The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

For the Republican.

Reminiscences.

The happy scenes of childhood days
Are in my memory still,
The farm-house in the blooming vale,
Below the rising hill,
The spreading tree that near it stood,
Where, when school-hours were done,
I sported long in cooling shade,
Hid from the setting sun.

The orchard near the farm-house grew,
The cherry trees were there;
How oft I plucked the golden fruit,
Luxuriant and fair—
The garden, too, in memory lives,
The rose-bush and the flowers,
The dewy paths I often trod
In summer's morning hours.

That verdant grove remembered, too,
Where youthful accents rung,
The happy children there that met—
The merry songs they sung.
Twas where the crystal river flowed,
A long and winding sheet,
The waters murmuring gently by
That verdant, cool retreat.

Oh the green groves! that happy time!
The "loved one" too was there;
Her smiles can never be forgot,
Her form so dear and fair.
But she has gone, forever gone;
She—long my heart's delight—
Now sleeps beside the willow tree
That shades the marble white.

Jackson, June 15th, 1855.

Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Republican.

Travelling Notes of an "Untravelled Traveller."—No. 2.

PECATONICA, Winnebago Co, Ill., June 13.

EDS. REPUBLICAN:—In my previous letter I promised to give you some of the general impressions which I have received from my as yet very limited view of the West, and also to sketch a brief outline picture of that grand central point of western trade *and traffic*—that grand half-way-house of emigration from the East, the rapidly progressing city of Chicago.

To the inhabitants of an eastern town, where growth and progress are so slow and steady, it seems almost incredible that the towns and cities of the west should advance with such wonderful rapidity. No better illustration of this astonishing increase can be given than in Chicago, where, in 1840, there were less than [illegible] inhabitants, but now, in 1855 we behold a wide-spreading city teeming with a population of over 80,000.

It is not, however, numbers alone that make it the "first town" that all who visit it acknowledge it to be. Men of energy and enterprise, such as will give character to any place, and impetus to any business, have established themselves there, in all the various and important branches of trade, and while they are amassing wealth by the thousands every year, are conferring a great public benefit by giving to Chicago a thorough business reputation, both at home and abroad. It is destined to become one of the greatest and most prosperous cities of modern times.

Its site is very level, but quite too low to ever make it a really healthy location. The country for many miles around is wet and marshy, and fifteen years ago, I am told that the now heart and business portion of the city was a stagnant pond. Those who owned or purchased lands there about that time, considered them of comparatively little value, but such as did not hurry to get rid of them, have now grown very rich, without any effort of their own. I met with a striking instance of this, while there, which impressed me most forcibly with the truth that

Fortune's freaks oft go in streaks
Most strange and unaccountable.

Many of the good people of South Bridgewater will recollect Stephen Bronson, a country pedagogue, who, years ago, taught their district school, and who was not at that time credited with either an extra amount of learning, or shewdness. Being then a resident of that never-to-be-forgotten neighborhood, I was one of his pupils, and well do I remember the chagrin and disappointment which I felt on the longed-for *last day* of school, when instead of getting "a nice present" to which, in accordance with his promise, I, as "head scholar," was entitled, I was turned off with "Goody Two Shoes!" It may be that the difference between a *nice present* and a two penny prunner was his first cash capital, and that which formed the basis of his future wealth. Be that as it may, he is now Cashier of one of the Chicago Banks, and worth over a *hundred thousand dollars!!*

Aside from the permanent business of the city, it is made the grand medium of trade from all points of the country. A world of trade is constantly setting in from the Eastern and Middle States, and by the numerous railway avenues which run thence to all the important sections of the great West, thousands are daily carried to find homes on the broad prairies, or to settle in the thriving little towns that are springing up on every hand. There are in the city some one hundred and fifty hotels, and all are constantly filled with travelers journeying still farther west. Speaking of the hotels—the Tremont, Sherman, and Briggs' Houses take the lead. The last named has just been opened by some Boston men, and is furnished in a style of costly magnificence. From personal knowledge I can recommend none but the Sherman House—that being my home during my stay—though I doubt not that the others are well worthy of patronage. To all who are fond of a capital good dinner, and are not troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia, I would say, by all means, go to the Sherman, for you are sure to find all the varieties and elegancies of the season, served up in the most desirable and palatable style.

I have not space to mark the many points of interest, which the city presents, but I cannot pass on without briefly noting Hesler's great Daguerreotype, Photograph and Fine Art Gallery, located in Metropolitan Block, on La Salle St. Mr. Hesler took the prize at the World's Fair, to which he was justly entitled, for in my humble estimation he stands at the head of the Daguerreotype profession, throughout the world. Root, Brady, Guerney, and a host of others, are fine artists, but they must all yield the palm to Hesler. In richness of finish, and boldness of outline his pictures are equal to the best, and in case and grace of attitude and appropriate expression, they are beyond all rivalry. Grouping is his forte, inasmuch as he possesses the rare faculty of so selecting and training his subjects as to produce on the silver plate, all that character of expression and happy *telling effect*, which the most ideal, imaginative painter can throw upon his canvass. I wish I had both the time and ability to describe his prize pictures. They are worthy of careful study and the highest praise, and even the ordinary lover of art must be highly pleased and well repaid for a visit to the rooms of Mr. H. He will be found very gentlemanly and attentive, his reception, specimen, and sky-light rooms are invitingly arranged and splendidly furnished, and every thing about the establishment is well calculated to impress the visitor with a high idea of the Artist and the Art. His prices are high, but such a workman is worthy of his hire.

