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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 31): February 14, 1856

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A Remedy for Moths.

We were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found, to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, aunt Julia came in.

'Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?' we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever after seven years' wear.

'I used to suffer from moths as much as any one,' replied aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down; but I found a recipe in an old-fashioned book which has relieved me of most solicitude on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite as plenty as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets, and bed-quilts, than many a jewel-decked city belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather beds, bed-quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we moved to the city, I used to dread my summer's work of airing beds, and packing very fine home-made blankets and quilts stuffed with soft down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper, and cedar-chips, and yet as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobserved scrap of woolen cloth would perforate tiny holes in my choicest possessions.'

'Why, aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet.'

'Yes, when we moved into our new house; but by that time my closet was too small for my increased wealth, and till I used this recipe I seldom passed a year without some moth-holes, but now I have not seen one in nine years.'

'What was it aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from memory? It is too late to save these things, but I will write it down, and try it next spring.' So saying, Anna took out her little recipe book and pencil, while aunt Julia prepared to record the moth preventive.

'The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and the title page had been torn out by some careless child, but the directions were these:

'Lay out for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt. But lay up for yourself treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.'

'O aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?'

'Wait, Anna, and hear my story out. One day as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts and feather beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses, as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the recipe for avoiding moths which I have given you to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care were not needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophy Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold, long winter of poverty. I sat down, and writing her a note, sent her two feather beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned coverlid 'that very day, and two more blankets I despatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbor, whose destruction had never occurred to me before. I then began to breathe more freely; and before another week two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woolen stockings and socks which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to moth. I inquired particularly next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation that I cheerfully laid up more of my surplus property 'in heaven,' and out of the way of moth and mold. My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances.'

'But aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had the home made outfit of a farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it; besides, the Bible does not encourage wasting our goods extravagantly.'

'I do think the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forthright, either in food or raiment, and in another place says: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none." This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging excess, accumulation either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood, drought, mildew, and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth.'

'Surely, aunt Julia, you would not have me give away the new fur you gave me yourself last winter?'

'No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth-eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's, which he could never possibly wear again.'

'Those are for fishing.'

'How often does he fish?'

'Once in four or five years,' said Anna, looking slightly discomfited.

'Well, here is a bag of outgrown shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's and these overcoats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even in the playground, and besides I think you remarked that the whole difficulty originated in an old carpet, which has been harboring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way, upon some poor widow's floor.'

'Well, aunt, I believe you are half right.'

'Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it—even at the risk of sending some of your treasures to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old gown, I have known to be infested with moths, raising hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed a covetousness, which is idolatry; but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account. When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, "Lay up your treasures in heaven; because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way."

'Well, aunt, I own I never thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty,

I will try before another year, to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success.—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1856.

NO. 31.

**PALESTINE.**  
I have just finished the tour of Palestine, and though much has been written about it, I thought a precise account of how it appeared to me might interest you. The journey is performed on horseback, the roads throughout being mere bridle paths, and there is not probably a wheel vehicle of any description in Syria—at least, I have not seen one, little or great. You employ a dragoon for the voyage, who furnishes you with everything, taking tents, cooking utensils, provisions, &c., thus rendering you entirely independent of the country through which you are to pass, and which a little acquaintance with it will convince you was a wise precaution. Our dragoon is a Syrian, and was in early life some time a pupil of our fellow citizen, Rev. Mr. Bird, at Beyrout, and I have enjoyed the fruits of his missionary labors, not only in good English he used, but in the intelligence and other good qualities he seemed to possess. Our commencement was at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa of the Bible, the theatre of several interesting incidents related in that good book. The land around it is handsomely placed, the climate very mild, soil productive, and tropical fruits delicious and abundant, and I supposed indicative of other portions of Palestine I should see. Jerusalem is about one and a half days distance, but after ten or twelve miles we came to a very mountainous, rocky and barren region, the path seeming many times impossible for our horses, and the soil incapable, under any state of cultivation, of producing which the poor specimens we saw of each seemed abundantly to prove. Towards the close of the second day, from the summit of a long hill, we saw, on the opposite declivity, Jerusalem before us, and soon were within its gates to rest our weary limbs for the first night in the holy city.

