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"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte, having just returned from school and thrown herself upon the sofa. "How this parlor looks! Will papa never get any new furniture?"

"Why, Lottie, what do you mean?" asked her grandmother in a tone of astonishment, at the same time dropping her knitting and looking first at the young lady, then around the room, over the spectacles which rested on the point of her nose. "What can you wish for that isn't here?"

"There is enough here, such as it is; but, grandmother, it is so horrid old-fashioned. The carpet, table, sofa, chairs,—everything,—looks out of date. It isn't half so nice as they have at Lucy Gray's house."

"But for all that, Lottie, everything is nice and comfortable."

"It doesn't seem so to me, particularly when we have company. I am heartily ashamed to have people see us so far behind the times. I positively cannot be contented with living in this style; and if papa doesn't newly furnish throughout this fall, I don't know what I shall do."

"Lottie, you can't remember seventy years ago, as your old grandmother can. Come, child, I think I can tell you something that will be good for you to listen to."

"Please do, grandmother. I always love to hear about old times. I will take this seat by the window, where it is cooler; now let me hear."

"No, not till you get your sewing. A girl like you should never sit down without work of some kind. If you would not fail to do this for a few weeks it would come to be a habit, so that you never would want to sit idle. Then you'd always have your work done betimes, and hardly know when you did it either; but if you make a practice of letting a half hour or an hour run to waste every now and then, depend upon it, Lottie, your work will always drag, and pester you, and you'll never bring much to pass, at home or abroad."

"Well, I will make this shirt sleeve. Now begin the story."

"I've no story in particular on my mind, Lottie, but I thought to tell you something about how people had to live when I was young; and then may be you'll feel a bit less scornful towards this furniture; may be, instead of complaining, as you are very apt to do, you will find that you have a great deal to be thankful for."

"One of the first things I remember—and it seems as much like a dream as a reality, for I must have been very young at the time—was of trying to walk on a floor which was so rickety and uneven that, the best I could do, I couldn't step a half dozen steps without tumbling headlong, and bruising my forehead or making my nose bleed."

"Another thing that happened, I think, not long afterwards, I plainly recollect; it doesn't seem a bit like a dream. One blustering winter day I got into a corner of the kitchen, and, for the lack of something better to do, I suppose, set to punching out with a stick the moss and clay which had been put in to fill up the crevices between the logs of the wall. Yes, Lottie, your old grandmother was born in a log house, and never saw anything better till she was older than you are to-day."

"Well, you see, where the caking was out the weather could come right in; and I pretty soon scraped up snow enough from the floor to make a nice great ball. But just then my mother happened to observe what I was about, and put an end to my fun directly by giving me a whipping; that I suppose, is what makes me recollect the affair so well. Then my mother she stuffed the cracks I had made full of woolen rags."

"I told you how shickley-backedly our floor was, and there were great wide cracks between the boards, all round. I didn't use to have playthings like children nowadays do—nice wax dolls and all that—no indeed! But one day my mother made me a rag baby; and O, how tickled I was with it! But I hadn't played with it but a few minutes when I happened to let it fall, and down through the floor it went out of sight."

"Your baby must have been a little thing," said Charlotte.

"Not so little either. It was full middling sized, but the cracks in the floor were a great deal more than that. I screamed well, I can tell you, for I never expected to see my new baby again. But mother she got a light, and lifted up the trap door, and went down into the little, dark cellar, and there she found my baby, safe and sound."

"Our house was the best in the whole neighborhood—I mean the country—for three or four miles around. It had two rooms besides the chamber, and three half-sash windows.—There was a rough stone fireplace, with a stick chimney. The doors had wooden latches, that on one side were raised by a string."

"The family that lived nearest to father's had no floor to their house, nor windows, and no regular fireplace. There was a large flat stone stood up at one side of the room, to build the fire against. Directly over this was a hole in the spruce bark roof, three feet wide or so, to let out the smoke and let in the light. In freezing weather, I have seen icicles several feet long hanging down all around that opening. I must tell you about this family; but not now, for there comes your friend Lucy.—Next Saturday afternoon, when your school doesn't keep, just put me in mind of it, and I will tell you more concerning old times."

SECOND STORY.

"Well, grandmother, it is Saturday afternoon, and I have come to hear more about old times; and you see I have brought my work this time without being told to do so."

