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MORE SIGNS.

Hon. J. W. Thomas, a Democratic Electoral candidate in Georgia, declines serving on the electoral ticket, because, as he states, he will not vote for Buchanan! And at a recent Fillmore meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, Col. J. L. Harris, a prominent Democrat, made a stirring speech, and declared himself for Fillmore and Donelson!

In the State of New York, Col. Carroll, of Rensalaer, Hon. Mr. Wadsworth, of Gennessee, Dr. Welsh, of Buffalo, and ex-Senator Derriston, old line Democrats, have abandoned Buchanan and declared for Fillmore!

And in Montgomery (Alabama) District, Dr. E. J. Bacon has declined to serve the Democracy on the Electoral ticket, because he cannot vote for Buchanan!

Of the *one hundred and seven* German papers which supported Pierce and King in 1852, *one hundred and four* of them are now out for Fremont!

The Ohio Democratic State Committee, at Columbus, has resolved to abandon the field so far as the Presidency is concerned, setting forth that there is no chance for Buchanan in Ohio!

The Brownsville Journal, a Democratic paper in West Tennessee, edited by S. L. Gannaway, has hauled down the Buchanan flag, changed its name to that of the *Vindicator*, and declared for Fillmore and Donelson!

The *Jersey City Courier*, among the first to raise the names of Fremont and Dayton, now waves to the breeze the gallant flag of Fillmore and Donelson. The end is not yet. Other papers are coming over in New Jersey.

The *Ohio Columbian* is authorized to say for Gov. Corwin, that "HE BELIEVES ALL THAT IS DESIRABLE AND PROPER MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED BY THE ELECTION OF MR. FILLMORE, AND THAT HE IS THE MAN JUST NOW WANTED TO DO EXACT JUSTICE TO BOTH NORTH AND SOUTH, AND RESTORE TRANQUILITY TO THE COUNTRY."

ACCESSION TO FILLMORE.

We find in three of our exchanges, the following notices of papers, which have just run up the Fillmore flag:

The Sumerset Union is the title of a new and spirited Fillmore paper just established at Sumerset, New Jersey.

New Laborer in the Field.—We have received the first number of the Michigan State Register, published at Ann Arbor. It is well conducted, and will be an effective laborer in the American field.

Come Along.—Come along, don't be skeered. Crowd up here, Americans, make room for the Wyandot Pioneer and Logan county Banner, two Ohio Republican papers which have run up the Fillmore and Donelson flag, and are now knocking at our doors. Crowd up!—Crowd up!

FILLMORE IN NEW YORK.

The enthusiasm now pervading the minds of the people of New York, in behalf of Mr. Fillmore far exceeds that which prevailed there in 1848, when the State was carried by Taylor and Fillmore by an immense majority. In that election, it will be remembered, three tickets were run, as is the case at present. Cass and Van Buren divided the opposition vote pretty equally between them; Van Buren beating Cass slightly.

At the next election there is every reason to believe that Fillmore will lead his strongest opponent, Fremont, at least 30,000 votes, and Buchanan from 50,000 to 60,000 votes.—*American Organ.*

THE LOCO MASS MEETING.

The great Loco jubilee over the result of the elections in this State, that was heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, came off on Wednesday last, and it was indeed a great failure. Loco politicians and wireworkers had exultingly proclaimed that there would be as many persons present as Gov. Bragg had majority in the State; and measuring the enthusiasm of the people by their own inflated notions, predicted that it would be one of the grandest affairs that ever transpired in this section of the State. The day came, and with it a "most lame and impotent conclusion" to such bragging. What with their firing of the cannon from the State arsenal and the long drawn out music from Boots's inimitable Brass Band, they did succeed in attracting a small crowd towards the Baptist Grove. Three hundred and fifty would be more than a full estimate for the number assembled, and there seemed to be but little enthusiasm except upon the speaker's stand.

