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(From the New England Farmer.)

"It Costs too Much."

Mr. Editor:—I was reading in your New England Farmer, of May, when I came across an article, headed "Female Help."

Now I am a woman, and, as such, would like to speak a word or two for women! I have noticed that the communications in your Farmer are written principally by gentlemen, but nevertheless, I can't refrain from speaking what I know to be true. Mr. Editor, do you think it hardly fair, for this gentleman, whoever he is, to write entirely what women ought to do? to preach woman's duties, any more than man's? Not long ago I noticed another article written on "Woman." The writer of that says, "woman should always greet her husband with smiles, when he comes home from his daily labor. Her influence should be pure and holy, always gentle!"

Yes, easy enough, for these simpering, foolish, "women-men," to sit by the hour together, with a cigar in their mouths, feet upon the clean mantle-shelf their wife has scoured just before, till the sweat poured off her, and preach woman's duties! It's easy enough for them to talk! I only wish every one was obliged to have the care of a house, and all the cares that come with it, daily. If I am not very much mistaken, not many half-days would go by, before they would be glad to leave woman's duties to women. The writer of the article, "Female Help," says, "young men and women, think an ignorant Irish person can labor better than they." Certainly, they can. An Irish, or any other laborer, is more used to toil; not all—but as a general thing, their minds are not cultivated, nor do they care for anything farther than mere animal thoughts. They can bear the fatigues of toil better. Where the mind toils the body ought to rest. A student can't bear the toils of a laborer. There are certain stations in life meant for certain persons. An educated, refined woman, is out of her place, when obliged to take the place of an ignorant kitchen drudge. "It saves labor," you say. By making your wife a drudge, you save money, but nothing more. Not that I think any lady ought to live in idleness, far from it! A woman, in whatever station she is, can perform her duty; every one ought to be industrious. There are a great many things that are to be done in a large family, that a woman ought to do, but there are a great many things, one woman ought not to do. Men may preach as much as they wish, about "female help," but two thirds of all men's principal thoughts are, when the case in hand comes, that "it costs too much!" They look upon woman only in one light, they only think how much bodily labor she can perform. Which woman's "costs" the least to support? But I will be a little more charitable; not all men are so, thank Heaven! Some have a little higher motive in marrying.

The writer mentioned one man in Massachusetts who married an Irish girl, because he could not support both an American wife and an Irish girl also. The writer I should judge by his remarks on the subject, thought it all proper, but I must say, if the said writer was a man, (no gentleman) he can be in reality no better, nor have any higher motive than, "it costs too much!" But if a woman, I only hope she may save enough, and have work enough! Poor thing, don't judge every one by yourself! At any rate, did the writer think that the motives were with regard to his marrying the girl, so much out of place as it seemed to me? Did he marry her to make both her and himself happy? To make their life in this world pleasant, and teach their children to do so also? Will that tender, holy feeling exist between them that ought? Will they both love and respect each other?

No! he probably married the girl who could perform the most labor without assistance, and who would "cost" the least in the end to support! Such a man has no right to be married, or he ought to live among the Mormons, where he could have as many wives as he wished, and have them changed, if they "cost" too much! I pity the poor girl, from the bottom of my heart, whom he has married for the mere bodily labor she can perform. What will it be when she grows too weak for service? Lord only knows, poor woman! Better that you had died ere you were united to such a man! How much better it would look to see each try to help the other. If the father of a family would, instead of laying up the unnecessary amount every year, try to add the few more comforts to his family. I am not speaking of our wealthy men, but those who are neither poor nor rich. The poor woman that marries a poor man, expects to labor. She is willing to do so generally; the love of her husband and family a sufficient compensation for her toil. But when a man is able, when he only allows his wife to toil, simply because it "costs" too much to hire a domestic, then he must expect his wife, in order to take her place in society where she ought, to desire some assistance in her labor, that she might take that time for her things.

The writer of the article on "Woman," as I said before, says "the wife ought to greet her husband with smiles, on his return home." Of course! especially when that wife has not seen the inside of a neighbor's house for months, when she has toiled day and night for her family, with an infant in her arms, "to save," till she has grown thin and pale by hard labor. Of course, she ought to smile when her kind and loving husband returns home, only to scold and fret, because "dinner isn't ready, soon enough." "It's no matter, if he does pull a few dozen ears of the children round her, because they laugh a little too loud! No matter, if he does not speak a word to her for a week, except to scold because something is wasted! The more a man is heard to talk of the gentleness of woman, the greater tyrant he is in reality.

