manner of the country, she is ready for an afternoon jaunt.

After dinner we are invited to ride; and without definitely understanding where or for what purpose, except that it is in the country, where we wish especially to go, we accept the invitation. At three o'clock there comes to the door a big wagon, so long and broad that it will hold twenty people; and as we descend to take our seat in it, we are greeted by a little group of merry-hearted maidens, and eight ladies, with an elderly lady to matronize, as there must always be on such an occasion in Germany. Our road is through a succession of green fields and luxuriant gardens, dotted by farm-houses and peasant cots, and is itself bordered the whole length of the way by the oak, and elm, and linden, till we reach an open *Platz* in a wood, where are tables and benches to rest and lunch. A little back in the domicile of the owner of this pleasant domain, and after walking about a little, we enter the great door, and find ourselves in the great hall of a well-to-do northern German farmer. It is so large that one is instantly reminded of an immense barn in New-England, and is no more finished than many we have seen, but yet has a sort of baronial grandeur, and exhibits the same ideas of architecture as the palaces and castles, the most elegant of which are reached by halls and staircases of the rudest description. On one side are the stalls for the cows, whose horns we see above the sliding-board, which is raised and lowered as becomes necessary in feeding and cleaning them. They are munching their hay, and look in the thrifty condition of cows which are kept for the purpose of the greatest possible productiveness to the owner. On the other side of the hall, but not opening directly into it, are the pantries and store-houses for the household, at the end of which is the kitchen. It is very small for so big a house, and the stove occupies the whole length of one side, being at least from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and bearing a little resemblance to the modern range, being only about two feet in hight. The cooking utensils are arranged around the sides of the room, and, engaged in the preparation of the various boils, and bakes, and stews, are half a dozen women, looking in no respect different from all women under the same circumstances—"hot and greasy and blowsy" and we are reminded of the remark of the fashionable young lady, and begin to ask ourself what we are to say to interest our readers about a blowsy old *Frau* making *Sauerkraut*, or frying ham. But we will see. In one corner of the great hall, upon hooks fastened in the beams overhead, are some thirty or forty great hams, "hanging up to dry." In another corner, upon the floor, is a hen-coop, and the roost for favorite fowls is close (over). Yet there is an airy, healthful, cheerful look and flavor, which gives one the feeling of being in the midst of the utmost plenty and perfection of comfort. In the store-room are butter golden-hued, cheese, pans of milk, great loaves of rye bread two feet long and half as thick. The *earthenware* is the common white of American kitchens, with not so great a variety of articles, as the number of dishes served on any occasion is by no means so great as in a farmer's house in New-England.

But we have not yet seen half the house. Running the whole width, forming with the first-mentioned apartments a cross, is another hall, quite as spacious as the first, and more finished. There are comfortable-looking sofas and tables for convenience in Winter and rainy days, and the whole length of the hall, doors opening into smaller rooms for sitting and sleeping, with painted wooden chairs and little earthen ornaments upon the mantel-shelves and tables. All is clean and sweet, *gastfrei* (hospitable) as one need to wish.

There is no public road within nearly half a mile, but here and there shady avenues leading to the highway; and as far as we are able to walk in every direction, fields of oats, rye, and barley; a large garden as neat as wax-work, where the rows of beets, onions, carrots, and cabbages stand in such juxtaposition as would be considered death instead of life to them in America, and yet exhibiting such vigor and consciousness of their worth as we never saw in "garden sauce" before.

Our party have come to enjoy themselves, where it is not necessary to dress or play the court lady; and having taken a general view of the premises, we seat ourselves under a clump of spreading oaks, when a consultation is held concerning what shall be ordered for our refreshment. In consequence, appear directly six bottles of beer, eight tumblers of milk, and a pot of coffee with milk and sugar thereto. As often as twenty times a day, ever since we have been in Germany, we have found ourselves exclaiming, "how funny!" and here we add, what would our good friends in America say to such a sight as this?

When all have eaten and drunk they dispose themselves for amusement. The first play is something like what we remember to have heard called *tag*, when a child stands by a tree, and one in the center will try to find himself a place as the others run from tree to tree, and they try to change places so quickly that it shall be impossible. Afterward comes "Blind Man." One being blinded and standing in the center of a ring, endeavors to recognize the others, who keep moving round to bewilder him as much as possible. When weary with play they take another glass of beer or cup of coffee, and then walk, during all the time so merry, so perfectly like children in their sport, that if our eyes were shut we should suppose they were from five to ten instead of from fifteen to twenty years of age. At other tables, and in other openings of the wood, are a dozen parties of the same or different descriptions, and the air is filled with the echoes of their happy voices. They are not rude; there is no vulgar familiarity; they are only merry; the exuberance of their spirits, like the foam of the beer, as impossible to repress, and, as it seems to us, as harmless. There are two troops of children skipping and hopping and rolling on the grass, while swinging and see-sawing and various games employ the boys and girls.

