H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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From the Mourner's Gift.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

These verses describe a beautiful and touching custom practised at funerals in some part of Germany.

Mournful, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his last home.
Short grows the solemn road;—
Here with your mortal load,
Oh grave! we come!

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he has been;
Where late he walked so free,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight:—
Let the air breathe on him
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,
Those he lov'd now gather near,
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
When he drew nigh.

Uplift your load again;
Take up the mourning strain;
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place haseth on.—
Grave! bid him hail.

Now, his last labor's done;
Now, now the goal is won;
Oh grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust;—
Jesus! in Thee we trust,
Take the soul home!

AGRICULTURAL.

FATTENING HOGS.

It has been demonstrated that in fattening hogs, a great saving of food is made in cooking; and we believe that a very considerable improvement in the quality of pork is likewise effected by this process. From experience, we should altogether prefer pork, either for eating fresh or salting, that had been fattened on daily slops, with cooked potatoes, pumpkins or apples, mixed while hot with a portion of meal, either of corn, rye, barley, oats and peas, or buckwheat. We know that the idea is prevalent that the best pork is made from 'hard corn and cold water;' some, indeed, may allow their hogs slops during the first part of their fattening, cantine them wholly to corn for a short time before they are killed, in order as they say, to 'harden' the pork. We are convinced this is erroneous. In the western part of the country, where in many cases nothing but corn is fed to hogs from the time they are able to swallow it till they are slaughtered, the pork is notoriously more *oily*, and not as well fatted as that which is made in sections where a variety of food is used.

In feeding *store* swine, the advantage of cooked food is not so obvious. The digestive organs can manage a small quantity of raw food, even though it be Indian corn, and are probably able to extract the nutriment fully from it; but if the raw food is increased beyond a certain amount, it will not be thoroughly digested. We have heard it argued that if it were necessary to restrict hogs to a short allowance, it would be best to give the food raw, because the longer time required for its digestion kept the animals longer free from hunger. It must be a belief similar to this, which induces the Irish people, (according to Mr. Coleman,) to cook their potatoes so slightly as to leave a stone in the middle. We confess the idea is not to us unreasonable. But when it is wished to *fatten* animals it becomes an object to have them consume as great a quantity of food daily as can be perfectly digested, because the sooner they consume a given amount, the greater will be the proportion of flesh or fat accumulated. Cooking does the work, in part, of digestion, and thus by assisting the functions of the animal, enables it to dispose of a greater quantity, while at the same time, it is disposed in a manner most profitable to the feeder.

From the middle of September to the middle of November, the pumpkin is one of the best articles of food for hogs which the farmer can have. By the way, we deem the pumpkin crop the most *profitable* that can be grown. For the production of rich butter, we know of nothing equal, and it comes in just when there is a deficiency of grass feed. For fully two months they may be used to excellent advantage and with but little trouble.—For cows it is only required to cut them and feed them in their mangers, or break them in pieces on clean sward ground. For hogs they should be boiled in as little water as will answer to cook them, when soft they should be mashed fine, and about one-fourth of their bulk of meal intimately mixed in. Good ripe, sweat pumpkins, cooked in this way, with a little whey or skimmed milk, will make hogs fatten as fast as any food we ever used.

But hogs, like other animals, require vartety of food; they will not do as well confined to one kind, however good it may be; it is best, therefore, to vary their diet frequently, or incorporate several articles into a mass, occasionally changing the relative proportions.

Hogs should be kept dry and comfortably warm, while being fatted. They should be fed in clean troughs, and the appetite should be so closely watched that no food is given them to be left from one meal to another. Nothing should be omitted which will promote their quietude, for on this greatly depends the accumulation of fat. The nervous system has such a connection with the secretive organs, that an animal which is constantly restless cannot be fattened.

A plentiful supply of charcoal should be allowed to hogs while fattening; it is a good preventative against dyspepsia, a disease which is not confined wholly to the higher order of animals. The coal corrects the acidity of the stomach, and greatly promotes digestion.—*Albany Cultivator.*

ADVANTAGE OF ECONOMY IN VARIOUS MATTERS.—Corn fodder, by long exposure in the field, looses one half of its nutritive qualities, and by housing or stacking in a damp state, and feeding in an improvident way, the one-half of what remains is also lost. Corn should be cut up by the ground, as far as practicable, before we have severe frosts; and it will pay ten fold for extra care and labor, in securely housing in a dry state. A light feed out of cornfodder, well cured, night and morning, in a clean warm stable, with straw fed in boxes, through the day, will keep cattle through the winter in as good condition as they are in at the commencement.