Gov. Bragg opened the ball with one of his characteristically unfair speeches. Mr. Elector-at-Large, S. P. Hill followed, who was in turn followed by Thomas Loring, of Wilmington. Then came Mr. Jordan from Virginia, who was succeeded, we learn, by dinner. After dinner, we understand the smaller fry were put up to amuse the auditory.

At night, a torch light procession, headed by some ten or fifteen most miserable caricatures of transparencies, was attempted, which was about as much of a success as the *tremendous* Mass Meeting. Taking out the negroes and little boys, there could not have been at the outside, more than seventy-five in all. They marched down to see the Governor, who entertained them with a few anecdotes, when they proceeded to the houses of Messrs. Bledsoe, Cantwell, Holden, Branch and Lewis, at each of which some peculiar Loco oratory was exhibited, with the single exception of Mr. Branch's.

Take it all in all, as our Northern cotemporaries would say, it was a complete "fizzle."

The burden, as we learn, of most of the speeches, was that Mr. Fillmore stands no chance and that Mr. Buchanan was born an immaculate Democrat, and nothing but his election can save the country.

Out upon you, ye hypocrites!—*Ral. Signal.*

"What is to Become of the Whites?"—Such is the question which the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer urges very appropriately on the attention of the besotted and debauched idolaters of the Abolition dagon, who are lashing themselves into fanatical convulsions. From this article we extract a passage of some interest and value from such a source:

"Nothing is more easily demonstrated than that the North has a greater interest in the continuance of slavery in the South than the South itself. All the burden, blight and evil of slavery fall upon the South. The North quietly divides the products of the labor, washes its hands of all the sinfulness of it, and protected from all its evils and inconveniences.—Every pound of cotton raised in the South adds to the wealth of the North. Boston makes more out of each bale shipped from New Orleans than the latter city; she makes it in the freight of cotton abroad on her ships, in the supply of raw material for her manufactories, and in the articles required by the planter to produce it, which are fabricated by Northern partisans.

"No wonder the North prospers so much more than the South. She has all the benefits of slavery and none of its evils. She takes the South for her support and enrichment. Let slavery be abolished in the South, and you may reverse the relations of the two sections. The North will then have to support those whose consumption has so long burdened and weakened the South. We believe that the abolition of slavery would be a greater evil to the country, but in the division of the evil, the North would come in for the largest share."

Another Change for Fillmore.—The Trenton State Gazette, one of the most influential papers of New Jersey, and heretofore a warm advocate of Fremont, has changed hands, and runs up the Fillmore flag. Mr. Edmund Morris has sold out, and Mr. C. W. Tallas has become editor and proprietor.

Colonel Benton on Fremont.—The following letter is published in the New York papers:

WASHINGTON CITY, April, 15, 1856.

SIR: Your request for material to be used in writing a memoir of Col. Fremont has been received. I suppose it is with a view to be used in the election with which his name seems to be connected, and as I am entirely opposed to that movement, I can do nothing to promote it in any way. Respectfully yours,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

Letter from the Senior Editor.

SARATOGA, Aug. 19, 1856.

A death in the house! What a terrible contrast between gaiety, frivolity, and fashion, and death! How little impression, comparatively, the grim messenger makes upon the hundreds with whom he has come almost into contact! A Spanish lady, whose husband is reputed to be worth millions, terminated four years of suffering by consumption yesterday, and she had scarcely breathed her last before a subscription paper for "a hop" was circulated through the house. The effort was entirely unsuccessful, however,—not half a dozen names were entered. Indeed it is probable that the originators of the idea were not aware of the death; for among 700 people scattered through so extensive an establishment, even death may make his appearance without attracting the notice of some.—As soon as it was known, a very decent respect was shown, generally, to the feelings of the survivors. The usual afternoon performance by the band was omitted, and the dance in the evening was superceded by a meeting to express condolence and to offer assistance—the surviving husband being distinguished in Havana for his many acts of kindness to Americans there. With all this, however, it seems terrible to die in such a place and in the midst of such a scene. To-day, things will go on as usual. The music, and the dance, and the gay laugh, and the brilliant dress, will obliterate all memory of the sad event, the like of which must happen to all in turn.