Before we go we have supper, which is not less fanciful than the lunch. Before each person is set a plate, knife and fork, and pewter spoon, the viands being a large dish piled with slices of raw ham, which is a favorite article of food in Germany, and which they eat cut in little *junks*, and placed between slices of rye or black *Bitterbrod*. This we cannot swallow. But what is this in brown earthen pans, holding about two quarts, and given one to every two persons? Bonny-clabber, covered with powdered sugar and cinnamon—a delicacy well known and duly appreciated in the Southern States of America, but not at the North. Oh, yes; we can relish this very well, provided our dish is shared with a relishable person. Each takes a tablespoon, and placing the pan between, they dip alternately and smack their lips as if it were custard, and we are quite willing to pronounce it very good. After this we drink a glass of fresh milk, then follows a dance on the green, in which the old lady joins, and we are ready to return to the city. On the way they sing, in a more softened strain, being weary and influenced by the creeping shadows and the

"Moon-beams' misty light."

And at eleven we are again upon the rattling pavements, and among the dingly walls of the town.

Her description of a German interior is by no means inviting.

To one who has been accustomed to New-England villages, those of Nassau, and of the interior of Germany generally, strike one as little better than a nest of Indian wigwams. The houses stand close to the street, and close together, or separated only by narrow, dark and dirty alleys, which have been just as dark and dirty for centuries. Not a foot of land is left for garden or grass plat, and instead of which we find the cow-yard, and are often obliged to walk through it, in order to reach the door. Within will be one little room that looks tenantable, and this will contain a bed, a *settle*, a few chairs, a long, bare wooden table, which is never moved, and which is used for meals, for work-table, and for anything for which it may be rendered convenient. There will be also a clock, some pictures of the Virgin and the saints, a cross, and other things which denote the religion of the people, but whom we have found neither bigoted nor ignorant, in the usual acceptation of these terms.

The kitchen is a room some ten or fifteen feet square, and so dark that we can scarcely distinguish one person from another, and opens on one side into the stable, and on the other into the stable-yard, and looks a place unfit for pigs to feed, much less for human beings to cook their food. The sleeping-rooms are above, and have in each two beds, as such a curiosity as a double bed is not to be found in Germany. In the humblest cot, among the most miserably poor, no two members of the family, of any relationship, occupy the same bed. They are all very narrow, and the sheets and quilts are made to correspond. One or two feather-beds are made up light and round on the outside, and a neat white or colored spread goes over the whole. The floors are white and sanded.

If we are here to breakfast, we shall have coffee and black bread and rolls, and if we take breakfast in any family in Germany, high or low, we shall have the same, and should be considered very gross and unmannerly, if we should ask for anything else. At ten o'clock we shall have offered us bread and butter, and some slices of cold ham or beef, and this, also, is the universal custom, but as far as grossness and refinement are concerned, we are not able to understand why ten is not as unsuitable an hour as eight at which to eat meat.

If we dine, we shall have a snow-white cloth upon the long table, and a plate to each person, and knife and fork to each plate; one large pint tumbler full of water, out of which each will drink till it is empty, when it will be filled again, and a great loaf of black bread, from which each will cut a slice when he wants it. The first course will be boiled beef, what in New-England is called *corned* beef, and this also is the *dish universal* in Germany; with it we eat bread. After this we have some kind of fried meat and boiled potatoes, and perhaps cabbage, which is also another dish universal. Cabbage is the great staple among all classes, but there are several kinds, white, red, brown, and cauliflowers. Every dish has a clean, wholesome look, and each one helps himself from each dish which is passed, with a spoon, or knife and fork upon it. For *dessert*, we have a kind of cake, made very thin with *plums*, which are called *Zwetchen*, placed in rows close together all over the top, and baked in large tins three feet long. When done, it is cut in strips and arranged *cobhouse* fashion upon plates. If it is fruit-time we shall also have fruit, apples, pears, plums, and grapes.

There are no indications of poverty, but, on the contrary, of the greatest abundance, and the family are worth perhaps eight or ten thousand dollars. Beside their farm, they have a brick-making establishment, keep cows and pigs, and have plenty of geese, hens and chickens. All these animals are in pens, and do not see the light of day from year to year, yet they look fat and sleek. Green fodder is cut daily for the cows during Summer, yet we cannot help thinking the milk lacks the sweet, fresh taste of that to which we have been accustomed, where the cows crop the green grass as it grows, and drink from the clear pebbly brook.

She was present at some of the agricultural fairs in the Autumn of 1857, of which she gives a lively account.