Buck wheat straw, when well cured and housed, is but little inferior to hay; and the chaff is eaten by cattle or sheep with little less eagerness than oats;—the chaff of fifty bushels of oats is worth one feed of hay for four hundred sheep; and corn cobs ground with a small portion of hard grain makes good feed for cattle or sheep.

Much is lost by uncomfortable exposeure of stock to cold and storms. By carefully saving and economically feeding all coarse fodder, I have no doubt one-fourth more stock may be well wintered, in any of the grain growing districts of this State, than is at present poorly wintered, in the usual wasteful way of saving and feeding.

There is a great want of economy in door fastenings for out buildings, mostly in the time it takes to open and shut them. I find none so convenient and durable as good wooden ones, and the latch heavy enough to fall easily into the catch.

There is also a great waste of time in branding or marking sheep, to say nothing of the trouble it gives the manufacturer to clip the tar off from one or more large letters. The proper place to brand is on the top of the rump; that the mark may be seen from any position that the sheep may chance be in, and that it may not be obliterated by their crowding together. The size of the letter need not exceed two inches in length, and should be put on without handling the sheep at all. The tar should be in a shallow vessel with a handle; the sheep should be in a close pen, (easily made with feeding boxes,) when they may be branded and counted in a very short time, without laying hands on them.—*Cultivator.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EXTRA LODGER.

BY DR. BIRD.

It was once my fate to pass a night in a certain wayside caravansary among the mountains of Virginia—a lowly and logly habitation, from whose appearance no one would have inferred the majestic spirit of the ruler within. Up—or rather down—for it stood at the bottom of a hill—one fine evening in September, rolled a mail coach, well crammed with passengers, of whom I, for my sins, was one. We numbered twelve souls in all—nine inside and three outside; of which latter group I, being somewhat of a valetudinarian, was honored by a seat beside his highness of the whip; while my two companions, the one a Mississippian, the other a 'varmint,' as he called himself, of Tennessee, sat gallantly upon the top, where they rolled and pitched about as we thundered down the rocky road, in a manner admirable to behold—or as the Mississippian expressed it, 'like two short-tailed dogs in a boiling pot'—a resemblance that was somewhat the stronger for the tremendous bow-wows, and yelpings with which he, sometimes assisted by the Tennessean, beguiled the weariness of the day.

Certainly there never was such a set of rantipole personages got together in a mad stage before. Besides the Mississippian yelping on top, there was another of the same sort inside, who could imitate the braying of an ass to perfection—a melody which he kept up in rivalry with his friend and partner aloft. Add to this an Alabamian who sang negro songs; a Rock river Illinois, who whooped like an Indian; a Texan that played the mestang, or wild horse of the prairies, and besides nearly kicking the bottom from the stage, neighed and whinnied till the very team horses on the road responded to the note, and five others, who did nothing but scream and laugh to fill up the concert, and you have before you a set of the happiest mad-brained roisterers that ever astonished the monarch of a stage house.

At this place we were destined to sup and lodge, and accordingly, in due course of time, we were all seated at the board, where we had the satisfaction of being tyranized over by both mine host and mine hostess—the one glum, yet facetious—the other as ugly, ill-tempered and haughty as a princess. There was nothing at all remarkable in the supper, which was no better nor worse than usual, with the exception of the total absence of that *sine qua non* of a Virginia table, fried chickens—or, indeed, of chickens in any shape, there being not so much as a wing or a claw on the table. This omission producing a gentle interrogatory, somewhat in a tone of expostulation, from one of the Mississippians who, as well as all the other travellers, it is proper to remark, was not playing the part of very modest, well-behaved young gentlemen, mine host very wittingly gave us to understand it was our own fault, seeing that the diabolical noise we had made while approaching the house had scared all the fowls into the mountains.' This the Mississippian declared reminded him of Capt. Dobbin's chikens in Kentucky, which he had the captain's own word for it, no sooner caught sight of a traveller approaching, than they immediately took to their heels—being well aware from long experience, as Capt. Dobbins said, that the visit of a stranger was certain death to them.'

