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The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1856.

NO. 50.

Former Times.

The Past is a lesson for the Future. The world is always a reproduction of itself; and the sacred record tells us, there is nothing new under the sun. Having spoken of the gross system of intimidation practiced at Washington, we ask leave to specify a little more articulately the fact stated in the late piece entitled political intimidation. The Senator addressed was the Hon. Samuel W. Dana of New Haven—who for a long period represented the Federalism of Connecticut in both houses of Congress. He was in the minority, and had made a very spirited speech in defence of what he considered Northern rights. In some respects he resembled Charles Sumner; he was a scholar, and perhaps carried a little tinge of scholastic pedantry into his public speeches. But he was a fearless and independent man, and had dared on some exciting occasion, "to beard the lion in his den." John Randolph was then in his glory; it was before his defection from the Jefferson party. At the close of one of Dana's speeches, he felt himself insulted. Dana, though severe, was never low, or needlessly personal. But Randolph was offended. They were both then, I think, members of the lower House. He came to Dana's seat, and slapping him on the shoulder said:—"Sir, I hold you responsible for what you have said—you will hear from me again." "Very well," said Dana, "I am always glad to hear from my friends;" and then turning to an adjacent member, added—"I suppose I shall have to burn some powder with the gentleman." The challenge came after sunset, Saturday night; and Dana returned the letter unopened—saying, that according to "Connecticut reckoning" it was holy time—he could not conscientiously perform secular business on the Sabbath. A few days after, when a Southern member, sneeringly asked when the Sabbath began, Dana replied—"read the Fathers of the Church."

All this time, he was sporting with the subject; but his determination was, as he used to avow, to shoot down the man who should attack him with violence. This was the meaning of burning "some powder;" for he was accustomed to say—the plan is, first, to challenge the man—to test or pound him—and then his influence is lost. "I," said he, "according to the demands of my constituents, cannot fight in the regular duello; nor is it according to my principles. I am not willing to lose my influence. What then remains for me but that I let it be known that I carry pistols, and throw myself on the eternal right of self-defence?" Randolph never, I believe, renewed the challenge, and Dana was never attacked. The only harm he suffered was, when an invoice of books was supposed to be distributed by vote of Congress according to each member's propensity or need, a volume of the Fathers was sportively assigned to the Hon. Mr. Dana.

Dana boarded in the same house with Milner, when Mr. Clay so arrogantly interrogated him. The writer of this article heard him, i. e. Dana, tell the story, long before it appeared in Dr. Milner's life. It seems that Milner was half a clergyman before he put on the canonicals—that is, he was a sober and conscientious man. He was somewhat disturbed by the prospective difficulty; and Mr. Dana said to him, "Sir, I have a pair of excellent pistols which are at your service. I hope you have a steady hand. Refuse the challenge, but meet the man, if he chooses to meet you." Mr. C. stopped wisely at the first interrogation. We cannot impute to Harry Clay a shadow of cowardice. He probably saw he had gone too far; the sympathy of his party would not have gone with him, had he pursued the subject. One reason—I say emphatically—ONE reason why he lost the Presidency was, his frequent resort to excessive intimidation. Even his friends feared him; and to be his hearty friend, you must be his inferior. L. W.—*Newburyport Herald*.

Hints to Married Ladies.