I never saw any thing like the crowd which was in the village, and especially at this house, Union Hall, on Sunday.—Yesterday, nearly 100 left the house, and from 500 to 800 left the village. They are scarcely missed, for many have come to fill their places. There are said to be 10,000 strangers here. Probably every second house in the place is a hotel or boarding or lodging house, and they are crowded. A number of new and handsome buildings have been erected since I was here last year, and the village is evidently highly prosperous. A few months ago one of the proprietors of Union Hall sold his half interest in the house for $50,000. He has retired, for the present, with a fortune of $100,000, made at this house, in which he commenced life as Porter and his wife as chamber-maid.—No frequenter of the house for past ten or fifteen years but will be glad to know so much of the good fortune of Seymour Ainsworth, the polite and cheerful porter who brushed his boots, made his fires, and *toted* his baggage, and afterwards the efficient and liberal landlord, quite as much at home in this occupation as in the other, knowing how to keep a first rate house, and keeping such a one. He is missed in the house now.

I understand that a company has bought the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, at $700,000, and that they intend to expend $500,000 more in improvements. Such a movement, ten years ago, before the present facilities of travelling, would have been a great blow to this place; but now, with the wonderfully increased wealth and population and travelling facilities, there is room for both and for more. The White Sulphur has been kept on the starvation principle, and people who were not inclined to starve have stayed away. But with liberal arrangements and accommodations, there will be there, in less than five years, ten thousand people at a time. No one who has ever tried the waters, either there or here, will dispute their influence upon health, and no one, whose mind and body have been jaded by eleven months of mental and physical labor, will deny the refreshing effect of a few weeks' rest, of a glimpse of the thousand-hued world which at such a place, of a collision with its intellect, and even of a laugh at its follies. For one, I regret to think that the time is not far distant when Saratoga will be a foreign and probably hostile land to us of the South, and that we may no more meet with many whom I have learned to esteem here as friends—personal friends and friends of the South.

I see much to confirm my opinion that that time is not far distant. A people who have made up their minds, as I heard one express it yesterday, that there shall never be a new slave State admitted into the Union, who have the power to prevent it, and who are tired, as he said, of a constitution that required the return of fugitives, will not long be united with the South. Whether the coming Presidential election will bring about the end, I cannot say; but it will be one of the events leading to it. The contest is essentially a sectional one. Should Fremont be elected, how can the Union endure? It will be a Northern government, in which no southern man will take part. Should Buchanan be elected, the effect will scarcely be less injurious. There will be plenty of Northern men, it is true, ready to take all the offices they can get. But the election will have been effected almost exclusively by Southern votes, and the free soil feeling of the North will consequently be excited to the highest pitch.

I have information here of the most reliable and specific nature, which satisfies me that the vote of this great State is more likely to be cast for Fillmore than for either of his competitors. The system of organization of parties here is so complete, the arrangements so perfect for enrolling every voter and ascertaining his preference before an election, that politicians can speak with much more confidence than with us, of results. And from a leading Fillmore man of New York city I have learned many particular facts as to towns and counties, with which he is perfect familiar, which have brought my mind to the above conclusion, contrary to previous impressions. I will not give the particulars as related to me, but will content myself with saying that they have convinced me. The only things which militate against this conclusion are, the defection of so many prominent Whigs in other States, on the ground that they think Mr. Fillmore cannot be elected, and the fact that the South appears to have come to the same conclusion, and is therefore inclined to throw its votes, perhaps in nearly solid phalanx, for Buchanan. I am more than ever satisfied that this is bad policy. I am met here on all hands by the remark, that while the Fillmore men here are manfully battling for him, he ought not be deserted by the South, to whose constitutional rights he proved himself a fast friend. Should New York and New Jersey vote for him, as is confidently believed,—and even Massachusetts is hopeful,—and Delaware, Maryland, Georgia, Louisiana, and Kentucky, do likewise,—and North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri ought to join them—the election will be greatly relieved of its sectional aspect, and the chance of Mr. Fillmore's election be good.