Our first business the following morning was to visit the Mount of Olives, about one mile east of the city. It is a pretty hill side, and well covered with olive trees now in verdure. On its top is a mosque and tower, from which you get a fine view, not only of Jerusalem, but the surrounding country; and in the distance a distinct and beautiful one, also of the Dead Sea. They tell you from its top the ascension took place, and in a rock, covered by a rude stone building, is the impress of what they tell you was the Saviour's foot; but I believe you may as well think it was produced by some other cause. At the base of this hill is the garden of Gethsemane surrounded by a good stone wall, in charge of a monk, who seems to care for it, and who permitted us to pick sparingly of its flowers, with which, for the season, it was fairly supplied. The Church of the Sepulchre is the great point of attraction, which is nearly in the center of the city, and to which, as early as practicable, I found my way. On entering the vestibule, I found it in keeping of six dirty, lazy Turks, sitting cross-legged and smoking—a desecration, I think, to leave this holiest of places in the hands of unbelievers in the Son of God and despisers of our religion. Under the roof of this church they show you Mount Calvary—the hole in the rock in which the cross was placed—the spot where he was nailed to it—the spot where Mary sat and beheld him on the cross—the stone on which the body was anointed, and the sepulchre in which it was placed, and also a tomb in the rock which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. A little chapel is also shown to you, where, they say, at a period long subsequent to the crucifixion, the cross itself was found. From the very intelligent English missionaries, long resident here, to whom it was my good fortune to be introduced, I learned their opinion to be that the real identity of most of these places had been lost, but that they were in the immediate vicinity is sufficient to render it a very dear spot to the Christian world.

Our next business was to make the excursion to the Jordan, more than a day's distance. This and the country intervening is in possession of the Bedouin Arabs, and the Sheikh must be sent for to receive from each voyager one pound sterling, in consideration of which he furnishes you a guard of from five to ten Arabs to escort you and guarantee you a safe return in property and person; in other words, he agrees for five dollars neither he nor any of his tribe will plunder or rob you during the trip. On our way we soon reached Bethany, where Lazarus was raised from the dead. His grave is shown you in a 'cave of rocks,' by a dirty old Arab, for 'Baekshieh,' a dozen squalid, dirty children vie with each other as you dismount, to hold your horse for some tribute. A few mud huts with their miserable occupants is all that now marks the town which was the home of 'Mary and her sister Martha.' Continuing on over a mountainous and extremely desolate country, we were, at the close of the day on the plains of Jericho and on the plains of Jordan. We found our tent pitched, and ready for our reception, with an excellent dinner, the first we had taken in our portable hotel, where also we were to take our first night's rest. Both shivered our purpose well, and early on the next morning we paid a visit to modern Jericho. Here we did not find even mud houses—but a few cane huts partially covered with clay, and a few of the most miserable inmates I had yet seen—a great contrast to that 'ancient city of the plain'—the walled city of Jericho. In another hour we rode on the banks of the sacred river; the late rains had swollen it, and given it a turbulent appearance. In size it seems to compare with our medium rivers in Connecticut. This whole valley seems barren desolate and dreary, and if the sacred spot ever saw it, it must have appeared very different to him, or he could not have written of eating a wishful eye. To Canaan's fair and happy land? Bottle filled, our canes cut, and in two hours we were on the shores of the Dead Sea. This appears much as it has been described, but its buoyancy is greater than I supposed. I did not go into it, but a friend of mine who did, sat comfortably on its surface and patted his toes. Birds were flying over and around it; and I picked flowers upon its shores, and on its very verge I saw more than a hundred camels with their young foraging upon the vigorous, but coarse vegetation; this surprised me. Continuing over the same barren country, we reached Jerusalem on the afternoon of the following day, passing in our course Bethlehem, visiting its interesting locality and the pools of Solomon, which although built by him nearly three thousand years ago, still serve their original purpose of conveying water to the holy city. Jerusalem contains now I judge, about 15,000 inhabitants; buildings of stone but generally inferior; is strictly a walled city, narrow, and dirty streets, its bazaars uninviting and poorly supplied; but I was pleased to see them contain many specimens of American cotton manufacture; its population seemed neither thrifty nor industrious, and its whole 'tout ensemble' bears a most uninviting appearance, not calculated to increase one's veneration for it, dear as it is to every Christian throughout the world. I will not tax you by carrying you along farther with me; the distance I have taken you embraces the most important places in Palestine, although Nazareth, sea of Galilee, Tyre and Sidon, and surrounding objects, are of great interest, and all of these I have visited. None have been of more interest to me than Tyre; if the prophet himself had been entrusted with the fulfillment of his prophecy he could scarcely have rendered it more complete.