Before we had finished supper a thirteenth guest made his appearance—a tall, raw boned Yankee pedlar, it seemed, who drove up his wagon through a shower that had begun to fall, and presently entered the supper-room, pearing a pair of saddle-bags which he laid beside him with great care, as if afraid the contents would be injured if placed out of his protection. He had a very meek, solemn unpresuming, solitary look, and rather sneaked than took a chair at the foot of the table, where he waited very submissively for the cup of coffee, which my landlady deigned, after sundry contemptuous looks and five minutes delay, to send him.

Upon the whole, he did not seem to produce any more favorable impression upon his fellow travellers, who left him to consume his chicken-less supper by himself, while they proceeded to the bar-room, to resolve a doubt which had entertained the Mississippian, Capt. Dobbins' friend—to wit, whether the thunder of our approach had not killed all the mint plants, and so deprived them of their juleps. This was fortunately proved not to be the case. The young gentlemen concocted their sleeping draughts, smoked their cigars, settled the affairs of the nation, and then, having received a hint that such was the will and pleasure of the landlord, ascended to the traveller's room to seek their beds.

This travellers' room was the garret, or the half thereof, the other moiety being partitioned off and applied to some other purpose, and as it was neither ceiled nor plastered, it presented no very stricking look of luxury or comfort, but exhibiting the rare and captivating spectacle of a dozen different beds, in which each man was to possess the happiness of sleeping without a bedfellow. The beds were, moreover, all single ones, only one excepted, which was neither single nor double, and indeed was a mere plank stretched between two stools, with a feather bed hung over it, pannier wise; and so far it appeared to us that our landlord, in this out of the way nook, must have been visited with some inklings of civilization; but upon further consideration it was agreed we owed the size as well as the number of couches to the necessity of the case, the garret being of such a figure as to stow a dozen truckle beds much more commodiously than half that number of double ones.

Nevertheless, we were all well pleased with the arrangement, nor did any difficulty present itself, until the braying gentleman, regailing us at first with a moderate burst of his music, by way of calling attention, demanded 'who the nation was to sleep with the Yankee?'—a question which no one answered until he had first popped into, and so secured possession of the cot; after which each swore with an oath as terrible as any in Flanders, the Yankee should not sleep with him. Upon this point the determination was quite unanimous. I might, indeed, except myself, having made no rash vow on the occasion—which was the more unnecessary, as I had partly by accident and partly by choice, fallen heir to the narrow bed of plank spoken of before, in which there was no fear of my being troubled with a bedfellow.

We had scarcely arranged this important matter, when the supernumerary guest and extra lodger, who had perhaps been detained securing his property for the night, came up stairs, bearing his saddle bags and a candle, and with hesitatng step and modest countenance stole through the room, looking for an empty bed, but, of course, without finding one.

'Perhaps, gentlemen,' said he, with an extremely solemn woe begone voice of inquiry, 'some of you can tell me where I am to sleep to-night?'

'In paradise, I suppose,' said the braying gentleman, 'for I'll be hanged if there's any room for you here. You see the beds are all full.'

'I do,' replied the stranger, looking disconsolately round, 'and they are shocking narrow ones, too. But I rather calculate the landlord meant me to have half of one somewhere or other among you.'

'Well, that seems but reasonable,' said the Mississippian; 'and I should be very willing to let you have half of mine, only'—here he turned over the clothes, and displayed a huge bowie-knife lying on one side of him, and a pistol on the other—'only that I never sleep without my arms, and they are somewhat dangerous when I dream at night, as I always do after a bad supper. 'Pon my soul, sir, if you had seen me how I slashed my bed to pieces last night and shot off the bed post! Had to pay ten dollars damages to old Skinflint, the landlord.'

The Yankee recoiled with tripidation from this perilous bedfellow, and preferred his request to the Tennessean, stating very piteously, that he had an 'affection of the head,' tho' of what kind he did not inform us—which was always aggrivated by want of, or even by uncomfortable sleep. The Tennessean, however, swore that he was just as bad as his neighbor, the Mississippian, though in another way. He could never sleep with any body without beginning to fight the moment he fell asleep; and it was but a fortnight ago, he said, that he had gouged a fellow's eyes out.

