

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the Ruins."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 17, 1855.

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W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

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W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors,
ARTHEUR SIMKINS, Editor.

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Select Poetry.

NEVER SOLD AND FREED.

If wicked ones surround thee here,
And spend their days in sin,
But watch thyself with greater care,
And guard thy heart within.
But should they see against thee lead,
And seem against thee set,
Resist at once the sinful deed,
But never sold and freed.

The vile, envenomed tongue of foe,
May seek to blast thy life,
To lead and leave thee lost in woes,
And never ending strife;
But still the upward way pursue,
And check thy vain regrets,
Thy trust in Heaven's hand renew,
But never sold and freed.

Thy earthly foes will fade away,
And all thy
Thy future
Thy skies may
And then, be
Yet promptly
But never

Thy bosom fri
And worst of traitors prove,
But let not anger, neither pride,
Thy cooler reason move.
Thyself against his wiles secure,
And be more watchful yet,
The wrong with fortitude endure,
But never sold and freed.

This maxim holds good everywhere,
And nature proves it true,
That morals but increase their care,
Who fretting stop to view.
The cunning spider proves his rhymes:
He calmly builds his net,
And 'till he's destroyed one dozen times,
He does not sold and freed.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.
Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Where the voice and cheek are fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed he, saying Holy One
Thine and not my will be done.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

The funeral services were ended, and as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped off wet cheeks, and long drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choked sobs, as the "mourner" prepared to "take leave of the corpse."

It was an old man that lay there, robed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks, and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and all the more willing to lie down and rest where weariness is no longer suffered, and infirmities are no longer a burden.

The aged have but few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss, have gone to the grave before them; harps that would have sighed and harmonies, are shattered and gone. And the few who remain are looking cradleward, rather than grave-ward—to life's opening, rather than to its closing goal; are bound to, and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing.

Youth and beauty have many admirers while living, have many mourners when dying. Many tearful eyes bend over their coffin-lid, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train. But age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small. Two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for, and to be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends, who had seen and visited him while sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear, except his old wife. And of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart mourner. It is respectful for friends to look for a few minutes, till the service is performed, and the corpse is out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children who have outgrown the fervency and affections of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says "farewell," and lies down to quiet slumber. Some regrets, some recollections of the past, some transitory grief, and the pang is over. Not always so. But often, how little true, genuine heart-sorrow there is!

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her farewell. Through the fall falling tears, she gazed long and fondly down into that pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the

A FRENCHWOMAN AT HOME.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—
For servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes and perform such culinary feats as our great ranging grills of coal fires have no conception of—she sits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of most ordinary description. She mixes up the milk and eggs that make the foundation of the soup à l'oeufs, if it be meagre day. This sort of soup is a great favorite in economical households, and is vaunted as being the highest refinement for the blood—indeed, one of the most refreshing things you can take, next to a bouquet of lime flowers. She mixes the salad—oil, salt and pepper, are all she puts into it; she fries the potato chips, or peeps into the pot of haricots, or sees that the spinach is clean and the asparagus properly boiled. And then she turns to the plat saucier, or sweet dish, if she have one for dinner—the riz au rûm, or the omelette à la néige, or the omelette à la vanille, simple enough and cheap, and not unwillingly rejected if properly made. In fact, our friend does the work of a head cook, the servant doing the dirty work. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant and agreeable in society, and a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The manner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pans—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be cheapest, and in the ripest season. But she is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmards in private life is incorrect. They spend little on eating, and eat their interior things, though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. As a home, the French are very economical, and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is very cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No Frenchwoman will spend a shilling to have herself troubled. She would rather work like a dry-house to buy an extra yard of ribbon for a new pair of gloves than lie on the sofa all day in the world in placid ease, with crumpled gauds of bare hands.

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.

Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic in water two or three times, when a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a

specimen of fruit, particularly care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Hence, when in the act of rebellion, and fixing the feeling beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—Country Gentleman.

DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR.