I came here with very erroneous impressions of the fertility and beauty of Palestine; either as it regards its agricultural resources, or its scenery; and I must say after traversing its entire length, that its mountains are rocky and barren beyond anything I have ever seen, which with the valleys seem to be blighted by a higher than human power, and incapable under any state of cultivation of but scanty production, and the exceptions to this are very rare over all the country I have passed. I feel that travellers hitherto have been at fault in writing of this country, and from their desire to say 'handsome things' have doomed those who came after them to disappointment. It certainly has been so with my companions and myself, and the charm which this land has always held over me is broken. I feel as an intelligent young countryman who had just finished the tour, said to me: 'I am gratified I made it but am glad it is over.'

**THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.**—We recently listened to an address delivered by an intelligent mechanic before a body of his associates, in which the speaker complained that the term, 'the learned professions,' was applied exclusively to law, medicine, and divinity. As if, said he, the lawyers and doctors and preachers monopolized all the learning in the land! The mechanic and the merchant have done something for the cause of learning, as well as the others. We thought there was some justice in the remark, although at no loss to understand how the professions first named acquired their learned distinction.

The term 'learned professions' is a relic of the past, and indicates a different state of things from that now existing. When it first came into use, lawyers, doctors, and ministers were the only men who made any pretensions to learning. A certain amount of knowledge was necessary to their pursuits, while the mass of the people, knowing no need of it, and having no opportunity to acquire it, were sunk in ignorance. Even among noblemen it was a rare accomplishment to be able to wield the pen. Now the case is quite different. Learning has become diffused among all classes of society. Men who labor at the bench and anvil may, and do, aspire to the highest seats in the temple of knowledge. There are men of business in all our large cities who have libraries containing thousands of volumes, and who are acquainted with their contents. The architect, the engineer, the mechanic and the merchant all drink of 'the Pierian spring' and are, in many cases, truly learned men.

**PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.**  
Mahometan honesty is what strikes the Christian in the East more forcibly than any other trait of character. There seems to be no distress so deep and no temptation so great as to induce a follower of the Prophet to take what does not belong to him, or in any pecuniary way to wrong friend or foe. The history of human society does not show an instance where the teachings of any one man have made such lasting impressions as Mahomet's in this particular. Centuries have passed since he has gone, but his standard of honesty has not been lowered among his followers—and no Christian community in Europe or America, can, in this, begin to compare with them. Theft is a crime unknown to them; and but one single instance of robbery has happened in Turkey for twenty years. A recent writer, speaking upon this point, says:

'While travelling, it is not uncommon to see a Janissary enter the Cafe, have several bags of gold in a corner, and go out to sleep with his horse! A merchant, returning from Constantinople to Smyrna, travelling early in the morning, saw a horse tied to an olive tree, and several bags lying on the ground. Curiosity led him to examine them—he found that they all contained gold, and that several of the pieces had nearly worked through the cloth. On looking around he saw a Janissary at some distance in a profound sleep. "Friend," said the merchant, on waking him, "whose gold is that?" "I have the charge of it," was the reply. "But travellers may steal it," said the Frank. "They can't steal it," replied the Turk, "for it belongs to a man in Smyrna!"—[Newburyport Herald.]

**COMPULSORY MORALITY.**—This is a favorite phrase with our opponents. The Syracuse Chronicle of Nov. 17, cites a case in point, with appropriate comments, which we should like to see the Anti-Prohibitionists attempt to dispose of.