The Alabamian swore he chewed tobacco in his sleep, and that his quids were full as dangerous to a bed-fellow's eyes as the Tennesseean's fingers.

The second Mississippian had taken up a position directly across the bed, his head sticking out on one side, and his feet on the other, in which position only he swore he could sleep with any comfort; and therefore desired the Yankee to apply to some one else, which he did with no better fortune—some excusing themselves on pretences as ridiculous as those I have mentioned; while one or two others, whose wit was not so ready met his supplicating glances and hesitating supplications with downright refusals. As for myself, the narrowness of my couch was so manifest as to secure me from application.

The poor Yankee, thus rejected on all sides, and with the prospect of remaining bedless all night, took the desperate resolution of preferring a complaint to his majesty the inn-keeper. For this purpose he opend the door and called twice or thrice, but with timid tones, to mine host, who having already retired to his bed and not choosing to be troubled, took no notice of his first calls, and only replied to the last, by threatening to turn his unfortunate customer out of the house if he did not keep quiet.

To be turned out of a house in which he was so inhospitably treated, might have seemed no disagreeable alternative, but unfortunately, a dismal rain had now commenced falling, and there was no other place of refuge within eight or ten miles.

Nothing remained for the extra lodger but to stretch himself on the floor, which he at last did, but with sundry groans and complaints, pillowing his head upon the saddle bags—in which position he lay until his fellow travellers, myself with the rest, all dropped sound asleep.

We had not slept, I imagine, more than half an hour, when we were all at the same moment roused by a terrible voice crying in the midst of the room—

'If there's no other way with them, cut their aristocratical throats!'

The words and voice were alike alarming; but judge our astonishment when starting from our beds, we beheld the Yankee rising half naked from the floor, as grim and gaunt as Don Quixotte himself, holding a bowie-knife, to which the Mississippian's was as a penknife to a razor, and brandishing it with looks of blood and fury. 'By snaks and nigers!' cried the braying gentleman, with something like alarm, 'He dreams harder than I do!'

'Wake him up—he will do mischief!' exclaimed others; for we all thought the poor fellow was suffering under some frightful dream. The Tennessean, bolder than the rest, seized him by the arm, upon which he dropped his knife, and his countenance changing from rage to trepidation, exclaimed, 'I give myself up—I am your prisoner. But take notice, gentlemen, and bear witness for me, I yield to superior force. Give me five minutes to say my prayers.'

'Death and thunder!' cried the varmint of Tennessee, starting back, 'the man is mad! And so it seemed to us all.

'Give me five minutes to say my prayers!' quoth the Yankee—who however, instead of dropping on his knees, burst into tears, and harrangued us in somewhat the following words.

'I am an honest man, and a patriot, a democrat, and man of the people. I have fought the battles of my country, and I die a Roman hero. You are too many for me gentlemen. You are twelve hundred strong men against one, and a whole regiment of scalping savages behind you! I surrender, and am ready to die. I am a democrat; but what is one democrat among twelve hundred myridons of power? I know you'll kill me, but I don't care; all I ask of you is to do justice to my memory, to do justice before all the world'—(here his voice was almost drowned in sobs—'to bear witness that I die like a brave man—die like a patriot—the victim of despots, and the martyr of freedom!

Great was the consternation and confusion that now prevailed. The man was mad—north north-west and all around the compass—politically mad—a mad patriot: nobody doubted that. Some asked what was to be done—others would have argued the mad man out of his phrenzy—others again slipped out of the door, and all stood ready for a run.

In the meanwhile, the maniac, re-inspired by his own eloquence, or the pusillanimity of his enemies, which even a madman might perceive, lifted up his voice again, but lifted it up in defiance. 'You are the hired myrmidons of power!' he cried, 'purse-proud, rich men-tyrants that grind the faces of the poor—that live on the sweat of the poor man's labor and rob his hungry children of their food! I am a poor man and the poor man's friend. I hate you—I defy you—I call you to the reckoning. Yes!' he roared, snatching up his knife from the floor, and waiving it aloft, as if to unseen backers, 'your triumph is now over—your hour has come! I call you to the reckoning of blood! Advance men of the people, and cut their tyrannical throats!