During the Irish reign of terror in 1800, a circumstance which, in the days of Sparta, would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown—no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into principles that influenced her; suffice it that in common with most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped her knees, while her eyes, with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable, but taken advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed: "My child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall be poised in your veins." He was executed; the pride of her soul enabled her to behold his death without a tear; she returned to her home—the support of her declining years has given way, and the opening of the day that saw her lonely and childless, left her at rest forever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.—MacKenzie's Gazette.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

As an indication of the extravagance which has prevailed in this country for some time past, an importing house in New York has written a letter to one of the papers in that city, stating that the amount of duties paid for French artificial flowers, for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, was almost double the amount of duties paid on railroad iron.—New Orleans Bulletin.

COMMENT.—We have noticed, some time past, an ungallant disposition among our contemporaries to throw much, if not the whole, blame of the present hard times upon the poor women. Shame upon you, gentlemen! No doubt the sex have done their share to bring about the present disastrous state of the financial affairs, but what we protest against is the conclusion that they are the cause of all our troubles. It is true that hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of fine furniture, have been bought at the instance of the ladies (and we have no doubt the men have had a share in this same matter of extravagance, every liege lord wishing to see his lady appear to the best advantage); but what are these in comparison with the magnificent systems of extravagance, tonitrology and vice to which the men have been addicted of late years? How many fine slaws, dresses, and carriages could be bought by the seven hundred and twelve thousand, one hundred and sixty-one dollars spent chiefly by the men of this country, upon such unproductive labor as the songs of a Swedish madamette?

What is the extravagance of woman compared with the almost countless millions that are annually gulped down the throats of the sterner sex in the form of whiskey, brandy, and champagne—or with the vast sums that find their exit in smoke from cigars at a dinner apiece of the no less important annually expended for the privilege of defacing the hearts, floors and sidewalks by the chieftains of tobacco? We might extend the list of luxurious vices, almost ad infinitum, but taking these items alone, how stands the account, and upon whose shoulders rests the guilt of thriftlessness and prodigality?

We know, plain, without farms, who keep horses enough to pull them to feed, cloth, and educate half a dozen children at no greater expense than their mere feeding. A landlady of a neighboring city recently told us that she took in at his liquor bar, the year before, sixteen thousand dollars, the profits alone being sufficient to pay his entire rent, and to give six shillings towards burying old Drisler, the shoemaker.

SOME of our exchanges mention the fact of a "Know-Nothing" having been turned out of the society of which he was a member, for drinking an Irish whiskey punch with a German silver spoon in it.

There is an old lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the midwinter, she dries their feet by the fire to keep them from catching cold.

EXTRAVAGANCE people are never generous. The man who pays fifteen dollars for a vest, would think he's being "robbed" should you ever call upon him to give six shillings towards burying old Drisler, the shoemaker.

The age rages so in some parts of Iowa, that the people are obliged to sleep with corn cobs in their mouths, to keep from shaking their teeth out.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE A YOUNG MAN.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.
You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.
Always speak and act as in the presence of God.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any kind of game.
Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.
Earn your money before you spend it.
Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.
If you can possibly avoid it, be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is worth money in your eyes.
Always go to meeting when you possibly can.
Read some portion of the Bible every day.
Often think of death, and your accountability to God.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week, Saturday night.

EFFEKT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition.—To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our friend sought the culprit, and

conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was stripped to a table, and, at a preconcerted signal, four or five veils were gently pried with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak and the conversation of the doctors in an undertone, confirmed him in this opinion.
"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."
"Hush!" said the other, then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"
"Twenty-four," he saw already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."
The physicians then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the patient that, although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.—N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO ON FLORIDA SOIL.

We have often heard it remarked that Florida is the best poor man's country in the world, and facts would seem to support the proposition. Mr. Bartolo Masters, Jr., of this county, residing near Moccasin Branch, 15 miles from the city, has given us a statement of his crop, made this past season without assistance, and solely by his own labor. We put it down with the value as follows:
450 gallons syrup, at 50 cents per gallon, \$225
4 barrels sugar, 800 lbs. at 6 cents, - 48
3000 cans of 2 cents, - - - 60
\$333

This the produce of one acre of cane. In addition to this, he raised 150 bushels of corn, and 200 bushels of sweet potatoes, the value of which we put down at \$450 more; making in round number the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars as the result of his season's labor, of which nothing of the sumless comforts arising out of poultry, milk, &c., which are unconsidered trifles.