On Saturday last Judge Pratt pronounced the sentence of the law against John Mulhern for brutally treating the person of Margaret Ann Granville. For this breach of the law of morality John was sentenced to the State Prison during fourteen years. Now we should like to know of our neighbor who holds the pen of the Standard, by what right the court undertook to compel John to adopt a course of morality. We are informed by that paper that all attempts to compel men to moral courses have proved a total failure; and here is Judge Pratt and the court and jury, and the laws of the State all determined to reform John and make him do better! We should like to know, further, what is the difference between John Mulhern, who shamefully treated this poor girl, and John Barclay, who knowingly and for money sells bad rum to some poor drunkard by which he is crazed, is attacked with delirium tremens, and perhaps, in a fit of frenzy murders his child, as Tucker lately did in Brooklyn? How is it any more compulsory morality to deal with Mr. Barclay than with Mr. Mulhern? So far as we can see, both have been guilty of gross wrongs against society and should be dealt with on the same principles.—[The Prohibitionist.]

**THE UNITED STATES CORVETTE, ADAMS,** of 24 guns, commanded by Captain Charles Morris, left Savannah in May, 1814 on a cruise; and after making several captures, she arrived at the Penobscot in August of that year; and, entering the Bay in thick weather, she struck on a rock, seriously disabling her, while several of the crew were suffering from the effects of the scurvy. She reached Hampden with great difficulty, where she was to undergo repairs.

A British fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Griffith, sailed from Halifax on the 26th of August, 1814, consisting of the Bulwark, Dragon and Spencer of 74 guns each; frigates Bacchante and Tenados, the sloop Sylph, the Brig Peruvian, and 10 transports, having on board between 3000 and 4000 men, commanded by Major Gen. Gosselet, all under the immediate command of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Sherbrooke, Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia.

The British Commander designed to take possession of Machias, but falling in with a brig he received information of the arrival of the corvette Adams in the Penobscot, and proceeded with all possible despatch thither, and reached Castine on the morning of Sept. 1, '14. The small fort was held by Lieut. Lewis with about 40 men, who refused to surrender, but opened their fire with four 24-pounders upon such of the fleet as came within reach of their guns. On the landing of the British troops at another point, Lieut. Lewis blew up the fort and withdrew his men in boats, taking two field pieces with him. Castine was at once occupied by the British in force, and an expedition sent in pursuit of the Adams.

The corvette had at this time been run up as far as Crosby's wharf, Hampden, where she had been dismantled. As soon as information of the arrival of the British at Castine reached Bangor, Gen. Blake, of Brewer, called out the militia of that region, and Capt. Morris was soon after joined by Lieut. Lewis and his soldiers. On consultation these parties determined to make a stand at Hampden. The guns of the Adams were taken out, part of them placed in a battery on the wharf, and others on an eminence some fifty rods distant, commanding the river, while a portion were brought up into the road, and placed in charge of Gen. Blake's militia, amounting to about 600 in all; to these were added 200 men and marines, and 80 regulars under command of Lieut. Lewis. The militia were without suitable arms, and had never seen service. Captain Morris doubted their ability to stand fire, or resist the charge of 700 regulars, bronzed in the Peninsular War. He therefore made his arrangements to destroy the Adams, in case the militia gave way.

At daybreak on the evening of September 8, Col. Henry John, of the 60th, advanced with 700 men to the attack of Gen. Blake's position. As they began to ascend the ridge, a discharge of one of the 18 pounders of the Adams ploughed their ranks, killing one man and wounding eight others, including one officer.

The British closed their ranks without halting, and rushed upon the ridge in double column, at the charge of the bayonet, when the militia broke and fled in confusion. General Blake was a brave man, without discretion, and he ordered his men to 'give 'em Bunker Hill fashion,' and not fire till they could see the whites of their eyes. Had the militia been allowed to discharge their pieces, and get warmed up in the heat and smoke of the battle, they might have made the victory of that day a dear one to the British, though no substantial good would have come of it, from the overwhelming reserve of the enemy.

Lieut. Wadsworth, 2d officer of the Adams, was in command of the battery on the eminence, and Capt. Morris of that upon the wharf. A thick fog almost obscured the view of each, and both Wadsworth's and Morris's command narrowly escaped being made prisoners. Finding all chance of maintaining their position hopeless, on account of the retreat of the militia, they spiked their guns, and set fire to the ship, that blew up with a tremendous explosion, and then formed the Sowadabscook in face of the enemy, who had already gained the only bridge across the river, and held the eminence from which Lieut. Wadsworth had just returned.