Our friend and former townsman, J. C. Miller Esq., is doing a successful business in his legal profession on Clark St. He speaks in glowing terms of the city of Railroads, western life and the unprecedented facilites which are here presented for securing wealth.

On Monday, the 4th, I left the busy city, on the Dixon Air Line Road. The country along the route is not such as to fill one with the most favorable impressions of western scenery. For many miles from Chicago a level prairie stretches far away on either side, void of trees, and, in many places, of houses or any object on which the eye may rest. To one used to viewing the hills and valleys of Susquehanna, such a scene is too cold and monotonous, there being nothing to satisfy the vision, or relieve the unvaried prospect. I looked far out over the plain, endeavoring to penetrate the dim distance, just as the mind often seeks to gaze into the misty future, but I could see nothing but the gloomy waste. No river mountains standing up against the sky; no upland forests, nor quiet valley groves. Others might see beauty, but I could see none. With my ideas of the "great west" "growing small and beautifully less," we arrived at Cortland Station, where I left the cars and rode four miles, in an old United States Mail wagon, to Sycamore, the county seat of DeKalb county. As we approached the village the scenery became more inviting. Several fine groves of timber cluster near by, and many rich looking and no doubt highly productive farms lie adjoining the town.

Sycamore is of some ten years growth—a very smart, business place, with a fair prospect of future progress. Messrs. William Fordham and Charles Kellum, formerly of Montrose, have established a law partnership there, which, together with other speculations in which they are engaged, is bringing in wealth, and giving them a standing and influence as the first business men of the place. They are at present employed as agents for the county, in hunting up and classifying the overflowed and swamp lands of DeKalb. These lands, in some ranges and sections of the county, are quite extensive. They are all to be ready for sale by the first of October. The draining is to be let to the lowest bidder, and the expense thereof deducted from the amount which each purchaser pays for his land. In this way the poorer lands will be made available, individuals will be benefitted, and the health of the county materially improved. Mr. Fordham was one of the pioneers of that section, and by perseverance and industry is now "well to do" in the world, a point which he thinks every young man may attain, who will break away from the chimney corner and brave the world with manly energy. The town of S. lacks one very important feature, and that is a good Hotel. The one where I put up during my brief sojourn, is, let me assure you, a *model* in its way; and I was told that the others were cut from the same pattern. Let me give you a specimen of the abundance of its accommodations. Happening to be late to dinner, the day after my arrival, I took my seat at the table alone, and while doing the best that I could, (taking into account the means at my command,) the serving girl came around and informed me, with a very complacent expression, that, if I had not been a "little too late," I could have had a piece of pie, "but," said she, "*they have eat it all up.*" This was indeed a very comforting assurance, and was the only thing that gave me any reason to suppose that "pie" was at all familiar in that quarter. Further comment is unnecessary. But the incident, although amusing, points a moral and teaches a lesson. Many things, of far greater moment than a *piece of pie*, have been lost by being a *little too late*. "A little too late," and the scholar lost his place in the class and the good will of his teacher, and the traveller lost his chance by the next train. "A little too late" at the market, and the speculator lost the profits of a large sale. An important witness came a "little too late," and the lawyer lost his case, and the client lost his character. A tardy lover proposed a "little too late," and so he must munch his meal of disappointment alone, and see his rival run off with the girl of his choice. But in this last respect (thanks to kind Providence for an abundance of such *beautiful blessings*,) "too late" *may* be mended, for, unlike the *pie* at the Sycamore House, all may take a "piece," and yet "there's enough to go round."

On the morning of the 5th, I took my departure, going by the "old mail wagon" back to the station, and thence by the Dixon Road to Aurora Junction, to which point the cars of the Galena, Burlington, and Dixon Roads, all run on the same track from Chicago. Took the Galena cars to Rockford, where I was obliged to wait 6 hours, for the evening train—the Lightning Express not stopping at my point of destination. Rockford City is pleasantly located on both sides of the beautiful Rock River.—It is the county seat of Winnebago Co. Population 7000. Its situation makes it a desirable point, both for health and business.

