are but the shadow of the life unending
In a far, holier clime.

There came an answer on the twilight stealing,
Borne from the angel, morning-land of youth,
In tones of thrilling melody revealing
The mysteries of truth.

Is it not written in the stars of heaven,
That gaze into thy heart so still and bright,
Unto the soul immortal life is given—
Immortal life and light?

MISCELLANY.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

The Rev. Sydney Saybrook preached his first sermon to an admiring congregation. The people of L— were astonished; old men dwelt with delight on the excellent home-truths introduced, as it were, amid a bed of flowers—youth men admired the eloquence and frank bearing of the speaker—and young ladies, ah! that was the thing. They, disdaining the matter-of-fact admiration of the rougher sex, looked forward into futurity, and, as the young minister was reported free of encumbrances, they thought of putting an end to his season of bliss by providing him with one as soon as possible.

This, however, is in strict confidence—they would not have acknowledged it for the world, and yet many of the brains pertaining to those attentive faces were busily at work within the pretty personage, altering, remodeling, arranging things to their own particular tastes. One would have that rose-vine taken away, it obstructed the view; another would not only leave the rose, but would add, a honeysuckle, too—it looked pretty and romantic; while a third had re-accepted the stairs to the last flight by the time that Mr. Saybrook arrived at "thirtynine."

Milly Ellsworth was a very pretty girl, and, therefore, what might perhaps have been vanity in one more plain, was with her only a pleasant consciousness of her own charms; as, in apparent forgetfulness of the saying that it takes two to make a bargain, she exclaimed: "I have made up my mind to captivate Mr. Saybrook—it must be so beautiful to be a minister's wife!"

The last remark was intended as a sort of compliment to the visitor, who enjoyed that enviable distinction, but Mrs. S— merely smiled as Milly's earnest face was raised towards her, and said in a low, confidential tone: "Only think of it, continued the young enthusiast, 'I do think of it, replied Mrs. S—, quietly; but the thought, to me, brings up some scenes that are anything but agreeable. If I cannot tell 't'ales that would freeze your very blood,' I can relate some that would freeze a little of that enthusiasm. A minister's wife! You little know what is comprised in that title."

"Of course," replied Milly, with a demure face, "it is a station of great responsibility, and has its peculiar duties. A minister's wife, too, is a sort of pattern, and should be a—in short, just the thing."

"Exactly," returned Mrs. S— smiling at this very satisfactory explanation, "but for 'pattern' read 'mirror'—a reflection of every body's own particular ideas; in which, of course, no two agree. But let me hear your ideas on the subject, Milly—I wish to know what you consider 'just the thing.'"

"Why," continued Milly, warming with her subject, "her dress, in the first place, should be scrupulously plain, not an article of jewelry, a simple straw hat, perhaps, tied down with a single ribbon; and a white dress, with no ornament but natural flowers."

"Very good," said Mrs. S—, "as far as it goes, but the beauty of this very 'simple straw-hat,' is, of course, to consist in its shape and style, and country villages are not proverbial for taste in this respect. It would never do for a minister's wife to spend her time in searching for a tawny bonnet, and with a limited purse this is no light labor. Then, too, she is obliged to encourage the manufacturers of the town in which she resides. If you could have seen some of the hats I had to wear, you would have seen some of the most beautiful that could be made of straw. As to the white dress, continued Mrs. S—, 'you must intend it to be made of some material from which dirt will glance harmlessly off on one side. On perhaps you have one of those lovely, white, lace-trimmed dresses, which, when worn, make the wearer look like a saint. I was obliged to give up white dresses, and wear a

Milly looked thoughtful. "Oh, well," said she, after a short pause, "dress is very little, after all. I should like the idea of being a minister's wife; you are so looked-up to by the congregation; and then they bring you presents and think so much of you."

"Yes," replied Mrs. S—, "there is something in that; I had seven thimbles given to me once."

"Well, that must have been pleasant, I am sure."

"It would have done very well had they not expected me to use the whole seven at once. Don't look so frightened, Milly. I don't mean in a literal sense; but I was certainly expected to accomplish as much work as would have kept the seven well employed. This, with my household affairs, was somewhat impossible."