The British followed the fugitives to Bangor, where terror and consternation prevailed—all with marines, their transport baffled keeping pace with the advance of the troops. Captain Morris and his party were received at Bangor with all the kindness possible under the circumstances, but they barely had time to snatch a hasty bite, before starting for the Kennebec, (through the woods, in the direction of what is now the town of Canaan. The good people of Bangor tendered them such sustenance as they could command, and the story is of a married lady, then in the bloom of youth, health and beauty, the latter of which she still retains; who poured out tea for Captain Morris, cooled it for him with her own breath, till the enemy's

bugles announced that the last moment for escape had arrived. In answer to our enquiry, the old Commodore denied the truth of the cooling of the tea, but expressed his sense of obligation for their unbounded kindness and attention in all other respects.

Captain Morris was destitute of money, and his men were in the rudest sailor garb. They all suffered incredible hardships before they reached the settlement on the Kennebec, and could get nothing but the coarsest fare till they reached Waterville. In what is now the town of Canaan they first came to a farm house, and sought to buy, on the credit of an order on Washington, whatever articles of food the owner possessed, but the poor man feared to trust them. They pushed on to a second one, where the owner slaughtered at once all his stock of pigs and oxen, and gave them for sustenance anything that he could command, without enquiring as to compensation or whether they were entitled to credit. Keeping his men together, they finally reached Waterville where they found means of conveyance to Portland, where they got clothing and money, and reported themselves at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Probably no man stood higher among our naval commanders than Commodore Morris, and the manner in which he prevented his ship from being made a prize by the enemy, and conducted his retreat from Bangor without the loss of a man, always excited a feeling of admiration at every narration of its history, while the remains of the Adams are still an object of curiosity to all who visit that portion of our State.

**THE LANGUAGE OF FINANCE.**—The Detroit Daily Advertiser calls things by their proper names as follows:

Finance has a language of its own. Its thieves are not thieves but defaulters. Having more notes afloat than means to pay them, it being short of currency; the world calls it poverty and insolvency. Pawning is hypochondria; swindling and borrowing is financiering. Swindling is over-operating; taking men's and women's money to keep safely, and squandering it, or losing it in speculation, is speculation. Loaning out of other people's money is accommodation. Paying out doubtful issues in redeeming their own, is retiring or colation. Embezzlement is ending liabilities. Stalling State and government bonds is an over-issue; and managing a bank well, is contriving to make somebody not interested, furnish means to bank upon. Finances have a smooth business name for almost every act relating to money, its safe keeping, disbursement and prompt payment; the reverse of which, in a private individual, is called by harsh Saxon names, such as are found in bills of indictment and penal statutes. The votaries of finance never steal; they overdraw. They never refuse to pay honest debts; they suspend. The commercial history of this country for the past twenty-five years is a history of financiering; not only or chiefly by bankers, not even by brokers, but by a class of adventurers who have seized upon these capacities to shroud designs of plunder under technical names.

**SOCIAL ADVANTAGES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.**—Due cultivation of the female mind would add greatly to the happiness of males, and still more to that of females. Time rolls on, and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady who never entertained a thought into an admirer did not enter, finds herself in a lamentable void, occasioning discontent and peevishness. But a woman who has merit, improved by a virtuous and refined education, retains in her decline an influence over the men, more flattering even than that of beauty; she is the delight of her friends as formerly of her admirers. Admirable would be the effects of such refined education, contributing no less to public good than to private happiness. A man who at present must degrade himself into a top or a coxcomb in order to please the women, would soon discover that their favor is not to be gained but by exerting every manly talent in public and private life; the two sexes, instead of corrupting each other, would be striving in the race of virtue; mutual esteem would be to each a school of urbanity; and mutual desire of pleasing would give smoothness to their behavior, delicacy to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions. Married women, in particular, destined by nature to take the lead in educating their children, would no longer be the greatest obstruction to good education by their ignorance, frivolity, and disorderly manner of living.—Lord Kaimes.