Some men's only thoughts are money; they would sacrifice every thought and feeling, to gratify that insatiable thirst for money; money is in reality their only god. Thank heaven for the few that are not so! What better off a man who lives all his life only to save, allows a "female help," because it "costs" too much! and when his children are grown old enough, they seek another home, and almost always it is the case, spend the more. How much happier would he feel to add the few little comforts to his family, in accordance with his means, and have that freedom and love with his children he ought, bringing them up with some other ideas of money, than simply to hoard it up! I lead them to think their money was given them to do good with, to make others happy by it. I would wish to say to the writer of "Female Help," that, as a general thing in the New England States, to say the least, there is not great waste of money in hiring help. I only wish there was more.

I think it would be as well not to make his remarks quite so general. There is, I admit, a certain class of ladies who would be benefited by a little exertion on their part. And I would wish to say also, there are hundreds of women, who are toiling daily, where a little of the "female help" would lengthen their days in this world, (simply to gratify their miserly hoards of gold.)

One thing more; I would not wish any one to think the writer of this is advocating the much detestable idea of "woman's rights," for she truly abhors the doctrine. She simply

wished to say, that there is another class of beings besides "men." Neither do I wish them to think it was written by a woman who has seen these things by experience. Not so, she is a "looker-on," not yet caught in the web of matrimony, neither quite old enough to wish to be. The experience of others is enough to make her careful. I hope Mr. "Female Help," will have work enough for his wife to do, if it was a man who wrote it; if not, I hope the woman won't judge others by herself. S.

Bangor, May, 1857.

THEY'D LIKE TO TRY.—General —, of Mississippi, was a planter of the old school and the best stamp. He treated his slaves kindly, gave them abundant provision, and clothing, and forbade his overseer to chastise them without his permission. The General was a church member, and daily had family prayers. He was anxious to have his slaves attend family worship, and many did so for a time. At length, he was surprised, and grieved to see that they all absented themselves from family worship. What it meant he could not conjecture. All his efforts to get them in proved abortive. They seemed determined not to come. The General had a trusty female slave, who was the wife of a man belonging to a neighboring planter. This man's name was Isaac. He was a faithful, trusty servant, and was promoted by his colored brethren to the dignity of an exhorter. Isaac was permitted usually to go to the General's plantation on Saturday night, and spend the Sabbath with his wife. On Sunday evening he went into family prayers, but none of the rest.

After prayers the General said to Isaac that he was much grieved that his servants would not come to prayers. "You see, Isaac, not one is in. Now, there must be some reason, and I want to know what it is. I thought Polly might have told you." Isaac was a good deal embarrassed, said he was sorry it was so; he told Polly they ought to come in. "But," said the General, "you know, Isaac, what is the matter. I won't insist on your telling me, but I would like to have you." "Well, Massa," said Isaac, "I will tell you, but you know I think they do wrong in not coming in. They say they don't believe you are a Christian." "Why," said the General, "I am surprised they think I'm not a Christian. Don't I treat them well, feed them and clothe them, and forbid the overseer to abuse them?" "Yes, Massa," said Isaac, "I know you do all this, but they think there is something farther back—they say if Massa was a Christian, he would give them their freedom." "Why, Isaac, what do they mean, they couldn't take care of themselves." "Yes, Massa," said Isaac, "but they'd like to try."

The Scriptural Argument for Slavery.

We copy the following article from the Boston Traveller. The historical sketch here given of the biblical argument in favor of slavery is interesting. It is only about a score of years since it was first discovered that slavery is a divine institution, but now it is the common doctrine of the Southern pulpit, and the democratic press, north, cite the bible as sanctioning the institution. The Traveller says:—

It has surprised many that such large numbers of slaveholders should have changed, so radically, their ground within the last twenty-five years. Previous to this time, the system of slavery was generally admitted, by Southern men, as an unnatural, abnormal, undesirable state of things, to be remedied as soon as circumstances would allow. Now, it is very generally claimed to be a system justified by sound policy and right reason, endorsed by conscience, sanctioned by the Bible, and worthy of a permanent existence and general approbation. How has this great change in public sentiment at the South been brought about? Perhaps we can throw some light on the subject. We will make the effort.