I will not attempt to predict how North Carolina will vote in November. But I am altogether satisfied that Fillmore will recieve thousands of votes, if the people can be satisfied that he stands a good chance, of election, which will not be given to him if it be believed, as it generally was when I left home, that there is no hope. It is to counteract this belief that I have written the above, which I honestly believe to be the true view of things here and in the country. I know that Mr. Fillmore has a strong hold on the confidence and even the affection of the people of North Carolina, even of the more considerate and intelligent portion of the democrats; and I think that Mr. Buchanan's only claim is that of party. I believe, therefore, that many democrats would be glad to vote for Mr. Fillmore, if they could see that he could probably be elected, and that his election, and even their votes for him if not elected, would help to put down this unhappy sectional contest.

I therefore beg that the friends of Mr. Fillmore in North Carolina will stand firm; that they will vote for him, whether he can carry the State or not. Every vote given for him at the South will tell gratefully upon public feeling here, as every vote withheld from him, of those who have been his friends, will damp the ardor of the true friends of the South here.

And so we are to have an Extra Session of this Congress! Heaven preserve the country! To have two regular sessions of such a body is bad enough, and an Extra Session is too bad. The Observer will no doubt have the particulars before this will reach Fayetteville. Therefore I need not write them.

THE PATH TO SHAME—A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS ERRING SON.

Our readers, says the Chicago Tribune of the 2d inst., have already found the circumstances of the arrest of Frederick Bigg and his young accomplice, James Harold, for robbing the Chicago Post-office, and the trial and conviction of Bigg, detailed in the columns of our paper.—Soon after Harold's arrest the following letter was sent to him by his father. It is beautifully written and betrays the full depth of the shame and despair into which the family have been plunged by the errors of a loved and darling son. We hope that, should it meet the eye of any of those now upon the brink of crime, it will be to them as a voice of warning from the home circles they have left, and serve to recall them to a sense of the terrible consequences to loved ones of the crime they may have determined to commit. Scarce a year ago young Harold left a home as happy and pleasant as kindly, affectionate hearts and undying love and faith in Heaven could make it. Upon the very verge of manhood, unstained and unspotted he left it, to win for himself an honorable name in our city. To-day he fills a felon's cell, with long years of confinement with other felons before him. In the very outset of the crime he has blasted his own fair prospect in life and brought down sorrow and shame upon kind and doating parents. It were better that he had died in his infancy, ere shame had been written upon his brow, for then those parents might, as they stood by his little grave, have gazed through the mist of their tears up to that "better land." Now the only vision beyond that bitter, blinding mist, is the gloomy walls and iron gratings of a convict's home.

We ask every young man to read this letter, that his resolutions for good may be formed anew, and that he may be fully impressed with the far-reaching consequences of the wicked acts he may be tempted to commit:

———, N. Y., June 28, 1856.

MY DEAR JAMES:—The painful news of your imprisonment was received yesterday, and it has filled the minds of your mother and myself with profound grief, that you, who have had opportunities that but few could possess, even to the selection in life of any honorable station, provided you would fit yourself for it, with a home to be welcomed to, with every comfort to be desired, should, at the entrance to manhood, have disgraced your family. Where you have copied the example from is to me a mystery. For years have I been the recipient of situations of honor and trust, holding many of the prominent stations in our country, and with friends of the highest character throughout the State. Now review the picture and realities you have substituted. It appears to us a dream.

What could induce you thus to offend the laws of your country? Not want! Did I not tell you when you left home, that if you connected yourself respectably I would consign you goods, and have I not frequently asked you if by any means I could help you along?

