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[From the New York Dispatch.]

CHURCH-YARD MUSINGS.

BY ELLERY ALBEE.

I oft love to walk alone
Within the church-yard's way,
When Sol, descending in the west,
Proclaims the close of day;
And wild birds sing their plaintive songs
Upon the grave-yard wall,
And o'er the stone that marked the graves,
The evening shadows fall.

I love to muse beside the mounds
Where lie the slumbering dead,
And o'er their lowly graves, at times,
Fond mem'ry's tear to shed:
When visions of the past come up
Anon before my mind,
When we in youth together went,
The joys of life to find.

I love to muse where I must lie
As cold and low as they,
And that perhaps in morn of life,
Ere dawns another day;
Where friendly steps ere long will fall
Above my lowly bed,
And tears of grief upon my grave
By mourning friends be shed.

I love to view the ground where I
Ere long in death must lie—
Where now are sleeping youthful friends,
Once strong and gay as I—
But who from earth called away
Ere life was scarce begun,
Who ere the dreams of youth were past,
Had found life's labors done.

For the Easton Gazette.

Thanksgiving Day Musings.

I love Thanksgiving Day for the memories it brings with it. Do tell me, if you can, what has become of those old days, and why dont they make them so now? JANUARY AND JUNE.

Miserable They!

Who here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long, night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. THE "WINTER."

THANKSGIVING DAY—What associations cluster around it! In my college days a long, long, time ago, (for I am now an old man) it was a day of itself, standing out from the ordinary divisions of time distinct and alone, rivalling in its attractions even the sacred old season of Xmas. I have mingled in the home-festivities, the glorious family reunions, of that Anniversary, to which all New England, from infancy to gray hairs, through the various gradations of boyhood and manhood, looks with fond and proud anticipation. On that day the scattered family was once more gathered around the paternal board, under the moss-grown, ancestral, roof. No matter how distant may have been the wanderings of the stripling in search of fortune or adventure, a magnetic power brought him back irresistably to the old homestead. The maturer son, with brow furrowed over by life's cares, locked up his Warehouse in the distant city and returned with yearning emotions to the fondly remembered scenes of childhood. Here all cares were wont to be forgotten in the quiet enjoyments of home. As the hours flew on eyes grew brighter, hearts lighter and happier, and life for once at least put on its holyday attire. In the presence of the collected household

"The sire turn'd o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible once his Father's pride"

While old memories were thronging thick and fast the heart of the thoughtful Mother.

But I can only give a passing glance to those dear old gatherings now fading from the cities and the hills, and sigh for a return of the days spent by the cheerful firesides of Northern homes. I have been telling of Thanksgiving Day as it was in New England in my college years. It is different now—even there. The civil authority designates the day, and it is kept more as an observance of law, than a dear old time-honored usage, intended, as a matter of course, to call into full exercise all the genial impulses of man's better nature.

Let me not forget, however, that I am on the South side of Mason and Dixon's line and within the precious boundaries of the ancient commonwealth of Maryland. The sanctuary services over and dinner with its usual Thanksgiving accompaniments discussed after the most orthodox fashion, I stole from the garrulous circle around the dining room grate, unobserved, into my office—shut the door against intruders—wheeled the old library chair in front of my McGreggor, whose gothic windows reddened with the glowing anthracite within, and became soon abandoned to silent and fitting thoughts upon the day. Every thing favored meditation. The genial warmth of my carpetted and book-supplied sanctum—the pervading hush—and in truth the more than usually contemplative brow of the bronzed Webster whose bust towered in full view above one reflection.

