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Selection of a Farm.

In the selection of land for a farm, there are thoughts and things to be taken into consideration that a volume would scarcely serve to discuss, yet some of them may be profitably hinted at within the limits which are circumscribed. What is a farm? should first be asked; for in the consideration of any subject it is time well-applied which is spent in getting a clear idea of the word which names it. A farm, for us, means a portion of land cultivated and managed by the owner, who lives upon it; and hence it takes in the thought of home, so that homestead is almost a synonymous term. Hence among things to be considered in the choice of a farm, we shall say:

1. The farm should be pleasantly and conveniently situated as a home. The health, comfort, and happiness of those who are to occupy it, are of prime importance—so every social and physical influence which bear upon them, should have due weight in determining a choice. However fertile a farm may be, if the locality is an unhealthy one, it cannot make a pleasant home. If fertile and healthy, but surrounded by a moral miasma—or with few social privileges and advantages—it cannot be a pleasant home.
2. The farm should be in agreement with the means and circumstances of the owner. A farmer needs capital as well as land, in order to operate profitably. The great error of American husbandry is that farms are, almost universally, too large for the labor and capital at the command of those who carry them on. Hence arises a train of evils which we have often sought to bring before our readers.
3. The farm should be suited to the products proposed—and these should conform with the demands of the market, and the taste and experience of the owner. Some farmers are best calculated for grain-growing, others for dairy, others still for stock and wool-growing. In many localities these may be profitably combined, and land secured which shall be appropriated to such a course of husbandry. The recent great increase in the facilities of transportation, influences a large extent of country, and many places, heretofore of small value on account of distance from market, have now become desirable for farming purposes. Still, it is worthy to be thought of, whether it will cost ten cents or one hundred to bring a product before the consumer, and the value of a farm will depend materially upon the expense of inter-communication. The domestic demand is also of importance, and always exists, varying with locality. The taste and experience of the farmer should of course influence his choice—he will be most successful, who is most favorably and agreeably situated, and who best knows how to employ the advantages at his command.

Other influences exist and should be considered—these we have rather hinted at than discussed—we prefer to leave the latter to our readers. As we can only start topics in such a way as to call out and suggest further thinking by those who read, our object will be accomplished.—[Rural New Yorker.]

ABBOTT LAWRENCE AS MINISTER.—Mr. Drew, the veteran editor of the Rural Intelligence, adds the following personal testimony to the truth of some newspaper tributes to the efficiency of Mr. Lawrence's services at the Court of St. James:

We think the above is worthily said of Mr. Lawrence. It is true, as we can testify, from personal observation and experience, that his course during the exciting summer of 1851, impressed all his countrymen with the proud conviction that they had a representative at the Court of England who was an honor to the Republic. His house was a home for all—we felt that we had a friend and counselor in the country's representative. He resided on Piccadilly—a West End street that runs in from St. James's Park, and looks directly across the beautiful grounds to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's metropolitan residence. His house was between those of the French Minister on the one side, and the Russian on the other; and though he did not adopt the pageantry of either, he lived in a style that commanded as much respect as they. We think he told us that he had to pay for his rent all his salary amounted to; at least, he told us that his expenses at that Court greatly exceeded all his government allowed him. But he was rich, and could afford thus to carry out the honors of his country; and it was well, that year, that we had such a man there. There was one thing in Mr. Lawrence's habits that we could but admire, but which we have never seen noticed in any paper. In conversation with us one day, as he sat in his office waiting to receive the constant tide of company, he remarked to us that he gave all his time, almost the live-long nights, to the duties of his office—hardly allowing himself an hour for amusement or recreation in the theatre or kingdom—but that Saturday afternoons and Sundays. When I was a New England school boy, said he, I recollect we used to have Saturday afternoon for pastime—and that habit I have kept up to this day. I will claim Saturday afternoons through life for my own rest and pleasure; and the Sabbath I will not give to business. I will receive no company on that day. It is sacred to my devotion. I will allow no earthly calls to deprive me of the pleasure I take in my devotion with heaven. The Sabbath I will remember to keep holy. We could but be struck most forcibly with these sentiments of Mr. Lawrence, and from that day our veneration for his character was greatly enhanced.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—We are glad to find our views confirmed, in regard to the barbarous practice of digging trees, by the editor of the Maine Farmer in the following extract:

There is a custom which formerly prevailed in this vicinity and does now to some extent, which we look upon as a very pernicious one. It is cutting off all the top and branches, so that when the tree is planted it looks like a bare pole. A man is hired, by the job, to go to a certain place, and dig up a tree, and bring it to the place where it is to be planted. The tree is then cut off at the top, and the branches are cut off, so that it looks like a bare pole. The man is then paid for his work. This is a very pernicious custom, and it is one which we look upon as a very pernicious one. It is cutting off all the top and branches, so that when the tree is planted it looks like a bare pole. A man is hired, by the job, to go to a certain place, and dig up a tree, and bring it to the place where it is to be planted. The tree is then cut off at the top, and the branches are cut off, so that it looks like a bare pole. The man is then paid for his work. This is a very pernicious custom, and it is one which we look upon as a very pernicious one.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

The following is the graceful introduction of Longfellow's new poem:

Who loves the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-drops and the storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their gorges of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose unnumbered echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyes—
Listen to these wild traditions,
That are long and old and true,
Who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of the people,
That like voices from afar
Call to us to pause and listen.
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken—
Listen to the Indian legends,
To this song of Hiawatha.

Who whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages,
Every human heart is human,
That in every savage bosom
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Grope blindly in the darkness,
That God's right hand is in the darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened
Listen to this simple story.
On some far-off, forgotten, strivings
Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry bushes
Grow in the shade of the old oaks,
Over stone walls gray with moss,
Pause by a neglected graveyard,
Or a white tomb and ponder
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter—
Stay, and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Hiawatha.

GOOD AND BAD SIGNS.—When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip short the thread of time, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but we see good and bad signs as the following will show.

It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting. Here's two dollars to pay for my paper.

It's a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—then to one he carries home a jug of red eye—that cost him half a dollar.

It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows.

It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face.

It's a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes.

It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows.

It's a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his face.

It's a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of a saloon.

It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness.

It's a bad sign to see her husband sneer for her father and foolery, gems and jewelry.

It's a good sign to see a man or woman advertise in the papers.

It's a bad sign to see a man sign the temperance pledge.

It's a good sign to see a name on the anti-temperance league;—it is an excellent sign, hung up in Waterville which bears the name of Eastern Mail. It signifies that within your call can obtain a paper which will enlarge your views, expand your heart, and cultivate your intellect. Price \$1.50 per year.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM COMPARED WITH AMERICAN SLAVERY.—Ivan Golovin, an educated Russian, now residing in New York, has drawn the following comparison between Russian serfdom and American slavery. Of the former he is probably well qualified to speak; as regards the latter, our readers can judge for themselves of the correctness of his conclusions.

It is prohibited, the State of Kentucky excepted, to instruct slaves in America. Well, it is not allowed to admit any serfs in Russian public schools. If some of them receive any education, it is with the master's hope of realizing a greater profit therefrom.

A law prohibits the separation of families in Russia, or the sale of a son without his father. But exceptions are met with daily among the house serfs.

Colored blood is a stain to bondage in America. In Russia, a free girl who marries a serf becomes a serf herself, too, and a property of the master of her husband.

A master can kill his slave with impunity in both countries, especially when punishing him.

The slaves are distributed by America to all parts of the world, and by others to the field and the mine. In Russia, they are sold to the master, and the money goes into his pocket, and all such provisions, one meets with many beggars, especially during years of short crops.

Bad masters are exceptions in Russia; and in the United States I dare say so too.

In Russia you hear that serfs would make a bad use of freedom; here, you are told that negroes can become but bad servants if freed, and ultimately would relapse into primitive savagery.

Thus the objections raised against emancipation are the same in both countries. Yet we witness daily proofs to the contrary there as well as here. The negroes of Jamaica became poor since they became free, but not poverty better than bondage? and does not Liberia demonstrate that African air is not mortal to freedom?

Slaves cost one thousand dollars in America. In Russia a serf is sold with the ground for one hundred dollars. Females are dear here; but are not accosted at all among slaves in Russia.

There is a law of extradition from the northern States to the southern States. In Russia a fugitive serf is brought back to his master from the extremity of the empire.

The serf becomes a soldier—the negro not. It would be an advantage for the former, but it is not; for I never saw a serf glad of becoming a recruit.

The negro bears heat well, thanks to the strength of his skull. The Russian bears cold very well. The former is sometimes well replaced by the Chinese.

It is not allowed to write about serfdom in

Russia; it is not advisable to speak much against slavery in the southern American States. In the northern States slavery has been abolished; so too, serfdom in the Russian-Baltic provinces. Slavery is very likely to be extended into Nebraska; serfdom was extended by Elizabeth and Catherine II. to the Ukraine.

