

yesterday, that your seats in Parliament were almost openly sold in public. You went to an agent, as you would go to the box-office of a theatre, and the man could tell you at once, to a fraction, what was the price of every seat in the House. The only difference was, you paid more for the Comedie in the one instance than the other.

Englishman—But the same practice no longer exists.

Foreigner—You know that it does—only the commerce is carried on much more secretly. Besides, have you not "Election Committees" almost always sitting to inquire into votes having been sold? Is there not every session some inquiry going on into an election that has been notoriously won by the force of hard money? You must be aware that there are as few "free seats" in your Parliament as there are in your churches. Talking of churches, look at your system of pews—Money!—money!—money!—you can have nothing, unless you pay, as in a shop, so much for it! Your national figure should be drawn like one of our Dames du Comptoir, a grand lady that sits at the counter, and makes out the accounts; and sees that everything is properly paid for.

Englishman—However our Law is free from any suspicion of corruption.

Foreigner—With pride you may say it, but you know it requires a fortune almost to go to law. Justice is about the dearest thing in England—it is not given, but sold, and sold very dearly. A poor man cannot afford to go to law—he would be ruined before he was heard: more than this, England is about the only country where a husband receives what is called "damages" for his wounded honor—plastering it over, so to say, with bank notes—deriving a profit out of his wife's very shame. Then, tell me, about your Law of Divorce.

Englishman—I regret to say it is very bad.

Foreigner—Nothing can well be worse! Why, your rich man for his £2,000 can get his Divorce—but for the poor man there is no hope—his wife may be a confirmed drunkard, a most depraved creature, a lunatic, or a criminal even, but still he cannot get rid of her, unless he is in a position to pay the above sum for the liberation. Divorce in your England is a luxury within the reach of only of the rich. Mon pauvre ami, over the door of most of your Institutions might really be inscribed, as at a place of amusement, "PAY HERE." You pay your money—and you are admitted, and no questions asked. And, yet, you will tell me you are not a "nation of Shopkeepers?"

Englishman—Excuse me, Monsieur, I would rather not answer any more questions.

Foreigner—But the facts I have given you prove but too plainly that you are in many respects one nation de Boutiquiers, and what is worse, *Shopkeepers for the benefit of the Rich*. You sell your commissions in the army, your livings in the church, your votes at elections, your seats in Parliament, and your pews, and your divorces, and various other commodities, none of which do the poor ever buy, but which are trafficked in, merchandised, solely by and for the rich. My dear friend, take a foreigner's advice: "Femrez la boutique." As you would say, "Put up the shutters as quick as possible," or else you will find, one of these beautiful days, when everything else is sold, that the glory of the nation will be "the next article!"

A New Granary.

WATER IN FLOUR AND GRAIN.—A Mr. Adams, in a late number of *The Journal of the London Society of Arts*, has made a suggestion for a new kind of granary by which he thinks that grain may be safely and effectually preserved for any number of years. The great difficulty now is the natural moisture contained in all grain, and which it is never entirely divested of, by exposure to the atmosphere at the common temperature, and that is the cause of so much spoiled wheat and sour, musty flour.

Professor Beck of Albany has given the analysis of samples of flour from various sections of the country, showing a percentage of water, ranging from 11.54-100 per cent. to 13.80-100 per cent.

We have before us the analysis of flour from wheat of the following States, which contained the several proportions of water annexed, to wit:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| NEW-JERSEY | 12.75 |
| NEW-YORK, Genesee wheat | 12.35 |
| OHIO, flour from Louisville | 12.85 |
| INDIANA, flour from Logansport | 12.85 |
| ILLINOIS, flour from Oswego | 12.90 |
| MICHIGAN, flour from Bruce Mill | 13.20 |
| MICHIGAN, flour from Monroe | 13.10 |
| MICHIGAN, of Mediterranean wheat | 11.54 |
| WISCONSIN, flour made there | 13.80 |
| GEORGIA, flour from Floyd County | 11.75 |
| Average 12.81 per cent. | |

That is probably a fair average of all the flour that we buy: that is per every hundred pounds of flour we must deduct over twelve and three-fourths pounds for the water that it contains.

Is it any wonder that flour turns sour, and that after it has spoiled, it is bought by bakers at a low rate, and converted into sweet bread by a vile addition of drugs?

Numerous plans have been devised for preparing grain and flour, so that it may be kept safely through any length of time; but millers certainly never will adopt the process, which is somewhat expensive, and the most approved methods consist of drying the flour by steam heat, while there is a direct premium on the sale of water. All of our inspection laws are based upon the quality of flour as it regards fineness and whiteness, and not upon dryness. And besides, not one consumer in ten has the least idea that *dry*, fine wheat flour is one-eighth water. They will not believe it when told of it, and probably would not give for a barrel which had been rendered so dry that it might be kept in a damp cellar, enough more than for the damp one to pay one-tenth of the cost of dry-

Where flour is eaten fresh ground it does not matter, but it is a well ascertained fact that half

of the flour that is not eaten for six months after it was packed, has commenced the chemical change which precedes entire decay.