In the year 1833, the Presbytery of Chillicothe, Ohio, adopted a strong paper, reprobating the system of slavery, and setting forth its intrinsic, inherent and inexcusable wrongs. A copy was sent to the stated Clerk of the Synod of Mississippi, embracing at that time the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Alabama. At the meeting of the Synod in the fall of 1834, at Port Gibson, in the church of which Rev. Zebulon Butler, D. D., was then and still is the pastor, Rev. James Smiley preached the opening sermon, in which he argued the righteousness of slavery from the Bible. The sermon was strongly condemned by the leading members of the Synod, as containing false and unscriptural views. Many intelligent men belonging to the congregation, who were slaveholders, joined in expressions of condemnation of the new doctrine. Some went so far as to say that Mr. Smiley ought not to be permitted to preach. The same sermon was preached a few weeks afterwards at Oakland College, in the church of which Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, the President of the College, was the stated supply. Dr. Chamberlain expressed his strong dissent to the views advanced, and many in the congregation, made up chiefly of wealthy planters, were greatly displeased. Mr. Daniels, owner of several hundred slaves, said to Mr. Chamberlain at the door—"We hold you responsible for what comes from that pulpit—you are placed there to guard it—why do you permit such sentiments to be preached? We are all anxious enough to get plantations and negroes, without slandering the Holy Ghost by claiming that the Bible justifies slavery."

This was the beginning of Bible slavery in this country. The year after, Mr. Smiley amplified his sermon into a book, now famous as "Smiley on Slavery." When his book was first published, his brethren of the Mississippi Synod were disabused, and gave it no countenance. The leading bookseller in Natchez refused to receive it on sale, and Mr. Smiley excited some odium against him, by calling him an abolitionist. A copy of the book found his way to the reading room of a prominent hotel in New Orleans. Several persons were discussing its merits, when one remarked that it was singular that a man of Mr. Smiley's good sense, and scholarship could not see that he was wrong. A shrewd lawyer sitting by, replied that "Mr. Smiley could not see his error, because he had twenty-five thousand dollars lying upon each eye-lid." Mr. Smiley, in the early part of his ministry, was strongly opposed to slavery. At the age of 38 he lost his wife. By a second marriage he came into possession of some slave property. For months he was disturbed by the possession of this property. He said to a clerical friend, that the matter distressed him exceedingly. At length he

mastered his scruples, and arrived at the conclusion that slavery is a divine institution. To Dr. Smiley belongs the honor, or the disonor, of first endorsing and defending American slavery from the Bible. Rev. Dr. Fuller, an eminent Baptist clergyman, then of Charleston, South Carolina, next followed—then Dr. William Winans, of the Methodist church—then, and not till then, politicians chimed in, and made the welkin ring with the "God-ward side" of slavery.

We think these facts should be preserved for future reference, and hence we have taken some pains to get them in an accurate and reliable form.

Sugar-Curing of Butter.

Persons who put up keg butter for a distant market, usually salt their butter very high. This high salting necessarily detracts from its quality, injures its ready sale, and reduces its price. If we can modify this excess of salt by using more profitable substances, of equal efficacy, as preservatives, it will be an improvement. Chemists tell us that sugar is one of these substances; and experience gives us the same information. Who is not familiar with "sugar-cured hams"? If pork can be cured with sugar, why may not butter be so preserved also? is a common sense inquiry. Experience has shown that it may. Dr. James Anderson, the celebrated agriculturalist, whose treatise "On the Management of the Dairy," particularly with respect to the Making and Churning of Butter, is still our highest and best authority on the subject, found, for years' trial of it, that the following composition was far preferable to salt alone, as it not only preserves the butter more effectually from all taint of rancidity, but makes it also look better, and tastes sweeter, richer, and more marvellous, than portions of the same butter with the common salt.

COMPOSITION. Take the sugar, one part; and the Spanish great salt (or rock salt), two parts. Beat the whole into a fine powder, mix them well together, and put them by for use. The doctor continues:

"Of this composition one ounce should be put to sixteen ounces of butter; mix this salt thoroughly with the butter as soon as it has been freed from the milk, and put it, without loss of time, down into the vessel prepared to receive it, pressing it so close as to leave no air-holes, or any kind of cavities within it. Smooth the surface, and if you expect that it will be above a day or two before you can add more, cover it up close with a piece of clean linen, and above that of wetted parchment, or for want of that, fine linen that has been dipped in melted butter, that is exactly fitted to the edges of the vessel all around, so as to exclude the air as much as possible, without the assistance of any watery brine; which more butter is to be added, these coverings are to be taken off, and the butter applied close above the former, pressing and smoothing it as before; and so on till the vessel be full. When it is quite full, let the two covers be spread over with the greatest care, and let a little melted butter be poured all around the edges, so as to fill up every cranny, and effectually exclude the air. A little salt may be then strewed over the whole, and the cover be firmly fixed down, to remain close shut till it be opened for use. If all this be carefully done, the butter may be kept perfectly sweet in this climate for many years. How many years I cannot tell; but I have seen it two years old and it was in every respect as sweet and sound as when it was only a month old.