We were in Freiberg at the time of the semi-annual fair, but saw only a repetition of what we have described elsewhere, except that the costumes were those of the south more than the north, and many we had not seen before. At the first glance one seems to be among a *horned* race, so peculiarly is the coiffure of the women arranged. The hair is combed smoothly behind the ears, and brought to the top of the back of the head in a twist, which is surmounted by a bow of black ribbon four and five inches wide, each bow standing straight out from the side eight or ten inches, with ends fringed with gold or silver reaching a little beyond. It was a great mystery to us how they could be kept in their places without *topping*, till with quite unlady-like scrutiny we had peered among them, and ascertained that some were starched, and some were lined with stiff paper or canvas, that kept them in no danger of wrinkles or tumbles.

The dress is a bodice of silk, or some fine stuff, cut square in the bosom, and the front crossed with different colors. The petticoat of green or red flannel, very full, and plaited with very fine plaits. All through the villages of the Black Forest we saw this petticoat, but with different bodices and other *coiffures*. The *Vieslander*, near Hamburg, has a petticoat something similar, but with larger plaits, and, like this, reaching little below the knee, but with a blue stocking instead of white. Some of the men have also a white stocking, the trousers coming only to the knees, with velvet vest, and long coat of the same. In some districts at the north the costume has gradually disappeared, because too expensive; and in these cases, very evidently, was once that of the ladies of the Court. Upon the Elbe and Eyder, among the Freisians, a servant girl is not considered respectably dressed unless she has a frontlet or thin clasp of gold across the forehead. In Buckeburg, the petticoat is of the finest scarlet broadcloth, striped with ribbons, and the boddice of black velvet. Around the waist, the chemise is brought out in a puff, and the sleeve is also visible to the shoulder. Around the neck is a broad velvet band, worn tight, and ornamented with buttons of gold and silver, or anything pretty within the means of the wearer. It is one of the prettiest of all the different costumes, and also one of the most expensive. They deny themselves everything else in order to acquire all that partains to a full dress. Yet many cannot afford it, and *gowns* of modern date are taking their place. The men wear long linen coat and straw hats, which measure a yard in diameter across the brim.

But the *Altonbergers*, near Leipsig, are the most comical looking, their skirt being of many colors, and fitting from the waist to the knee almost as closely as drawers, and is yet but one piece.

An agricultural fair in Germany is in many respects a more showy exhibition than can be produced in America. One which took place near Carlsruhe, which is the residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, will give an idea of all, where a similar attempt is made at a grand exposition. Upon a large platz in the depths of the *Hartzwald*, or forest of the Hartz Mountains, were the preparations for the fête, where the most conspicuous object, upon approaching, was a graceful pavilion constructed for the occasion, the covering being of white linen—for it was to shelter royalty—and the pillars, knotted trunks of oak and fir, wreathed with vines and flowers of every hue. Around the lawn was a wide promenade; and when a salute of three guns announced the arrival of the royal cortége, the throngs of peasantry that had come through the forest in every direction from all the different provinces of the Duchy, formed themselves into a procession behind the long file of carriages that composed the Court; and when they had marched three times around with music and flying colors, the royal carriage stopped in front of the pavilion, before which the Grand Duke and his suite alighted, and the multitude arranged themselves in groups around the long tables which covered the square, loaded with the productions of each province.

But not only the dominions of the Duke of Baden were represented, but troops from the Odenwald, the Verstewald, the Valley of the Rhine, and the Palatinate, could be recognized by their several costumes, and in the procession the women, maidens, and little girls, were the first after the royal party and members of the Scientific Congress, not only gay with the many colors of their national dress, but crowned with wreaths and bearing flowers. There were the broad petticoats and varigated bodices of the Brisgau; a long row of yellow-painted straw hats, with the dazzling hue a little relieved by sprigs of green from another district of the Black Forest; and, in striking contrast, a troop of young girls from the Swiss Cantons, with a straw hat of a more coquettish form, the little red petticoat more jauntily worn, and set off by a snowy-white apron. More lightly, too, they trip on their way; and we therefore fancy have lighter hearts.

After the maidens came the young men, not as fanciful, but not less distinct in the characteristics of the land where they dwell. First, the peasantry of the valley of Kinzig, with thick heavy boots and stout gray roundabouts. Then those whose toil allows a lighter costume and gayer mien, and which we have before seen among the extensive hop-fields of the Palatine. They are followed by the shepherds of the Black Forest, walking side by side with the miners of swarthy tint. Each group exhibits in its march, that for which his district is most famous. One is leading a spirited horse, with gay bridle; another a yoke of fat oxen. Some are holding aloft sheaves of wheat, others clusters of grapes, and still others, strings of vegetables. There are flocks of sheep and herds of swine, goats from the hills, and herds from the valleys, and representatives from all the feathered tenants of the farmyards. One might have thought Noah had opened not only the windows but the doors of the ark, and let all that were within go forth.