Vast sums of money are lost every year to the growers of wheat by mouldy grain, and they often hurry it into market to avoid the danger of summering it over; and warehousemen know how frequently they have to shift the grain in bulk to keep it sweet.

All this Mr. Adams proposes to obviate by a new plan of constructing granaries. We are free to say that we like this plan, but we are aware that prejudice is a tyrant, particularly among farmers, against anything that innovates so boldly upon old customs as putting grain down cellar, instead of up garret, to preserve it from atmospheric moisture. Yet prejudice does sometimes give way to a reasonable proposition, and we therefore lay this new plan before those most interested, for them to begin to think of; and we do hope to live to see the day when air-tight and rat-proof storerooms for grain will be among the new fashions of the day, both in town and country.

The following are Mr. Adam's observations upon the subject:

"There does not seem to be any difficulty in the matter, if we divest ourselves of preconceived ideas of the notion that a granary or grain receptacle must necessarily be a building with a floor or windows more or less multiplied in altitude. We may reason by analogy as to what is the cheapest and most effective means of securing perishable commodities from the action of the atmosphere and vermin. In England we put our flour in sacks. Brother Jonathan puts his in barrels, which does not thoroughly answer. * * * If Brother Jonathan wishes really to preserve his flour or his crackers undamaged, he makes them thoroughly dry and cool, and hermetically seals them in tin cans. This also is a common process to prevent goods being damaged at sea. The Chinese, not having much facility for metal manufacture, line wooden chests with thin sheet lead or tin, and pack their teas in them. In England we keep our tea and sugar in cases of tinued sheet-iron. We preserve meat in tinned cases, hermetically sealed. We put fruit into sealed bottles. In all cases the object is to exclude the air as well as vermin. * * * * *

"There can be no doubt that if we were to put dry wheat in a hermetically sealed tinued case, it might be kept as long as the famed 'mummy wheat' of Egypt. This will readily be admitted, but the expense would be queried. Let us examine into this. A canister is a metallic reservoir; so is a gasometer; so is an iron water-tank in a ship, at a railway station, or elsewhere; and a cubic foot of water tank on a very large scale will be found to cost very much less than a cubic foot of canister on a small scale. And if a bushel of wheat be more valuable than a bushel of water, it will clearly pay to put wheat in huge canisters of iron. The wheat canister, in short, should be a wrought or cast metal tank of greater or less size, according to the wants of the owner, whether for the farmer's crop or the grain-merchant's stock.

"This tank should be constructed of small parts, connected by screw-bolts, and consequently easily transported from place to place. The internal parts should be galvanised, to prevent rust, and the external part also, if desired. It should be hermetically tight at all the points, and the only opening should be what is called a man-hole—that is to say, a canister-top where the lid goes on, large enough to admit a man. When filled with grain, the top should be put on, the fitting of the edge forming an air-tight joint. Wheat put dry into such a vessel, and without any vermin, would remain wheat any number of years. But an additional advantage to such a reservoir would be an air-pump, by the application of which, for the purpose of exhaustion, any casual vermin would be killed. If the grain were moist, the same air-pump might be used to draw or force a current of warm air through it, to carry off the moisture. By this process, and subsequently keeping out the air, the grain might be preserved for any length of time. As the reservoir would be perfectly air-tight and water-tight, it might be buried in the ground with perfect safety; and thus cellars might be rendered available for granaries, economising space of comparatively little value. The grain would be easily poured in from the surface, and to discharge it an Archimedean screw should be used. The size of the reservoir should be proportioned to the locality, and it should hold a specified number of quarters, so as to serve as a measure of quantity, and prevent the expense of meterage * * * * * If constructed above the ground, a stair or ladder must communicate with the upper part, and the lower part must be formed like a hopper for the purpose of discharge. For many farm localities this arrangement might be best, and wheat might be thrashed into grain direct from the field and stored. * * * * * Granaries of this description would occupy less than one-third the cubic space of those of the ordinary description, and their cost would be less than one-fifth. * * * * * With this security for storing safely, a farmer would have less hesitation in sowing great breadths of land. He would not be driven to market under an average value, and might choose his own time for selling. The fear of loss being dispelled, people would buy with less hesitation, and the great food stores of the community would, by a wholesome competition, insure the great mass of the community against a short supply. But as long as uncertainty shall prevail in the storage of grain, so long it will be a perilous trade to those engaged in it, and so long will the food of the community be subject to a very irregular fluctuation of prices. There is nothing difficult in this proposition. It is merely applying existing arrangements to unusual cases. There needs but the practical example to be set by influential people, and the great mass will travel in the same track. To the wealthy agriculturist it will be but the amplification of the principle of the tin-lined corn-bin, that keeps out the rat from the oats of the stable. * * * * * Were this mode of preserving grain to become general,

the facility of ascertaining stocks and crops after reaping would be very great. The granaries being measures of quantity, no hand-measuring would be needed, and the effects of wet harvest weather might be obviated."