For what end had the Executive of the State segregated this portion of time from the year to be observed by all classes and ages as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer? How pregnant the answer! The year 1856, was soon to pass away. The fruits of the husbandman had been garnered and comfortable provision made against the severities of the approaching winter. How much was there to recall of the goodness of Providence in the months and seasons gone! The balmy zephyrs, the rills, the flowers, the budding forests of Spring, how fresh in the recollection! The Summer months passed in review. The calm, holy, mornings, the long, shadowy, evenings, when the villagers clustered at the doors and windows, and the rippling of infant tongues and the pattering of infant feet were heard on every side walk. And Autumn, too, with its rustling foliage, its melancholy gales, its gorgeous Indian Summer, glory! All these have come and gone, with more of blessing than of sorrow. The pale face of Disease—the spectre of Poverty—the gaunt figure of Famine, have not haunted our homes, or lingered in our pathways. Healthy blood courses in these veins. Basket and store overflow. And if at times the marble face of some lost one whose hands are folded under the sod, comes up before the mental vision, filling the natural eye with tears, tis but for an instant—the drops are soon wiped away, when with swelling hearts we turn to gaze upon the bright, cheerful, faces of those who are left. The great heart of the Nation, too—should it not be moved to gratitude? Our country has passed through another quadrennial struggle. It is over.—The pulse of the Union beats calmly, and the prognostics of croaking politicians have been rebuked. Thanks for

——"the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation!"

Impressed with the kind gifts of which I in common with others, have been the recipients, how natural to think of those whose lives are marked by infinitely greater privations than attach to my own, and yet have great cause to thank God for blessings vouchsafed even in indigence and sore trial. What reason to be grateful for the blessed air of Heaven, for the pure, outgushing water of the spring, for the sunlight and the starlight, for innumerable gifts in the natural world, of which even poverty fails to deprive the destitute. And when the storms of winter beat pitilessly upon crazy wayside homes, and fires are quenched on lonely hearth-stones, and the hunger pain is gnawing at the breasts of sire and son, of mother and child, how may the tearful eye be lifted in gratitude to Him who, amid his earthly sojourneyings, declared—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Kindred subjects, in endless variety, started up before me, among which were the thousand objects of suffering of which the world of pleasure take little heed, and whose sad conditions should serve to enhance our own sense of thankfulness for the peculiar mercies by which we are surrounded. The felon in his cell—the invalid on his hospital couch—the sailor on the broad sea—the wanderer of the desert—the explorer struggling against severities of climate and impending starvation—if all these have reason to be thankful, how vast the obligations of others!

The Steamer had but a few days before brought me a package of recent books from Waters among which were the handsome volumes of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. I had perused them with an interest which flagged not for a single moment. The literary polish—the religious sentiment pervading its pages—the thrilling adventure—the patient, manly, endurance—these had invested the book with a profounder charm than belongs even to works of fictitious romance. I thought long and anxiously of the gallant band of explorers locked in the far Northern ice-seas, through two long dreary Arctic nights. Every scene so vividly portrayed by the pen of their chief, indelibly impressed on the mind's retina, arose before me one after another with awful distinctness: and while I mused the November sun sank, twi-light became merged into firelight, and still I mused and dreamed, dreamed and mused, until I became at last, a part of that toiling, suffering, yet gallant crew of the Advance. Ye who complain amid your luxuries call to mind the thousand deaths endured by the poor wretches here described, and blush at your own ungratefulness.

May, 1853!—A lovely morning dawns upon the wharves and shipping of N. York. I see the strong Hermaphodite brig at her fastenings in that centre of American civilization, destined to leave in an hour for the dreary region of ice and tempest, on whose endless wilds no ray of the arts, learning, or religion, had ever dawned. The noble band of seventeen, flushed with health and hope, are already on her decks. The cables loosened, she drops down the tide towards the narrows, escorted by gallant steamers with fluttering flags and pennants, and cheered by salutes and farewell shouts from the shores of home. She has faded on the waters—shut out from the world of men, of life, of energy—to return again?—Let us see.

Two years pass away—rapidly to the world of industry and change left behind—slowly, anxiously, painfully to the explorers. Then comes the contrast to the May-picture. It is August. Oh! that first hallooo heard over the waves under the shadow of Karkamoot! That first christian voice, save their own, for years—may we not say centuries?—of suffering!

"Listen, Petersen! ears, men!—"What is it?"—and he listened quietly at first, and then trembling, said, in a half whisper, "Dannemarkers!"