Milly sighed; she was not fond of work, and had vague visions of meals of fruit and milk, and interminable seams accomplishing themselves with neatness and dispatch.

"Now, that you look rather more rational," said Mrs. S—, with a smile, "I will give you a little of my own experience, that you may not walk into these responsibilities with your eyes half-shut, as I did. My ideas upon the subject of minister's wives were very much like your own, and when I left my father's house in the city to accompany Mr. S. to his home in a distant country-village, it was with the impression that I was to become a sort of queen, over a small territory it is true, but filled with adoring subjects. Mr. S. is not very communicative, and as he did not pull down my castles-in-the-air with any description of realities, I was rather disappointed to find no roses or honeysuckles; but a very substantial-looking house, with an immense corn-field on one side and a kitchen-garden on the other. I could scarcely repress my tears; but Mr. S., who had been accustomed to the prospect all his life, welcomed me to my future home as though it were all that could be desired.

"The congregation soon flocked, not to 'pay their respects,' but to take an inventory of my person and manners. I was quite young and naturally lively, and old people shook their heads disapprovingly at the minister's choice, while spinsters, disappointed ones perhaps, tossed their heads at the idea of 'such a child.' The very rigid ones black-balled me from their community as unworthy to enter, while the gay ones regarded me as a sort of amphibious animal, neither one thing nor the other."

"Before long the gifts of which you speak thronged in. I was pleased at the attention—not dreaming, in my innocence, that twice as much would be required of me in return. My ignorance on a great many subjects excited the contempt, and often, indignation of my country neighbors; they made not the least allowance for my youth."

"I was standing in the kitchen one day, with a delusive notion of making cake, for my attempts in the cookery line always placed me in a state of delightful uncertainty as to the end it was quite a puzzle what things would turn out, when a middle-aged woman made her appearance, and without being invited seated herself near me. A basket accompanied her, and after remarking that 'it was awful hot!' she asked me 'If I wouldn't like some turnpike-cakes.'"

"Previous unpalatable messes had been sent to the table, and afraid that I might be drawn in to taste some nauseous compound, I replied rather hesitatingly: 'No, I thank you, I do not think that I am very fond of them.'"

"Mrs. Badger, for that was my visitor's name, placed a hand on each hip, and looking me full in the face, burst forth into a laugh that would have done credit to a backwood's man. I trembled, and felt myself coloring to the tips of my ears. To this day I have a vivid recollection of the impression made upon me by that woman's contempt."

"Well, wherever was you brought up," said my visitor, at length, "to 'spose that turnpike-cakes was meant to eat! Why bless your heart, child! they're to make bread with!"

"I caught eagerly at the idea; Mr. S. was partial to home-made bread—Mrs. Badger, who was by no means ill-natured, willingly left the turnpike-cakes, and I was soon plunged up to the elbows in my labor of love. I had very mistaken ideas though upon the subject of bread and its capabilities of rising; I supposed that a very minute piece of dough would bake into a pretty loaf, and was extremely surprised when I beheld only an extensive tea-cake. Mr. S. laughed good-naturedly at my baking, and pronounced it very well, what there was of it. Anxious to distinguish myself in his eyes as a good housekeeper, I toiled over pies, cakes, and everything eatable that I could think of, but alas! the meed of praise always fell short of my expectations. He dispatched the pies with a mournful air, as he assured me that 'he never expected to taste any equal to his mother's,' and after trying in vain to reach this standard of perfection, I gave it up in despair. This, I have since found, is a more deplorable peculiarity to men, to be classed in the same scale with the fancy that sermons were longer and winters merrier in childhood than they are now."

"My experience of ministers has convinced me that, with respect to worldly matters, they are an extremely thoughtless, imprudent race; and the machinery of work, indispensable to the producing of comforts, always contrives to get on 'the blind side' of them. Mr. S. seemed to imagine that shining shirt-bosoms and spotless cravats grew on trees, or were fished up, unharmed, from the depths of the sea, for every week his astonishment at Biddy's failures was indescribable."