In Russia the serfs sing sometimes in America the slaves always sing, but by permission.

In Russia a proverb exists that a beaten serf is worth as much as one not beaten; and when it happens that one is innocently punished, the master promises to account for it as his next fault. An overseer here never recognizes having unjustly punished a slave, and the master admits no complaint against the overseer, in order not to compromise his authority. The same principles produce everywhere the same effects.

The Russian serfs often rebel against their masters, and not seldom kill them. Such a thing is quite unheard of in the plantations.

Sexual intercourse between masters and serfs is more rare in Russia than America, yet there are many instances of illegitimate children still in bondage.

Emancipation should enrich Russia. I do not know whether the masters here are rich enough to live on the interest of their capital.

I have been a serfholder myself, and I can say from experience, that slavery renders the moral feelings of the best-hearted master cruel.

NEWSPAPER DISCOVERIES.—If we give implicit credit to everything which is announced as new and good in the papers, we should imagine the world fast reaching the consumption of furnishing beef steaks ready cooked upon the trees. The last discovery, due to a Bohemian gardener, is that a slip of an apple tree, placed in a potato and put in the ground, will take root, and produce a flourishing tree; and this is recommended as superior to grafting.

But experienced farmers inform us that there are two objections. In the first place it is not new. At the proper season the apple tree will take root even without the potato.

In the second place it does not produce a good tree. To every tree a "tap-root" is necessary for its strength and thriftiness. Some trees grow well from suckers, shoots or twigs—as the willow for instance. Fruit trees do not; and apple trees are especially failures, as they should grow large and tall.

The nurseryman gets a seedling tree, which comes legitimately into being, by the seed, which, according to Scripture, (and there is more in that book than most people are aware of,) takes root downward, and shoots upward. Thus the thrifty trunk is secured, the "taking root downward" gives the desired "tap-root." But the seed of an apple or a peach is no warrant for the character of the fruit. Therefore, upon the natural tree the desired kind of fruit is grafted in—again according to Scripture.

In this way good fruit and a healthy tree are secured.

Acres of peaches are planted in New Jersey. After these young trees have reached a certain height they are grafted. And again, before leaving the nursery, means are taken to draw the tree and bury it into bearing. Among other processes, in transplanting, the tap-root is often cut off. The trees bear early, and like other precocious things die early. A constant succession of short-lived but heavily bearing peach trees is kept up; but peach trees are not the long-lived, large trees that were, before modern culture improved the fruit, at the expense of the wood.

It is a fact, little suspected, that all our sweet fruits and vegetables are the products of weakened plants and trees. Every fruit is a seed-case. Roots and buds are not, but cultivating plants for their roots, and by their roots, diminishes and destroys their seed-bearing capacity. The finest apples and peaches are, what the diseased liver—*foie gras*—is to goose-dish. The splendid double roses, the double dahlias, etc., are floral pots, developed at the expense of the plants which bear them. The crab apple—original of all apples—came to its business of bearing seed for reproduction, at once; and had only the requisite flesh to protect the seed. Improved apples ignore the original intent—as over-fed men change feeding to live, into living to feed.

RATHER COOL.—The New York papers give an unparalleled case of impudence. A fellow named George F. Putnam, boarded at the Astor House, leaving five years ago, indebted to the amount of \$265 for board. Nothing was seen of him from the time of leaving up to last week, when he returned very wealthy (over the left) from California; went to the Astor, gave his check for the old score, offered one per cent a month interest, (this was refused) was called a tramp of a fellow, hadn't time to go to the bank, borrowed \$50 of the clerk. The check was presented, "all judge" was the teller's answer. A few days afterwards Putnam came back, was told of the deception, declared "poor honor" was true, called for a team, took Coleman to the bank where he endeavored to convince the blockhead of a teller, couldn't do it, and was taken to the Tombs for want of bail.

HOW WE TASTE.—The tongue is the organ of taste. We speak of the sense of taste as a single one—as one of five; but savors are diverse; there are, among others equally distinguished, sour, sweet and bitter, and these are appropriated each to a special part of the tongue, and is felt in no other place. Sour at the tip, sweet along the edges and under them, and bitter at the root. If the tongue is thrust beyond the lips, the acidity of cream of tartar will be produced the instant that it touches the extremity of the organ; but also, though a most malignant bitter, is not appreciated or recognized in that position and place at all. So, if the acid is carefully laid on the root of the tongue it will be swallowed without being perceived; but bitter clings there for a long time after the suppression is made.

