




5-14-1857

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 44): May 14, 1857

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 44): May 14, 1857" (1857). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 511.  
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## THE APPLE TREE.

BY REV. H. C. LOCKARD.

Using the apple-tree, it stands  
Hard by the farmer's cot,  
No tree of India or Tropics lands,  
Is half so fair, its lot  
Is lowly by the dwelling old.  
It could not blossom'st  
Nor Prince's gaze, in winter's cold,  
Or spring-time warm, or dry  
And sunny summer, it uplifts  
Its rounded form, the pride  
Of its meek lord, above the drifts,  
When wood-bought clash and grido  
Beneath the whirling disk, its limbs  
Swing to and fro with glee,  
And when the birds pour forth their hymns,  
Or brooks and rills are free,  
Or meadows bloom, or orchards blow,  
Or charms of Jane are seen,  
This tree doth seem a bank of snow,  
Upon the orchard green.

Oh, who would seek a better lair,  
From sun, or toll, or man,  
Than this tree's shade, this place of air  
So sweet, where bee and wren,  
So seeking flowers, the other rest,  
In freedom, gain their ends?  
Here, toiler, make thy rustic nest,  
When noon's bright sun is hot;  
Here, peat-drink, and milk amends  
For loss of strength, the pride  
Of home-bred Paradise;  
And here abide, if thou wouldst be  
In humble virtue wise.

And, when, in autumn's golden day,  
The corn and fruit are ripe,  
Then bither come, to ken the ray  
Of twilight's glowing pipe,  
Through branches hung with ruddy globes,  
More fair than that rich hue,  
Or that of morning's splendid robes,  
When gold o'erleaves the blue.

## Miscellany.

## The Honest Lawyer.

We have great respect for the legal profession; but lawyers, like other men, sometimes forget the good old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy." The temptations thrown in the way of a young lawyer to swerve from strict rectitude are very great, and but few are able to resist them. But we do not believe there is a single branch of human pursuit where unbending honesty is so sure of a temporal reward as in the practice of law. He who gains the reputation of laboring to promote strict justice between man and man, is sure of the confidence of the community, and this confidence will necessarily secure the best legal business. The honest lawyer may not become rich at once—not as soon, perhaps, as the knave—but he will succeed in the end, and always with his success there will be the feeling of conscious rectitude, which of itself is a priceless fortune. We give a short story below, which will illustrate the truth of what we have said:

It is now five years since the widow Stiles called on me one morning before breakfast, and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct than he might be. I asked her to step into the parlor, and went myself to my breakfast and my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Stiles many years; her husband was a great land owner in a goodly town of the western country, and with disinterested love that deserved some better aim, ever pressed it on his helpmate, as the first rule of life, to get all she could and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and more religious and alive-giving, but also more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited her opinion. "Well, Williams," said she, after drinking a cup of coffee upon my story, "I fear the old lady has some money making claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not the most acute and thorough one. She relies on your good judgment; use it not for her seeming but for her real good."

I counted my legal acquaintances over, before I hit upon the one answering the terms, "honest and conscientious," in the sense which I knew Ellen had used; them; at length I found him, and taking my hat walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he rose and gave us chairs, and waited Mrs. Stiles' statement. But before I go on in this point let me say a few words of this phenomenon—this man with his head under his left arm close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term.

He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began the practice because he had to get a living; and now he continued in the profession in spite of bad opponents and bad courts, because he thought he had done, and might yet do, much good by his labors; not only by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a stop to knavish practices, and disarming men and women from unjust suits and passion rousing quarrels.

Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper to refuse acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and a privilege, he marked it a Christian character, to try to persuade them to forget such claims. He sought fame and practice as a means whereby to exert a moral influence over the community; he thought a lawyer bound to serve not his client only, but his God and his country, and looked upon him who, for gain, would prosecute a suit he thought unfair, as a traitor to his country and his religion, in fact, whatever he might be in intention. In short, as Bill Blunt said, "Sawyer is such a hanged fool as to think it an attorney's business to help the parson to make good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her business. It seemed that her husband had sold and conveyed several dows, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had in terms, repeatedly released right of dowry—these lots she understood she could get back.