Get up in the morning with your face as long as the "moral law," and sour enough to convert milk into bonny clabber; fret constantly till breakfast time, and just as your husband enters the door knock down the tongs and shovel, throw the boot-jack across the room, kick the cat down cellar, turn the dog out doors in the rain, tip over two or three chairs, capsize the teapot into Peggy's lap, hit Billy a rap on the head because he's singing his lullaby, making him scream lustily, then raise your voice an octave or two so that 'twill harmonize, set your foot down with a "stop your noise," and send a year-old back to bed because he's not dressed, let the fire go out and breakfast get cold; then if husband asks a question tell him it's none of his business, give him to understand that you're mistress of your own house, and shall do as you please; don't eat with the rest, but go off and cry! Never have your hair dressed neatly, if at all; wear your morning collar all day; if dirty, so much the better, 'twill show you're not extravagant; have odd slippers on your feet, and complain that you've no others. If your husband's business drives, detain him as long as possible; to take the baby, make a fire, get some potatoes, pump some water, or feed the hens. If he's out of money don't fail of having your wants trebled; if he's discouraged, call him shiftless; if sick, call it an excuse for not working; if he buys anything, tell him he might as well have burnt his money up, he's always fooling it away. If he reads, interrupt him constantly with some frivolous question; if he sings, have a violent headache; if he plays, wish the instrument at the bottom of the ocean; if he invites a friend to dine, tell him that's just like him; men never know anything; bringing men to dinner, when they haven't half enough for themselves! then, don't have the meat raw, but burn it up. If business calls him away from home, fret about "always staying alone," with a wish you could ever go anywhere! If he's not in at meal time, clean the table and send him to the cupboard; no matter if it's empty! Keep your children ragged and dirty, teach them to disrespect their father, and if he undertakes to correct one, tell him to "let that child alone;" allow them to do what they ought not, and never let them do what they might, with teach them self-denial. Never wait upon your husband, if he seems ever so tired; be the slave of no man! Never sew on a button, he's no right to get them off; speak evil of all his relatives, of him in particular, and contrive to have him reach his ears. Keep the house well littered, never know where to find anything when wanted. Be discontented any way, find fault with everything, and wish you'd never been born nor married, and wish you'd never seen your "better half;" wish that all the men were in the land of nod, or had been drowned in the flood; don't look, speak or act cheerfully. In short, begin the week with a "will" and a "won't" and end it with a "shall" and a "shan't."—[*Boston Cultivator*].

The following is an extract from a recent sermon by Rev. T. Starr King, of Boston:—"Out of the South cometh the whirlwind; and cold out of the North." Such is the picture which the book of Job gives, from the speech of the Almighty himself, to represent the temper of the two latitudes. The whirlwind is the brutal force of the atmosphere. Its

fury is soon spent; the track of its desolation is narrow. Let the punishment that follows be patient and thorough. Let it be no summer gust, but a November justice; broad, searching and terrible as the frost marching southwards on the wings of polar wind, heralded by no cheap thunder, but sweeping a white storm of ballots to purify the air of public sentiment, and bury our tyrants in icy graves!"

What is "The South?"

We have always preferred to use some such term as "the slave power," instead of "the South," to designate the power which, for the last thirty years, has wielded the forces of party and of government in antagonism to freedom. For we have been satisfied that this power is not numerically identical with the South, and may not truly represent the latter in opinions and feeling. And yet this distinction is too often neglected, and men talk of the South politically just as they do of the North. But the North, which partly fights for freedom, partly succumbs to slavery, and altogether attends to its own money-making affairs, is the same as the varied people of sixteen sovereign States. But the South, which fights in a resistless phalanx for slavery, which leads parties by the nose on this local interest, makes and unmake candidates, breaks through contracts and legalizes tyranny and persecution—is this mighty South the same as the fifteen remaining States? Far from it—it is only the twentieth part of the fifteen remaining States? Look at the following facts from the last census:—

States	Slaveholders in each.	White population.
Alabama	29,292	426,514
Arkansas	5,999	162,183
Dist. of Columbia	1,477	37,941
Delaware	809	71,169
Florida	3,520	47,203
Georgia	38,456	521,572
Kentucky	38,385	761,413
Louisiana	20,670	255,491
Maryland	16,046	417,713
Mississippi	28,116	295,818
Missouri	19,185	592,004
N. Carolina	28,303	553,028
S. Carolina	25,596	274,563
Tennessee	34,864	756,836
Texas	7,847	154,634
Virginia	55,163	894,800
Total	347,525	6,222,418

We are a nation of twenty eight millions,—and yet this handful of 348,000 slaveholders presume, and succeed in their presumption, to control the grand destinies of our people. A thirty second part of the whole population of the slave states—a twentieth part of the white—they cannot be called "the South," though they dominate over the whole of that region, with an absolutism that Nicholas never exceeded in despotic Russia. This is an oligarchy—a government of the few—and it has remained for the world to find the most perfect specimen within the very heart of the noblest republic!