And with that he advanced himself, flourishing his weapon against our aristocratic breasts. There was no withstanding that terrific charge—pell-mell we went, one over the other, out of the door, which we esteemed ourselves fortunate in being able to close, and thus securing ourselves from the distracted assailant.

We then made our way down to the bar-room, where we found the glum host and his haughty spouse in as great alarm and as elegant dishabille as ourselves—they, and indeed every soul in the house, having been aroused by the madman's vociferations.

What was now to be done? The unfortunate man was still raving. We could here him thumping against the door as if endeavoring to break trough, and roaring all the while, with a phrenzied cry of 'victory!'—with that savage knife in his hand, nay, with a dozen knives, perhaps, for arms and clothes were all in the hurry of the flight, left together in the room—who should attack and disarm him? Nobody showed any appetite for the enterprise, and although the ugly landlady proposed, in her ecstacy of terror, a plan that might have ended the difficulty—namely, that some of us should take her husband's gun and shoot the hedlmiate through the keyhole, (and really she did not seem to consider the shooting of a mad Yankee any very atrocious crime)—the business was ended by our sitting up all night in the bar room, in exceedingly simple costume, debating the difficulty.

The terrible din with which we had been rousted from the garret did not continue long, but was succeeded, first by a dead, portentous calm, then by a half groaning, half-snorting kind of noise, that was represented by some who had the courage once or twice slowly to creep to the garret door to listen, to the peculiar terrific, and which, indeed lasted all night long.

When the morning broke, we held another consultation; and finally growing more courageous as the day grew broader, wrought ourselves to the resolution of proceeding in a body to the traveller's room—the landlord magnanimously leading the van, armed with a broad axe, ourselves intrepidly following at his heels, some carrying such means of defence as could be gathered, and others, cart-ropes and bed-cords to tie the madman, and mine hostess, behind with the dog. We paused a moment at the door, listening to the groaning sound, which was still kept up, and then softly entered the room, where we had the satisfaction of finding the poor fellow lying very soundly and comfortably asleep in the best bed, sending from his upturned nostrils those anomalous and horrid sounds which now appeared to us the natural music of sleep. He opened his eyes, stared upon us somewhat inquiringly, yet with a look so extremely natural and lucid, that we refrained from laying hands upon him as we supposed would have been necessary.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said he, quite like a sensible person; 'a fine morning we have after the rain,—and a very fine sleep I've had, too,' he added, 'I hope you can say the same?'

'It's his lucid moment, poor devil' said the varmint; and gathering up our indispensables, we all went down to breakfast.

The Yankee was 'the observed of all observers'—as solemn, as sad, modest as ever, and to all appearance quite unconscious of his late paroxysm. We were all too prudent or too generous to remind him of it, even by a distant hint, and for the same reason, we all took care not to cross him in anything at the table. Whatever dish he looked at was immediately surrendered to him; even the ugly old landlady requested his acceptance of a tumbler of cream, she had poured out for her own use, but on which he chanced to cast his eye. And thus it happened that our gentleman, whose appetite by no means suffered from his affliction, ate the best as well as the hugest breakfast of all; after which he ordered his horse, called and paid his bill, and with every air of sanity departed.

A few minutes after, we were ourselves on the road, thundering along in our mail coach, and by-and-by we caught sight of our extra lodger on the top of a hill, at a cross road, where indeed, he seemed waiting for us as he looked back upon us frequently while he slowly mounted the hill.

'Mad again!' quoth the braying gentleman, with an air of commiseration—'poor devil!'

'Gentlemen,' said the madman, touching his hat with an air of great suavity, and giving the sweetest intonation to his sepulchral voice, 'I believe I forgot to bid you farewell—at all events I omitted to express my unbounded thanks for the uncommon kindness you all displayed in giving me, a poor Yankee pedlar, so much more room than I had any occasion for.

'Oh!' said the Tennesseans, having some doubt about the poor fellow's meaning, but willing to humor him to the best of his power—'it is our southern way; hospitality, sir—mere hospitality.

'Sir,' said the pedlar, with a grateful look, 'I shall always remember it. But I do assure you, one bed would have served my purpose just as well as a dozen.'