Look, my erring son, at the words I wrote on the first page of the bible I presented you on leaving home. Alas! how true the sentiments they express.

You received introductions to respectable merchants, to one of the Chicago clergymen, (the Rev. W. A. Swallwood,) and with what entreaties did your mother and myself urge you to connect yourself with a church and Sunday school! We have just read your first letter, promising to make for yourself an honorable name, and associate with respectable persons; and can it be possible that even at that period you were associated with this man Bigg?

As I write, I reflect what a home have you lost, and where are you? In a gaol, and for stealing! The first two of your family, of which I have any record, who for hundreds of years have borne a family escutcheon without a stain! What can I do for you? Your mother, almost heart broken, cannot be left, and what could I do were I to come to Chicago? From Captain Connett's letter it seems that the proof against you is possitive. The laws of your country must be vindicated; I see no way but to let justice take its course. But in your extremity what can I recommend better than that you should tell the whole truth, and cast yourself on the mercy of the court before which you will be tried. But one consolation is left, and that is repentance and prayer to God.

We had been anticipating a surprise for you in the shape of a number of presents, articles of clothing, and on your arrival at age, next April, a sum of mony; but our fond hopes are all vanished, and until I receive advices from you or Capt. Connett, we know not how we can help you. The first Monday in July is set down for your trial. What a day it will be for your parents! Would to God, my son James, you had died in your infancy, unspotted from the world!

Your mother sends her love; yes, we both do for we have hope that this painful and afflictive circumstance, your first step in crime, will be your last. Until that is atoned for what will you and we have to suffer? I remain your afflicted and distressed,

FATHER.

EFFECT OF COLOURS UPON HEALTH.

From several years observation in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms, and occupied by females for twelve hours per day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's ray's penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted from one side only, or rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz: that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pains in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover any thing about the drainage of the premises that could effect the one room any more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was coloured with yellow ochre.

I had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the walls and ceilings whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery I extended my observation to a number of smaller rooms and garrets, and found, without exception, that the occupiers of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of the yellow or buff coloured rooms; and I succeeded in inducing the occupiers of the yellow rooms to change the colour for whitewash. I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. From these observations I would respectfully drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums, and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff, or any thing approaching to yellow, as the grand colour of the interior of their buildings.

The following are some of the things not generally appreciated about a house. 1. The benefit of thorough drainage and water supply. 2. The benefit of good heating and ventilation. 3. The benefit of proper colour.—*Cor. of the Builder.*

WOMAN'S POWER.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair—mankind adore thee!
Smile—and a world is weak before thee!"

The poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an influence which mailed warrior never could. Her strength is in her graces, her weapon is love; and her power resistless when these are combined with modest merits, and dictated by conscious duty.

In influence woman is much superior to man as affection is superior to intellect. Man represents the understanding of the universe, and woman the will; man the mind, woman the soul; man the reason, woman the heart. The power of observation and reflection are cold, useless appendages to the human being, unless warmed into exercise and attached to good objects by the feelings and sentiments of the affectnous mind. How little, in the world, do we think, judge, and know, in comparison with what we feel! Man may do mighty things in the intellectual advancement of the world; but

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite and cannot be exhausted."

Mutiny Among the Irish Democracy.

The Irish American, of New York, a Sag Nicht paper, says:

If an honest, hard working Irishman is shot down in cold blood [referring to Herbert's shooting Keating] by one of those foul things vomited forth from the ruffianism of rum holes and the stuffing of ballot boxes; and if the foul thing is to be upheld by the democratic party tho' we have always been on that side, we can go with them no longer. Strongly, emphatically, earnestly and most sincerely do we recommend Messrs. Buchanan and Breckenridge, and their friends and supporters, to repudiate the scoundrel in the most unmistakeable form, or we shall be obliged, in the exercise of a solemn duty, to advise those who believe in us either not to vote at all in the approaching Presidential election, or to cast their votes for the enemy.