The land upon which this crop was raised is high pine land, "cow pened," and the soil with which the cane was grown, is a common wooded one of rude manufacture. With such facts before them, let no one complain of the hardness of times. A little industry, energy and perseverance will make every man rich if he chooses to be.—St. Augustine Ancient City.

WHEAT CROP—SALES OF PROPERTY.

The sale of January passed off as usual, attended by a large crowd, a heavy consumption of the "temper," a few marked cases of drunkenness, but no open or decided breach of public order.

We saw a number of our planters. Some were complaining of the bad stand of their wheat, while others flattered themselves, the slight rains had very perceptibly improved their prospects. The remarkable dry weather has undoubtedly been unpropitious to the grain crop. We hope, however, that the rather favorable weather we have had, will more than overbalance whatever injury it may have sustained. There were ten negroes sold by the Commissioner in Equity, (two small children and one woman about 38 or 40.) They were disposed of on a credit of five years, and averaged \$896 a head.

Land sold passably well, but not at as high rates as we expected. One tract of 1000 Cook land brought \$1675, the latter located near Alston.

All of the Hutchinson Land was sold, averaging \$10 per acre.

The Thos Land was sold for \$11 per acre, and other lands for about the same price.

Winnick's Register.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The news by the Atlantic brings a more exciting party into the field of conflict,—to wit: the British Parliament. The Queen's speech breathes nothing but war; and by the same Congress may thence take a hint of the vanity of all projects of pacification and mediation. The great and proud nations that are now measuring weapons, will submit to no less an umpire than Deity the issue of their strife. As yet they have felt only the irritation and exasperation of war. Their strength is unimpaired, and their animosities increased. The reverse will come in due time. Taxes will waste the resources, and alternate victory and disaster will dull the sense of vanity, and then even the British lion and the French eagle will drop their tails and come to reason.

But the session of Parliament, even its inception, has shown that the sets of Government are to be subjected to an unsparring criticism. Earl Derby's comments on the Queen's speech are a model of polite, and yet pitiless opposition which may be looked on as the program of the session. They support the war, but they convict the Government of having blundered into it, and of perpetual blundering since they got into it. The expedition to the Baltic, which commenced with such loud boasts, and ended with such lean performance, and the invasion of the Crimea, which was first, to quote Sebastopol by a bold stroke, and now threatens to destroy the invaders by a slow degree, are of course the leading topics of censure. They are, however, enough to supply arrows for the Parliamentary warfare of the whole winter, and if the Ministry sustain themselves, it will be by exhibiting more vigor in peace than they have shown in war.

Another point of weakness in the present Government, is the Austrian alliance, and the terms of the recent treaty. The speech from the throne carefully erases any declaration of the purpose of this treaty; Lord Derby calls in question its advantages; and Lord John Russell admits that it is not such as was desired. It is probably only another step in the diplomacy of Austria, to gain all possible advantages from the present war, without incurring any of its dangers or responsibilities.

The present Ministry stand on very slippery ground, and although they are adroit and experienced in sliding, the times are so grave, and so little in accord with the entertainments of mere political dexterity, that if there were a prospect of substituting for them an able and consistent body of statesmen, they would probably be voted out of office by general consent. But the appalling inquiry, of who are to take their places, will be a very serious and probably effectual check upon the general sense of their incompetency, and the Earl of Aberdeen will not be able to say, "I have no objection."

Mr. Giddings understood Mr. Sillers to say that the Know-Nothing will leave slavery when they found it. Will they restore freedom to Kansas?

Mr. Sillers. I will never take the construction of the gentlemen from Ohio on constitutional law. [Laughter.]

Mr. Giddings. Then you back out.

Mr. Sillers. I do not, but I most cheerfully retire from such a contest. [Laughter.] I should not think of entering into a contest, God forgive me, with a pregnant woman. [Renewed laughter.] There is a party pledged to preserve the Union, and will do it at all hazards.

Mr. Giddings said he was sincere in asking the question of the gentleman from Maryland, but the gentleman showed the white feather and backed out. He was deserting on the name of a Know-Nothing or say nothing. [Laughter.]