In the evening I rode 14 miles to Pecatonica, from which I am now writing. My time thus far has been variously and pleasantly employed. A part is devoted to my friends by whom I have been warmly welcomed, and a part is occupied in roaming over and viewing the country. On Monday, the 11th, we made up a jolly load, and rode some 15 miles south. I had already made up my mind to be disappointed in what I supposed the West to be, having as yet seen nothing of that enrapturing beauty of which I had heard so much. I was disappointed, but not in the manner anticipated. I was permitted to look on the most beautiful country my eyes ever beheld. My first impressions were formed from viewing the level prairie, but the rolling lands, dotted here and there with dwellings, orchards, broad fields of grain, and rich meadow lands, are quite another affair. All this variety perchance you say, may be seen in the East, but it is not there spread out in a broad map before you, as here you see it, for miles and miles around.—From some of the highest grounds over which we passed, the view was quite enchanting, far beyond my weak powers of description. The soil is mellow and productive—such, I am sure, as our Pennsylvania farmers would think it fun to cultivate, after toiling and grubbing among the roots and stones of that rough region. The season here is very backward, but begins to give promise of a rich harvest. Wheat is already looking finely. Corn until quite recently, has looked sickly enough, but farmers say that it grows very rapidly, when well started, and that a good season will yet bring it out all right.

Yesterday, I rode through the "timber," and over the gently rolling lands to the north, a distance of some 25 miles. Here are hundreds of acres covered with heavy timber, making this the most important wood station on the Galena Road. Beyond the timber, the county is much the same as at the south, but presents an older appearance. The farmers have all grown rich, and many of them are living in large brick mansions, surrounded with every comfort that heart could wish. Farms and lots in this section are fast advancing in value, and I am confident that there are no better investments at the present day, than in western lands. Money at interest is worth 30 and 40 per cent, but when properly laid out, will pay even better than that.

The village of Pecatonica, which now numbers near 1000 souls, two years ago was nowhere. It has not, as yet, many nice buildings, but a few years will make it a large and handsome town. It can hardly be otherwise, for there is sterling energy within, and a rich country without to support it. The society is very good, and there seems a prevailing wish to keep it so. Of church societies they have Baptist, Methodist and Congregational. The last mentioned have a brick edifice nearly completed. At present all of them are alternately accommodated in the Methodist house.—There are also several social societies—Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Odd Fellows, Free Masons, and last, though by no means least, a "Ladies Sewing Society." In short they have all the elements of an older town, and it is much to be hoped that, while in their youth, they will strive to avoid the errors and conventionalities of caste, which divide the towns at the east into so many grades and classes.

But I fear that my yarn is spinning out beyond endurance. There are many things that I would like to crowd into this letter, but my limits are already overstepped.

Illinois, so far as heard from, has voted against Prohibition, but there is the genuine grit here, that will "pick flint and try it again."

When next I write, I expect to be beyond the Mississippi. Till then, adieu.

Progressively Yours. 23. 2. 4.

LETTER FROM SYRIA—NO. 2.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, April 9, 1855.

For several days past I have been promising myself the pleasure of writing to you, and now I have just returned from a week's excursion on Mount Lebanon, with my head so full of matters and things that if I should spread them all out on paper, they would fill more letters than I could find time or patience to write. I will not attempt at present to give you an account of this excursion, but will state some particulars relative to our manner of living in this far-off land. Since we arrived in Beirut we have been boarding at Mr. Whiting's, who is one of the oldest Missionaries in Syria. The houses here are all built of stone, stone being much more abundant and therefore much cheaper than wood. A large proportion of the people of Beirut, perhaps one-third or one-half, live without the city walls in the suburbs, or gardens, as they are called, where grow large groves of Mulberry, Orange and Fig trees. These gardens are separated from each other by numerous roads or paths six or eight feet wide, running in all directions. These roads have walls on each side four or five feet high. The tops of the walls are covered with soil on which are planted immense rows of the prickly pear so thick and strong that it is impossible for man or beast to pass through them. There are, however, frequent openings in these formidable hedges which lead into the numerous by-paths by which the gardens are traversed. The prickly pear is native here, and attains to an enormous size, often to the height of ten feet. The leaves are on an average just about the size of the rim of my hat, as I have found by placing my hat upon them. The hedges of prickly pear in many places overhang the roads and interlace their huge thorny leaves overhead, forming a very pleasant shade. The Missionaries (in common with most other foreign residents, of whom there are several hundred) live in the suburbs, and occupy houses, if not as good as those owned by some of the Arab nobility, at least much better than those tenanted by the mass of the people. The Missionaries do not generally own houses; they rent them. The building occupied by Mr. Whiting belongs to a worthy native, a Moslem, and as it is a fair specimen of the better class of Arab houses, I will give you a brief description of it. It is square and flat roofed, the roof being perhaps three inches lower on one side than on the other. The house is two stories high, that is, about thirty-two feet, the rooms in each story being fifteen feet high. Each room has two rows of windows, one above the other, the upper ones being smaller than the lower, and intended as well for purposes of ventilation as to admit light.—The rooms open into a court or unoccupied space in the interior of the building. These courts and lofty rooms in eastern houses are necessary to guard against the heat of the climate.