Again a little further on—

"Kasarsuak, the Snow top of Sanderson's Hope, shows itself above the mists, and we hear the yelling of the dogs. Petersen had been foreman of the settlement, and he called my attention, with a sort of pride, to the tolling of the workmen's bell. It is six o'clock. We are nearing the end of our trials.

The noble steamer sent to search for the absent is in sight. The contrast deepens.

"Presently we were along side. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt. "Is that Dr. Kane?" and with the "Yes!" that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

At the foot of this last page is very appropriately represented an engraving of the "FAITH," the noblest relic of that little squadron, which was all the careworn weather-beaten explorers brought home from the scenes of their labors and trials. The precious old barque is lying, while I write, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard—rough, patched and seaworn—but oh! where is the same amount of timber in all the world's marine invested with more touching associations?

A noble book this truly, for which Dr. Kane has the unwritten thanks of thousands who have pored, with eyes not always dry, over these sad yet hopeful pages.—From Fiskernaes, on the outward voyage, to Godhavn, on the return, what a life of trial, and risk, and suffering, was experienced by that little crew of seventeen men! Who can forget the camp on the floe-ices, and the return at twilight of the sledge party of seven who were sent out many days before into the interior, about whom the most serious apprehensions had been entertained? They are invisible in the darkness, but on they come towards the tent singing, and Kane is thus able to count their voices, one by one, and to know they are all safe. What a meeting of the separated, who are all the world to each other, in that lifeless wild! John Blake is breathless and can't blow his signal horn—instead the camp party give them "the good old Saxon greeting—three cheers." What if Bonsall is minus a part of his foot—McGary has frost-bitten fingers and is "worn down to a mere shadow of his former rotundity"—all these things are forgotten in the general joy, and although the whole party have suffered in their feet, "like good fellows they postpone limping till they reach the ship."

But the darkness is insidiously advancing, that long rayless night, of dreary months duration.

"Lanterns are always on the spar-deck, and the lard-lamps never extinguished below. The stars of the sixth magnitude shine out at noon-day."

A few pages further we find the following entry:

"December 15, Thursday—we have lost the last vestige of our mid-day twilight. We cannot see print, and hardly paper: the fingers cannot be counted a foot from the eyes. Noonday and midnight are alike, and except a vague glimmer on the sky that seems to define the hill outlines to the South, we have nothing to tell us that this Arctic world of ours has a Sun. In one week more we shall reach the midnight of the year."

We have an engraving, as the winter deepens, of the in-door cabin life. The stove occupies the centre of the apartment—three are at a table engaged at chess—another is sewing up the rips in his old weatherbeaten coat. There is an air of cheerfulness in the picture—but what says the record?

—— "there is a lack of comfort which it does not tell of. Our fuel is limited to three basket fulls of coal a day, and our mean temperature outside is 40° below Zero; 46° below as I write. London Brown Stout, and somebody's Old Brown Sherry, freeze in the Cabin lockers; and the earlines overhead are hung with tuls of chopped ice, to make water for our daily drink. Our lamps cannot be persuaded to burn salt lard; our oil is exhausted; and we work by muddy tapers of cork and cotton floated in saucers. We have not a pound of fresh meat, and only a barrel of potatoes left."

March comes back, but no abatement of the winter. On the 15th the thermometer stands at 46° 65'. Think of this ye who shiver at Zero in this favored latitude!—Another depot party has been planned, and only awaits a diminution of the intense cold to commence operations. On the 20th March they proceed. After a while Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen, return to the Brig, swollen, haggard and almost speechless. What a sad story they tell! Their companions had been left in the ice.

"Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted."

With the thermometer at 46° 78' the rescue party set out. Poor Ohlsen who had been strapped on the "Little Willie," "his legs wrapped in dog skins and eider down" as a guide, became mentally disordered—"lost the bearing of the ice-bergs," and no land marks were visible over the vast fields of snow and ice stretching before and around. At length a sledge track is found—then foot traces, and at last the flag fluttering from a hummock revealed, after an unbroken march of 20 hours, the camp of the lost and disabled. How touching the discovery!