"Yes, Lottie; I am glad to see that you seem disposed to remember what I say to you, and do as I wish you to. It is very trying indeed to one who has had experience to advise a young person like you for her good, and have her forget it all as soon as she has done speaking. So you want to hear something more about old times? Well, I wonder what I can tell that will be most interesting to you."

"You promised to tell me about that poor family, your neighbor, who lived in that miserable old house without a floor, a chimney, or window."

"Yes; their name was Manly. As for their house, it was miserable enough, to be sure; but it wasn't old, Lottie, for it had been only a few years since the neighborhood began to be settled. Mr. Manly, for all his name, hadn't much manliness about him. He called himself sick, and others called him shiftless; and I really suppose, now, that neither party was far out of the way. He had a lease of the farm he lived on, and good land it was, as everybody said; but he had no force, and nothing to do with; so it profited him little."

"Mrs. Manly used to feel mortified almost to death because they had to live in such style; for she was a high-spirited woman, and, as I have heard tell, had been a beautiful girl, whose father was well off in the world. She married Mr. Manly on short acquaintance. He made a good appearance; and she fancied him, I suppose."

"They lived in her native place for a while; but when Mrs. Manly found that their poverty

couldn't be hid, she persuaded her husband to move to this new part of the country, where her true situation would not be so well known to her friends; for, as I said, she was proud-spirited. When I first remember Mr. Manly and his wife, they had five little children; and I do wish, Lottie, I could make you realize how destitute they were. You would never again despise nice, comfortable things, though they did chance to be a little out of date."

"O grandmother, I have seen poor people; we are poor ourselves, for that matter. But there's a girl comes to school who has worn the same dress all summer long; and for her dinner she brings plain bread oftener than anything better."

"And that, Lottie, is what you call poverty! Why, child, Mr. Manly's children I never saw more than half-dressed in anything; and as to victuals, I'm positive they never had near a full meal at home in their lives, and what they had was the coarsest kind. Mrs. Manly once told mother she believed they must have starved if mother had not been so kind as to give them a great deal."

"I can imagine how downcast and pitiable Mrs. Manly must always have looked. Did she ever smile, grandmother?" said Charlotte.

"I don't remember that I ever saw her smile; but I have seen her laugh, and heard her too. She was always sociable, and almost always gay, though anybody could see that she felt bad. When there wasn't a spoonful of anything to eat in the house, she would say, playfully, 'Mr. Manly, what will you have for your dinner? Roast turkey, and pound cake?'"

Then he would smile, and get up from the bench in the corner, where he commonly sat during the day, and go and beg a little meal, perhaps, of such of the neighbors as would help him—for all would not. They said that to help him, or, what amounted to the same thing, help his family, only made him the more lazy. I never knew Mrs. Manly to appear discouraged but once, and you shall hear about that by and by."

"One time she went a journey to visit her friends, and left a girl to take care of the family. While she was gone, the youngest child that was left at home, a little girl, say two years old, got accidentally scalded so dreadfully that she died the next day. I remember going to the funeral with my mother and sisters. When we went into the house, Mr. M. and the minister, with some neighboring women who were there to assist, had just got through dinner."

"There were some biscuits on the table that my mother had sent over that morning. The children stepped up and took one apiece; but just when their hungry mouths were wide open their father took the biscuits out of their hands, broke them, and divided one between two children. So they had to content themselves with half a biscuit each, except one boy, who tucked a whole one under his arm and so smuggled it out doors and ate it. I felt angry with Mr. Manly because he did not allow the children to eat what they pleased of my mother's biscuits, but I suppose he was looking forward to supper time."

"Then poor little Lucy's dead body was bro't in from the barn. Yes, Lottie, the corpse had to be laid in the barn, for, as I told you, there was but one room in the house, and in that the family were obliged to eat and sleep. The coffin was only a box, and unpaired."

"Why in the world, grandmother, didn't they have the funeral in the meeting-house?"

"La, child, how little you know about old times! There wasn't a meeting-house within—let me see—eight, ten; there wasn't a meeting-house within ten miles."

"Even a schoolhouse would have been better."

"But there was no schoolhouse, either, any where in the vicinity. And little Lucy's grave was made out in the field all alone, for there was no graveyard—she was the first who had died in the neighborhood."