DR. ELDER.—The parties of the branch of promise case at Springfield, were Ennis, D. Colver, of Blandford, and Frederick D. Dot, of Agawam. The Republican gives a portion of the testimony elicited on the trial, by which it appears that Dwight paid very particular attention to Ennis, who, on her part, didn't by any means seem to object to him as a partner for life.

Her mother testified that Ennis was mopping the floor. He asked her to come to the door and see a big hawk there.

At one time Dwight saw Ennis mopping the floor. He asked her to come to the door and see a big hawk there.

At one time Dwight saw Ennis mopping the floor. He asked her to come to the door and see a big hawk there.

the hawk too. I did not see any hawk, but I did see Dwight, with his arm round Ennis's waist. I saw him kiss her, and tell her that he didn't want her to mop floors. She said she could do it better than her mother.

The verdict, it will be remembered, was \$2,500 damages to the plaintiff. The case will be carried up to the Supreme Court on exceptions.

Fearful Suffering and Peril.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept suddenly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the north, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with great difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades. Their changes of being rescued seemed extremely small. They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and with no land marks, by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been under ordinary circumstances a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship, it seemed to be impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt toward him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a rescuing party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to receive the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene, as Dr. Kane entered the tent was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sewed up in buffalo robes, placed on sledges and dragged along by their companions. Dr. Kane walking in advance, picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bon-sall and Morton, and even the Esquimaux boy Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand. They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of muttering delirium, resembled a hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

THE POETRY OF PUMPKIN.

The Florence correspondent of the Providence Journal concludes his last letter in the following patriotic strain:

Wherever the American goes, he wishes to carry the inventions and civilized improvements of his native land. Notwithstanding the spirit of progress which our example has succeeded in infusing, it is well known that the peoples of benighted Italy and Europe are still strangers to the institution of pumpkin pie. Its great component element is not among their indigenous vegetable productions, and its fabrication is still an undiscovered mystery. I betray no secret when I announce that the wife of an American artist, of no small renown and influence, with a spirit of enlightened enterprise, has tried to establish pumpkin pie and its kindred in Italy. Whichever thinks of coming to Italy let him be prepared to make sacrifices. With all his refinements, it is but a heathenish country, no buckwheat cakes, no molasses, no plum pudding, no hot corn, eaten in the ear, no meat, turkey, worthy the name, no cranberry or apple sauce, and no pumpkin pie—all symbols of a palpable enjoyment, forever associated with a New England Thanksgiving. Ah, no fresh figs from the orchards of Fiesole, no wine of Montepulciano, no rich oil from Lucania, can compensate for the absence of these. I never dreamed it before, but at this distance there is poetry in a pumpkin. At times, my mind is filled with delicious recollections of home—over the wide waste of waters, come the odors of the green fields of America, and in the midst of all rises the image of the plump pumpkin, surrounded with its yellow galls, laughing in the fields of rustling corn. No wonder it is found in these countries, for it cannot flourish under a monarchy. Only in the atmosphere of republicanism can it thrive. Under the sky of a free land its great bosom expands and its face smiles goldenly. Whenever I am in a New England Thanksgiving, I will think of the jolly pumpkin, symbol of good nature and good cheer. Let it be engraved on the American shield.

HOW TO MAKE STARCH FOR SHIRT-BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night, in the morning pour it carefully from the strainer into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

IMPERA FAGE.

Up to the silent Heaven the cry ascended,
Bid war and tumult cease!
Solemnly with the midnight winds it blent,
On earth let there be peace!

Too long have yonder holy moonbeams glistened
O'er fields of strife below;
Too long have yonder starry watchers listened
To sounds of war and woe.

Too long in waiting at Bethesda's portals,
The spirit's troubling wing,
To heal earth's turbid waters, hapless mortals
Have lingered, weeping.

Did that six thousand years of bloody story
Suffice life's mighty book?
Unfold one pitying page of peaceful glory,
Where seraph eyes may look!

One snowy leaf, whereon recording angel,
With truth's own ray, may write
Devils sympathetic with the great Evangel,
All pure and kind and bright.

Oh, dove of peace, as once in record olden,
Spread wide thy silvery wings and feathers golden,
Till all be hushed to rest!

Oh! printless footstep, once at midnight stealing
O'er stormy seas at will,
Walk on the billowy waves of human feeling,
And bid them "Peace, be still!"

MEMOIR.