By what means one man can make nineteen of his neighbors submit to his opinions as completely as his slaves submit to his lash, is not within our purpose to inquire. The fact is most manifest. The slaveholders almost wholly represent the South in state and national governments, they give the entire tone to southern society, and they allow not one word of dissent. But what makes the matter worse, they claim the same predominance in every department of our national functions. And yet our people have supposed their actual inherent force was powerful. It is not so:—circumstances of position have given them advantages; but for one so given they have taken ten by their own shrewdness and audacity. Their fictitious importance should be unmasked; and the free laborers of the North should clearly see that they are dealing only with 348,000 men; themselves numbering millions. They should consider that among the nineteen twentieths of their southern brethren there is a large share who feel the evils of slavery as more or more than themselves, and who are only kept by their peculiar position from leading on the battle of freedom. Their share must now be borne by us, for they are fettered hand and tongue in the consolidation of the victory, their share of the emancipation will be hardly less important than the rescue of the territories and of the general government from the withering control of this too-favored oligarchy. *Portland Adv.*

IS INSTINCT A SAFE GUIDE IN SELECTING OUR FOOD AND DRINKS.—The opinion is gaining ground in late years that instinct, by which is meant the natural want or craving of the system, is a correct guide to the food that is most proper. There is much truth in this if we apply it to man living in strict obedience to nature's laws, but it will not bear application to man in an artificial state of existence.

Natural instinct, in the selection of food may be defined to be the sense of want created by the wear and tear of our bodies. The elements which have become exhausted, worn out, must be replaced by new matter or the strength will not be maintained. If the exhaustion is chiefly in the fluids, we become thirsty; if in the solids, hunger is produced. Thus far it may truly be said, that the instinctive sense of hunger or thirst is the proper guide to the requirements of our bodies.

But the appetite or craving is liable to be perverted by education. We may, by their habitual use, acquire a craving or taste for the most injurious and disgusting substances, and this vitiated desire must not be mistaken for an instinctive requirement of the system. How many create an insatiable appetite for ardent spirits, for tobacco, for snuff taking, and for opium! All of which we know to be very injurious. The fondness, if we may be permitted to degrade this fine old Saxon word, which women acquire for tea is another example of depraved taste, and the same may be said of coffee, chocolate, and sweets. It would be a great error to suppose such craving to indicate the want of the system for the things craved.

Instinct, cannot, then, be regarded as a safe guide in selecting the quality of our food, because the natural instinct has been buried and destroyed by unnatural cravings created by artificial habits of life. Neither is it a safe guide with regard to the quantity of our food. Dyspepsia eat, not because their systems require nourishment, but to allay a gnawing in the stomach caused by disease. The sense of hunger felt by these is not a natural want, but a morbid craving. Those suffering from chronic inflammation of the lining of the stomach

have generally a ravenous appetite, and can scarcely wait for the dinner hour to arrive.—Those guided by their appetites not only eat too often but too much, and yet if we should take their appetites as a guide we should be led to a widely different conclusion, since, however much they may eat, they rarely satisfy the sense of hunger.

From these observations it will be understood that the only safe guide, in matters of diet, is a knowledge of what is necessary derived from the experience of the past. By understanding the uses of the several organs engaged in the digestive process, the properties of food, and the quantities of each requisite for the maintenance of health, we have a guide far more worthy of our confidence than the uncertain and erratic cravings of a depraved appetite, which has usurped and overthrown the instinct implanted by nature. This knowledge is derived from the study of the physiology of digestion, and the properties of "food and drinks," which subjects will be discussed from time to time in the Special.

[Hunter's Med. Specialist.]

A GRAMMAR FOR LADIES.—An Adjective is a good-natured little darling of a word, which tells you what sort of a thing a thing is, as a delightful polka, an odious wretch, the dear monster; an adjective cannot properly be used without a noun, as a general rule. It is therefore, not unusual to hear "a great big silly," a little dear, or an old disagreeable.