Our front window commands a good view of the City and environs, while the windows on the other side opposite the door, look directly upon the venerable range of Lebanon, one of the loftiest peaks of which (Gebel Sonneen) towers up to a majestic height full in view. It is 9,500 feet high. Its summit is covered with snow the year round, while here on the plain everything is beautiful with the bloom and verdure of Spring. I wish you could gaze for a while upon the lovely landscape around me. The Mulberry trees are in full leaf ready for feeding the silk worms. The young Figs and Almonds are already far advanced, while the Orange trees hang full of fruit and blossoms at the same time. The Orange blossoms fill the air all around with their fragrance. The view by moonlight seems almost too beautiful to be real. It seems more like some entrancing fairy scene than a reality. The other night I noticed that the moon was directly overhead, which is a thing never witnessed in a latitude so far North as Montrose. The variety of wild flowers here is very great; among them are the hyacinth, lupine, poppy, anemone purple and crimson, and the eglantine, &c., all of which are now in blossom, and later in the season comes the oleander and a multitude of others.

The houses of the Missionaries are as well furnished as are the houses of most country Ministers in America. They have their carpets, and chairs, and tables, and bureaus, &c., just as you do at home. Most of these things the Missionaries bring with them from America, but they can be obtained here or at Smyrna, though at a high price, from the European merchants. American calicoes and cotton cloth can be purchased in the bazaars here. French, English and American goods are every year more and more finding their way into these Eastern lands. In a few years perhaps new missionaries to this country will be able to outfit here as easily as at home. ——— bought in the bazaar the other day a fine nice piece of white muslin suitable for window curtains. It cost two and a fourth *piasters* a *pike*, which is twelve cents a yard. The hollow-ware which they manufacture here, such as kettles &c. for cooking, is superior to that we have at home, and therefore I am glad I brought none with me. It is made of brass tinned inside.

The cooking here is mostly done on ranges built in the fire-place or kitchen wall, but those who have cooking stoves make more or less use of them. All the mission families employ native cooks. The cooks are always men, and their wages vary from one hundred to one hundred and twenty piasters ($4 to $5) a month and board. Missionaries who have two or three children employ one two other servants at from $2 to $3 per month. Wages are extremly low in the east. A piaster (4 cents) is as important in the eyes of the natives here as half a dollar is to us at home. All my baggage, consisting of twenty-four boxes, including stoves, tables, hogshead of crockery, &c., was carried one-fourth of a mile from the landing to the store-house on the backs of eight men, for which they asked me one and a half piasters each, making the whole cost about 50 cents. Good horses can be hired to travel with at a very low rate. I had an excellent horse in my late excursion, kept him eight days, and paid for the use of him forty-eight piasters, less than twenty-five cents a day. But this is digression. I intended to speak of the articles of food which we have here. Bread is made of flour from Damascus, which, though not as white as American flour, is sweet and good. Rice and barley are abundant. The potatoes are excellent. Green peas and new potatoes have been in the market for several weeks. I have a fine patch of peas, corn and beans, and squashes growing in a corner of Mr. W.'s garden. Such vegetables come to maturity in June. After that, comes the dry, hot summer, and there is no rain till October. The grass is scorched and brown all summer, and is green all winter. The meat mostly eaten here is mutton, though beef is sometimes obtained.

Most of the missionaries have hens, and therefore have chickens and eggs whenever they please. Milk is also readily obtained. Mrs. Whitney makes her own butter from cows' milk. In some of these respects the missionaries at Beirut fare better than those among the mountains. The oranges are very large and sweet, and cost only three cents a doz. There are several native dishes which are highly prized but which I can only allude to now. One is *pylaff*, made of rice, meat, and the seeds of the pine cone. The rice of this country is very nice, the kernels being large, and the natives seem to understand cooking it better than they do in America. Another native dish which the missionaries are fond of is *paniff*. It consists of a sort of batter which is strained through a sieve in such a way that when fried it becomes a cake composed of innumerable strings or threads. It is eaten with butter and *dibbs*. Dibbs is a thick syrup made from the grape juice, and answers the purpose of honey. This dibbs is thought by the missionaries here, to be the honey spoken of in scripture where Canaan is described as a land flowing with milk and honey. The natives make large quantities of this honey, grapes being very abundant here. There are many other native dishes, *lebber hallowe*, &c., but perhaps I may find room to speak more fully of these some other time. Suffice it to say we have everything here necessary for our comfort and convenience.—How it may be in some other part of Syria, away from the advantages of the city, we have yet to learn.—Wherever we may be stationed, we know our Heavenly Father will provide for us.

J. LORENZO LYONS.

For the Republican.

Moral Suasion vs. Corporal Punishment.

School Government seems to have been the subject under discussion at the meeting of the Susquehanna Teachers' Association, May 25th, 1855; and from the report of the Secretary there seems to have been but one dissenting voice to the *total* abolishment of corporal punishment in schools.