"Anxious to put an end to this perpetual state of surprise, I went into the kitchen to oversee the girl's performances, knowing about as much of the matter as she did. Her request, 'and would you please, m'm, to be after 'abowin' me,' just meant to do it myself. The sensations that Mr. S. experienced on finding me thus employed were almost too deep to vent themselves in words, but he positively forbade my doing it again; so, whenever I knew that he was off on some lengthy visit, I continued my mysterious occupation unsuspected; while he rejoiced at Biddy's improvement, and in the innocence of his heart exclaimed: 'Don't tell me, my dear, that these Irish cannot be taught—look at Biddy!'"

"I did look at her, and encountered so hopelessly vacant a visage that I laughed to myself at his credulity. I was invited rather commanded, to join the 'Dorcas Society for the Relief of Indigent Females,' which met every week, and where the members always sewed on unbleached

muslin and sixpenny calico; they made me president, and in consequence I was expected, at each meeting, to take home the unfinished work and do it up during the week. I was collector for the poor—and in my rounds some gave me sixpence, some nothing, and some impudence. I was superintendent of the Sunday-school, besides teacher of a Bible-class of middle-aged young ladies who were not quite grown up. I was member of a 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Reading,' which also met every week; and where, had I not been a minister's wife, I should certainly have fallen asleep over the 'Exhortations,' 'Helps,' 'Aids,' and 'Addresses,' that were showered upon us poor women; while I wondered that nobody took the trouble to write to men."

"You must acknowledge that my time was pretty well employed; but, besides all this, I was expected to entertain innumerable visitors. Travelling clergymen always made our house their stopping-place; and it must have been inconvenient on the route to almost every place in the Union; for some were going north, some east, and some west, but that was always the halting-place. Their hours of arriving were various and unexpected; but I was expected to furnish banquets at the shortest notice—to drag forth inexhaustible stores of linen and bedding—and throw open airy apartments that had hitherto been concealed by secret springs. Mr. S. was firmly convinced that the house possessed the elastic properties of India-rubber, and mildly disregarded my ignorance when I asserted that it would not stretch to any extent."

"A convention of ministers was to meet in the village, for some purpose or other, and the visitors, like British soldiers during the revolution, were to be quartered upon the inhabitants—with only this difference, they were to be invited before they entered a house. I was seated in Mr. S.'s study when he mentioned the ministers."

"I spoke for you, too, my dear," said he coolly, "and said that we could accommodate six."

"Mr. S.!" I exclaimed, roused past all endurance; "are you really crazy?"

"Anna!" replied my husband, as he turned his eyes upon me. Mr. S. was usually very mild, and appeared to think that a look was sufficient to subdue refractory spirits. He now undertook to look me into reason; while I, fairly boiling at the idea of being treated like a naughty child, and yet struggling with a sense of right and wrong, sat with downcast eyes trying in vain to get cool."

"I hope," continued Mr. S., "that my wife has not forgotten the rules of hospitality, or the precepts of the Bible?"

"But it is so impossible!" I pleaded. "Neither beds nor anything else will hold out under such an inundation."

"Remember the widow's cruse of oil," replied my husband.

"Yes," said I, for I felt just the least bit tergiversant, "but such things do not happen now-a-days."

"Mr. S. looked again, and I was quieted, though I felt very much like laughing."

"One can sleep on the sofa," continued my husband, after a pause.

"It was the nearest approach toward calculating probabilities that I had ever known him to make; but I took somewhat of a wicked pleasure in replying:

"Not if he is very tall; and then he would probably roll out, it is so narrow; and, after all, that is only one."

"Chairs!" suggested Mr. S.

"Don't you think," said I, rather hesitatingly, "that they would rather go where they could be better accommodated?"

"Anna," said Mr. S., as he deliberately laid down his pen, "I am really sorry to see you so unwilling to contribute your mite toward entertaining those who should be welcome guests in every house."

"Mite, indeed!" thought I; "but that sounded better in a sentence than 'superhuman efforts.'"

"Mr. S.," said I, in a sort of frantic hope of reducing him to reason, "there are exactly two spare-beds in the house—these divided among six full-grown men are not very extensive accommodations."