'No doubt, sir,' said the vamint, but the truth is, as you were a sick man—.

'Only a little affliction,' in my head,' said the stranger, touching his cracked *os frontis.*

'Yes, sir, a little affliction,' rejoined the Tennesseean, 'for which reason each man desired to give you his bed:' 'and *that,*' added the gentleman, pleased at his own ingenuity, 'is the reason why you had all the beds.'

The pedler gave us a Satanic grin, and touching his forehead again, exclaimed, after sneezing in a highly natural manner—'Remember me, gentlemen! I had an affliction here, to be sure, but—*I never lost a bed by it!*' With that he whipped up his horse, and cheering on his way with a laugh that sounded like a chuckle of a kettle drum, it was so deep and tremendous, left us to our meditations.—

'Bitten,' said the varmint, giving a sneaking look around him.

'Chouse out of a bed—humbugged, every man of us, growled the Alabamian. The Mississippian jumped on his feet, and roaring—'Bray, gentlemen, bray—we are all jackasses together! set us the example by pouring his most exquisitely donkeyish notes upon the ears of morning.

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

Franklin, in his sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal wife. A woman could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing the first piece of luxury.

"It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself.—She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for making paper, &c. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture was of the plainest sort. For instance, my breakfast for a long time was bread and milk, (no tea) and I ate it out of a two penny poringer with a spoon, but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she said she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

CIVILITY.—A son of Erin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, ventured to solicit a little aid from a person whose external apperance seemed to indicate that he could easily afford it. He was however, rudely repulsed with a 'Go to hell.' Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and meekly replied, 'God bless yer honor for yer civility, for you're the first jintleman's invited me home to his father's house since I come to the land'—*Albany Journal.*

A PLEA OF LUNACY.—'Sammy,' said a tender hearted mother to her little son, 'what on earth did you throw that kitten into the well for?'

'O, coz I was crazy.'

'Come to me, you little cherub.'

'I fear,' said a country curate to his flock, 'when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say SPECIE, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake.'

CAPTAIN JO.—During Doniphan's march from El Paso to Chihuahua, the black servants of the different officers of the regiment formed themselves into a company. There were twelve of them, of which number eleven were officers, and one high private. Jo ——, servant to Lieut. D——, was elected Captain. He was the blackest of the crowd, and sported a large blackfeather with a small black hat—also a large sabre, with an intensely bright brass hilt—which same sabre was eternally getting involved with the intricate windings of his bow legs. With Jo for captain they were a formidable body, and to hear them talk, they would work wonders. During the battle of Sacramento, however, the company were not to be seen; but after the action was over, they were espied breaking out of the wagons and joining in the pursuit. That evening one of our officers attacked Jo about his company.

'Well, Jo, I hear your men were hid behind the wagons during the fight?'

'Lieutenant, I'se berry sorry to say it am de trut! I do eberyting—I call'd on de paterism ob de men—I injoked dem by all dey hold most deah in dis world and de nex, but it was no go—dey would get on de wrong sides ob de wagons.

'But what did *you* do there?'

'I stood dar gittin' cooler, and de firing kept gittin' hotter, and at last de cannon-balls cum so ormighty fass, I thought de best ting dis nigga could do, war to git behind de wagons hesell!' [St. Louis Reveille.

KINGS IN TROUBLE.—Throughout the history of Europe there never existed similar examples of so many sovereigns threatening to resign their thrones as at the present moment. The Autocrat of Russia stands highest in political importance He is said to be suffering great mental anxiety from some unexplained cause; and, having provided the means of supporting himself liberally during life, by considerable investments in the English and French funds, under color of a great financial operation, he intends, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass ths remainder of his days. The King of the Belgians seems to be equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Lacken at Brussels, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state that he is unequal to the cares of government, and all parties seem to be at a loss to conceive what will be the upshot. Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid state that the Queen has expressed to her Ministers her resolute intention to abdicate the throne, and it was reported that a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the subject. The unhappy marriage of the Queen of Spain, brought about by French intrigue, is doubtless the cause of her Majesty's disgust of the present position; but her youth, and still more her political importance in the preservation of the balance of European politics, preclude the thought of any such serious change of dynasty in Spain. With those singular and unprecedented events hanging over the fate of Europe, it is a great happiness to mankind that the general tendency of political opinions is to maintain peace.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply:

"Not to signify—if he has, I deserved it!"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him as often."