Now it is surprising that the Teachers—"Wise men from the East," and perhaps from the North, South and West—should denounce the wisdom of Solomon, which says, "spare the rod and spoil the child;" and even denounce the great and fundamental principle of government, which had its origin in the Deity at the foundation of the world, and has been the only effective principle in the Divine and Civil government from that time to the present—to end in efficacy only with eternity. The very first Divine command shows the institution of corporal punishment—"For in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Reward and punishment are the foundation of government influence. Divine law says, "ye shall both love and fear me." That embodies the whole principle—love comes first, and represents the effect of moral suasion, kindness and religious influence; but in connection is fear, which refers to punishment and the power to inflict it. The inference then is, that we should use kindness and moral suasion first. It is better to lead the mind of a pupil than to attempt to drive, and Teachers should spare no pains to draw out the mind and develop the intellectual faculties of all under his charge, managing them by appeals to their reason and sense of right as far as possible.—They may enter into all the childish schemes of the pupils, (indulging such as are innocent,) sympathise with them, and gain their confidence and esteem—Children, with few exceptions, have feelings that may be worked upon to lead them along the path of knowledge and virtue. But there are those whom the most profound student of mental Philosophy, and decipherer of human nature, could in no wise manage by kindness, or appeals to their feelings. Now with those what shall be done? "Expel them from school," say S. W. Tewksbury and J. Wood—"Spare the rod and spoil the child." Turn them out in the world to grow up in ignorance and error unrestrained, to become fit subjects for the State prison or Gallows. Beautiful idea that is. The welfare of the country demands that such spirits should in youth be governed. "Train up a child in the way he should go!" that is the principle, and if moral suasion will not do it, do not send him out to go his own way to destruction; but keep him in school and make him know that you are his master, by corporal punishment, if he is refractory, and at the same time that you are his friend. Not play the tyrant.

Administer the punishment as you would a portion of powerful medicine to a friend, and happy is he who does it judiciously. It is neither pleasant to administer or to receive, but the exigencies of the case demand it.

Even the most refractory pupils, when they know they have a master, and in him a friend and not a tyrant, become in very many cases the best of scholars; and all may be trained so as to give the mind a much better direction than to turn them out of school. It certainly requires much tact to properly manage a school, and the responsibilities of teachers are much greater than many suppose. The common School Law provides for the instruction and government of all, and makes no provision for a refractory pupil; and it is the duty and should be the business of the Teachers of Susquehanna county (as elsewhere) to instruct and govern all pupils legally put under their charge.

Experience shows the inefficacy of government without penalty for violation of law, in all the ramifications of rules and order. There are thousands on the very point of committing all sorts of errors, restrained only by the fear of penalty and that penalty in most cases is corporal punishment.

Moral suasion has been used for years in the Temperance cause and for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks, but has proved decidedly inadequate, and nothing short of the enforcement of the "Maine Law," into which were incorporated penalties, (some of them corporal) closed the shops of the vendor and straightened the gait of the inebriate.

The position of the Teachers' Association is clearly erroneous, in regard to the plan of government, and a little reason will show the dilemma that the total abolition of corporal punishment and total reliance on moral suasion, will bring them into. Suppose a pupil in school, who cannot be governed by any appeal to his reason, (and all admit that there are such,) and the teacher, who stands committed as opposed to "Legal restraint," thinks it necessary to expel the refractory pupil, and the school Directors order him to turn such pupil out; but he stubbornly refuses to leave, and still continues to play his pranks. The teacher is about to seize him by the collar and eject him from the house. But hold on, Mr. Teacher—you are adopting the very means you have publicly discarded, and are on the point of inflicting punishment corporal. Now, ye Moral Suasionist, what will ye do with the case?

A School Director.

Lanesboro, June 18th, 1855.

☞ "If I were so unlucky,' said an officer, 'as to have a stupid son, I should certainly make him a person.' A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, 'you think differently, sir, from your father.'

CHICAGO, June 11th, 1855.

To the Editors of the "Independent Republican."

It is now nearly three months since I arrived in this goodly city, and as I have not been employed all the time, I have had some chance for observation.

Chicago, though but little over twenty years of age, has a population of between eighty and one hundred thousand inhabitants, composed almost entirely of New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, New Englanders, Dutch and Irish.

It is situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, and is *the* port for all vessels both from the upper and lower lakes. There are also a large number of Railroads centering here—probably as many, if not more than in any other city in the United States, which, together with the trade by the lakes and the other commercial advantages she possesses, are destined to make her one of the largest of the American cities.

She already has some splendid buildings; for instance, the Court House, which together with the grounds, occupies a whole block. It is built of stone, brought from Lockport, N. Y., and which resemble very much the stone quarried from the hill just above the Universalist Church at Montrose. The structure cost between two and three hundred thousand dollars, and is surmounted by a dome which contains a bell measuring ten feet in diameter. In each corner of the yard there is a fountain which plays away, night and day, cooling and purifying the air; and when the trees with which the yard is planted are grown up, it will be a most delightful place. The large iron fence with which the grounds are enclosed, cost the sum of ten thousand dollars.