"My husband turned upon me a look, more in sorrow than in anger, and left the room, as I imagined to examine our stock of blankets and comfortable. But not he; he only went to look for a book of reference, and soon was writing again as calmly as though six ministers were not hovering over us in perspective."

"I eat like one bewildered, and thought: Mr. S. would not imagine the possibility of our not being able to accommodate them; and I foresaw that all the blame of failure would fall upon me. Had they only been girls, I could have disposed of them somehow; but the idea of packing away six grave ministers, like so many bundles, was quite repugnant to my feelings of reverence. I thought, however, in vain—there was no conclusion to come to; nothing left for me but inglorious retreat. In spite of having taken him 'for better or for worse,' notwithstanding that I had vowed to cling to him through every thing—I deserved him in his hour of need. Yes, I thought that a good, practical lesson might be of benefit both to him and me; so I went off on a visit, ostensibly to spend the day, but I contrived to be gone all night—the very night that the ministers were to arrive."

"I learned the particulars of their visit from Mr. S."

"They arrived about dinner-time, and rather disconcerted at my absence, Mr. S. did the honors of the house with all the egregious mistakes that usually fall to the lot of absent-minded people. No extra provision had been made for the six guests; and Mr. S. helped the eldest minister to liberally that the others were in danger of falling short. As he proceeded in his employment the alarming scantiness of the viands struck even his eye; and, in his first feelings of embarrassment, he abruptly left the room, and dashing into a closet near by, he soon returned with a dish, which he presented to one of the unfortunate ones, saying: 'Mrs. S. is quite famous for her—her—'

He sent to the neighbors, and soon supplied deficiencies; but conversation rather flagged, and his visitors evidently looked upon him with some distrust. At tea-time Biddy made so many ridiculous mistakes that he was obliged to set the table himself, and expressly forbid her entering the room."

"The hour for retiring approached, and then, indeed, came 'the tug of war.' Mr. S. examined the accommodations again and again, but no more beds grew beneath his eye; and at length, in despair, he concluded to marshal them upstairs in the order of precedence, and see how things turned out. Brother A. took the light from his hand, and bade him 'good-night' in an imposing manner, but without a single hint that the company of Brother B. or Brother C. would be acceptable; and some what despairingly he descended to his visitors. Brother B. being of a convenient size, was bestowed on the sofa; but there now remained four others for one bed and a half, for Mr. S. had concluded to take one in the apartment, and after giving Brother A. abundance of time to establish himself comfortably, Mr. S. presented himself at his door with the remaining visitor, and aroused him from a sound sleep with a request to take him in. No wonder that Brother A. looked dignified at this miserable management, or that Mr. S. began to think that I might be half-right, after all."

"The next morning matters drew to a crisis. The coffee, manufactured by Mr. S., was execrable; and this, with a banquet of burned beef and something that Biddy termed 'short-cake,' lumps of dough, scorched without and raw within, utterly failed to satisfy the appetites of the six visitors, who were going upon a long journey; and they departed with a conviction that my husband's invitation had been extremely ill-timed, and prevented them from accepting others that might have proved pleasant."

"My dear," said Mr. S. to me one day, after I had been home some little time, "are you not making an uncommon quantity of cake? Do you expect any visitors?"

"I do not expect any," I replied. "But they may come without expecting. Perhaps the six ministers will stop here on their return."

"Mr. S. gave me a look, but it was only to smile at the expression of my eyes, which, I felt, were fairly dancing; and he replied quite meekly:

"It was very foolish of me to be so unreasonable—but I have had a lesson that will not be soon forgotten."

"I could have thrown my arms around him in ecstasy, but they were full of flour, and as I had 'a respect for the cloth,' I desisted. He never again volunteered to take in six ministers at once; how truly they had been 'taken in,' they could probably testify."

"Well," said Milly, with a sigh, "were you not sorry that you had married Mr. S.?"

"Not at all," replied the visitor, with a smile at this detriment to her advice; "I would do the same thing again to-morrow."