There is no calculating the value of such granaries in the South-West, where it is next to impossible to preserve wheat, and very difficult to keep corn, on account of the weevil—*curculio granarium*.—[Ex.]

[From the Baltimore American.]

ELDERLY LADIES.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser in a letter, a part of which we give below, has ventured an essay on a subject at once novel and interesting. We say ventured, because the contrast that he has been led to make, in treating his subject, between American and European women, is not altogether complimentary to the former and must therefore prove somewhat unpalatable to many on this side of the Atlantic; his views, however, are we confess so just and sensible, that not even gallantry will suffer us to question them. But we ought to say this much, that some of the notions that characterise the young Americanism of the opposite sex are as faulty and ridiculous, if not more so, as those which are noticed in the letter. Elderly gentlemen, vulgarly styled "old fogies," are as necessary we presume to give tone and dignity to "society" as elderly ladies. Who are the pioneers of fashion—the first to daguerreotype in broad-cloth the latest idea of Parisian tailors? Who are those that talk politics most knowingly, smoke Havanas most elegantly, and dictate most authoritatively the laws that should prevail in the social relations of life? The boys, to be sure; bachelors at fifteen, masters at eighteen, and merchants, bankers, or students learned in law or medicine, at nineteen, they are then fully qualified to assume the position once occupied by the elderly gentlemen of the past.

"The class of women which takes pre-eminence in European society, is just the class which American society lacks, viz: that of elderly ladies—never old here, there "wrinkled and old, and white with hoary hairs." A crown of glory indeed to the fire-side—the revered ex-head of the household, before whom children's children rise up; the dear occupant of the antique chair, round which little ones twine caressingly as sweet briar roses round the trunk of a time-worn tree. In short, the cast off of society; the cherished relic of the family; the hoarded up treasure—the precious relic of the past. But here the ex-queen of fashion—more powerful even, than she who actually reigns; sovereign both of the old and new regime, as type of the one, and dictator of the other.—Once on the throne of society, she never abdicates in favor of a new claimant. Her states and titles may change; but still she reigns. The queen of beauty becomes queen of wit; then of intrigue; then of rare old times and anecdote.—If surprised by revolution—dethroned and driven from society, she contrives to be felt even from her nominal seclusion; has her special court of priests and jesuits; mendicants for subjects; her potency in alms-giving; her praise in all the church; her "glory is not of this world."

At no stage, however, of her power is woman here more powerful than when decidedly beyond *passée*; when no longer the fair leader, she leads the fair, by her knowledge of the way, and conducts to the fair young aspirants for Beauty's favor. Would a strange gentleman find the *entree* to the *beau monde* in any metropolis of Europe, he must first be presented to the "old queen," through her alone is he admitted to the presence of the new—he must follow in the train of the elder to reach that of the younger; the lady patroness leads to the lady-love. It would be as unsuccessful here to pay court to Beauty before Age, as it would be in the United States to propose to the daughter before gaining the mother. In fact, the "good graces" of these elderly women are worth more for their own sake than the smiles of the younger; for the former never being old, save in experience, have in their conversation all the freshness and vivacity of youth, while the wisdom and knowledge of years. When shining no longer to fascinate by their personal charms, they grow really charming through their accomplishments of mind and manner. One sees, everywhere in these circles the queenly representative of fifty years gone, surrounded by men of rank and elegance, young men too, who are drawn by a fascination stronger than beauty, from the court of the reigning Belle than of the reigning Intellect.

If the young women of Italy are remarkably frivolous, the elderly women, while no less gay, are remarkably sensible—if one might judge them by their conversation; nor do feathers and flowers, and jewels, and corsage decollete, and gay colors, prove them to be fools here, in the United States. The rule may have reason in it, that when Nature withdraws her adornments, Art should supply their place. Young folks in the dress of old ones, would certainly look older, if not old;—a good rule "works both ways"—so they think here, that old folks in the dress of young ones, look younger, if not young. It is a question, however, whether fresh flowers on faded cheeks make them any fresher. The flatters are unquestionably gainers by the contrast, as they are losers by the roses of youth. Feathers are certainly finer on old peacocks; jewels glisten brighter beside dim eyes. Young women lose nothing by leaving diamonds and brocades to age.