There are several other splendid edifices which I have not time to speak of, among which are the Briggs House, Masonic Temple, Second Presbyterian Church and Young America, the first and the last of which are the "crack" hotels of the place. Senator S. A. Douglas of Nebraska renown, has a residence within three miles of the city.

The Maine Liquor Law question was settled by the people at the polls on Monday last, and the law lost by several thousands majority, contrary to the expectation of the *sober*-minded part of the citizens. The Mayor, however, has some time since caused the grog shops to be closed on Sunday, which was the cause of a disgraceful riot, some six weeks since, in which one German was killed, and two or three of the Mayor's police badly injured.

This is a great country, and presents a fine field for young men, but I would advise all to consider well, before starting westward, for "there's no place like home," and while my hand mechanically makes the circuit of the boxes, my thoughts are with the "loved ones at home."

Yours truly,

3. 10. 10.

Tales and Sketches.

A DAY AT MAKING ROADS.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

[As a seasonable, pertinent, and sprightly description of the way our Roads are worked, we give place to the following somewhat lengthy article. Any one who has "worked out" so much as a "poll tax" on a country highway will be able to appreciate the life like sketch.—EDS.]

A glance at your article, entitled 'Roads and Road Making,' suddenly suggested to my recollection the materials of a sketch which I had frequently contemplated on that subject, and so eminently farcical, as you suggest, is the whole process of annually molesting mother earth in rural squads of drivers and diggers, that you will pardon me for carrying out a neglected intention. I need scarcely go so far back as the town meeting proclamation, which Esquire Somebody makes from the top of a barrel invoking the good towns people to assemble and nominate "overseers." I need not annoince my admiration of the good 'Squire's fortitude and patience in putting to vote the nominations, while a shivering March wind whisks his grizzly locks about, and sets a dozen by-standers to whacking themselves with their long arms to keep warm. Nor need I even mention the ludiorousness of declaring each nominee "unanimously elected," when at most but two or three rough and ready "ayes" are responded to every appeal of the Squire. The most forward man in every district has got his neighbor's name in his mouth, whom *he* likes, and with cat like quickness he springs it on, taking pains to vote very loud, so that what his friend lacks in numerical support, he means to make up his vocal heartiness.—It would scarcely be presumption to call this a "farce," but never mind—we pass on.

March and April, rugged and changeable fellows, have come and gone, and over their graves comes lightly skipping, and blithe as the lambs that leap in the sunshine,—sweet queen May. The whole world is delighted to see her. Nature falls into a fit of laughter which is only curbed by the scorching heat of dog days,—the fields prick up their little green lances of grass, and their round, three matted clover leaves. Corn planting comes in due time, and the planters go leaning over their hoes, dropping the golden seed from the corn bags, stamping every hoefull of mellow dirt, as much as to say to every buried cluster of five kernels—"There you are—now grow!" Over the fields they go, stooping, trudging and stamping, till the work is declared by the patriarch of the fields *done*.—By and by the little spears, faithful to the injuction, probe the flat coverlid earth, and point their *apices* up to the sky. In the mean time good Old "Uncle Ben," the overseer in our district, goes round, with a kind of agricultural swing in his gait, (Uncle Ben is an old worker, I can tell you,) to warn every man of his several obligations to the public, and to contribute his share of labor to renovate the roads. Now and then a hard pressed business man, or a paragon of laziness in the neighborhood, prefers to pay a tax, but this is seldom. Whoever lacks time or inclination to work, takes a precaution to provide a substitute, or by an extra supply of team work makes up for an absence of "hands."

At length the appointed day comes round. Every man becomes at once oblivious of work on his farm, and there is a general tackling of horses, mustering of shovels, plows, scrapers, &c., and late in the morning say about half past eight o'clock, there is a slow centralization of life and implements towards a designated rendezvous, usually a hill side, from whose banks are mined the materials for replenishing the wasted roads, filling up ruts and holes, and elevating depressions.—Late in the morning, we said, for there is nothing like an ambition to make a good day's job—nobody is in a hurry, and there seems to be but one general sentiment in the company, and that is expressed in the famous but significant phrase "Take it easy." Yes! take it easy, sure enough and you would think by the tardy motions of the comers, that nobody thought of getting seriously to work for an hour to come at least.

Yonder is "big Tom," a Herculean Yankee, two-fisted and tall, and as his form comes looming up, a general feeling of satisfaction diffuses itself through the company, for Tom is a famous fellow, good humored and lusty, and withal very cute. The men and boys are ranged along the turf on the brink of the bank, lazily kicking the soil and stones, or picking to bits the blades of grass, while they watch the slowly advancing figure of Tom.—Good Uncle Ben, who is too conscientious and industrious to remain inactive, has got his plow on the ground, and while one of his boys dips its point into the "gravel," the old man haws and gees the oxen dextrously along the line of movement mencing the already overhanging brow of the bank by weakening the base, over which dangle the legs of a dozen or two chaps who have gone no further than to commence thinking of what they are going to do.