Milly was surprised; she had seen Mr. S. a grave, middle-aged gentleman, in a white cravat, but, while she regarded him with the greatest reverence, and trembled whenever she encountered him on the stairs, she could not realize the possibility of his compensating for all these trials—even Mr. Saybrook failed there."

The next Sunday the young minister was as eloquent and fascinating as ever; but Milly glanced at his white cravat and thought of the ironings—she glanced at the congregation and thought of sewing-societies, and like the things in 'The Philosopher's Scale.' Mr. Saybrook went up with a bound, while these stern realities pressed heavily down in the balance. Her eyes were opened, and the young minister fell to the lot of some competitor who had not been favored with 'a peep behind the scenes.'"

From a Review of the "Bithedate Romance," in the London Athenaeum.

False Tendencies in American Literature.

It is a melancholy sign for the prospects of rising American Literature, that some of its most hopeful professors should have, in recent works of fiction, been evidently laying themselves out for that species of subtle psychological romance, first introduced to the reading world by such authors as Balzac and Sand. Abandoning the hearty and wholesome tone which has almost always characterized English fiction, they are throwing utterly overboard the living and breathing scenes of such authors as the Fieldings, the Smolletts, the Scotts, the Edgeworths, the Carletons, the Gores, the Dickens, the Thackerays—giving up the painting of real human manners and human actions—Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and some others of his countrymen have adopted the style of a bastard French school, and set themselves to the analysis and dissection of diseased mind and unhealthy and distorted sentiment. Anything more sad and foul than this change it would be impossible to imagine. To pass from Scott and Dickens to Sand and Balzac, is like going up the smiling landscape, glowing in its freshness and its beauty, for the loathly atmosphere, the wretched sights and smells of a dissecting-room, or abandoning the busy street or the pleasant social circle for charnels and catacombs. And yet, this is what Young America seems bent upon. Instead of sketching the really representative men of their country—instead of conveying to us on this side of the Atlantic a true idea of American society—society in the great sea-board city, or in the far west settlement—instead of presenting us with vigorous and aggressive theories, the misguided party in question select some half dozen morbid phases of mind, bring before us three or four intellectual cripples or moral monsters, personages resembling in their spiritual natures the calves with two heads on the cats with five legs exhibited at the fairs; and then, proceed with the driest minutiae to describe the pathology of the morbid structure, to trace and dissect the anatomy of the monstrous moral and intellectual abortion—and instead of laying before us a wholesome story of natural character and motive, to let us into the 'secret rooms' and windings of 'unhealthy and abnormal mental power and promptings.'"

Fashions of this kind are, no doubt, common in literature. They come out like blotches and pimples upon the fair body of the Republic of Letters. Byron inoculated it for a crop, and swayed every individual of the tribe of poets presented himself to the world as a melancholy, a moody, a misanthropic, and a mad-

dened man. True, in private life the juvenile Manfred might well chance to be a very jovial personage. He turned down his shirt collar, to be sure, which was the true and unmistakable sign of lofty melancholy; and he rolled his eyes occasionally, which meant that his soul, created for another sphere, was wandering here, commonplace and forlorn—but for all that he had a very good appetite at dinner, and a reasonable taste for comforting liquors after it; he could stifle off his melancholy to dance at an evening party, to flirt at a picnic, or to smoke a quiet cigar; and he never allowed misanthropy to cheat him out of his night's sleep. The whole semblance was a mere literary fashion, which bore a tribe of young verse grinders. The infection was about, and they took it, as they had taken the measles and the chicken-pox, and they got over the poetic rash without more damage than the physical one. The question is, whether the present tendency of the Young American fictionists in the morbidly singular and abnormal in mental character, and to tracing metaphysically the currents and springs of motive and thought, instead of leaving these to be developed by the actions of the personages—the question is, whether this fashion is likely permanently to influence and to clog the advance of the Transatlantic school of fiction? We are happy in being able to express our own conviction that, by all literary and physical precedent, nothing so repugnant to healthy mental feeling, and so foreign to every tendency of true art, can be anything else but a passing epidemic. It is, no doubt, the business of the writer of fiction to describe life-like character—to analyze and set before us mind—as it is that of the artist to present us with beauty in the physical form not incompatible with the development of the race. But what should we say to the artist who habitually selects abnormal and monstrous forms for representation; and not content even with that, changes his part for that of the anatomist, and proceeds to 'demonstrate' every fibre and fold of the diseased and abhorrent structure!"