It deserves to be remarked, that butter cured in this manner does not taste well till it has stood at least a fortnight after being salted; but after that has elapsed, it exalts with a rich marvellous taste that no other butter ever acquires; and it tastes so little of the salt, that a person who has been accustomed to eat butter cured with common salt only, would not imagine it had got one fourth part of the salt that would be necessary to preserve it.

It is to be hoped some of our farmers, on reading the above, will follow its recommendations. The composition mentioned, we have understood, much used in Goshen, Orange county, New York, a place famous for its superb butter. Great care should be taken to get the purest salt and sugar. That known throughout the county as the "ground salt" is the best salt.

The sugar should be of the purest white—either the loaf or "fallen loaf."

To purchase a pair of boots for one's wife is anything but poetical, but to see how daintily it can be done, and how poetically it can be done—when was the first pair, read the second volume of Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House"—the Epousal:

I, while the shop girl-dittied on
The sand-shoes, looked down, down the bay;
The sea, flowed with a shrouded sun.
"I'm ready Felix," will you pay?
This was my first expense for life!
Sweet stranger, whom I called my wife!
How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life!

THE BROKER AND HIS DOG.—A broker had a dog, remarkable for its intelligence. Every Saturday morning the dog received from its master a dollar bill, which it carried carefully to market, and with which it paid its meat bill for the week. One day, through press of business, the broker neglected to give his dog his customary allowance, and through street and warehouse, mart and exchange the dog followed his master, who wondered at such unaccountable a tendency. At last, snugly enconched in his office chair, the broker had time to recollect the cause of honest Bepo's pining, and, carefully taking a bill from his pocket, he threw it at the dog, expecting to see him depart as usual. But to his surprise and annoyance the dog, placing his fore paw upon the note, gave four sharp barks in rapid succession, and continued this interesting performance until his master angrily snatched up the note, and found the cause of the noise explained—it was discounted for four per cent!

A CURIOUS DUEL.—A novel incident recently occurred in Lawrence, K. T. Richard Relf sent a challenge to G. W. Brown, of the Herald, on account of articles in his paper. Brown chose for the weapons, cow-hides;—the place he wanted should be one of his offices. Relf accepted the weapons but not the place. They finally went over the river to an unfrequented place. Here they were both stripped naked to their waists, but Brown insisted that Relf should not strike his head nor below his waist, but Relf refused any such condition, saying he would strike wherever he could. Being unable to agree, they did not fight but the matter is not yet settled.

DAD IS GROWING OLD, JOHN.

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Ay, Dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim,
And years have on his shoulders laid
A heavy weight for him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And must make his load as light
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,
At cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled from his brow;
Yet never heard we him complain
Whatever his toil might be,
Nor wanted ever a welcome seat
Upon his solid knee.

But when our boy-strength came, John,
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him,
But he went foremost in the swarth,
Tasting aside the grain,
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ship that shears the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,
Thro' weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and doze,
And tilt his easy chair,
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,
At ease to tell us o'er
Those brave old tales of British times,
Of Grand-dad and the War.

I heard you speak of Ma'am, John;
"Tis gospel what you say,
That caring for the like of us,
Her feeling cheer and gay;
Yet John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheet of grain!

Her lips were cherry red, John,
This cheek was round and fair,
And like a ripened peach it swelled
Against her wavy hair;
Her step fell lightly as the least
Front of the summer breeze,
And all day busy at the wheel
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,
That wadded well the rod,
When with weak wits our feet,
The path forbidden trod;
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain,
And evermost our yielding cry
Brought down her tears like rain.

But that is long gone, John,
And we are what we are,
And little heed we, day by day,
Her feeling cheer and gay;
Ah, who beneath her faithful breast
The tides no longer stir,
'Tis then, John, that we most shall feel
We had no friend like her.

Sure, there can be no harm John,
Thus speaking softly o'er
The blessed names of those, ere long,
Shall welcome us no more.
Nay, I will not—for why shouldst thou
An honest tear shed now?
Thy heart one day will lighter be,
Remembering it has flown.

For dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim,
And Ma'am is treading softly down
The dim descent with him;
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And must make his path as smooth
And level as we can.