The people of the United States have the right to know the principles of the party. Publicity is for the express purpose of preventing people from being deceived and misled. He, (Mr. Giddings,) however, was a friend of the Know-Nothing. He had consulted his friends, and liked them as long as they acted with him. [Laughter.]

Mr. Sillers, alluding to Mr. Sillers, remarks about secession and abolitionism, said, as to nullification, it had been illustrated and explained by the great intellects of his own State—Calhoun, McDuffie, Hayne, Preston, and all other great men—who swept in a convulsion of splendor over the sky of South Carolina.—We, he said, fought the battle openly. The nullification party of 1832 sought no subterranean mode to ferment in, and no Calhoun was there to force nullification on the principles of the right. I was a member of the secession party of 1850. The sons of that State are ready to give their blood when their country demands it. But if in peace the Government strike our liberties, by Heaven I'll strike back. I only owe allegiance to my State, and through my State to the General Government. When anything personal is said I shall answer by a monosyllable. (Sensation.)

Mr. Letcher imagined that not five men in the House had thought of the pending bill since the discussion commenced. It was to relieve purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands. He confined himself to the subject, and finally the bill was amended and passed.

CONGRESS.

A very animated debate on Know-Nothingism occurred in the House of Representatives on Thursday, pending the consideration of the bill to relieve purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands. Mr. Sillers, in the course of his reply to Mr. Keitt, of S. C., said: As Mr. Berry and Mr. Keitt had told the House what the Know-Nothing will do, he would tell what they would not do: they would not dissolve the Union, but will uphold it as the sheet anchor of republican safety. Another thing—they will not say an appropriation for rivers and harbors is constitutional when the former pass through three States but unconstitutional when passing through only one.—(Laughter.) They do not intend to permit Southern nullifiers to assert the doctrine of secession, after submitting to the supreme court of the United States for decisions regarding the constitutionality of important questions. They do not intend to quibble about the interpretation of the constitution like a prude, and violate it like a prostitute.

Mr. Keitt. I have a single question to ask. Mr. Sillers. I expected to be interrupted. Mr. Keitt. Do you mean to be personal.—(Sensation.)

Mr. Sillers. I was talking about South Carolina and disclaiming any such thing. He then proceeded further to defend Know-Nothingism; and, as to secession, said the democrats ought not to complain, as they last night held a caucus, or secret meeting, to regulate the great traffic question.

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THE EXECUTION OF VICKERS.—In accordance with the terms of the sentence, the extreme penalty of the law was executed in our town on Friday the 29th ult., upon James Vickers, convicted for the murder of William Dobson. He was attended to the gallows by the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Creighton, and after engaging in the customary devotional exercises and expressing his readiness to abide the justice of the law, calmly met his unhappy fate. The feeling of morbid curiosity, which is a part of our nature, brought together a number of persons to witness the execution; but we were glad to see that the crowd was unusually small and without an exception demeaned themselves with a propriety in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Above all, we were pleased to find, but little of that sickly sentiment which, in sympathy with the mistortunes of the criminal, would bring in question the justice of the law which condemned him to death. Let it be remembered that this sanction has been ordained by a wisdom superior to that of man, and that the criminal but pays the righteous forfeit of his crime.

The brother, Newton Vickers, whose sentence was commuted by His Excellency Governor Manning will remain in prison until next November.—Yorkville Enquirer.

YELLOW FEVER.

Dr. E. H. Barton, who was placed at the head of a sanitary commission by the City Council of New Orleans to investigate the cause of the epidemics which have lately prevailed in that city, with a view to guard against their recurrence, has concluded his research, and the results are comprised in a volume of five hundred pages. The New Orleans Bee says:

"Let it never be forgotten that the conclusion reached by Dr. Barton is, that 'yellow fever is an evil, remediable and extinguishable by human agency.' Having demonstrated this important truth, the author of the report sets forth in detail the various measures to be employed for the gradual but certain banishment of the epidemic. They are of course hygienic in their character, and comprise many suggestions heretofore offered, with some others peculiar, we believe, to the writer. The theory that yellow fever is the inevitable sequel to a marked disturbance of the soil of the country, is one which we do not remember ever to have seen advanced before, and we must admit that the analogies cited by Dr. Barton, and the illustrations and arguments used by him in support of his views, seem to us to bear the impress of truth."