"Did you ever receive any money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course, sir. Do you think Jared would have driven me to it?"

"Did you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't, they tell me the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money, to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, lawyer, that would be thieving right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Squire, that is the deed you've got in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when he paid you the money for the lots, a sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would that have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"But you meant to give him a title in fee?"

## The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1857.

NO. 44.

"Yes."  
"Well, this is not such a title any more than a sheet of blank paper; you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit-claim for you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me and looked at the window, looked very much troubled, and somewhat abashed. At last she said:

"But does the law say the land is mine? Squire?"

"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First let us get things straight, have the bargain complete, and then if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the corner. At length with a gasp, she asked how much he would charge for a quit-claim deed. This charge, the attorney told her, the party would willingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking a blank down, proceeded to fill it. Before we left, the bargain was complete, the deed was signed, witnessed and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walked home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this man? I verily believe he has cheated me out of all them lots; I've a great mind to go back and tear the deed all to shinders."

I assured her that it was not only to late, but also that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advise her in future to employ no other but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and that gentleman was henceforth her counselor and solicitor.

Last week the widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral, we opened the will, and found it to our astonishment in her own hand-written.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas I am going to give something to my attorney, I write this myself, that is, I, Jane, relic of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body, know all men, that, whereas said attorney, I didelict: James Sawyer of this said town that I am not of, viz: the town of Jackson; whereas, I say, first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a counsel that was, as I have since been wholly wrong, for which be blessed in this life and forever. Therefore know ye, that as a small token of respect and love for said attorney, to wit, namely, James Sawyer, who has of late been unfortunate and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will, leave, transfer, make over and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I have got in the world; goods, chattels, land, money, dress and jewels, for him and his heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my several friends such articles as are marked with their names. Witness my hand and seal. November 20th, 1836. JANE STILES.

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I must thank you for."

"She must have left about \$40,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money, but the change of life and heart; that is the fee I prize."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—There is a false necessity with which we continually surround ourselves—a restraint of conventional forms. Under this influence men and women check their best impulses and suppress their highest thoughts. Each longs for a free communion with other souls, but dreads not give utterance to their yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Somebody will say; or the frown of some set; or the anathema of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond, and walk onward unshackled.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We wish to enjoy ourselves. We visit a friend, who takes away all our freedom while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to ride or walk, he dares not, lest it should seem impolite to the guests. So they remain slaves and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with more wisdom.

If a visitor arrive, they say, I am very busy to-day; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the field; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to read to me I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please.

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers, in another pictures and engravings, in a third music. Couples are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms in mirthful or serious conversation. No man is required to speak to his host either on entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so great a part of American entertainment, is a light and almost unnoticed incident at these festivals of intellect and taste. Would you like to see social freedom introduced here? Then do it; but the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Somebody's assertion that you are mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and put less shortening in the under crust of your pie than the upper. Let Mrs. Somebody talk according to her gifts; be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes or under-crust. [Mrs. L. Maria Child.

BORING OF ARTESIAN WELLS.—A letter in a Charleston paper gives the following description of the manner in which Artesian wells are formed:

"This style of well is said to be an invention of a Frenchman, whose name I do not now remember. It is dug or rather drilled, with a heavy steel drill of 1,800 pounds weight, 20 ft. in length, and a half-foot in diameter. The drill is raised above the surface of the ground, by means of pulleys attached to a wheel, which is worked by a small engine, to the height of forty or fifty feet, and then allowed to drop.

After going to the depth of the drill, strong poles are attached to the upper extremity. In this manner it is raised and allowed to drop. The man who is digging the well informed me that he had drilled through 75 rocks, averaging 38 feet in thickness. He has completed one 2,500 feet in depth. Iron tubes are in-

serted as he advances, and in this manner caving is prevented. The well now completed, throws a jet of water to the height of 153 feet above the surface. I put my hand into the reservoir into which it fell, and to my surprise I found the water quite hot—clearly showing that the intestines of the earth are heated.