A Noun of Quality is, properly, a noun, only it does the work of an adjective—just as you get the housemaid to hook your frock when you are hurried—as a love of a bonnet, a duck of a man.

Pronouns.—A pronoun is a word used instead of a noun—that is, something to avoid mentioning any particular name, in case your mother is listening, or you are afraid of anybody peering into your letters: as, "I have you seen him lately?" or, "Do you come on Wednesday, as you know who will be here." In the first example, him is a pronoun, signifying Charles! in the latter, you know who will be here is indicative of the gentleman with the moustaches, who came with cousin Fred.

An Interjection is when you tread upon a beetle, or cut a finger, or when you want to faint into a gentleman's arms, as, "Ah! gracious goodness, support me;" or, in passing a jeweller's shop, "How nice! how heavenly!" or, when a gentleman is talking nonsense to you, and you know he is in love with Miss J., as "Pooh!" "Stuff!" "Get along with your rubbish!" "Go to Bath!" "I dare say!"

PRINTER'S INK.—"Elbow Grease" and "Printer's Ink." The former expresses labor, the latter wit. Both are needed in this world of competition and work, both are honorable if rightly directed. But what one man gets by hard knocks, another may acquire by a liberal use of his genius.

Vainly will a Merchant buy or hire and fit up an elegant store, and fill it with choice goods, held at fair prices, if he do not employ the means requisite to make his business known and thus attract buyers. He may accomplish something by putting up great signs on the front of his store, (which is a home method of advertising) but experience and observation and reason, alike assure the mercantile community that a chief means of advertising is in Printer's Ink.

There is such a thing as being "penny wise and pound foolish." You may save at the spigot and waste at the bung-hole. You may deem it good economy to starve the printer by withholding your name from his columns, to curtail his bread and butter by cheapening the impressions of his types, but you will find in the long run, that he can be of quite as much service to you as you can be to him.

Many a merchant who has invested fifty thousand dollars (or three that sum) in good wares, deems it an extravagance to invest one per cent on the gross amount in the line of advertising.

He may be sure that a penny thus saved is not two-pence clear. On the contrary, facts serve to show that the truest mercantile economy places Printer's Ink in the highest list of profitable investment.

It is not by the insertion of lines, once a week for three months, that the desirable end is to be obtained. Liberal, persistent advertising, is the secret of success. It must needs be.

A suitable stock of goods is essential—also integrity, civility, and diligence; but all these will not compass the contemplated end, apart from a practical determination to make your business known and to keep yourself before the great world of buyers.

Perseverance is required, and also patience, and perseverance and patience imply faith.—Not faith in things impossible or improbable, but faith in what is certain as the result of conforming to the laws of trade.

What a growing hive of industry and enterprise there is, all over the land! "Elbow Grease" is at work in tilling the earth, smelting iron, in fashioning machinery of all sorts. Towns and cities are springing up or enlarging their borders; population is increasing on every hand; stores are being established in neighborhoods not heard of last year—and yet many a Mr. Parsimony claiming to be a merchant in our great commercial emporium, thinks "it will not pay" to pay for "Printer's Ink."

The whole matter is in a nutshell. If you would have a share in the great traffic which is as the sound of many waters, you must inform the public what you have to sell and where you may be found. Do it in the most effectual way in your power; and if you know of a better medium than "Printer's Ink," forthwith obtain a patent for the discovery, and your fortune will be made in a day.—[*Philadelphia Merchant*].

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.—Take full-grown gooseberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into wide mouthed bottles, cork them gently with new, soft corks, and put them in an oven, from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight, cut them off level with the bottle and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.—*Maine Farmer*.

TROOPS FROM THE CRIMEA.—The screw steamer Resolute arrived at Quebec on Saturday last from Halifax, with the ninth regiment of the British army, consisting of twenty-nine officers and 473 men; three officers and 109 men of the 17th regiment, and a lieutenant and 18 men of the land transport corps. They have journeyed upward of six thousand miles in less than thirty days.