"The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent-curtains, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wishes that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!" "

After wrapping up the sick ones with all possible care and tenderness, the whole party start on the return—the thermometer at 55° below Zero! And now follows a picture of severe exposure and suffering which beggars description. All the sensations of freezing, even to the lethargic slumber, are experienced. Delirium supervenes—and yet by some strange instinct they reach the Brig. The rescue party had been out 72 hours at the temperature described. No wonder Mr. Ohlsen suffered from strabismus and blindness for some time—that two others underwent amputations of the feet—and that two died in spite of all effort. On the 8th of April Baker dies of Lockjaw—How simple and touching the account which follows of his funeral:

"We placed him the next day in his coffin, and forming a rude but beautiful procession, bore him over the broken ice and up the steep side of the ice-foot to Butler Island; then, passing along the snow-level to Fern Rock, and, climbing the slope of the Observatory, we deposited his corpse upon the pedestal, which had served to support our transit instrument and theodolite. We read the service for the burial of the dead, sprinkling over him snow for dust, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; and then icing up again the opening in the walls we had made to admit the coffin, left him in his snowy house."

There is something sublimely beautiful and solemn in the utterance of our holy Church-service for the dead in that voiceless and lifeless solitude of the frozen North. The great words of consoling hope fell upon that wintry air for the first time from christian lips, and though but few gathered around to listen never was there a more serious and appreciative group. The loss of one who had shared the perils of that little band brought fearfully home the sad bereavment, as well as their own probable destiny; while, at the same time, the confidence of each bosom became strengthened in the protecting power of Him who was tangibly present in that silent, tenantless, world of ice and frost, and whose ear seemed especially accessible to the prayers of the poor wandering exiles from home and country. May 22d comes and Shubert, the joyous-hearted wit of the crew, the genial companion and close friend, is gone! Noble fellow, even in the last hours of sickness cheering and encouraging others, we will drop a tear to thy memory! Another funeral—but not so many to walk in procession!—The coffin is deposited by the side of Baker's. A chapter from John, and the sprinkling of snow, end the sorrowful ceremonial.

Broken by scurvy, destitute of fresh food and fuel, another horrible winter of darkness and disease is to be contemplated. The Brig is inextricably locked in by ice, and, in spite of all the efforts at escape another winter in this dreary region is inevitable—A signal Beacon is determined on, under which is to be buried documents giving intelligence of their proceedings and fate, should others ever seek them in that inhospitable clime.

"A conspicuous spot was selected upon a cliff looking out upon the icy desert, and on a broad face of rock the words

ADVANCE,
A. D., 1853–54.

Were painted in letters which could be read at a distance. A pyramid of heavy stone, perched above it, was marked with the Christian Symbol of the cross. It was not without a holier sentiment than that of mere utility that I placed under this the coffins of our two poor comrades. It was our beacon and their gravestone."

Scurvy increases rapidly as the winter advances, and, the few who are up, are out at the risk of life to procure, if possible, a supply of fresh meat, the grand remedy for the poor wretches who are down with disease. Look at the health list:

"Henry Brooks: unable any longer to go on deck: We carry him with difficulty from his birth to a cushioned locker.

"McGary: less helpless; but off duty, and saturated with articular scurvy.

Wm. Wilson in bed. Severe purpuric blotches, and nodes in limbs. Cannot move.

"George Riley; abed; limbs less stiff, gums better, unable to do duty.

"Thomas Hickey, (our cook,) cannot keep his legs many days more; already swelled and blistered.

"William Morton; down with a frozen heel; the bone exfoliating.

"Dr. Hayes; prostrate with amputated toes, &c."

At length the working force is so greatly reduced, that an additional sick one will leave them without the means of supplying fuel, and, therefore, without fire. The parting with the old Ship in which they have been domiciliated so long, and which was hopelessly shut in by ice, is quite affecting.

"The entire ship's company was collected in our dismantled winter-chamber to take part in the ceremonial. It was Sunday. Our moss walls had been torn down, and the wood that supported them burned. Our beds were off at the boats.—The galley was unfurnished and cold. Every thing about the little den of refuge was desolate."