"Ruther late—ruther late—old feller!" bawl half a dozen, as Tom comes within easy hearing. "A man o' your size ought to get under motion a little earlier, seein' you move so slow!"

"Don't be alarmed; boys," halloes Tom; "you never can do nothin' till I git along.—Why don't you make the dirt fly, though, and not set there like a pack o' drones?"—Tom does not seem to consider the inconsistency of urging the indispensibleness of his presence, and rebuking the general idleness at the same breath.

"We are watin' for our boss," says Ike; "we want a man tall enough to look over the whole ground to once." "We want ye to tell us if there's going to be any spots on the sun, this hot day," says another.

"Ah-h-h-h—," gutturally utters Tom, with a knowing twist of his head, bringing his chin down and opening his eyes wide.

"'Tain't a bit too hot—do ye good to puspire a little,—that ground must ache holding up such a lazy set of fellows as you be. Ef I was pathmaster, I'd have ye into the dirt straight from the mark." But Tom loves a lounge on the grass, any day, and so trudging up alongside, he tumbles lazily down and leaning over back, stretches out his legs near about as long as a camelopard's, and rests on one elbow planted in the sod, with a kind of gigantic relish. A pause ensues, in which is heard the clinking of a tobacco box, and a rattling of dirt from sundry punches with a hoe. Finally, a wagon comes along over the track of the plow, and the driver having set up some shabby board on each side, a few "bancers" lazily descended and commenced raining the dirt into the vehicle. Tom, from his perch, cheers, criticises, and scolds the workmen in turn, and after giving some hints of wonderful reserved strength in his huge and quiet bones, gives his opinion of what is a load and when the shovels may take breath. So off goes the wagon down hill, and the shovelers go scrambling back to their seats, to bask like kittens in the sun, or curl down in the fence corners, as much as possible under the shadows of the rails. Up comes wagon No. 2, and down jump digger company 2, and Tom thunders away on the grass without stirring. Presently a motion is made that some one get something to drink and vague hints are submitted of the suitableness of "cider" to such occasion; but everybody is too lazy or too scrupulous to go after any, for temperance has been talked "strong" hereabouts, and nothing is furnished more agreeable than water. Up goes the sun. His strong fires beat down through the blue vastness, and make the relays of diggers more and more sensitive of the luxury of repose—repose being the rule, labor the exception. The air shummers and trembles over the fields, the wagons creep along to their various dumping tracts, jokers prune their wits on the bank, and it must be said with sincerity that the work goes on.

But we omitted to mention the dispatch of a little gang to elaborate the dirt where it is deposited. A few solitary fellows are scattered along with hoes, to level the ground.—Great Tom has given them salutary instructions to do their duty, with pompous assurances that he shall sagaciously snuff them out if they are derelict. They are unfortunate fellows, shut out from the social privileges and lazy vivacities of the chaps on the bank. Neither can they so advantageously filch repose, but keep their hoes moving in order to appear well. Round and round ranges one solitary gravel stone after another, until it has found a place of rest satisfactory to itself and its indefatigable manipulator.

To be sure there are more enterprising neighborhoods than ours. There is a kind of valorousness in their road-bees which is refreshing. Drive along with your horse and buggy, and you will find a squad of brawny men, head and ears in the work, full of road-mending enthusiasm,—with brave haws and gees and whoas, confounding the solitudes.—They will show you how the thing is done. Down go their scrapers into the earth—hard hiss their leather lashes over the oxen's hide—tight grips every man the handles of his scoop—up go noble heaps on every side, while alas! mire go your wheels into the soft dirt ocean. Gallant fellows they! And the roads ought certainly to be good a whole year after such prodigious commotion of the earth's crust. But unfortunately it takes all summer for the earth to pack. The fall rains undo the work of four or five month's sun, and the whole is reduced to a sticky unfathomableness, dreadful to all wheels and quadrupeds. It may be the authors of these artificial sloughs think their system of roadmaking unapproachable and entirely beyond the reach of improvement—so you imagine by the way they complacently waddle through the mellow waste.

In other places, again, you find trails of cast up dirt, covered all over with innumerable stones, that throw you into spasmodic jerks, and smite the tires of the wheels with ugly savageness—as much as to say, "Here we are, old fellow, and we'll make your journey as hateful as we can." And you cry out despairingly. "O, my country men! where is your common sense?" Thump, thump, teter, jounce, and wrench it is, until you have got fairly through—and then you would say heartily that it were better the roads were utterly let alone, than that such outlandish mutilation as this should go on year after year without one iota of benefit to the travelling public. No! not one solitary iota! Surely if there are any green horns in America, they are the road menders,—not always and everywhere, but often, very often indeed.