THE WINTERS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

We did not fear them once: the dull gray mornings
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night-watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snows like dreams to us descended:
The frost did fairy-work on pines and boughs;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended:
How is it that we fear the Winters now?

Their house fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
Their northern straight shines as coldly clear
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world a welcome yet for the new year,
And far away, in old remembered places,
The snow-drops rise and the robins sing;
The sun and moon look out with loving faces:
Why have our days forgot such goodly things?

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempests fiercer than its bitter blast,
Which fair beliefs and friendships, too, have taken
Away like Summer foliage so we passed,
And made life leafless in its pleasant valleys,
Wining the light of promise from our day,
Till mist must even in the lowest paths
A dimness not like theirs to pass away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the Winters of our youth,
Before his hopes had fallen in fortune's quagmire,
Or the old world with his heavy truth
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only,
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us,
Hard is the ice that grows about the heart;
For petty cares and vain regrets have won us
From life's true heritage and better part.
Sensations and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather;
But nations toil and trouble even as we,
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
Fearing the Winters which they may not see.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

METTA VICTORIA FULLER, in the Ohio Cultivator, in a sisterly way thus talks to Country Girls:

The farmers' daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of the country.—glorious race of women which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest effort of one or two kinds.—There are some who depreciate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it, because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day and of a refined education, is no more excusable in a country than in a town-bred girl, in these days of many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives women well and properly educated at home.—And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders; and an earnest thirst after knowledge, is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the "Pierian Spring." There is a farmer's daughter in this very room in which I am writing, a beautiful, refined and intellectual woman, in whose girlhood books were not as plenty as now, and who obtained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any but one who had as true a love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are yet to prove the hope of this country. The women in towns and cities are becoming so universally unhealthy, and so almost universally extravagant, foolish, and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of getting wives who are not invalids, and providing them with what they demand after they have married them. Unless a young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the inheritor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of his youth in acquiring enough "to start upon," as people are expected to begin now-a-days. Men even in high places, would go to the country for their choice, if they met there equal refinement with intelligence. Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they cannot do it in ignorance.

Town girls have the advantages of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge, and economy, health, (and consequently beauty) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds, they have more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much of their time is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added luster of foreign accomplishments could easily be caught by such a mind from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters were deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women may be found among them—in New England this is especially so—but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will but unite refined culture with their other most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it, with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toil enough to insure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the Paradieses which heaven has left for the attainment of man.

Mr. John Clark, of the Boston Courier, while recently confined to his bed by severe illness, wrote to a "down town" friend as follows:

"They say I am better to-day; I suppose I am. I suffer more now from externals than from bodily pain; what with the cats at night, and in the day a young lady next door, who is trying her prettiest to be a prima donna, it is hard to say when I shall be released from this bed. Please send me one of Sharpe's rifles, that I may silence these feline ruffians on the shed; and send, also, a shallow young man, with long light hair, a smooch face, and a drawing voice, to quiet the musical prodigy in embryo."

SCANDAL.—The Devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams, have an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting notes in other eyes.—Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvelous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities of others. Of course, it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position. What profit is it that they should pause to consider their own precedents, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

So goes the world over. Everybody mints everybody's business. But everybody neglects his own. What sort of a world would this be, if we were without each other to feed upon? Men have eyes and ears for some purpose, and to see and hear of each other's failings, derelictions, errors, transgressions, and enormities? They have tongues which must lie uselessly idle, if not employed in giving currency to such delinquencies. So it is with man. The obliquities of his offended brother furnish the chief staple of conversational interest. Human error is the current coin of social intercourse, and too often that coin comes from the mint of the speaker's brain.

Recipes for Coloring.

FOR LIGHT YELLOW.—For five pounds of cotton cloth, dissolve one and one-half pounds sugar of lead in hot water; dissolve in like quantity of cold water 12 ounces chrome or bichromate of potash; put your cloth first in the lead water, rinse up and down several times, then wring out and put it in the other, then back again into the lead.

FOR ORANGE.—After the above, dip it in boiling hot lime-water; prepare your lime for whitewashing, settle it, pour off the top, reduce it and apply as before; wash after it is dry.