Say, in the introduction to his celebrated work, on political economy, tells us that he studied all the books he could find on the subject which he intended to write upon, and then took time to forget what he had read, before beginning to write. Do we thoroughly comprehend what the memory contains in the gross? Are facts generalized, digested, assimilated, and made part and parcel of our mind till they are, in great measure, forgotten? Is not a good memory a mental dyspepsia, that retains intellectual food undigested, and disgusts the listener of reader by bringing it forth in the gross, just as it was swallowed? Who has not been bored a thousand times, by a friend with a fine memory? Such a friend always remembers to forget that he has retailed the same learning or the same story to his impatient listener a hundred times before.

Probably everybody has enough of memory. No one forgets what interests him. The dull boys who cannot remember a line of a book, are the very boys who never forget a name or a face, or a footpath! It is a want of interest and attention, not want of memory, that makes them dull. The twenty-four books of Homer were easily retained in men's memories, before writing was invented. Men have now learned to forget, and consider such a power of memory almost incredible.

How unfortunate we should be to recollect everything we say or read! Some men are too unfortunate, and are the poorest thinkers and most intolerable bores in the world. We sometimes think that excess of memory is the only defect of memory. That excess occasions intellectual indigestion or dyspepsia. Some men acquire and retain twenty languages. Such men have never been distinguished for great power or comprehension of intellect. All the other mental faculties are sacrificed to mere memory. Great minds rarely retain the *ipsissima verba* of the books they read.

We have often heard that Mr. Clay never forgot a name or a face. To him, as a public man, such things were important, interested his attention, and impressed his memory. He had little use for poetry, and could scarcely repeat correctly a line of it. Great lawyers recollect principles only, and can define those principles only in language of their own. Accurate lawyers recollect cases, and repeat definitions by the hour in the exact words of the book. We know a distinguished jurist, whose advice to his students was, to take care to comprehend what you read, but never trouble yourself about remembering it. To all readers this is admirable advice. There is very little that we read worth remembering; yet anything we read, see or hear, may suggest useful reflection, and thus add to our volume of intellect.

[Richmond Enquirer.]

FEMALES—IS THE TERM PROPER TO DESIGNATE WOMEN?

Doctor Johnson thus defines female: "a she; one of the sex which brings forth young." Where used to discriminate between the sexes, the word female is an adjective; but many writers employ the word as a noun; which, when applied to woman, is improper, and sounds unpleasantly, as referring to an animal. To illustrate: almost every newspaper we open, or book we read, will have sentences like these: "A man and two females were seen, &c." "A gentleman was walking with a female companion." The females were much alarmed." "A female child, &c." Now, why is such a style of writing tolerated? Why is the adjective, which applies to all female animals, used as the noun designating woman? It is inelegant as well as absurd. Expressed correctly, thus: "A man and two women, &c." "A gentleman and a lady." "The women were alarmed." "A little girl." Who does not see and feel that these last sentences are in better taste, more correct in language, and more definite in meaning? We call on our sex, on women, to use pen and voice to correct the error of language which degrades them by the animal epithet only.—[Sarah J. Hale.]

INVENTIVE GENIUS OF THE AMERICANS.

Few are aware of the marvelous triumphs constantly going forward in this country. A contemporary says:

We have seen lately, as a specimen of rare American mechanical genius, a machine costing not over five hundred dollars, invented by a working man, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes, bi-gro, too, neither than are made by any other process; also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity and by a single process. This is also the invention of a working man; and both of these machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world.—No other process of manufacture can compete with them.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and so it is a poor rule that has not a general application. At a recent council with Chippewa, the Indian agent threatened the Indians with the loss of their annuity if found drunk, and any Indian's portion thus forfeited was to be divided equally among the sober. "Hole-in-the-dark," a distinguished orator, remarked in reply that it was just, but that the same rule ought to be applied to the Agent, who was a great man and had a great annuity. It ought to be taken from him and divided, like the rest, for he got drunk very often. Whether the agent was disposed to extend the applica-

tion of the rule, and made an example of himself we are not told, but it is evident, that "Hole-in-the-dark" must have shed some light on his understanding.

The "hard-shell Baptists" are a well known sect in the south and south-west. They are not related that we know of to the hard-shell democrats in New York, though their christian name is the same. They go dead against all Bible, temperance, and education societies; hate missions to the heathen, and all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent writes to Drawer, and relates the following of one of their preachers:

"Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.' The one behind strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, 'Abraham warn't thar.' But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.' And I say,' cried out the other, 'Abraham warn't thar.' The hard-shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed with indignation, 'I say Abraham was thar, or tharabouts!'