COOKING FOOD FOR ANIMALS.—Raw food is not in condition to be approximated to the tenure of animal life. The experiment, often tried, has proved that 18 or 19 lbs of cooked corn is equal to 50 lbs of raw corn for hog-feed. Mr. Mason, of New Jersey proved that pork fed with raw grain cost 12c a pound, and that from cooked food 4c. Cooked cornstarks are as soft and almost as nutritious as green stalks. It is an improvement that hogs fattened fast at about half the expense upon cooked food in a warm stable that others can out doors fed upon raw food. I would not cook food for horses. Carrots are valuable for horses, because they assist food to gelatinize. For oxen, 30 quarts of corn meal boiled in 60 gallons of water and poured over cut corn stalks, make excellent feed. It is well known that hogs fattened fast that follow cattle fed with whole corn. In all stables a great deal more food than we can afford to lose passes off undigested and goes into the manure pile. It is poor economy to feed hogs or horned cattle on any kind of raw grain. All coarse feed should be chopped, and corn-stalks, in particular, are increased in value very much by steaming.

Professor Mapes.

THERE is a distillery in Albany, New York, which daily converts 400 bushels of Indian corn into whiskey, whose business amounts to \$200,000 per annum. Another, which does a business of some \$350,000 or \$400,000 per annum, while the manufacture is said to be worth to that city \$1,000,000 annually. But recently the

questionary by the United States navy, which closed its navigation by the most impetuous of diplomatic barriers, will be annihilated forever. International relations on the Black Sea will be reconstituted on a new compact, and this most important body of water will be brought again within the pale of the civilized world.

POPULATION OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer says, "From all that we have seen and heard relative to the number of persons who have settled in Minnesota the past season, we should judge that not less than twenty five thousand actual settlers have pitched their tents with us since the opening of navigation. They have not settled in any one particular locality, but dispersed themselves all over the territory. Next season the number will be much increased."

THE FIRES AND CASUALTIES OF 1854.—During the last year, there were forty fires in the United States where the loss exceeded \$100,000, or upwards. The entire loss of property by fires during that period is estimated at \$15,000,000. During the same period, 600 persons were killed by steamboat and about 200 by railroad accidents.

TO restore a drowned mister to consciousness—whisper in his ear that "stocks have gone up." This was tried in Paris, with the happiest effect. A money broker was restored to life by it, after lying in the water over three weeks.

PATENTS.—Since the first of January 1854, as we learn from the report of the Secretary of the Interior, there have been issued upwards of six hundred patents, and, within the year, the number will reach nine hundred, which will be about double the number issued during the last year. The arrangement by which this result has been produced was judicious, and has proved satisfactory to all parties interested.—Washington Sentinel.

JUST SO.—The Boston Mail flatly contradicts the report that the Pacific Ocean is to be enlarged for the purpose of accommodating the growing commerce of California.

Every school-boy knows that a kite would not fly until it has a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a stronger and higher flight than the old bachelor, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always foundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

IGNORANCE is an expensive luxury. The want of a little gumption costs many a life of comfort, convenience and similar fine things. Mr. Short don't know but everybody is as honest as other folks, and so gets taken in every time he goes out. Miss Sims, too, has a universal confidence in everything and everybody, and pays for the privilege by being a universal victim.

On a late excursion upon the Mississippi, a gentleman in the wash-room said to the captain of the boat:
"Can't you give me a clean towel, captain?"
"No," said the captain, "more than fifty passengers have used the towel there, and you are the first one there's said a word about it."

A Texas exchange says that the earth is so kind in that state, that "just tickle her with a hoe, and she will laugh with a harvest."

A convict in the Ohio Penitentiary recently cut off his fingers to avoid being set to work.

RESPECT.—We understand that Peter Connell has been respited. He was condemned in Spartanburg for the murder of his father-in-law, but has been respited on account of his feeble state of health.

Miss Smith says she will never marry a widower with a family, and for this reason she is down on second-hand children. Susceptible girl that.

The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great reverse for virtue.