**POLITENESS FOR LADIES.**—Ladies complain that gentlemen pass them by in the streets unnoticed, when in fact the fault arises from their own breach of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiable first, for it is the privilege which the ladies enjoy of choosing their own associations or acquaintance. No gentleman 'likes the risk of being cut in the streets by a lady through a premature salute. Too many ladies, it would seem, 'don't know their trade' of politeness. Meeting ladies in the streets whom one has casually met in company, they never bow unless he bows first, and when a gentleman never departs from the rules of good breeding except occasionally by way of experiment, his acquaintances do not multiply, but his status probably changes with rudeness. This rule is plain. A lady must be civil to a gentleman in whose company she is, casually brought, but a gentleman is not upon this to presume upon acquaintance the first time he afterwards meets her in the street. If it be her will, she give some token of recognition, when the gentleman may bow; otherwise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman, for he will promptly answer, even if he has forgotten his fair saluter. None but a brute, can do otherwise—should he pass on rudely, his character is declared and there is a cheap reprimand. Politeness or good breeding is like law, the reason of things.

**'SLEIGHING OF THE GIRLS.'**—Faxon, of the Buffalo Republic, indulges in the following rhythmic prose, which being very odd and very appropriate, will bring a smile to some one's lip: "From daybreak, now to sunset, from noon until the night, when pours the effulgence of the moon on streets of ghastly white; from bright until the gray of dawn, the tide of pleasure whirls, and all things now but tend to this—the sleighing of the girls. Now Alice at the mirror looks, and Mary ties a bonnet, a miracle of rills and lace, with marabouts upon it; and hearing bells loud ringing near, they both arrange their curls—there's Bobby

driving up, he's come a sleighing of the girls; and now beneath the wolf robe, they tuck their pretty feet; while 't'et the reins with wondrous patins Bobby reigns at head—the horses all so gaily dress, their harness all complete—my gracious what a swell they cut, a driving up the street; and Bobby also cuts a swell, and cuts the horses, too—and cuts his post acquaintances as crowds he passes through; and how the sleighing whirls! a clouded snow-wreath whirls; my gracious, what a luxury, this sleighing of the girls. And Bobby then, to show his skill, drives faster and still faster, and whip in hand presides o'er all—of all horse kind the master. Around the corner like a top—the sleigh goes on—but in a bank lie Bobby and the girls.

**Moral.**—Don't put on airs when with the girls. Don't try to cut a swell—or we'll be bound you may be found where Bobby was—pell-mell—all mixed up with embozzled, with rosy lips and curls; oh! what a bliss to end like this, the sleighing of the girls!

**'All Laboring Men Ought to be Slaves!'**  
It will scarcely be believed that the proslavery sentiment of this country has arrived at a point which would permit such a sentiment as the above to be seriously enunciated by a respectable and leading journal. Yet such is the fact; and it furnishes one more deplorable evidence of the power which the slaveholding oligarchy now exercises over the politics of the Union, and of the rapid progress which it has made within a few years towards subjugating the vital elements of freedom in the Union.

It furnishes good cause for alarm in every free working man of the land—for it shows that his rights, his interests, even his manhood, are held but as the small dust of life balance in the eyes of the men and the parties who aim to control the government. It is time that the working men were aroused to a perception of their duty to themselves and to the country, in exercising the power of the ballot box to overthrow the political power of all slavers, which would not only deny them free schools, as we have recently shown, but would subvert their personal independence.

The new doctrine of slavery, to which we now call attention is promulgated by the Richmond Enquirer, long known as the most influential organ of the self-styled democracy, throughout the whole South. We introduce it with some remarks of the Albany Journal as follows:

'This is the latest and most monstrous of Southern doctrines. But monstrous as it is, there is no reason why the national democratic party, whose special mission it is to ride into power on the topmost wave of slavery aggression, may not adopt this as the chief plank of its everchanging platform within another four years. We commend the following argument for the enslavement of white men, to the working men of the North, as an indication of the direction in which what is falsely and absurdly called democracy, is rapidly moving. How do you like the doctrine, democratic working men of New England?—

[From The Richmond Enquirer.]