Before the pavilion was erected a "triumphal column," constructed by a fanciful scaffolding, covered with branches of fir and cypress, and hung from top to bottom with every species of grain and fruit and vegetable which the duchy produces. What melons, what peaches, what pears—what a temptation, those ripe and purple clusters, and with what exquisite taste has all been arranged, so that the somber and green come in pleasing contrast with bright and mellow hues.

One of the best descriptions of rural affairs in the volume is the following:

In some places a kind of a higher class is formed by those who do not allow the women to work in the fields and on the roads; it was in such a family that we spent a little time during the apple-gathering and cider-making period, in the Autumn. They kept the village inn; but on a road that did not bring them a throng of customers from foreign parts.

The father was, in appearance and manners, like the better class of farmers in New-England, and the wife and daughters also very similar to those we should find in the same position at home. And, alas, we must say the comparison goes farther. In both cases when they arrive at a kind of independence, it is the man alone who arrives at ease. Being no longer obliged to work in the field, he only exercises a kind of supervision over his affairs, working a little every day if he chooses, and the remainder of the time smoking and chatting with his customers.

As usual in German inns, there is no place where a woman can sit down and be decent or comfortable, except in her room, and here we took all our meals. The rooms for guests were furnished with the usual quota of long wooden benches, placed against the walls, and the long wooden tables in front—and never made more cheerful by cloth or napkin. There might be seen at every hour of the day also, the usual quota of wine-bibbers and beer-drinkers, munching black bread, and smoking and gossiping, as if these were the great objects of life.

We asked for a room with one bed, but were obliged to take one with two, and when we came to pay our bill, found we were obliged to pay for two also, though only one was occupied. It was made up with special care for our comfort, and consisted first of a thick straw bed, as foundation; upon this, at the head, a large solid straw pillow, made upon the principle of an inclined plane. Then came another hard bed, but a little softer than the straw. Now, the snowy linen sheets, and two feather pillows, upon which it would be impossible to sleep except in an upright position. Upon these were placed two feather beds, each half a yard in depth, so that from the top to the bottom, the whole measured two yards. In many peasant houses that we have seen, the guest-chamber is furnished with a ladder upon which to climb to the top of the bed, and we should certainly have needed one here if we had thought of finding repose upon such a mountain; but instead of this we spent half an hour removing the several layers, until the proper hight was reached for our convenience. We did not have to make our bed, but it was considerable labor to remake it; but we could not think of asking any change in the arrangements, as this would destroy the beauty of the bed, which is everywhere made up as high and round as possible, in order to look well in their eyes. How it is possible for people to preserve health, sweated and sweltered every night by such a process, we do not understand, and they wondered not less how we could sleep in any other way. The only other furniture of the room was a deal table, upon which every evening was set a bowl of fresh water for our morning oblations, and a tumbler filled with the same for our mouth; with each day a clean towel, and three times a week all the linen of the bed renewed, which was a luxury we never found elsewhere, and in no city oftener than once a month.

We had furnished ourselves with chocolate, knowing it could not be purchased so far in the country, and had, every morning, sweet milk, and the usual good bread, with two eggs for our breakfast. For dinner, boiled beef and black bread, after a soup which was only the water in which the beef had been boiled, sometimes a pickle, and perhaps for dessert, a piece of fried pork, or liver, with potatoes. For supper, chocolate and bread, but others had a hearty meat-supper, at nine o'clock, in the common room. The mother and daughters worked all the day in the kitchen and dining-room, and when we have looked out very early we have seen the wife washing floors and sweeping the street in front of the house, looking weary ere it was dawn, while her *gude man* slept. The daughters were very pretty, and dressed like New-England girls of the same rank, having wholly discarded the peasant dress. They allowed us freely to enter the kitchen, and initiated us into all the operations of dairy and pantry, and this we found all German housewives willing to do.

It was, as we said, the busy time of the year, and those who went to the fields, came home with carts laden with apples, pears, and nuts, which were deposited in bins for the several purposes to which they were destined. What we call in America English walnuts grow here in great abundance, and taste, when green, very much like butternuts. The bark is peeled off and dried for fuel, and the nuts put away in heaps, for the children to crack around the Winter fire; but among the poorer families, they are carried to market, and exchanged for articles more necessary to life.

The cider-press stands in the great barn floor, instead of having a house by itself, as in New-England, and occupies only some feet of space, being turned by a man instead of a horse. A half *tun* stands to receive the expressed juice, in the taste of which we perceive no difference from that we were accustomed to sip upon the philosophic principle of suction, through a straw, and which we see children doing in exactly the same way here. In the kitchen there is a scene, too, corresponding exactly to the one exhibited in a New-England kitchen, while the cider is making in the barn. A great kettle hangs in the fire-place, behind the stove, filled with *halves* and *quarters* of apples boiling in the liquid, which their brothers have furnished, and when it is done it will be *cider apple-sauce*, such as American housewives *put up* for the Winter, and which keeps good here, as there, till Spring. On the stove is another kettle with *pear-sauce*, prepared in the same way, but sweeter and richer; and around are various small earthen pots with stews and sauces of a different kind. We have seen in the Summer, a way of *putting up* fruit and berries, which we never saw before, and hope shall not be considered descending to insignificant particulars in transcribing a few recipes from a German cook-book, as it was not in the cook-book alone that we learned them.