Yet, such is the school of the Balzacs and the Sands, and such is the school favored at present in America. There are different phases of the tendency to be observed in transatlantic literature. Sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Marvel, the writing, although far too psychological in its nature, is not lavished upon unwholesome personages. Pathos, the anatomy, the physiology and the pathology of pathos, are what is aimed at in the 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' and there can be no doubt that the dissection is very curious and complete. As we have hinted, however, all the American writers do not content themselves with such insipid fare, and, accordingly, they conjure up, as in the case of the novel before us, a group of ugly and fantastic shadows, without a wholesome touch of nature about them; a species of vampire, who exist upon the blood of good taste and common sense, and whose erratic and morbid impulses must be tracked and puzzled out, and exhibited, threaded by thread, and fibre by fibre, for the display of the demonstrator's vast acuteness."

The First Baby.

My old school-fellow, Mary Thornly, had been married nearly two years when I made my first call on her, in the capacity of a mother.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" she exclaimed, tossing the infant up and down in her arms. "There, baby, that's my old friend Jane. He knows you, already, I declare," said the delighted parent, as it smiled at a bright ring which I held up to it. "You never saw such a quick child. Notice what pretty little feet it has, the darling footy-tooties!" and taking both feet in one hand, the mother fondly kissed them.

"It certainly is very pretty," said I, trying to be polite, though I could not perceive that the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. "It has your eyes, exactly, Mary."

"Yes, and da-da's mouth and chin," said my friend, apostrophizing the child, "hasn't it, precious?" and she almost smothered it with kisses.

As I walked slowly homeward, I said to myself, "I wonder if, when I marry, I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl. In a fortnight afterwards I called on my friend again."

"How baby grows," she said, "don't you see it? I never knew a child to grow so fast. Grandma says it is the healthiest child she ever knew."

"To me it seemed that the baby had not grown an inch; and to avoid the contradiction, I changed the theme. But in a moment, the doting mother was back to her infant again."

"I do believe it's beginning to out its teeth," she said, putting her finger in the little one's mouth. "Just feel how hard the gums are there; surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandma-here will be here to-day, and I'll ask her if it isn't so?"

I laughed, as I replied, "I am entirely ignorant of such matters, but your child really is a very fine one."

"Oh, yes, every body says that. Pretty, pretty dear!" And she tossed it up and down, until I thought the child would have been shaken to pieces; but the little creature seemed to like the process very much.

"Is it crowing at its mother? It's laughing is it? Tummy, tummy, little dear. What a sweet precious it is!" And she finished by almost devouring it with kisses.

When I next called, baby was still further advanced.

"Only think," said my friend, when I had made my way to the nursery, where she now kept herself from morning till night, "baby begins to eat! I gave it a piece of meat to-day—a bit of broiled beefsteak."

"What!" said I, in my ignorance, for this did look wonderful, "the child eating beefsteak already?"

"Oh!" laughed my friend, seeing my mistake, "what a duce you are, Jane. But wait until you have babies of your own. She says you eat beefsteak, darling," added the proud mother, addressing the infant, "when you only suck the juice. You don't want to choke yourself, do you, baby? Eat a beefsteak! It's funny, baby, isn't it?" And again she laughed, laughing all the more because the child sympathetically frowned in return.

It was not many weeks before the long expected teeth appeared.

"Jane, Jane, the baby has got three teeth!" triumphantly cried the mother, as I entered the nursery. "Three teeth, and he is only

nine months old! Did you ever hear the like of that!"

I confessed that I had not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante in the original, and a dozen other fine lady accomplishments, and nothing about babies teething."

"Just look at the little pearls!" exclaimed my friend, as she opened the child's mouth. "Are they not beautiful? You never saw anything so pretty—confess that you never did. Precious darling."