Until recently the defence of slavery has labored under great difficulties, because its apologists, (for they were mere apologists,) took half way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; (thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong, and yielding up the authority of the Bible, and of the history, practices and experience of mankind.) Human experience, showing the universal success of slave society, and the universal failure of free society, was unavailable to them; because they were precluded from employing it; by admitting slavery in the abstract to be wrong. The defence of mere negro slavery involved them in a still greater difficulty. The laws of all the Southern States justified the holding, white men in slavery, provided, through the mother, they were descended, however remotely, from a negro slave. The bright mulattoes, according to their theory, were wrongfully held in slavery.

The line of defence, however, is now changed, and the North is now completely cornered, and dumb as an oyster. The South now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and necessary. It shows that all divine, and almost all human authority, justifies it. The South further charges that the little experiment of free society in Western Europe has been, from the beginning, a cruel failure, and that symptoms of failure are abundant in our North. While it is far more obvious that negroes should be slaves than whites, for they are only fit to labor, not to direct; yet the principle of slavery is itself right, and does not depend on difference of complexion. Difference of race, language, of language, of habits and customs; all tend to render the institution more natural and durable; and although slaves have been generally whites still the masters and slaves have generally been of different descent. Moses and Aristotle, the earliest historians, are both authorities in favor of this difference of race, but not of color.

'I Wonder.—When a young man is a clerk in a store and dreams like a prince, smokes a fine cigar, drinks a nice brandy, attends theatres, balls, and the like, I wonder if he does all upon this avail of his clerkship?'

'When a young lady sits in the parlor all day, with her tiny white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?'

'When a deacon of the church sits strong butter, recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder if he don't rely upon the merits of Christ for salvation?'

'When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?'

'When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more, besides making her miserably while she does live?'

'When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere; say towards the top, for instance?'

'When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard?'

**SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.**—The Anti-Slavery Bazaar seems to be furnishing a rich variety of amusing matters just now. A correspondent writes:—

'This sect (the Hard Shells) are in the habit of holding a yearly assembly in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon these in the neighborhood of the meeting; and these are required, as of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature comforts, and among them, as the most important, a plenty of whiskey. "A short wide ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up benches, and making the place ready, when Brother Smith said:—

'Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whiskey.'

'Brother Smith expressed great concern at this preparation. "A gallon of whiskey for a big meetin'. Why, I've laid in a whole bar', and you're just as well able, Brother Gobbins, as I am, to support the Gospel.'

driving up, he's come a sleighing of the girls; and now beneath the wolf robe, they tuck their pretty feet; while 't'et the reins with wondrous patins Bobby reigns at head—the horses all so gaily dress, their harness all complete—my gracious what a swell they cut, a driving up the street; and Bobby also cuts a swell, and cuts the horses, too—and cuts his post acquaintances as crowds he passes through; and how the sleighing whirls! a clouded snow-wreath whirls; my gracious, what a luxury, this sleighing of the girls. And Bobby then, to show his skill, drives faster and still faster, and whip in hand presides o'er all—of all horse kind the master. Around the corner like a top—the sleigh goes on—but in a bank lie Bobby and the girls.

**Moral.**—Don't put on airs when with the girls. Don't try to cut a swell—or we'll be bound you may be found where Bobby was—pell-mell—all mixed up with embozzled, with rosy lips and curls; oh! what a bliss to end like this, the sleighing of the girls!

**'All Laboring Men Ought to be Slaves!'**

It will scarcely be believed that the proslavery sentiment of this country has arrived at a point which would permit such a sentiment as the above to be seriously enunciated by a respectable and leading journal. Yet such is the fact; and it furnishes one more deplorable evidence of the power which the slaveholding oligarchy now exercises over the politics of the Union, and of the rapid progress which it has made within a few years towards subjugating the vital elements of freedom in the Union.

It furnishes good cause for alarm in every free working man of the land—for it shows that his rights, his interests, even his manhood, are held but as the small dust of life balance in the eyes of the men and the parties who aim to control the government. It is time that the working men were aroused to a perception of their duty to themselves and to the country, in exercising the power of the ballot box to overthrow the political power of all slavers, which would not only deny them free schools, as we have recently shown, but would subvert their personal independence.

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