Many times in the Winter we were regaled with fresh strawberries and fresh gooseberries, and when Summer came, learned how they were thus preserved:

Take unripe gooseberries, clip the stems and blossoms, be careful not to cut the skin of the berry, and put them in a clean dry wine-cask. Take a large kettle and cover the bottom with hay, then place the flasks so they will not touch each other in the hay, and so supported that they will not fall; corked, but not tight. Then filling the kettle with cold water, set it over a hot fire, and boil till the water is entirely evaporated, when the kettle must be taken off, but the flasks allowed to remain in the hay till morning. Then seal them tight with rosin, and place them in the cellar, *in a lying posture*. After eight days, turn them and cover them with sand, and when they are taken out for use they are good as when bottled.

Gooseberries are also prepared by clipping them in the same way, wiping them with a cloth, and putting them in a dry flask, sealed tight; thus, no sugar is used till they are put upon the table. All plums, berries, and fruits are prepared in this way, and need no attention afterward, being in no danger of fermenting, much labor and expense are saved, and as a relish, they are better than when preserved in sugar. Sometimes tin boxes are used instead of glass, and then they are *soldered* by the tinman, but afterward placed in hot water, to be sure to develop any *air-holes* that have escaped notice. We have seen a hundred of them in one store closet.

Not only apple sauce, and pear sauce, and plum sauce are stewing upon the stove, but a dozen pots of sour milk, which is taken, after the cream is removed, and put in a warm place till it becomes of the right consistency to mold into the little *Dutch cheeses* we have mentioned. They cannot afford sweet milk for cheese. To a housewife's work there is no end in one country or another, but in a house where the women do all these things, and work also in the field and on the highway, what a life of slavery they must lead!

On the steps which lead out into the barn we hear the churn-dash splashing, and as we go to see, the noise of the flails in the granary strikes our ear, so we go there to see also. The bundles of rye are strewn upon the floor in no different fashion from that to which we have been accustomed, but there are three men threshing instead of two, and they keep time not less exactly, but the motion of each is slower, and the music of the strokes a little different on this account. The flales are square instead of round, and heavier than those which the machines have everywhere superseded in America. The threshing machine we have not seen in Germany. We have also visited the brick yard, where the process of molding and burning the clay is very similar to that in America, but either the material is not so fine, or they do not work it so long to make it soft and smooth. The bricks, when finished, are coarse and rude; but though houses are built of them in city and country, they are always covered with *stucco*, a kind of plaster, which may be made of any color, and admits of various species of ornament. With time it becomes dingy, and in all old towns, gives a peculiarly antiquated appearance to the walls. In America the climate would not admit of this species of finish, and we do not know why it is adhered to here instead of using paint, unless that paint would not cover the rude bricks, and the bricks can be made in no other way.

Numerous comparisons are drawn by the writer between the customs of the German peasants and those of the American farmers with which she is familiar. But the two cases are scarcely parallel. The American is either the owner of the land he tills, or is looking forward to that position; his family are on an equality with the best in the land; one of the sons is away at college, and another in the city counting room; the daughters are well instructed in female accomplishments; and no one around that hearthstone acknowledges subjection to a superior. The condition of the European peasantry has nothing in common with this picture of republican freedom, and it should not surprise the author to find them comparatively destitute of the social comforts and high standard of character which distinguish the homes in which she passed her childhood.

INQUIRIES AND SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH IN THE WORD OF GOD. By ALBERT BARNES. 12mo. pp. 176. Parry & McMillan.

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A new volume in Prof. Loomis's series of scientific text-books, marked by the author's characteristic clearness of statement and accuracy of detail.

JOAN OF ARC. From Michelet's History of France. 18mo. pp. 253. Stanford & Delisser.

A translation of Michelet's brilliant episode on the Maid of Orleans, in a neat pocket edition.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

The Providence Journal wonders that the attendance at Brown University is so limited, and especially that so few young men from Rhode Island resort to the institution. "The University is "worthy," says *The Journal*, "of a larger patronage than she now receives. There is no good "reason why the number of Rhode Island boys "who enter our college should not be at once "doubled or trebled."