MRS. STOWE AND AMOS LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Stowe is an earnest defender of Calvinistic theology, yet in writing for the Independent, she gives expression to very liberal and just sentiments. She is writing about books, and thus alludes to the biography of Amos Lawrence:

"We have by us another work: the Life of Amos Lawrence. We heard it once said in the pulpit, 'There is no work of art like a noble life,' and for that reason he who has achieved one, takes rank with great artists, and becomes the world's property. We are proud of this book. We are willing to let it go forth to other lands as a specimen of what America can produce.

This biography shows another thing, that there is a christian life in which all sects agree, a basis of union, not doctrinal but practical, where there may be a real unity. Men of such lives have risen now and then in all sects, and when found, disputants have agreed in admitting their practical example as an exponent of the religion about which they wrangle."

THE SINGING PREACHER.—Rev. Mr. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a charming singer. He tells a capital joke at his own expense. On one occasion, just after he had been placed upon a new circuit, in riding to an appointment, he overtook a venerable negro jogging slowly along in the same direction, when the following colloquy took place between them—

"Well, old man, where are you traveling?"

"I am just a going, Massa, to de meetin house up de road, an'."

"Ah, you go to Church, do you?"

"Sometimes, Massa; I'm going to-day kase de new preacher got's come on de circuit is going to be dar."

"What is the name of your new preacher?"

"Well, Massa, I don't know, Massa, an' I think his name is—oh, mentioning something very near akin to the minister's cognomen."

"Well, did you ever see him?"

"No—not yet, Massa."

"Why then, are you so anxious to go?"

"Why Massa, ye see da say he kin beat de witches a singin, dae he can't do kitch in de preachin line—daes de reason I wants to hear him."

"I judge that they say right about him," said the preacher, and putting whip to his horse rode a little faster than his sable companion.

HORTICULTURAL.—We see it stated that the Concord Grape (introduced by Mr. Bull of Concord, Mass.) is likely to become a favorite if what is said of it be true.

That it will grow in every part of the Northern and New England States. It is four weeks earlier than the Isabella, and at the same time, it is large and luscious. The bunches often weigh a pound, and the berries are frequently an inch in diameter. It has never been known to mildew, rot, or drop off during the five years since it has borne first. This grape is fully ripe from the 2d to the 10th of September. Many suppose that it will supersede the Isabella because it is so much earlier. Half of the Isabella are cut off by the cold nights, but this variety challenges Jack Frost to overtake it.

THE BIRMINGHAM "IDOL" TRADE.—Having learned from the Record that a very brisk manufacture of Hindoo idols was carried on by a most respectable and orthodox house at Birmingham, we have thought we confess with some diffidence, obtained a list of the articles. The bill we have had duly translated from Hindoostani:—Xamen (god of death), in fine copper; very tasteful. Nirondi (king of the demons) in great variety. The giant he rides is of the boldest design; and his sabre of the present style. Varromin (god of the sun, very spirited; his crocodile in brass, and whip of silver. Couboron (god of wealth); this god is of most exquisite workmanship; having simulated the best powers of the manufacturer. Smaller demi-gods and minor demons in every variety. No credit, and discount allowed for ready money.—[N. Y. Protestant Clergyman.]

THE HEATHEN.—A Sunday school teacher was in the practice of taking up a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday, and his box received scores of pennies which otherwise would have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toy man.

He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a bank bill crushed in among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be a broken bank, and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was pointed out to him by his classmates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift.

"Didn't you know this bill was good for nothing?" said the teacher.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then what did you put it in for?"

"I didn't, 'pose the little heathen would know the difference, so I thought it would do just as well for them."—[Knickerbocker.]

THE ENJOYMENT OF BEAUTY AN OBLIGATION.—The following passage from John Neal's review of "Art-Hints," is deeply argumentative as well as eloquent:—

That thousands and tens of thousands about us are dead asleep, with no wish for a change, may be admitted. But their case is not altogether hopeless; for they are still breathing, and may yet be awakened to just and happy estimate of the things that perish. As all these are God's doings, and therefore God's blessings, it may be no sinner, and no wiser, to undervalue them than to covet them. If we are to live in the midst of singing birds and flowers, waterfalls and tinted shells, glorious, ever-changing sites, and therefore God's blessings, it may be no sinner, and no wiser, to undervalue them than to covet them. If we are to be surrounded by our allegiances to look after them, and to enjoy them, so far as we may, with all thankfulness, just as we are bound to reverence God's greatest work, perhaps—ourselves?