"Nay," said the old woman with a beauty of kindness the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crossness of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side." BULWER.

FEMALE EDUCATION—MR. ROCKWELL'S ADDRESS.

A beautiful arrangement of buildings has been provided, we believe, by private enterprise, for the Young Ladies Institute at Pittsfield, Mass. A chapel, in a tasteful style of architecture, was added to these conveniences the present season, and opened on the Fourth of July. A friend has handed us the Address of the Hon, JULIUS ROCKWELL, delivered on the occasion, in which the able representative of Berkshire in Congress adopts and defends the very highest views in regard to Female education, such as can only prevail in a community, which believes the educators of the race to occupy the most responsible positions in it. Does this not seem to be so, when we regard the health and material vigor, the affections and morals, the intelligence and ambition of childhood and youth, almost as what the generation of mothers choose and are qualified to form them? A great trust is this, for which it may be said that all other labour is contrived or executed, the moral care of the perpetuation of the race. We do not wish to undervalue the Father's responsibility in the same important relation. His wisdom, tempered by experience, is the guiding power which directs the youthful mind, when furnished and trained, in its connections with the world, and urges and sustains it in its efforts and failures. This is his out-of-doors office, as it was to supply the protection and sustenance of childhood in its youth. But the responsibility of the inner home has fallen naturally to one whose affections are exercised within it, and this includes the mental, moral and physical nurture, on which depends all the subsequent developments of a refined and affectionate, but energetic and intelligent, christian and patriotic FAMILY of free men and women in the land. As an indication of the point to which publick opinion is rapidly bringing this great question in our country, we annex a selection of views from Mr. Rockwell's Address, from which we have no disposition to interpose any expressions of dissent. Here at Middlebury, the views of Mrs. Willard, first giving to the subject this high character, were originally conceived, and views like her's are still exemplified in an institution where the highest scientific attainments and the most faithful system of discipline are in requisition, to give an education as enlightened and complete as the absence of permanent funds, still, in the comparative infancy of that institution, will admit. Here also we hope an advance in publick opinion may be witnessed, to correct the discrimination hitherto made against the pecuniary interests of schools designed for the female sex, compelling them to be variable in their resources and nearly self-supporting institutions.

Says the Address:

The standard of education, which by the principles of our free institutions is set up, to be sought after, in behalf of American women, is sufficiently high: too high ever to be reached, in its political aspects. All effort must end only in an approximation towards it, and there can be no proper limit to that effort, but the exhaustion of the utmost power and means that can be be brought to sustain and carry it forward.

The exact sciences as means of intellectual discipline: the natural sciences, opening the Earth and the Heavens: history, the only substitute in our short lived existenece for experience; the practical arts, and the arts of design as well as solid and polite literature, are all within the proper scope of female education. The American women stand within the "circle of the sciences," and there is no direction in which they are forbidden to look.—Their first mother plucked the fruit of the only forbidden tree.

If the mother knows nothing of the uses of mathematical studies how can she cheer on and sympathize with her son, as his abstracted mind is laboring with the problems of Euclid and the higher mathematics, without which training his mind can never reason with perfect correctness. If she knows nothing of ancient literature, how does she know that while he is reading its pages, the dead languages may not be saturating his soul with the poison of moral death? If she knows nothing of the books of history and biography, how does she know but the elegantly bound volume which with love and hope she presents him, may not have been written with the studied purpose of holding out to his imitation the seducing examples of vice and infidelity?

If she knows nothing of the current literature of the day, she might as well encrust his cake with the sugar of lead or drug his coffee with prussic acid, as to give him indiscriminately the beautifully executed and captivating pages of modern novels and romances Her own virtuous delicacy would guard her from the perusal of the first poisonous page, but the undisciplined mind of the youth hath no such guardian angel to shake the stain from her silver wing. There are no waters of the Styx in which like the mother of Achilles, she can plunge her son to render him invulnerable, she can only educate his spirit to be its own guardian.

She must be educated in the divine science of the sacred Scriptures, or how can she know that the fountain in which she has baptized her son flows "fast by the oracles of God?"