Ever anxious to enlighten the ingenious inquirer, THE TRIBUNE will attempt a solution of this mystery. For many years previous to 1850, Brown University was in a condition by no means flourishing. Its friends, in dolorous tones, grieved that its advantages were unappreciated. The avails from tuition, and from the funds of the College, became quite inadequate to the payment of the annual expenses, and the institution tended to bankruptcy. In view of these circumstances, it was determined to offer the advantages of the College to a larger class. Accordingly, branches of instruction were established and endowed in the Mechanical and Agricultural Arts and in Industrial Science; a degree was offered to those who had not pursued the classics; courses of lectures were projected, designed specifically for mechanics, and every effort was made to render the advantages of the College available to the community at large. At once the number of students increased, and shortly was doubled. A course of lectures addressed to jewelers upon the principles and practice of their craft was fully attended, "Rhode Island Hall" being crowded to its utmost capacity, by members of that calling. Rhode Island, which had hitherto sent to the College but a meager representation, now furnished a larger number of pupils than any other State.

All this is readily explicable. The people of that enterprising little Commonwealth, engaged largely in mechanics and manufactures, have neither time nor inclination for the luxury of elaborate classical research. What they desire and need for themselves and their sons is an education that shall fit them for the callings which they from choice pursue; which shall lighten their toil, lessen their hours of labor, and render more safe their often perilous processes; which shall make their daily life less a drudgery, more elevated, and more promotive of their own and the general wealth. When this was offered them, it was appreciated. There was no complaint then of a small attendance.

Recently a change has taken place in the genius of the University. The lectures to mechanics have been discontinued. The announcement publicly made that the jewelers' course was but the beginning of a series of courses is unfulfilled. The Professorship in Agriculture is vacant. The degree of Master of Arts, once conferred only by merit on examination, is now conferred in course on all who survive their graduation three years. Every year witnesses some retrograde step, rendering the College of less and less value to the industrial classes, and limiting the numbers to whom its advantages may be available. "Faithfully adhering to those academic courses which all experience has shown to be essential to finished "scholarship and liberal culture," thus *The Journal* defines the present position of the College. Every one understands what this language means when used by the advocates of the classical routine.

What follows? The number of pupils has diminished. The entrances are less than half the number that they reached a few years ago. Then they were from a hundred to a hundred and twenty annually. For the opening year, we learn from the journal that fifty have entered. Of these, forty pursue the classical curriculum. In other words, ten now seek the college to gain preparation for industrial life, instead of five or six times that number as formerly. Again the complaint is heard of their numbers, and advantages unappreciated.

If the authorities of Brown University desire to make the Institution a retreat of learned leisure for a few students for the ministry, or for the scions of Providence millionaires, they are pursuing a course eminently suited to that end. But if they desire to enlarge its numbers, and to increase its fame and its usefulness, then let them make it the property of the *people of Rhode Island*—let them offer again its advantages to the sons of the farmer, the artizan, and the mechanic—let them make it the fountain of an education that shall develop the resources, that shall economize, direct and elevate the labor of Rhode Island. Let them, (no longer mocking the many by the offer of knowledge sought only by the few), be willing to teach what the world is eager to learn. No longer will the complaint be heard of scanty numbers.

Rhode Island alone will furnish more pupils than now are furnished from all the States. Not only would expediency recommend this course, but fairness, honor and justice. The magnificent endowment by which the College is now maintained was raised upon the express pledge that the system of instruction should be thus extended. In 1850, the Corporation voted "that the system of instruction in Brown University be modified and extended, in the manner indicated in the report, "which was the basis of all these changes, as soon "as the sum of $125,000 can be added to its present funds." Will a body of honorable men, guardians of a literary and religious institution, violate a pledge thus expressly given? Will they disappoint the hopes of all who long to see the benefits of education universally diffused?

MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE AND SUCCESS IN ALABAMA.

From The Cincinnati Inquirer.

In the north-western part of Bibb County, Ala., there is a small manufacturing village called Scottsville, owned by a company of Southern capitalists, who seem to have taken the idea into their heads that spinning and weaving can be just as well carried on in sight of the fields where cotton is growing as in Yankeedom, about Boston, Lawrence and Lowell, 3,000 miles away from where the raw material can be produced—taking the usual routes which that staple is required to travel to get North.

The Company owns 3,000 acres of land and all the buildings on the place, which consist of the factory, a large hotel, the store, blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright, and boot and shoe shops, a saw-mill, grist-mill, large flouring-mill, a church and a large number of cottages. No liquor is permitted in the village, and the Company will not sell an inch of its land to any one. Its stock has long been over par, and its dividend this year will be at least 12 per cent.

The Company was incorporated early in 1837, with a capital of $37,000, which was so speedily taken by neighboring capitalists that in May of that year the mills got into operation, but for some years they cleared no profits. The management finally changed, the new head then went to work making improvements and additions to the buildings and machinery, and the mills soon paid dividends. The first $2,200 realized in 1841 was expended in a family of negroes, to work in the factory. This family has so increased that the Company values them at $10,000, and most of them are now working in the factory, and very useful.