"The next winter after this they suffered so much that poor Mrs. Manly's spirit was humbled, and she grew very anxious to get back again among her friends, who, she said, would assist them. Finally, my father got an old acquaintance from a distance to come and make Mr. Manly an offer for his betterments."

"Pray, grandmother, what was that?"

"The improvements he had made on his farm. The man said the betterments were all worsements; but Mr. Manly at last took him at his offer, and went home with him to make writings. He told of being back in four days; but when that time was past, he didn't come. The fifth day of his absence there was a heavy fall of snow. My father was absent, too, and there was no one except Mr. Manly's family within a mile."

"It was getting towards night. I sat watching with greedy eyes the nice sparrows that were slowly browsing before the bright blazing fire,—not that I was hungry, by any means;—but that roasting meat looked and smelt so tempting,—when mother said to my oldest sister, who was, perhaps, fifteen—said she,—

"I can't keep Mr. Manly and the children out of my mind. I'm afraid, Jane, they're suffering; and if neither Mr. Manly, or your father, should come to night, I don't know but they will starve and freeze to death."

"Mayn't I go over and get them all to come here?" asked Jane.

"I don't know as 'tis possible to get there; but I would be thankful if the poor creatures were here," answered mother.

"Jane hurried on her cloak and hood and set off for Mr. Manly's through the deep snow.—In an hour we saw her returning with the youngest child upon her back, followed by Mrs. Manly bringing the next youngest in the same way, and helping along the others as best she could. We met them at the door; but Mrs. Manly couldn't speak till she had sat down and cried a long spell. This was the time I meant when I said I never saw her downhearted but once."

"Then she told how sister Jane had found her trying to cook a few frozen potatoes—the only article of food the house contained—over the blaze of her last stick of wood. That sparrow-bird was full as good as I expected; but I took more comfort in seeing those hungry children eat than I did in eating myself."

"The next night was Saturday night. That was what Mr. Manly had been waiting for, and he came with his horse and sled to take his family away. He kept himself and team close that day, for fear of being seen and stopped by the sheriff; but I guess he was welcome to all he owned, provided he'd take himself off. Late Sunday evening, the family packed themselves on the sled, dressed in such clothes as our family could spare, and wrapped in bed-

clothes and anything that could keep out the cold, and bid us good bye. That was the way poor folks used to live, Lottie.

"But I can't talk now—this stocking heel is ready to be bound off. Next week I will tell you something more."

The Gammon of Lottery Swindling.

The following details of the manner in which lottery tickets are drawn, may suffice to put some unwary people upon their guard against an imposition which our authorities seem unwilling to suppress.—The ballots for the modern lottery are printed on small slips of paper, numbering from (say) one to sixty-six (being a sixty-six numbered lottery). These numbers are placed in a like number of tin tubes, (one number in each tube,) which tubes, with the numbers in them, are cast into a lottery wheel, ready to be drawn. The lottery wheel is made of tin, about two feet in diameter. The periphery, or rim, is about ten inches wide, the sides being of glass. In the rim is a small door to permit the introduction of the hand. When the ballots are all placed in the wheel, it is then closed and made to revolve on its axis, with the ostensible view of mixing fairly the ballots! Now suppose there are some persons interested in not having the ballots properly mixed—there is any way to turn the wheel so as not to disturb their relative position in the wheel? The lower numbers, one, two, three, and so on, being first put in the wheel, remain at the bottom, while the succeeding higher numbers will be found, as a matter of course, above them, or more towards the top of the wheel. All know that a conjurer is able to place a glass of water on the inside of a hoop and twirl the hoop rapidly round without spilling a drop of the water. So with the turning of the lottery wheel. Do not forget that the highest numbers are on the top, and that the first three numbers drawn from the wheel are entitled to the capital prize?—Suppose it is a sixty-six numbered lottery that is being drawn. There are of course, sixty-six numbers placed in the wheel, and ten or twelve (as the case may be) of these numbers only are to be drawn out to complete the drawing. Suppose that all the whole tickets, that were sold, or offered for sale, have, as a general rule, the first number below twenty-three. The whole tickets invariably have on them, and must and should have on them, by virtue of the combination, a number of a lower denomination than twenty-three. Now suppose that the first three numbers drawn from the wheel are above twenty-three, what chance would there be of any of those tickets bearing on them the numbers of a less denomination than twenty-three to draw the capital prize? None whatever. The thing is a moral impossibility. Certainly that lottery cannot be fairly drawn in which all the whole tickets that are printed have the first number of the combination below twenty-three, whilst the first three numbers drawn are invariably above that number! If a number is taken from the wheel of a less denomination than twenty-three, it is the result of accident or chance over which the manager could have had no control, however expert his jugglery of drawing and contrary to his intention that such number should have been unfortunately drawn out.