But the crowning miracle of all was when "baby" began to walk. Its learning to creep had been duly heralded to me; but when it really walked alone, the important fact was announced to me in a note, for she could not wait till I called.

"Stand there," she said to me in an exulting voice. "No, stop, I mean; how can you be so stupid!—And as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off, holding the title one by either arm. "Now, see him," she cried, as he toddled towards me and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though once or twice I fancied he would fall—a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother holding her hands on either side of him, an inch or two off. "There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either!"

By this time I began to be considerably interested in "baby," myself. He had learned to know me, and would begin to crawl whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost as delighted as my friend, when for the first time he pronounced my name.

"Diane, Diane," he said.

His mother almost doted him with kisses in return for this wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I in turn smothered him with caresses.

I never after that smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby. The little love had twined himself around my own heart-strings. And how could I?

And now that I am a mother myself, I feel less inclination to laugh, as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries, a mother's love for her baby."

Rooting.—The latest story we have heard is something in this wise, in brief. A horse kicked a certain man on the head; 'post haste,' the doctor arrived, found the skull broken, and a portion of the brains gone; he had a hog killed as quick as possible, and taking out a tea-cup full of the hog's brains, he filled up the cavity of the patient's head, patched it up with silver, dressed the wound, and in a short time the man was entirely well and the same as ever, excepting—a decided inclination to root!

That is it, precisely—in the same way 'a horse has kicked on the head' not a few in the community.

When we see a young man playing the cock-turkey—a perfect gentleman-at-leisure—wearing his 'boiled shirt,' boots polished like a looking-glass, &c., twirling a silver mounted walking-stick, and sporting an immense, galvanized watch-chain, yet his board bill unpaid, and the poor wash-tub unsuccessfully leading to him for 'that little bill,' we think he has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a man shooting away his time at a target, a turkey, a fox, or what not, and 'adjoining' thence to the nearest grocery, yet his children running 'at loose ends'—anywhere except to the school house—and no books nor newspapers in his family, but instead, a half score of dogs, we conclude that man has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a wealthy man hoarding up his dollar upon dollar, giving 'next to nothing,' grudgingly, to schools and school houses, to churches and preachers, to public reading-rooms and libraries, to bible societies, etc., patronizing any man but his neighbor because he gets an article a piece cheaper of somebody else, 'jehowing down' the poor mechanic, and asking him to 'wait for his money,' while he reserves the same for speculation, and increase by '10 per cent,' '15 per cent,' or more, thereby causing anxiety—perhaps laboring in some cases—throughout the whole laboring population of his town, we are quite certain that man has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a young lady who exclaims, 'La me! I never cooked a potato, nor wrung a garment out of the wash-tub, but suffers her mother to wear out in the kitchen; who takes no interest in the newspaper except in the list of marriages, and that 'beautiful tale,' who prefers her 'lady's-book' to her bible, which, if she has one, is gilt-edged, has a bead mark in it, is scented with musk and permitted to rest on the centre-table for fear of its getting 'soiled'; and will send that child away from the door hungry, rather than abridge her own luxuries or cut short the allowance of her poodle-dog or canary birds, we consider it safe to say that she has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a woman who neglects her baby, (except to speak it or to cram a sugar-teat into its mouth when it cries,) while she reads that 'last delightful novel,' or attends the 'Sewing Society,' who prefers to put an additional sounce upon her dress, to sewing buttons upon her husband's shirt; who neglects supper to make a 'call' upon that 'charming lady' who has just come to town; who scolds her kitchen-maid on frivolous pretenses; and starves her husband's work-hands, we feel that she has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a man who grudges his wife a sixpence for 'pin-money,' while he smokes away an indefinite quantity of regalia; and denies her a dime to put into the 'contribution-box,' yet spends his quarters for 'brandy-tods,' and 'ice-creams,' (the latter of which, his wife never gets a taste,) who prefers the society of any other woman to that of the partner of his bosom; and who knows the street corner better than his own door-yard, we are quite sure that he has—a decided inclination to root!

When we see a—smash—crash!—Vv, der machine has broke!"

SCENE IN WASHINGTON STREET.—A few evenings since, a young sailor passing