The borer is now proceeding with a well ten times as large as the one completed. The one already completed he intends boring to the depth of 1,800 feet, when the water will be thrown to the height of 300 feet. It is expected that this alone will furnish an abundant supply of water.

The Conflict of the Ages.  
Rev. Dr. Dewey, who by his earnest advocacy of submission to the Fugitive Slave Law a few years since, gained many admirers at the South, has recently had the temerity to express an opinion adverse to the extension of slavery, and thereby has brought upon his head the burning curses of his former flatterers. An article in the Independent, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, reviews the affair and closes with the following suggestive paragraphs:

"The error with Dr. D., and the whole school which he represents, is an unregulated sympathy that does not help, but prevents, decision. In every cause, and its antagonist side, they see some truth. They desire, for the sake of fairness and truth, not to deny merit. They stand between irreconcilable opposites, drawn toward each, and drawn away from each. Their sympathy is with the fragments of truth, and not with the scope and direction of truth warring against evil. Tell them that the Great Dismal Swamp is a pest and a curse, and they will half admit it; but reply that, after all, many flowers grow there and some fruit-bearing vines, and these incidental spots of good neutralize the repulsion of all the evil. They live among active men in a state of moral reverie, but not of active and conclusive choice.

Our Revolution produced just such men. They saw good on both sides. There was good in liberty, and there was good in strong government. They thought oppression was wicked, and rebellion too was wicked, and so they hung between the two without strength to choose either.

This is the phenomenon of our day. The nation is convulsed with a conflict second to none since the dawn of Christianity. Right in the path of Christianity lies an evil, that in our day, and in our circumstances, is a greater hindrance to the Gospel than would be the whole Papacy and the whole kingdom of Atheism united, carrying with it the despotism of the one and the godless license of the other. Right in the path of our civilization lies a slough deep as perdition. The shadows of the past are coming back, and the spirit of three hundred years is seeking to regain its tyranny on this continent all that Christianity has wrested from them over the other.

There are those who know instinctively that there can be no agreement here. There are two sides and no middle ground in real life, whatever there may be with moral reveries. But there are men who vibrate between the two—cautious, anxious to be true, swayed by the sense of truth both ways, and they have not full hearts for either. They break down in their gentle attractions and sympathies, like a judge that cries to both sides of a plea, and ends by deciding that he wishes that the case had been a little different from what it is!

It is not a question of whether all evil has not identical good; whether all bad does not clothe itself with some compensation. The sensitive Greek, called to choose between the aesthetic mythology of Heathenism and the humble spirituality of the gospel, had a thousand times more chances for hesitation than we have between Christ and the Belial of our day!

If men are so constituted as not to be fitted for such warfare, they should court privacy. If they attempt to act as leaders, they must not be surprised if both sides reject them. Let them go down into their berths. While the storm lasts, let them not put their hand on the wheel. Only rugged men belong to the strife of the elements, and the tug for mastery at the wheel: one party, determined to steer by the chart of selfishness; and the other party determined that the age shall be guided by the compass of God's word."

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends, for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin which are the legitimate fruit of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have reference. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder, and inwardly digest:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules were reduced to practice—daily practiced—by parents and guardians, how much mischief would be prevented, how many dangers of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented! It is lamentable to see how

extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

## THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the forest  
Where the trees are green and fair;  
There beauty in the meadow  
Where wild flowers scent the air;  
There beauty in the sunlight,  
And the soft, blue beam above;  
O! the world is full of beauty,  
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the fountain,  
Singing gaily at its play;  
While rainbow hues are glittering  
In its sparkling spray;  
There is beauty in the streamlet,  
Murmuring softly through the grove,  
O! the world is full of beauty,  
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the moonlight,  
When it falls upon the sea,  
While the blue, foam-crested billows  
Dance and frolic jocosely;  
There beauty in the lightning gleams  
That o'er the dark waves rove;  
O! the world is full of beauty,  
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the brightness  
Beaming from a lover's eye;  
In the warm blush of affection,  
In the tear of sympathy!  
In the sweet, low voice whose accents  
Are the spirit's gladness prove!  
O! the world is full of beauty,  
When the heart is full of love.