We say, then, that the high numbers only are drawn from the wheel. How is such trickery effected? Mark! The clerk sets the wheel in motion, and drives it round with might and main, now this way, and then that—reversing the order of its motion with great regularity. Of course, like the conjuror with the glass of water, the faster the clerk turns the wheel, the more quiet lay the ballots; and herein consists the advantage of having large ballots and a small wheel, there being but little space for them to move in, and nothing inside of the wheel to disturb the uniformity of their flow. After the wheel is turned in this rapid and systematic manner a few times, the person appointed for that purpose, puts in his hand and draws out a number. What will that number probably be? There are at least two chances to one that it will be above twenty-two; and, now that the ballot is opened, it really proves to be forty-five! While this number is being recorded, the clerk is giving his wheel a few more turns; when the second number is drawn, and declared to be fifty-four! The wheel is again closed, whirling around, and the third number drawn out, which proves to be forty-seven! And so the operation goes on, till the ten or twelve ballots (as the case may be) are drawn out; and thus, in fifteen minutes time, the fate of a million of money may be decided. But how decided? Let us see. The capital prize is not drawn, could not be drawn, for the self-evident and astounding reason that the combination which drew it, or should have drawn it, never was printed! This is the actual case with the majority of the lotteries that are drawn. There is positively no such thing as drawing the capital prize! If the trickery of the wheel does not prevent their being drawn, the tickets drawing prize combinations are not printed, and of course not sold.

General Morgan.

Among the incidents connected with the closing years of this rude but patriotic soldier, the following, originally published in the Winchester Republican of 1844, may be regarded as evincing in the narrator a singular combination of frankness, simplicity and pathos:

"The 'thunderbolt of war,' this brave Morgan who never knew fear, was in the camp often wicked and very profane, but never a disbeliever in religion. He testified that himself. In his latter years, General Morgan professed religion, and united himself with the Presbyterian church in this place under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Hill who preached in this house some forty years, and may now be heard occasionally on London street. His last days were spent in this town; and while sinking into his grave he related to his minister the experience of his soul. 'People tho't,' said he, 'that Daniel Morgan never prayed; people said old Morgan never was afraid—people did not know.' He then proceeded to relate in his blunt manner, among many other things, that the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm, with his men paraded, for the word to advance, he felt unhappy; the enterprise appeared more than perilous; it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such an amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside and knelted by the side of a munition of war, and then most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence; for nothing less than an Almighty arm could protect him.

He continued on his knees till the word passed along the lines. He fully believed that his safety during that night of peril was from the interposition of God.

Again he said about the battle of the Cowpens, which covered him with so much glory as a leader and a soldier, he felt afraid to fight Tarleton with his numerous army, flushed with success, and that he retreated as long as he could, till his men complained—and he could go no further. Drawing up his army in three lines on the hillside; contemplating the scene—in the distance the glitter of the advancing enemy—he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear, he knelted in an old tree top, and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself and for his country. With relieved spirits he returned to his lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed the deadly aim of his lines decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled. 'Ah,' said he, 'people said old Morgan never feared; they thought old Morgan never prayed; they did not know: old Morgan was often miserably afraid.' And if it had not been, in the circumstances of the amazing responsibility in which he was placed, how could he have been brave?"

"The last of his rifleman are gone; the brave and hardy gallants of this valley that waded to Canada and stormed Quebec are all gone—gone too, are Morgan's sharpshooters of Saratoga. For a long time too that shared his captivity in Canada were seen in this village, wasting away to shadows of their youth, celebrating with enthusiasm the night of their battle as the years rolled round.—Peter Lauch and John Schultz. But they have answered the roll-call of death, and joined their leader; the feeblest of the band, whom he had so often carried through the snows of Canada, should outlive him. There is an interest round the last of such a corps."