In "Young America," youth has undisputed pre-eminence in society. Women, on marriage, in most cases, retire from the gay world and occupy themselves wholly with domestic duties, until their daughters are old enough to "come out."—The mother, of course, must introduce her daughter; and in doing this, what is she herself fitted to contribute to society, save "my daughter?"—Her heart, her eyes, her conversation, are all absorbed by this one thing. Has she ever looked be-

yond her ambition for this daughter? Has she not even forgotten all which her own superficial education taught her—resigned whatever accomplishments she might once boast of; in short, lost sight of herself in fitting her likeness for—what? Not society, for besides a pretty face, a slender waist, a graceful step in the dance, and a fashionable voice for music, she can add nothing to the sphere she enters. The mother feels her own insufficiency, and retires again after her daughter's *entree* is well made; or remains only to look out a match for her, in which intrigue even, she fails, for want of tact; repulsing when she would entice, by—"still harping on my daughter."

Here no one knows that women have daughters till invited to their betrothal feast. When married, the daughter sets up her own court, as the American bride sets up housekeeping, and never interferes with the established court of her experienced mother. Indeed, for a long time the mother is preferred to the daughter, who having never been out before marriage, is awkward at first, until the stays of etiquette begin to set easy on her. Europeans show no taste for greenness, save in picking their fruits green—which is always done—and ripening them artificially in the house, as they do their women in the salon.

The system of female education is, no doubt, defective both in the old world and new. In America girls are too much in the world, married women too little. In Europe, before marriage, they are too much restricted, after marriage have too much license. A modification of the two systems would produce one superior to either, for favorably developing both the female mind and heart.

Oh, these elderly women of Europe! What would society do without them? They are the life where all else is dead! They make old things to become new! They are living links between the past and the present—like these old palaces, full of art, and of all sparkling and precious things. What a pity that virtue was not the corner stone on which they were built—that their hearts were not educated as well as their heads, as with our dear, old, queenly women of the revolution! What a pity that they should not be loved, as well as admired, while living; mourned, as well as missed, when they die!

Louis Napoleon and Barnum.

Previous to the French Emperor's visit to London, the London Diogenes, the witty rival of Punch, published a funny programme of the performances to come off, among which it was stated that Barnum, the great American showman, was engaged to "show off" the Emperor when he appeared in the gallery of the Crystal Palace. Barnum was to "do it" with "his stick," or wand, and was to address the multitude in this wise:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—This is the celebrated Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon the Third, not long since president of the French Republic, and formerly special constable in the New Road, London. (The Emperor smiles complacently.)—This figure, ladies and gentlemen, is connected with the celebrated Napoleon Bonaparte—whom ye have all heard of, and some of you may have on your chimney pieces at home, done in plaster of paris. (Louis Napoleon cocks his hat and folds his arms across his breast.) You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that the manner in which this figure stands is precisely the same as that of the illustrious N. B. His bosom is stuffed with padding, in order to resemble the natural expansion of his neck; the arms are folded over it, between the second and third button; the right leg is slightly advanced, and bent at the knee, and the head is directed downwards, as though contemplating some object below the horizon. (Confidentially)—But, sirs, bless you, he's no more contemplating anything than I am. (In his customary voice)—You will also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that there is a strong likeness in this figure to the other, especially about this part—(pointing to the nose.) His eyes, too, are wonderfully like—(the Emperor rolls his eyes about)—and the compression of the mouth exhibits the same determination to do—everybody.

This figure, ladies and gentlemen, has undergone many and strange vicissitudes; it has been buffeted about from one country to another, and a few years since, owing to having been found in company with a suspicious looking eagle, was locked up in prison at Ham. It was subsequently sent out of its own country, but again recalled and chosen dictator by the people of France, and is now the Emperor; so that he made it game with the aid of an application of Cayenne, and keeps himself sweet with his subjects by frequent and liberal doses of a simple compound, known in my country as "soft sawder."

Ladies and gentlemen, by pulling a string at the back of this figure, called policy, I could put it through such a variety of strange and ludicrous antics as would not fail to amuse and instruct you. As, however, you will no doubt see more of it hereafter, I will not detain you by that part of the performance. And besides, ladies and gentlemen, when I remind you that this figure is the same which a few years since you denounced as an impostor—a Brummagen Napoleon—a jackal ape—an idiot, and other complimentary nomenclatures; and which you are now pleased to call illustrious—noble—benevolent—ruler of destinies—the favored of heaven, &c., it is obvious that such plastic imaginations and vivid fancies need no artistic aid from me to define its characteristics.

(During this speech Barnum keeps his stick pointed toward the Emperor, who had been bowing incessantly to the people.)

Allow me, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, to thank you for the kind manner in which you have received me and my exhibition, and to assure you that I have never received more gratification during my interesting and eventful life, than from this, which, both in itself and everything connected with it, is one of the finest pieces of humbug I have ever met with. [The Emperor and Barnum disappear bowing.]