The principal mill is a large brick building of three stories, with two wings, filled with the best machinery, and employing over one hundred hands, of whom three fourths are females. A large overshot wheel, driven by water, is the principal motor of the machinery. There are about twenty-five thousand spindles, and fifty looms at work.

Wool and cotton are both spun. The consumption of cotton averages thirty-five thousand pounds per month, and $1,000 worth of yarns in the same time, together with a large quantity of linseys and a superior article of cotton sewing-thread.

In 1841 the sum of $40,000 capital stock had been paid in. Every year since then a dividend of ten per cent had been declared, which has been laid out in buying negroes, land, &c., adding to the buildings and machinery in the village, until the capital stock has increased to $117,000, of which $25,000 is in negroes and about $16,000 in goods in the Company's store.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin, Nov. 1.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock last evening a young man, aged 22 years, named Richard Dillon, was smothered to death in a chimney of a house of bad character known as "Mrs. Price's," in Shippen street, a few doors below Fourth, north side. His death was the result of his own recklessness and passion, and occurred in the following manner, as near as the facts could be gleaned from the people about the house, who were unwilling to give any information to the reporters, thus forcing them to gather their facts from the disjointed and contradictory statements and conversations which went on in the room where the young man lay dead:

Dillon is a plasterer. His mother and sister reside near Fifth and Carpenter streets. For quite a long time Dillon had been living with a woman as his mistress. We heard her name mentioned at the scene of the accident, coupled with the remark uttered by a flippant young girl, that "Annie —— would not be back from the theater in time to see Dick;" but we do not know that she is in any way blameable for the occurrence of last night. Dillon quarreled with his mistress, and she left him not long since, but he was aware that she resided at Mrs. Price's. Yesterday afternoon he had been drinking with a companion, and they went out and bought two "black jacks." This was about 3 o'clock. Dillon was next seen, between 7 and 8 o'clock, at Mrs. Price's, and he declared that his mistress was up stairs with another man, and he would see her. Rushing up the narrow, steep stairs, from the front room on the lower story, (where there is a bar,) Dillon forced the door of the third story room where he supposed "his woman" was, locked. He raged around on a landing a while and then climbed the ladder leading to the roof, for the purpose of getting down into the room by the chimney. In the dark, or in his drunken rage, he dropped into another chimney just beside the third-story flue, but stuck fast when his body was just opposite the third-story landing. Here his cries were heard, as well as the noise of the detached bricks and mortar which fell on the fireplace in the lower story. Efforts were at once made to rescue him by the mistress of the house and by neighbors, but although he once held on to a rope which was let down to him, he could not be drawn up, and was finally rescued by breaking into the brick-work of the chimney. A hole about three feet long was made, and he was drawn out alive, but he died soon after being carried into the room into which he had tried to get. Here we saw his body, and his sister, a good-looking young woman of about 20, weeping bitterly over it, while half a dozen young men and women discussed the affair as coolly as if behind only been asleep instead of dead. The Coroner was quickly sent for, but did not arrive there up to nearly midnight.

During the entire evening, the house was surrounded by a large crowd of people, who knew very little about the affair, but discussed it quite warmly for all that. An officer remained in charge of the house during the night, and kept the crowd from entering. We are obliged to him for all the information in his possession, which was cheerfully accorded.

Through some misunderstanding, the Coroner was not informed of the case until early this morning, when he at once proceeded to the spot and held an inquest. The evidence elicited sustained the statement given above, and a verdict to the effect that the deceased was accidentally smothered was rendered. It seems that the girl of whom he was in pursuit had gone to the theater at the time he was in the house.

This event was only the first act in the drama. It seems that Dillon had another mistress, who lived in in Pine alley, and who went by the name of "Anne Smith," an assumed name. Dillon had quarreled with this girl, and threatened to kill her, and she had declared her intention of drowning herself in consequence of his threats. She declared her intention to commit suicide to several persons during the evening, and had gone so far as to give away her few effects to different parties, when intelligence of the death of Dillon was brought to her. She then said "good bye" to those who were about her, and went away. This morning at daybreak her body was found floating in a dock, in the Delaware, between Lombard and South streets. The Coroner was sent for to hold an inquest and we accompanied that official to the spot.