## Legislative Reports.

REPORT OF THE L. W.  
The intelligence and moral sense of the age have decided that Intemperance is one of the greatest evils that scourge the human race. It is one of the chief causes of the poverty, misery, insanity and crime, that afflict and decimate the nations of the earth. Its consequences are so manifold, so terrible, and so well known, that we need not repeat them. As a powerful and relentless enemy of the dearest human relations, and as a source of moral and physical degradation, it has attracted the attention of the teachers of morality and benevolence, and from humane and wise legislators.

The State of Maine, with an interest in enlightened and benevolent enterprises surpassed by none other in the world, have repeatedly taken legislative action for the prevention of this great evil.

In 1856, Maine took on her statute book prohibitory laws of more or less stringency, with what results we need not repeat in detail, as they are fresh in the memory of the public, and well known to the members of the Legislature.

In 1856 the Governor of the State, in his Inaugural Message, pronounced against prohibition and in favor of license. The Legislature followed his advice, repealed the legislation which the friends of temperance had labored for years to establish, and enacted the license law now on the Statute books of the State. That the present law is a departure from the policy of former years, is perfectly clear and well known. It was undoubtedly designed as an experiment by its authors, to be repealed, if after a fair trial, it should not subserve the purposes for which it was first professedly instituted.

The people of the State are now having opportunity to test its merits. The laws in existence from 1848 to 1856, were based on the theory of license to be corrected. Let candid and intelligent citizens test the merits of each, and popular judgment will at no distant day, decide which is the true, the practical, and most worthy of adoption. The question of moral and physical degradation, and the question of the people's health, are questions of such magnitude that they should not be decided hastily or rashly. The popular mind must have time to obey its own laws. The present experience, bitter as it may be, to those whose moral sensibilities are keen, and whose judgment on the subject has been long matured, is necessary to demonstrate to many persons the superiority of prohibition to license.

It is expedient for this Legislature to pass such a law? Your committee have decided in the negative. This Legislature was not chosen with special reference to the passage of a prohibitory law. On this question precipitate and hasty action is more dangerous than even unpopularity. The Legislature should not be hurried into a decision which will bring public sentiment to equilibrium that will create a law which will be permanent and highly salutary in saving the State from a vast amount of wretchedness, degradation, crime, suffering and poverty, and the thousand ills that follow in the track of intemperance. The question is fairly before the people. It is for them to select the time when prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors shall take the place of license law now on the statute book.

REPORT OF COM. ON BANKS  
The expiration of all the charters of the Banks in the State during the coming year, necessarily brought before your committee an unusual amount of business. The condition of every Bank in the State has been investigated, and a general system of Banking thoroughly examined.

Your committee did not deem it within their province to inquire of the expediency of the extension of every Bank already chartered, considering that matter determined when any such Bank was chartered. Therefore we recommended extending the charters of all Banks already chartered, and we recommended, upon investigation, safe for the public.

Your committee have reported increase of capital, and new Banks, only in cases where they believed the wants of the community required, and have distributed them equally over the State. The new Banks are generally in localities where some existing Banks were not rechartered.

Your committee report nearly the same Bank capital as now exists.

The capital of Banks not petitioning for re-charter is \$584,000; of Banks petitioning for extension, \$175,000; total decrease \$634,000; increase of capital \$223,000; and new Banks \$600,000; total increase, \$923,000; net decrease, \$11,000.

The Bank Commissioners report, that many Banks in the State have over-issued, the past year. A false impression has thereby been created calculated to injure the public, and the matter is not understood. It has been understood to be a fraudulent over-issue, and willful violation of law; this is not so. It results in almost every case from a different construction given to our law by the late Bank Commissioners from that heretofore given, and which a large majority of your committee believe to be the correct construction.

Heretofore, bills of exchange, as redeemed in Boston, were considered out of circulation. The Commissioners did not so consider them. With this construction, not more than six Banks have over-issued, and those only in a few instances, and to a small amount.