The great want is a plan. If there is a plan, it is a bad one, and that is worse than none at all.

For instance, men will throw a little mountain of dirt into a mud hole, and call it mended. They don't see that all the wash of the neighborhood goes in there—but when a rain comes they have got an earth pudding and the man with shining buggy wheels shies it as he would a mad dog, for a week or two to come. They call hill side dirt, gravel, and good for the roads, when they can find the genuine article in the old brook bed just a few rods over yonder. They go and scoop out loamy loads from the road side, leaving a pit big enough to swallow a mastodon, and plaster it on somewhere, while the big stones like scum, somehow manage to rise to the top, and roll about in the highway, on which horses may strike their shoes, and bruise their shins, and every passer-by receive a series of shocks and wrenches of the most lively character.

To be sure, big Tom knows better than that, and I think, on the whole, *our* roads are pretty good, but sharp Toms are scarce, and even if they were not, they would have much to learn, to say nothing of the frequent failing of laziness they betray.

But to go back to our fellows. Much discussion takes place about noon time. One calls it noon at eleven; another gives emphasis to the suggestion, by complaining half jocosely, of an empty stomach. The necessity of refreshment seems to be generally felt, and after some hitches and very sluggish shoveling, there is a general movement homeward.—Two hours and a half nooning is a settled question. Don't look for a man on the bank again until two. The bank is not a bad place but the shade is poor. If beings suffer according to their dimensions, perhaps Tom is excusable for tardiness again, since his great length must lie unprotected in the sun. But he jumps into the trench at last, and his long arms reach from the bottom of the little well nearly to the wagon. He in turn becomes the criticised, the whole company aiming their eyes and jokes at the solitary digger, who straightenes his tall form into an attitude of self-composure and confidence every other minute, impenetrable to the general sarcasm. Time creeps on, and the clock in Uncle Robert's kitchen strikes five. The windows of the old red house are raised, and the door wide open, while in the cool, pleasant shadow the rheumatic old man sits in his splint bottomed chair, as happy as his aches and lameness will admit.

To say that the men are tired would be to say what nobody believes, and the idea is merely ridiculous. To be sure there is something fatiguing in half work, and a succession of short exertions and respites wearies a restless man, but the lethargic fellows here are not of this stamp. Laziness is often confounded with fatigue, however, and it must be admitted these road men are penetrated with a feeling fellow to weariness, and so we must let them adjourn. Off they go, fully satisfied they have accomplished their destiny as remodelers and patchers of the highway.—They have "worked out their tax," at any rate according to the customary mode.

But we must take a momentary peep at the "road warrants." They require that all the loose stones shall be removed, and the noxious weeds, from the highway. But bless me! the law is dead enough, for stones surely abound, and two rows of tall, rank thistles flank the track in every direction. Bumble bees nestle and dive into the pinkly blows, and whirlwinds whisk them about when they are ripe, so that the universal farm land of the country may be seeded for a thistle crop by the mere play of the breezes. What will you say of the pathmaster's conscience, when he makes oath that the conditions of his warrant have been fulfilled? Does he believe the allotted days have been worked out?—He knows better; but still he thinks a nominal and pretended fulfillment may answer the law's demand. Perhaps it will.

But we need a thorough reform in this whole matter. We need Gillispie's book, and such legal enactments, as shall make road making and mending a real, rational systematic work, and not a farce. Let there be rules prescribed which shall put an end to senseless and silly waste of time and energies, and introduce uniformity in the general plan of improvement. We say let the law enjoin how the work is to be done, counteract neglects and abuses with sufficient penalties, and we shall see a different state of things in good time.

POPAYAN.

Sardinia, N. Y., 1855.

Ingratitude.

'I take no part in politics,' and a worthy young man to me, recently. The same remark is often heard, and from the mouths of the best men in the community. And a very large class act on that principle, though they may not avow it. Now are not all persons somewhat ungrateful for the blessing of our free institutions, if they fail to do what is in their power to purify and strengthen those institutions? Does a man deserve to live in a great and glorious country like this, who declares his indifference to the political measures which raise or sink the country? Men who refuse to take part in politics, ought to leave the nation and settle under a European despotism, where their rules will kindly relieve them of all share in the government. They will not—in Russia or Italy, for instance—be bothered with party papers and speeches, calls to caucusses, and appeals to 'get their names on the check list' and 'vote early.' All such machinery for choosing rulers is unknown out of the United States and England. But are the people richer, better, wiser and happier, where they are forbidden to 'take part in politics?' Exactly the opposite. Those nations are today first and highest in the world's scale which have governments controlled by the will of the masses. And as the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, I think those men who don't care enough about liberty to deposit a few pieces of paper in a box, at our elections, are chargeable with deep ingratitude towards a kind Providence. What should we say of a man who luxuriated every fall upon fine fruit and vegetables, and who sneered at horticultural movements? Should we not be inclined to wish such a man might get nothing to eat but mouldy bread and