An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

"Roast Beef and Ten Dollars a Day?" The battle cry of the Fremonters is soon to be settled in "roast beef and ten dollars a day." Colonel John Charles Fremont has charged the United States, in one of his accounts for expenditures whilst commanding in California, with fourteen pounds of beef per day for each man in his army! This charge, in the matter of beef, we understand will soon be forthcoming from the books of the Treasury Department. Only think of it—one man to eat fourteen pounds of beef in one day! If John Charles gets to be President, won't the soldiers of his Mariposa army have a glorious time. The old Whig war cry of "ten dollars a day and roast beef" will be thrown in the shade. But, then, it is said that John Charles charged the government with the beef and drew the money, without giving his men more than a ration or three-fourths of a pound per day! keeping the thirteen and a quarter pounds for his own use from each man! What a gormandizer he must be.

If he had two hundred men under his command, he must have had for his own use two thousand six hundred and fifty pounds of beef per day! That's a good business transaction, and is proof that John Charles is fit to be President.

Washington Sentinel.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on safely with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigour until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of life by a Physician.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

I have heard of two brothers, whose father died, leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money and make myself a rich man," said Henry, the younger brother. "I will take this money and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, who knew the multiplication table only, abandoned all thought of going to school, and began by peddling in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd, and quick to learn whatever he gave his attention to; and he gave all his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one year his five hundred dollars had become a thousand. In five years it had grown to twenty thousand; and at the age of fifty he was worth a million.

George remembered the injunction, "With thy gettings get understanding." He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighbourhood of a thriving city. After a lapse of thirty-five years the two brothers met.—It was at George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man, was George, though upward of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in the counting-roomr long after the doctor had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But this was not the worst. He was out of his element when not making money. George took him into the library and showed him a fine collection of books.—Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked upon the books with no more interest than he would have looked on so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only cried, "Pshaw!" George took him into his green-house, and talked with enthusiasm of some flowers, which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure. Henry shrugged his shoulders, and pawned, saying, "Ah, I don't care for these things." George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings.—"No, no! don't trouble yourself," said Henry, "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play on the piano; she is no ordinary performer, I assure you." "Now, don't brother, don't, if you love me," said Henry, beseechingly; "I never could endure music." "But what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a ride?" "I am afraid of a horse. But if you will drive me carefully down to your village bank, I will stop and have a chat with the president."

Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in his mind. To it he sacrificed every other good thing. When a few days afterwards he parted from his farmer brother, he laid his hand on his, and said, "George, you can just support yourself on the interest of your money, and I have got enough to buy up the whole of your town, bank and all—and yet your life has been a success, and mine a dead failure!" Sad but true words.—*Worth and Wealth.*

SPEAK EASY, FATHER.

Charles ran to his father, who was busily employed in a vexatious piece of work, and without thinking of the pressure of his father's mind, asked him what he was doing. The father more thoughtlessly, with a loud voice, which had a tone of passion, replied, "No matter; go away my son!" Charles recoiled from the excited parent, and, with faltering accents, said, "Speak easy, father;" and left his father with a tear in his eye.

How often is this rebuke needed in the domestic circle, where, emphatically, "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger!"

Not unfrequently are parents mortified and sorrowful because passionate words and deeds are displayed by children, and even in maturer life, bring them to the disgrace of the public criminal, when this development of depravity was only the fruit of seeds sown in young hearts by "grevious words."

"Speak easy, father," and mother also, and children too; for your tones of voice shall blend with the music of a sanctified soul, or the discord of a heart unstrung for ever.