If the construction of the Commissioners had been applied in former years, it would have showed more over-issue than is shown during the past year. This over-issue operates to the injury of Banks, and is a source of danger to the public, and so well for the State, your committee report a change in the language of the law.

The gold system, as it is called, your committee believe to be the great safeguard to the public. This system has never been recognized by our laws; but your committee believe that it should remove all objections to the system, and make it equal in its application, recommend that the specie deposit at the Suffolk should be a basis of circulation.

This will remove all objections which any sound Bank can have to redeem their bills, and a Bank that is not sound, cannot long do business under this system.

The limit of circulation in Maine is less than in any other New England State, and the bills are required to keep more specie in their vaults.

## Trying to Better Themselves.

There is a great emigration going on from the New England States, especially from Maine and New Hampshire, to the Western territories. These emigrants are for the most part people of pecuniary means, carrying with them health, strength and money—excellent material in every respect, to form New States, but not such as the old States can well afford to part with. We are sorry to see such men leaving us. They are 'trying to better themselves,' and we hope they may succeed, but we doubt it. This going into the new territories to seek a living is a rough business—nothing more than there pioneers are able to endure, and to conquer, but it takes a long time to make a farm that will yield fair return, and in the meanwhile the settler has to eat his coat according to his cloth—live upon hog and hominy, without the luxuries he has been accustomed to, and be content with a log hut, a pine table, and such chairs as his ingenuity can make out. This is a good training, doubtless, especially for the young, who thus become habituated early to the knowledge of how little is absolutely necessary to sustain life, and how easy it is to get ahead when content with that little. In this view of the case the younger portion of these emigrants better themselves by the exchange, and perhaps the elder, also, inasmuch as they would not be content to live here in the same style in which they will be obliged to live there, but will be content there because they will live as well as their neighbors do.

Doubtless a man, and even a woman will be able to get along very well without luxuries, without furniture, and with the meanness of clothing, when nothing of a higher order is to be seen amongst the neighbors, and doubtless it is very hard to do so under different circumstances; otherwise our emigrants would not leave their old homes and seek new ones: for we are very sure that with the same economy exercised at home, which they will find an absolute necessity in their new location, they would get ahead faster here than there. The difficulty is not that labor in New England is not well paid, that New England farms do not repay the tillers of her soil, but that the tenacity of our people is, and long has been, to extravagance and luxury to such an extent that no wages of labor, no production of the farm, can pay.

We have heard it said, over and over again, that the reason of increased expenses is owing to the increased prices of house rent, and of everything we consume, but we doubt the correctness of this assertion. Many things have advanced in price certainly, but it is equally true that many others have declined, and with the same habits which prevailed half a century ago, we believe the expenses of living would be found no greater now than then. If meat is dearer, clothing is cheaper. Fifty years ago people were content to eat meat once a day four days in a week; now we want it twice a day for seven days in a week. Fish, peas, beans, &c., which used to form a considerable portion of food, are pretty much ignored. People in moderate circumstances used to be content with just such furniture as was absolutely necessary, with just as much house room as they required—the outlay for furnishing was small, wear and tear was small, rent was small. Now we all want a house to ourselves, fitted up with expensive carpets from parlor to garret, and fully furnished with mahogany, &c.

In those days pewter spoons were made to answer all the purposes for which spoons were used. Now, nothing means more silver will answer. Then, homspun and India cotton served for clothing. Now, no wardrobe is endurable without a liberal portion of broad-cloth for the males, and silk for the females; and these of the finest. Let any one follow out these matters into their details, and we think he will come to the conclusion that the increased expense of living grows out of the change in our habits; that the same economy which was practiced fifty years ago would reduce our expenses below the amount expended then. We know very well that no one will be disposed to give up his own and adopt the simple habits of by-gone days, unless compelled thereto by stern necessity, but we are quite sure that a general change in this respect would effectually distinguish the idea that our expenses are increased by higher prices.

And it is this change in the method of living which is now sending our people to the Western territories—trying to better themselves—and not the want of employment, at fair wages, nor the lack of productiveness in the soil of New England.