The body of the wretched woman was tied to a boat in the dock, and the water, as it rippled over her face wafted her scarcely disheveled hair about upon it surface. Upon the wharf hundreds of curious gazer were gathered, and among the throng there were many females who belonged to the same abandoned class as the poor suicide, and who seemed drawn to the scene by some irresistible attraction. Mothers were there, too, with their little children, all pushing and struggling to look upon the body of the

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

The body was finally dragged out of the river and laid upon the wharf until the dead-cart should arrive. A Jury was summoned and proceeded to a house near by, where an inquest was held. The first witness called was William Barclay, who was sworn and testified as follows:

I knew the deceased, but not by name; about 7½ o'clock last evening I saw her sitting upon a chair on the sidewalk in Pine Alley, where she lived; she called me over to her; I went, and she told me she was in trouble; I asked her what her trouble was, and she said that a man had threatened to lick or kill her; she said she was going to drown herself; I told her I would not do that; she said it was the only thing she could do; this was before Dillon was killed; the deceased was not in liquor at the time, that I could see; she did not tell me who the man was who threatened to kill her.

Maria Welsh, sworn: I keep the house where the deceased lived; the only name I know for her is "Anne;" she was sometimes called Anne Smith, but that was not her proper name; she lived with me four weeks; she would not tell her name; she was an Irish girl; she was nineteen or twenty years of age; the man who threatened to kill her was Dick Dillon; he said he would cave her head in with a black jack; she said he should not have a chance; she gave away her clothes; the deceased was not the woman Dillon was after when he got stuck in the chimney; the woman he was after had gone to the theater; as soon as she heard about Dick being smothered in the chimney, she said, "Good bye," and went away; the deceased had a sister who is well off, who lives somewhere in New-Jersey.

The Jury rendered a verdict that the deceased had committed suicide by drowning.

Dillon seems to have been bent upon mischief at the time he met his death, and the sacrifice of his life probably prevented the commission of a serious crime. The affair is a singular one, and it has caused a very great excitement in the degraded portion of the city where the parties were best known.

Dillon had a black jack slung to his wrist at the time he was extricated from the chimney flue. Matters have been somewhat complicated by the arrest of a man named William Berry, who was taken in custody last night, on the charge of having thrown the woman overboard. The hands on a vessel declare they heard Berry threaten the woman before they heard her fall into the water. Berry was held for a further hearing.

POLITICAL.

The Hon. Kenneth Raynor has written a most able letter to the People's Party of Delaware, in which he comes out in most manly terms on the side of Protection and Free Labor. He says:

Although I cannot be with you in person, yet I assure you that I entirely concur with you, and heartily sympathize with you in the conflict in which you are engaged. Yours is the cause of constitutional liberty against a heartless despotism; of freedom of opinion against a ruthless proscription; of economy in public expenditures against profligate extravagance; of honesty and accountability in public functionaries against the prostitution of official patronage for party ends; of the protection and thrift of American labor and American enterprise, against the monopoly of our market by foreign countries; of the employment and relief of suffering laborers, who are dependent on their toil, against the heartless cruelty which laughs at their calamities; of the retention of the precious metals in our country, as the basis of a sound and stable currency, against the ruinous fluctuations caused by their exportation in paying off free-trade balances; of the fostering of commerce, in the improvement of rivers and harbors, against the unfeeling sacrifice of thousands of lives and millions of products; of the great principle of representative government underlying our institutions, that the people of each State have the right to frame their domestic institutions to suit themselves, against the wicked attempt, first by force, and then by bribery, to compel the people of Kansas to receive a Constitution repugnant to their feelings; of peace and harmony between the different sections of the Union, against the continued and systematic agitation of the question of Slavery, merely to subserve party purposes; of the maintenance and support of the Union against sectional strife and discord, which are encouraged and fostered with an eye to the perpetuation of power.

I have by no means exhausted the catalogue of sins that lie at the door of the Buchanan Administration and the faction that sustains it. Have I not fairly stated the issues involved in the pending struggle? How can any fair-minded and candid man, if free from party influences, pretend to deny it? What man is allowed to hold the most insignificant public employment who dares to question the truth of any dogma promulgated by the sanhedrim at Washington as a test of partisan orthodoxy? Whose character is secure against the ribald and vituperative abuse of the editorial slandermongers in the pay of the powers that be—in case he dares to censure their policy? Who can deny that our expenditures have reached eighty odd millions of dollars a year? If this enormous sum were expended in providing for the common defense and promoting the general welfare of our whole country, we might be willing to submit without murmuring. But official documents prove that millions are given away in jobs and contracts, to reward party favorites. Vast sums are expended in the transporting and quartering of voters in the public work-yards, to control the result of local elections. Immense amounts are squandered in supporting a set of lazy drones and clamorous partisans in the Custom-Houses, where the amount paid into the Treasury is not a tithe of what is paid to these greedy officials for doing nothing. The public lands are lavished by millions of acres, in building up mammoth corporations and in enriching millionaire speculators, merely to gratify party advocates in Congress, and to enable them to reestablish their waning political fortunes at home; and while this wasteful extravagance is sanctioned and encouraged for such nefarious purposes by the party in power, objects of paramount importance, involving national safety and national honor, are scouted