Death of Red-Jacket.

We copy from *Iroquois*, or the *Bright Side of Indian Character*, a graphic picture of the last hours of the celebrated Red-Jacket.

He was taken suddenly ill in the Council House, of cholera morbus, where he had gone that day dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments.—When he returned he said to his wife, 'I am sick! I could not stay till the Council had finished. I shall never recover.' He then took off all his rich costume and laid it carefully away; reclined himself upon his couch, and did not rise again till morning, or speak except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him some medicine, which he patiently took, but said, 'It will do no good; I shall die.' The next day he called her to him, and requested her and the little girl he loved so much to sit beside him and listen to his parting words.

"I am going to die," he said. "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. You have loved me. You have always prepared my food, and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry I left you, because of your new religion, and am convinced that it is a good religion, and has made you a better woman, and wish you to persevere in it. I should like to live a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have so often told her—not to go in the streets with strangers, or associate with improper persons. She must stay with her mother, and grow up a respectable woman."

"When I am dead, it will be noised abroad through all the world—they will hear of it across the great waters and say, 'Red Jacket the great orator is dead.' And white men, will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress—put on my leggins and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with Pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among pale-faces. I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do not make a feast according to the customs of the Indians. Whenever my friends choose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin, to surfeit at my funeral feast."

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon the couch and did not rise again. He lived several days, but was most of the time in a stupor or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterwards would mutter—I do not hate him; he hurts him; I hate him; I do not. I would not hurt him. The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but did not return till he was dead. When the messenger told him Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, 'Very well. The Great Spirit will order it as he sees best, whether I have an opportunity to speak with him.' Again he would murmur, 'he accused me of being a snake, and trying to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction.'

Whether it was Mr. Harris that he referred to all the time he was talking in this way could not be ascertained, as he did not seem to comprehend if any direct question was put to him, but from his remarks, and his known enmity to him, this was the natural supposition. Sometimes he would think he saw some of his old companions around him, and exclaim, 'There is Farmer's Brother; why does he trouble me?—why does he stand there looking at me?'—then he would again sink into a stupor.

The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke parting words or gave a parting blessing; but as his last hour drew nigh, his family all gathered around him, and mournful it was to think that the children were not his own—his were all sleeping in the little churchyard where he was soon to be laid—they were his step-children—the children of his favorite wife.

These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for this their mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons, who are now

aged and Christian men, and by his side the little girl, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, 'Where is the missionary?' and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish—her ears caught his hurried breathing—his arms relaxed their hold—she looked up and he was gone.

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of the request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly heeded. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate but the most simple ceremonies; and he was buried in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort—around him his own people—aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

A Plea for the Slave.

The following eloquent and forcible plea for the slave is from the pen of the large hearted Henry Giles, and occurs in one of his recent letters, of which he is furnishing a series for the columns of the *Augusta Age*:

That the colored race belongs to man, even those who deny the unity of human origin must, I suppose, admit. This being so, the colored race, as well as the fair, are intelligent and immortal beings; they have conscience and are accountable; they are bound to duty in the world, and are to meet with judgment in the next. Now whatever is necessary to the solemn well-being of the white man, is necessary to the solemn well-being of the colored man; for that solemn well-being involves in both alike the fact of their intelligence and immortality. Numbers of slaveholders there must be in the South who cannot escape this conclusion—a conclusion it appears to me, awful in its import, to any man of thought or benevolence, who has supreme earthly power over creatures as nearly related to God as he himself is. Such a man cannot regard them as merely brutes—mere instruments for toil and for the production of wealth, and consider that he has done them all the right he owes them, when he has supplied their physical needs and given them over to their carnal desires. Even if one were to grant that the colored race was one inferior faculty to the white, this would be a reason to afford them more instruction rather than less in order to aid their infirmity. It is the feeble child in a family that obtains the greatest care. There are many people zealous for religion in the south—for the Protestant religion. They are as zealous as others for the Bible in the schools, and everywhere else. They are enthusiastic for missions, and liberal in money to support them. They send men to the ends of earth to circulate Bibles. They have the Bible translated into the most savage jargons.—They get those jargons reduced to alphabetical forms, in order that the Bible may be so translated. Then they establish schools that the savages may learn to read the Bible in their native jargon. This is sound logic of Protestant principle put into action. Protestantism, at least, the majority of its sects, holds that the plan of salvation is only to be found in the Bible. This is a supreme reason for circulating the Bible, and for enabling every one to read it. But just in the degree that this logic is sound, I am puzzled in its application to the southern negro. A negro in Congo it is tho't worth a martyrdom to teach to splutter a chapter of the Apocalypse; and a negro in South Carolina it is guilt to enable to read the same chapter in the noblest dialect of men. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent to teach little black Hindoes, who generally after all are but little scamps, yet a benevolent lady who teaches little black Sambos in Virginia is fined and sent to the common prison. It is glorious to do that in Calcutta which is guilty to do in Richmond; and that which it is expected will make a saint of little black Buddy-Buh in India, it is feared will make an assassin of little black Sambo Jones in America.—Or is it considered that danger to the jugular of an Asiatic rajah is a small matter; but that any similar danger to the throat of a southern planter is not to be thought of? The logic is either bad or the morality is. If teaching men of low estate is good abroad it is good at home; if it is dangerous at home, it is dangerous abroad. If it is good, I have no right to refuse it to those at home—if it is dangerous, I have no right to send it abroad. If it be said that the slave can be saved by the instruction which he may obtain without reading, this exceedingly reduces the importance of personal study of the Bible; and the same may be said for men in any inferior condition. If it be said that the soul of the master answers for the soul of the slave, the answer is either vain, or the responsibility of the master is beyond imagination terrible. If the Bible is really as necessary as Protestant theologians insist, and the personal knowledge of it, then surely the master does a fearful thing in keeping it a sealed letter to the slave, and this from the mere suspicion of danger. From the mere idea of some earthly loss, risk, or inconvenience, he leaves the slaves to grope in the dark for the way of salvation, and with the slave's casts his own eternity upon chance. The inward eye of the slave he closes in perpetual blindness, and yet as a pious man he tells the slave that the volume which he (the master) reads, but which the slave must not, is a lamp of everlasting light and knowledge—a source of lustre, before which the sun or stars are dim, and all the glory of the outward heavens as but a temporary brightness. The poor slave, if he catches any of his master's enthusiasm, meekly listens, and remembers as best he can some fragments of this blessed word with which to cheer his beclouded mind. But how must his heart be stung with the pain of hopeless desire, as he fumbles and dusts, hugs and embraces, that sacred and beloved book, over which he hangs and yearns, but which never in this world shall he read! How he weeps as he thinks of the hidden waters which there, for himself, he shall never see—the mysteries of spiritual beauty which his impoverished imagination shall never be able to contemplate. I can easily fancy that to a weary toilerman who looked for his All in heaven, this one privation would be worse than any others which could embitter his condition,—worse immeasurably than simple physical bondage. But if the Bible, after all, is not so necessary, whence then the zeal for it, and the unequalled assertions of infinite importance! I once saw a southern Protestant gored mortally by a Roman Catholic on the horns of this dilemma. The two sat on the seat immediately before me in a train between New York and Philadelphia. I know not how