HORSERADISH.—We have before alluded to the use of this root in Europe, and especially in Germany, and now have the pleasure of giving to our readers what we know must be, to meet at least, a new wish.

The origin of the name *horse-radish* has always been a mystery; but it occurs to us now that the German name may solve the problem of its meaning and source. The root, as is well known, delights in wet places, such as for lake the German name is *maer*, (pronounced mare) and the plant is called *maer-retich* (that is, lake or water radish)—and *maer-radish* and *horse-radish* are sufficiently cognate to account for the change, and the name as we use it. But of the recipe—which we have from a German lady, one of the best housekeepers whose hospitality it has ever been our privilege to enjoy. Take a piece of root, an inch in diameter and four or five inches long, and grate it in a pint of rather thin soup, (that is water in which meat has been boiled, such as with seasoning, &c.) would make soup, five or ten minutes. The longer it is boiled the less peculiar pungent flavor of the root remains. Thicken with flour paste stirred in, and boil a little longer, adding salt and a little butter. It should be so thick as barely to flow, and makes a most excellent accompaniment for any boiled dish.

ANOTHER.—Use milk instead of soup as above, stirring in a thin paste of flour and milk, let it boil up once or twice, add a piece of butter as large as a butternut, and half as much sugar, now stir in the yolk of one egg, and remove immediately from the fire. Serve as in the case of the others.

Raw horse-radish is much improved by the addition of a little white sugar, when grated, and moistened with vinegar.

We have put the first recipe to the test on our table, and find reproduced the very dish for which we have contracted such a liking in the "Father-land." [Homestead.

## Little Things, or a Walk about the House.

If the lower box in your copper pump sticks fast, throw some hot water on to the outside and expand the tube, when it will easily be removed.

If the top of your fluid lamp cannot be started, hold the outer portion in the steam of the tea-kettle and it will start.

If you wish to make the labors of your domestics easy, have a large scuttle, with a trap-door in your back room down which they can throw their dirty water on washing days, and let it pass off, if possible, into your barn-cellar through a covered drain.

If you are building a new house, be sure and cover the upper part of the all with a solid bed of mortar after it is boarded, and the under floor laid. This will prevent the air from coming in beneath the boarding into the cellar, and more effectually produce dead air within the walls. It will also prevent the rats and mice from ascending between the walls.

If you are a farmer, when you set a boiler for washing purposes, set another by its side of iron for other purposes. It will cost but a trifle more while you are about it.

If you feel nervous and sleepless on a bright moonlight night, shut out the light entirely.

If you wish to keep the female domestics happy, cut up two or three cords of wood into kindlings in the spring for summer use. They love something that will blaze well, but in small quantities.

If the plaster on your rooms has shrunk so as to show large cracks, before you paper your rooms, take a little plaster of paris, put it in a kettle and heat over the fire to drive off the water; or, which is the same thing, take calcined plaster, put in equal portions of that and quick-lime and a little molasses with water, and with a case-knife fill up every crack; an astonishing difference may often be noticed in the warmth of a room.

Can you tell for what purpose the eye of a sewing needle is grooved?

If you wish your wife to repeat poetry fashionably, let her have this line:

A boy's will is the world's will.

(A boy's will is the world's will.)

If you wish your daughter to speak in the height of fashion, let her repeat this sentence: "Eos eat pawseable that that ees a caw?"

[N. T. T. in New England Farmer.

## THE MOTHER.—Some one writing for the

Masonic Mirror has drawn a pretty picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:

How pleasant she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for use and adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased she is of each little recipient of her kindness. How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands with the new dress she made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school. No one but her can warm the mitts and over-shoes, or the comforters around their necks.



**A DARING YOUNGSTER.**—A friend of who has two charming daughters, one of who has been drawn away by matrimony makes sad breaks in families sometimes declared that if any one should come after remaining daughter, he would shoot him over customer, who saw her for the first even times since, and was struck by grace and beauty, said, on being told that—'Well, that's all right enough; if I was a young man, I'd risk one shot how'.