FOR BLUE.—Two ounces of copperas to five pounds of cloth, one ounce of prussiate of potash, one tablespoonful of oil of vitriol; soak the cloth two hours in the copperas water boiling hot, then throw away the copperas water, wash the kettle, then put water enough to cover the cloth, and put in the potash, keep it scalding hot two hours, then take out and add the oil of vitriol, stir it well, then put in the cloth, stir it up a few minutes, then rinse in cold water.—[*Rural New Yorker*].

Recipes for Cakes.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 cup of milk or water, 2 of flour. Teaspoonful cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg.

JUMBLES.—One lb. of butter, 1 of sugar, 2 of flour, 3 eggs, 1-2 cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, roll in white coffee sugar.—This will make a large batch—in a small quantity be wanted, take proportionately less of material.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 of molasses, 1-2 cup of ginger, 1 teaspoonful soda, milk stiff.

A SMALL SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, 1-2 cup of milk, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 of soda, butter size of an egg.

WHIGS.—Mix 1-2 a lb. of sugar with 6 oz. butter, 2 eggs, teaspoonful cinnamon. Stir in two pounds flour, a teaspoon of yeast, milk enough to make a stiff batter, when light bake in cups.

POOR MAN'S CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, one do. sour cream, one egg, flour enough to make a good batter, half teaspoonful saleratus.

WHICH IS THE HAPPY MAN?—We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money and that is only \$70 per annum.—He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their \$70 per annum.

We know a man in New York who expends \$24,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas light more than the whole income of the Michigan man. He makes annual holiday presents to more than the whole income of the Michigan man. It costs him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest, healthiest and most enviable man. They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and papers place abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity of intense activity, deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former in the probable course of events, will die of old age at ninety, the latter at seventy.—Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth. [Blade, (Ohio).]

AMERICAN GENEROSITY.—Whatever may be our faults as a people—and we have our full share of them—want of feeling is not among their number. We listen as readily to a tale of distress, and act as promptly to relieve it, as any race on earth—a striking proof of the nonsensical cant of those foolish philosophers and preachers who would have the world believe that prosperity always hardens the heart, closes the purse, and sees in every sufferer an impostor, deserving of nothing but what the Scriptures so emphatically call the bread and water of affliction. It may appear egotistical thus to speak of the good deeds of our countrymen, but we are merely stating a fact which is well known to all who are familiar with what has occurred on frequent occasions in our history. The remotest of peoples have never appealed to our benevolence in vain. The Irish, the Greeks, and the Portuguese of Madeira, have been relieved from the United States; and now, and not for the first time, we are engaged in measures calculated to prevent the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands from starvation.—[*Boston Times*].

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.—We find it stated in Bowen's Political Economy, that "the inequality in the distribution of wealth in England, is greater than in any other civilized nation, and her nobility and gentry are wealthier, more intelligent, more highly cultivated, more influential, and more secure in the possession of their power and property than the corresponding classes now existing, or that ever have existed, in any country in the world. Five noblemen, the Marquis of Bredalbane, the Dukes of Argyll, Athol, Sutherland and Buccleugh, own perhaps one-fourth of Scotland. I have already quoted the assertion of M. de Laverge, that 2,000 proprietors possess among them one-third of the land and total revenue of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is admitted that, up to 1848 there were not more than 5,000 Scotch and 8,000 Irish land owners; and good reasons have been adduced for the opinion that there are only 46,000 who should be classed as landed proprietors in England; About 60,000 families, then own all the territory which is occupied by over twenty seven millions of inhabitants.

Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery wash tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas and the pearls absorb it and is rendered solid; the product being heavier, dryer and whiter than pearls. It is now saleratus.

How much salts of ley and carbonic acid a human stomach can bear and remain healthy, is a question for a saleratus eater.