they began the conversation, but when it forced itself on my attention, the Protestant was urging the want of the Bible for every soul, and denouncing the Roman Catholic priesthood, for, as he insisted, withholding it from the people. The Roman Catholic, on the other side, maintained that the church through the clergy, were the sacredly constituted teachers, and that the Scriptures were to be used with discretion, under the guidance of the priesthood.—He had gleaned from his opponent that he was of the south, and then turning on him sharply, said: 'You hold, then, that every man has a right to the Bible?' 'Certainly,' replied the other. 'And, also, you hold that it is every man's right to interpret the Bible?' 'Yes.' 'It is then every man's duty to read the Bible in your opinion?' 'It is.' 'What if a man cannot read?' 'But in every civilized nation, every man ought to have the opportunity to learn, and every man should have used, or been made to use, the opportunity.' 'If, then, every man has a right to have the Bible—a right to interpret the Bible—if the Bible is of everlasting importance to every man—if every man is bound to read it—and so is bound to learn to read, if he can—why then do you at the south not only refuse to so many the opportunity to learn, but also punish those who give the opportunity, and those who use it?' This last stab could not be parried, and it was fatal. A word or two more and I dismiss the topic. We are told that the American negro is to civilize Africa. But how is the American negro to be civilized? Will any one call the chatter which a negro at the south may pick up about the stables, or behind his master's chair, civilization? Will any one call what even a negro has liberty or means to acquire at the north, civilization? If what either of them can obtain of skill, thought, or knowledge, is civilization, then we must have a new Guizot to explain it. We say that by emigrating to Africa they can carry our advancement along with them. But how can they carry what they were never allowed to seek for or to possess? We shut them out of our academies and colleges. We close against them every learned or liberal profession; or if some get by stealth into a profession, they have no scope or freedom in its exercise. They are not permitted access even to mechanical employments; and from aught that implies ingenuity or respectability they are spurned and thrust back. They may black shoes, wait at table, serve as scullions, clean old clothes and peddle them; if any other employments are more ignominious than these, they may have them. And thus out of ignorance, contempt and degradation, we expect them to be apostles for Africa of light, dignity, and independence. The last speech which Henry Clay made was before the colonization society in Washington. In the first part of his speech there was no resource of his eloquence which he did not call on to picture the villainous character and state of the negro in America. The negro was everything that is evil, disgusting and despicable. This portion of the speech was not a plea but an invective. As in the early passages of his oration, he used his eloquence to the utmost to darken the character of the negro in America, in the latter passages his eloquence rose into flame to brighten it in Africa. But it was singularly illogical and inconsequential. From the Pandemonium which is about the negro in America, was to bloom the Paradise which would surround him in Africa. The wretches and miscreants that were thieves, liars, brutes—all that is gross, mean, and hateful, on American land—on the soil of Africa, and under a torrid sun, were to put off the filthy slime of the old man, and arise transformed into the splendor of a new man of marvelous advantages. These outpourings of humanity, these pick-pockets, burglars, and vagabonds, were to sow the African desert with the seeds of truth, art, letters, religion—all, indeed, that makes a state enlightened and majestic—all that makes man honorable and happy—and the desert by and by was to blossom as the rose. These whose experience had hitherto been in prison and at the whipping post, were to build and consecrate temples amidst cities of courts and palaces, and to create the wonders of which such cities are but the exponents. I would not oppose colonization, but I would have at the same time consistency. I would honestly and in good faith have Africa benefit by America, and in order that Africa should so benefit, I would send back her children, with the brightest endowments that America could give them. I would not send dilapidated shoe-blacks, and incorrigible penny-topers, and say to them, these are your civilizers, O sons of Africa! If it were not desirable to open for the children of Africa here all that is open for our own children, I would at least open the best for such of them as I intended should represent our attainments in the land of their fathers. This, indeed, the church of Rome does, and has always done.—It glories in native missionaries, or in missionaries native to the races, whom it would convert, and there is no erudition, art or dignity, which it withholds from them. The flat-nosed African prelate reads Mass with the son of a Roman noble; he shares in the learning of Jerome and Bernard, and may be an equal with the descendant of a Caesar. Even Pagan Rome, that never came near the humanity of Christ, had in her colonization a most generous and magnanimous policy. When she wanted to repeat herself on a foreign soil, she sent no mockery of herself, she sent her true self.—She sent her arts, her literature, her skill, her bravery, and thus she became,—wicked, fierce and ambitious as she was—the greatest, deepest, noblest civilization, which this earth has ever known. She, therefore, gathered her literature from every race; and if the Africa of her day could have had a Hotentot province, she would have recognized a Hotentot senate in the province, and in her own senate would have done all honor to its ambassador. And yet we with our Brummagem patronage of Liberia, and its bastard democracy, have never yet done it the poor honor of recognizing its nationality.

WASHINGTON SILVER WARE.—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that 'housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap-suds, it makes it look like pewter; then it will partake of soap and water silver; when it wants polish, take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard.'

The finest idea of a thunder storm is when Wiggins came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said: 'Wife, are you hurt?' 'No.' 'Girls, are you hurt?' 'No.' 'Terrible clap, wasn't it?'

The best cough-mixture that has been made consists of a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean, will please take notice.

A SENTIMENTAL SUICIDE.—A young lady in South Carolina recently committed suicide, because her lover, in parting with her the night before, kissed her on the cheek, instead of on her lips, as was his usual custom. Poor creature. She could not survive the slight.