A Novel Case.—Much excitement was occasioned in Richmond on Saturday by the trial of a novel character, before the Hustings Court. The defendant, Thos. A. Linton, was presented by the grand jury, at the instance of Martin M. Lipscomb, as a woman, going about dressed in man's apparel in a manner offensive to public morals. The details of the trial are not suitable for publication, though some hundreds of persons remained in the court room throughout, manifesting extreme interest in the proceedings. The accuser, Mr. Lipscomb, testified under oath that Linton was a female, a fact of which he was so positive that he was willing to stake his existence upon the truth of his assertion. Three respectable physicians, however, were introduced by the defence, and three by the Commonwealth, who all made statements which entirely disproved the charge, and Mr. Linton was acquitted.—*Richmond Whig.*

DROWNED PERSONS.

Dr. Hall, an eminent physician of London, has just given to the world the results of a series of investigations on Asphyxia, or the suspended animation resulting from immersion in water, which are interesting in the highest degree, and if in the hands of others found to be effectual, will revolutionize the entire method of treating persons drowned. He objects to the practice of seeking to restore animation by elevating the temperature of the body by hot blankets and hot applications. The suspended animation in the case of drowning arises from two distinct causes; first, a want of the air usually received in the process of respiration; and second, a retention of carbonic acid gas in the lungs, and its final permeation in the blood vessels. This permeation produces a poison capable of disorganizing the blood, and producing death from this cause alone, and is increased by heat and heated applications. Dr. Hall has pointed out one impediment to the restoration of this function, which has hitherto escaped notice. This is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe.—The first step in Dr. Hall's process is to remove this difficulty by placing the patient upon his face and breast, instead of his back, as is usually done. The body is then turned slowly upon its side, and then returned as slowly to its first position upon the breast and face. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and reinspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned. "Nothing," says Dr. Hall, "can exceed the beauty of this life, giving (if life can be given) this breathing process."—*Baltimore American.*

The Sun Flower.—Those who make a specialty of poultry—and there are every year more and more who do—should pay particular attention to growing sun flower seeds, which are said to be by far the most nutritive and fattening, as well as by far the cheapest food for poultry. Every farmer should, in fact, have some of the plants growing on his place. As an article from which to obtain oil, either for painting or burning in lamps, and as a food for fowls, it is altogether unsurpassed, partaking of the nature of animal food, to a certain extent and supplying, consequently, a most essential ingredient, especially while the fowls are confined, which renders it necessary to furnish them with animal food, to secure a profit.

Tomatoes for Stock.—It is needless to say any thing respecting tomatoes, as an article of human food, but we think they will yet be used extensively as food for stock. The proportion of solid nutriment furnished by this plant is not large, still it is not inconsiderable; and taking into account the great bulk obtained from a very small surface of ground, we have no reason to doubt the profitableness of tomatoes as food for cows, hogs, &c. A friend writes that last season he boiled a bushel a day, with a little meal and some green pumpkins and squashes, and fed five cows upon the mixture. The result was a large increase of milk, and a peculiarly rich flavor and color of the butter. A friend at our elbow says he has fed tomatoes, both cooked and raw, to his cows, and with the happiest results.

Another Recruit.—The *Templer and Watchman*, published at Ithaca, and widely circulated, has hauled down the Fremont flag, and is doing good service for the best man—Millard Fillmore.

The wild rice which is so abundant in the swamps of Minnesota, has been introduced into Connecticut, and the crop last year is said to have been excellent.

A Fast Horse.—The Milwaukie Wisconsin tells of a horse that recently died in Oregon, Ill. He was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time. He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rockford, 25 miles, was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, has been heard to say that during six years past he has ridden him upwards of 20,000 miles, and that during all this time he has never known him to stumble so as to arrest the rider's attention. He was savage, because he was formerly a wild horse on the plains af Arkansas.

The French doctors have discovered recently, by various experiments instituted by them, that ice is safer and better to use in surgical operations than chloroform. By the application of pounded ice and common salt to the diseased parts, thus causing numbness and insensibility, a surgeon lately succeeded in removing a tumor of considerable size, without any pain, and occasioning very little loss of blood. If ice can thus be substituted in the place of chloroform, in surgical operations, it will be of great value in saving patients from the risks involved in the use of the latter.

Vain glory blossom but never bears.