A well educated man, of integrity and honor, in whatever situation or occupation he may be placed, is a blessing to the Republic. So also is a well educated woman. As civilization progresses, every where, the relic of barbarous and feudal ages, which gave all the paternal property to the son, is passing away; so should pass away the discrimination which gave all the education to the son, to the manifest wrong of the daughter. I believe there is progress in the minds of men in these liberal and just ideas, and rererently may I say it, God speed that progress. Let those who are limited in their means of expenditure, as most of us are, improve those means to the uttermost. We may have no dowry to follow the affections of our daughters, save the dowry of a virtuous education, and this is within our power; and any complaint which any man who is worthy of their affections can ever make, is for the want of this. Let those who are able to clothe their daughters in purple and gold reflect, whether the diamond upon the brow, properly befits a stupid and uneducated brain within. It is said of a profligate woman of other days, that she dissolved in her wine, jewels of price; let our jewels, if we have any, be dissolved in the aliment of the soul, be expended in the formation of the intellect. And when a daughter thus endowed is asked for her jewels, she will never blush for their absence, but will exhibit in their place, the talents the virtues, the moral and intellectual acquirements, which all sensible men will acknowledge, are more precious than the gems of Golconda.

When we look beyond the common school, we find no provision, by public endowment, for the higher branches of female education. It is true, an honorable exception to this, and one which indicates cheering progress in the good cause, is found in the establishment of Normal Schools in this commonwealth, whose benefits are shared by both sexes. The private liberality of wealthy patrons of education, has also, in a few honorable instances, of late taken the direction of female education, to be followed, we trust, to a greater extent hereafter. But, in general, universities and colleges, and all seminaries of learning, have been established and endowed, provided with buildings, libraries and scientific apparatus and funds to sustain lectures and professorships, solely for the education of young men. Those institutions, therefore, which propose to give any thing like the same grade of education to young women, being the fruits entirely of private enterprise, must be more rare, expensive, and of consequence, accessible to a much more limited number. In the one case, the *material* of education once provided remains, to be enjoyed by succeeding classes and generations. By the good which it accomplishes it invites and receives continued accessions from the State, or individual liberality; and for this the pupil is not taxed, or if so, to a limited extent. In the other, the whole expense of female education is thrown upon the teachers, or upon each and every class. Hence it is that so many female seminaries have failed of support; and those who have established them have either been obliged to relinquish their enterprise altogether, or so far to curtail their original full and thorough course of instruction, as to make it entirely fail of its purposes The few that maintain, against these disadvantages, a full and thorough course of instruction, are liable to the impression in the minds of those who do not well examine the subject, that the expenses of a course of female education are unreasonable; and most of their pupils, so far from completing an education corresponding to that in the reach of young men, are confined to comparatively few branches of learning and a limited time. The remedy for all this may come in due time; and does it not appear to be an object to which our influence may well be directed?

The hopes of human liberty, of permanent self government rest upon the success of our republican institutions. Are these institutions to be crushed and lost like the institutions of all free governments before them? or is the principle of free representative government to be so sustained and illustrated, that all nations shall acknowledge their influence and imitate them? Amid the clouds which from time to time gather round us, there are reasons for hope and abiding faith, that the republic may be purified, and accomplish its august mission upon the earth. Among those reasons, and by no means the least of them, is the influence of the intelligent educated women of the country. Free from the excitements of personal ambition—aloof from the heat and dust of partizan excitement, their influence may yet ensure our safety. It is not entirely a new influence in republics. But by means of full, and thorough and universal Christian Education it may be rendered infinitely more powerful than in any previous government. Patriotism, American patriotism demands, in a voice to the tones of which, the cry of the lovers of freedom in every land, and in every language, and the wild cry of the enslaved which must be heard, give tenfold volume and power, the education of American women. The powerful, effectual voice of the fathers of the Republic in the Council and in the field, was sustained by the "still small voice" of the women of the Revolutionary time. Let that voice yet speak "in words that breate and thoughts that burn," the sentiments of universal freedom.

SILVER BY THE TON.—One ton of silver bullion was stored in a St. Louis warehouse, recently. It belongs to Santa Fe Traders and is on its way to Philadelphia, to be converted into legal currency.