TO YOUNG MECHANICS.—How much encouragement have the youth of our country to habits of industry and perseverance in the acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of their minds. As we look back upon the past we read of hundreds who have risen to stations of honor by their own exertions. There is not an instance on record, where a man who put forth all his energies, and determined to be something, did not reach the height of his ambition. It is not those who have what is called a liberal education who are the most useful men in the world, and who alone can occupy stations of trust and honor. On the contrary, the most talented men of our nation belong to the class who receive their education at the work bench, the plow, the press and the anvil.

Who are most prominent in our Congressional and Legislative halls, in the pulpit and at the bar? Those who were cradled in poverty, and fought their way through much sorrow and tribulation—who were despised and sneered at by the wise and rich. Poor and friendless young men, do you ever feel discouraged? Do you sometimes sink to the earth in despair? Suffer not the indulgence of those feelings, but renew your energies, by pursuing the histories and following in the footsteps of those who have gone before you. You have no more to contend with than others, and the prospect is bright and glorious in the far distant future. Hope on and persevere.

A few years ago, Luther Severance and James Harper were bringing water by the rail to wash types in a printing office. They were knocked about by older boys, but they did not sit down and weep, and declare that they would run away from their masters. No—they stuck to their trade year after year, until they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is now in Congress, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing house in America, and was elected Mayor of New York by a large majority. So much for energy and industry.

Simon Greenleaf, Professor of Law at Cambridge University, is an example of what a man may come to by studious habits. With a limited education he entered a lawyer's office, and it was by industry and attention to his books that he mastered his profession. From the time when he began his practice at the Cumberland Bar till the time when he was called to occupy his present situation, his industry has been unceasing. He is the author of several works which rank high with our ablest lawyers.

What young man will fold his hands and slumber, when by active exertions he can take a high standing and be eminently useful among his fellow-men? Up, and be doing! Lose not a day or an hour in sloth, and there is no position too elevated for you, or beyond your reach.—[Ex. paper, 1844.]

A LESSON TO A SCOLDING MOTHER.—A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:—
"Mother, does God ever fret and scold?"
The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"
"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded." "No, child, no."

"Well, I'm glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it's not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her little child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of

Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.—Children are quick observers; and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words, hastened to enquire:

"Why do you cry mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"
"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not too bad, you are a good mamma, only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck, and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and you know mother, I want to love you so much."
This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes I ordained strength. She never scolded again.

STICK TO THE FARM.—Are pale faces, white hands, and bad health, more genteel than robust frames, a good appetite, sound sleep and independent circumstances? We think not, and for the same reasons we judge that farming is not beneath any pursuit whatever, in all that makes man virtuous, useful and happy; and it is surely to be regretted, that nearly all our young men should prefer mercantile life or a profession, to the tilling of the ground at their own quiet homes. Not only is it to be lamented on account of the welfare of the young men themselves, but also in reference to the prosperity of the country, for it is a truth that cannot be contradicted, that the best interests of the inhabitants of any country, are intimately connected with the prosperous condition of its agriculture. It is the cardinal pursuit of man, and all others must prosper or decline with it. It is that pursuit that, of all others, will be most likely to help us comfortably through the world, and is most prolific in substantial enjoyments, and real independence.—We would not wish to be understood as speaking disparagingly of other callings, or to make invidious comparisons between the various occupations in which the people of civilized countries are engaged. All are useful and honorable when fairly conducted. But we would check the inordinate taste of our young men for commercial and professional life, which now wars with a giant hand against the wealth and morals of the nation. And this state of things bears with great force on the laboring poor. For although they can procure nominally goods for work, yet so extravagantly high are all the articles of food, induced by the limited number of the cultivators of the soil, that it requires their utmost exertions to obtain a comfortable livelihood. It is not often that the poor see harder times than they have for some time past; and even men of moderate property, who in ordinary times are easy with the world, have to "scratch" to get along, as the saying is.

An undue proportion of our people are engaged in other pursuits besides agriculture, and it is high time that means be applied to remedy the great evil. But as long as fashion is on the side of professions and mercantile life, it will require a Hercules to conquer our enemy; but it must be conquered, though we have to enlist Hercules and Briareus, also, to fight for us.