These facts are sufficient to show why the laboring classes in England are less wealthy, less intelligent and less influential than those in this country. They have not, and cannot have the incentives to effort, that give a spur to the native energy of our farmers and artisans.—They must remain tenants, or hired workmen, and consequently have no higher aim than to earn day by day their daily bread. The hope of independence cannot be theirs. Their life is little else than a monotony of toil uncheered by those considerations that give vigor to muscle, and nerve the will in its determination "to labor and to wait."

On all lands where there is a growth of red sorrel, acids of some kind abound in a free and uncombined state, and it is only by adopting some emendatory powers of culture, or by the application of neutralizing substances—such as lime, ashes, &c.—that they can ever be rendered fertile in the production of valuable crops.

On lands where sorrel seemed determined to overpower every other plant, we have eradicated it effectually, by the use of lime and ashes, but at the same time giving the soil a more generous manuring, and more careful cultivation with the hoe. We have, therefore, no doubt of the correctness of the statement by Mr. Ruffin, who is a very careful and experienced cultivator himself.

It is important that the farmer observe very closely what the natural prevailing product of his soil is, as this will indicate more correctly, perhaps, than anything else, what sort of a corrective is required. If sorrel greatly abounds, or wormwood, or the dairy, or bulbous-rooted grasses, state the fact at the farmers' club, and discuss it, drawing out the experience of each, or, if necessary, get an analysis of the plant, and learn what the character of the soil is in which it flourishes so well; then, perhaps the proper correctives may be applied.

POUR IN THE FEED.—A certain dayman on a certain occasion, was complaining to a certain lady of a very uncertain age, concerning the smallness of his salary and the slow manner in which it came out of the pockets of his parishioners; when the lady made the following aphoristic and somewhat enigmatical remark:—"If the flock does not yield milk you must pour in the feed!" The more the preacher thought of it the more significance he saw in it. He concluded, and we have long since concluded, that the reason why so many pastors are stunted by their parish, is because the former first eat the example. It is a sentence worth remembering—"If the flock does not yield milk, pour in the feed."—[*Danvers*].

THE DOUGLASS BUCHANAN PLATFORM.

The New York News, the organ of the "Harbors," has a full report of a speech of Stephen A. Douglass, delivered in that city. Here is an extract from it:

"But, my friends, I find that these Black 'Republican' murderers and Black 'Republican' newspapers have all begun to shed crocodile tears [laughter and cheers] over mine own humble fate, because they made a Douglass platform and put Buchanan on it. [Cheers.] I wish to call your attention to a point for a moment, and that is whether it is not a Buchanan platform as well as a Douglass? [Cheers.] They say it is a Douglass, because it endorses every position that I have taken, not only upon the slavery question, and Kansas, and Nebraska, but the foreign policy. [Cheers.] That is true, and because it is true, I stand with heart and soul ready to devote all my energies to the success of the platform and the candidate. [Immense cheers. Three cheers for Douglass.] Now my friends, if you will listen for a brief historical account, I will show you that Buchanan and myself have for several years back—ever since I came into public life—held the same position on the slavery question from beginning to end."

THE RECENT DEATH AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—Rev. Mr. Huntington preached a discourse, Sunday, in the College Chapel, suggested by the recent death of a student, HAZARD DORR, who was found dead in his room. The sermon referred in earnest terms of condemnation to the dissipation of College life, and made his application to the recent melancholy event. Some of the students took umbrage at his remarks, and held a meeting, at which "resolutions were passed censuring the preacher." We are inclined to think it will be uphill work for the students to maintain a bellicose position with Mr. Huntington. It is about time some voice, sufficiently bold and strong to have some effect, was raised at the iniquity, carried on within and about the walls of the University. We honor Mr. Huntington for uttering plain words in the face and ear of vice and dissipation. When the ghastly form of death stands out to warn, it is time live men spoke.—[*Boston Bee*].

ECONOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.—A New Yorker who has been travelling down the "Big Muddy," as some call the Mississippi, fell in with some hard customers on board the boat. He says:—"One who, though drunk, was quite well informed on some points, told me that he had been 'up over the banks,' or in other words intoxicated for ten days. I asked him why he didn't sober down. I use his own language in the reply: 'Stranger, it is a saving matter for me to keep