And why should our young men be so eager to leave the farm and plunge into other vocations? Is there one chance in a hundred, that their fond anticipations of obtaining wealth and fame will be realized? How many professional men obtain wealth and distinction! The chance is against them, and experience has proved it so. There is a life of anxiety and turmoil, though it may be a useful, and honorable one. Therefore we would say to young men, who have been educated in husbandry, to stick to your farm, and if your hands are not as white as the minister's and your bow not as graceful as the lawyer's, you have substantial prerogatives that they know not of. Yes, cultivate some acres, get some books and read them, keep clear of debt if possible, and if you are not happy in this selection, you never will be in any.—[Prov. Transcript.]

RITUALISM.—Every traveler has been more or less annoyed, when arriving in a strange city, by pertinacity of the cab drivers and coachmen. A very cool gentleman on arriving at Chicago, was beset by a host of these harpies.

"Massasoit House, sir? Massasoit House?"
"Ah, Massasoit House did you say?"
"Yes, sir, this way—first bus."

"Do you belong to the Massasoit House, my good man?" with the utmost suavity.

"Yes, sir."

"Does Mr. — keep the Massasoit now?"

"Yes, sir, chuckling at his success.

"Is he at home?"

"Right at home, sir—this bus."

"Well, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, sir, anything; what is it?"

"Will you please give Mr. — my compliments, and tell him I would be pleased to know his wife's maiden name?"

"What's that got to do with do with it indignantly?"

"A great deal, sir, more indignantly. I have as much right to meddle with his business, as you have with mine."

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.—Next to the slavery of intemperance, what slavery on earth is more galling than that of poverty and indebtedness? The man who is everybody's debtor, is everybody's slave, and in much worse condition than he who serves a single master.

For the sake of the present, then, as well as for the future, we would most earnestly urge upon every working man and boy to live within his means. Let him lay by something every day; if but a penny, let it be a penny, it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in

debt a penny a day or a penny a week. If he can earn a dollar, let him try fairly and faithfully the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

"People will laugh." Let them laugh.—"They will call me stingy." Better call you stingy than say you don't pay your debts. "They will wonder why I don't have better furniture, live in a finer house, and attend concerts and the play house." Let them wonder for awhile; it won't hurt them, and certainly it won't you. By-and-by you can have a finer house and finer furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come billing and cooing around you like so many pleased fools. Try the experiment. Live within your means.

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—It is now almost impossible to cultivate any kind of plums in this climate, unless salt eniers liberally as an ingredient into the compost applied to them. When this article is used in conjunction with house-ashes, there appears rarely to be much difficulty in producing good and healthy trees, which ultimately prove highly productive of fair and well-developed fruit. When trees are set in situations in which the application of compost is not feasible, or where it would subject the operator to considerable fatigue or expense, salt, in its crude state, may be applied; or it may be dissolved and poured round the roots. If plum trees were carefully washed down once or twice a year in a weakish lye, and supplied with two or three quarts each of salt—care being taken to retain the soil around their roots light and free from weeds, we should hear far fewer complaints of want of success in this department of pomological enterprise. No fruit commands a more ready sale or a higher price in the market. Good plums are at present so scarce as to render them a luxury, and those who have valuable trees in good bearing, are realizing a heavy profit for them.—Let those who have trees profit by the above suggestions; they indicate the only legitimate course to be pursued.

[New England Farmer.]

A SOUTHERN COURT.—Action for work done in cutting ditch on defendant's land.—Plea—Payment, and set off in bacon, and corn meal.

Plaintiff's son on the stand. Recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got in pay for it?" inquired C. for defendant.

"He never got nothing that I ever heard of, that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Did't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant in pay for that ditching?"

"Never heard of his getting no corn or bacon."

"What did your daddy and his family live on that summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What sort of vittles?"

"Well, meat and bread, and some whiskey."

"Where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, first from one man and then from another."

"Didn't he get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know he mought, but did he, that's the question?"

"Well, he mought, and then again you know he mought."

(With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder.)

"Answer the question, sir, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now he mought; it don't occur adzactly you know."

Here his honor interferes, and with a stern, judicial frown, addresses witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question or the Court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckon."

"Well, then, answer 'yes or no.' Did, or did not your daddy get corn or bacon from the defendant's at the time referred to?" inquired the Court.

(Now fully aroused and conscious of his danger.) "Well, Judge, I can't adzactly remember, you know, seein' as how it's all dun, bin gone and eat; but, (planting himself firmly as one determined to out with it) to the best of my rekerlection, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then again he moughtn't. The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

DISCIPLINE OF THE YOUNG.—The oldest son of President Edwards, while congratulating a friend on having a family of sons, said to him with much earnest

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