We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then all standing intently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame and cased it in an India-rubber scroll &c., &c."

Then came the reading of the reports of inspection and survey, a speech from the Commander, in which he does not fail to recall to their minds the necessity of confidence on that Unseen Power which had been with them in so many perils, and the old Brig is reluctantly abandoned. Later, however, it becomes necessary for two or three to return to the old hulk again.

"Godfrey came on with the dogs three days after, to carry back the fruits of our labor; but an abrupt change of the weather gave us a howling gale outside, and we were all of us storm stayed. It was Sunday, and probably the last time that two or three would be gathered together in our dreary cabin. So I took a Bible from one of the bunks, and we went through the old times service. It was my closing act of official duty among my ship mates on board the poor little craft. I visited her afterward, but none of them were with me."

After a time another is added to the catalogue of the dead. Ohlsen, brave and well-tried, is sewed up in his own blanket, and committed to the gorge on the east of Pekieutlik!

But why go on? The book is crowded with sad stories of endurance, disease, and death, to be remembered by all who read it. As the reader closes the volume the question of *cui bono*, in connection with these fatal Northern enterprises, will obtrude itself. What is to be gained by this trial of physical strength, and courage, and hope—this wreck of health, this sacrifice of home comfort and life? From the day *Sir Hugh Willoughby was sent out by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north east passage down to the period when our own Kane left the shores of Godhavn, after two long years of suffering and peril on the same fruitless errand, what great object has been accomplished? We shall not pause to discuss the question here. Sufficient on this blessed Thanksgiving Day, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, we have this recent narrative of human privation and trial to remind us of our own blessings, and to teach us the lesson of thankfulness to God which we are so apt to neglect, for that state of life in which he has seen fit to place us." ION.

* Thompson in his "Winter" thus alludes to the fate of this Nobleman, the first, I believe, of the Northern Explorers:

"In these fell regions, in Arzinia caught,
And to the stormy deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

A NEW EXCITEMENT IN PROSPECT—BURNING THE DEAD.—An eminent New York physician has, according to the Buffalo Republic, written an elaborate work in favor of the practice of burning the dead, which is to be published after his own death. By his will, he directs his mortal remains to be kept for five days in a warm room; the thorax then to be opened and the heart extracted, which is to be embalmed and enclosed in a thick vellum bag, strongly impregnated with asphaltum; the remainder of his body is to be publicly burned on a pyre of sassafras or sandal wood, in one of the public cemeteries, the ashes carefully gathered and deposited with the embalmed heart in a bronze urn. Five copies of the leading daily city papers, containing an account of the whole proceedings, are likewise directed to be deposited in the urn, which is then to be hermetically sealed, and taken to the New York Museum.

In the midst of the excitement created by these proceedings, the work is to be published. For its circulation $10,000 are appropriated, $10,000 more for distribution among the city officials and leading politicians of all parties, who are to receive from $25 to $100 each for assisting in the ceremony; and $10,000 more to the editorial fraternity, to be divided *pro rate* according to their influence. Should anything occur to prevent the due execution of the will, the bulk of his property is to be at once transferred to a charitable institution in Philadelphia. The Republic has these facts from the attorney who drew up the will. He estimates the property at $200,000.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE CHINESE SUGAR PLANT.

The cultivatien of the *Sorghum*, or Chinese sugar plant, has thus far proved so decidedly successful in this country, not only in the South, where it seems to have been demonstrated that two Crops or cuttings of sugar-bearing stalks can be obtained in one season from the same roots of that year's planting, but even so far north as Minnesota, where it is testified that good syrup was made in 1856, from stalks hardly a hundred days from the seed, that we are impelled to urge upon our farmers and gardners the importance of early attention to the procuring of seed and planting for the season just before us. Let us all grow the seed this year, so that it can never more be so scarce that speculators may run it up to an exorbitant price. A great deal remains to be settled with regard to this plant, especially the best mode of converting its saccharine properties into crystalized sugar; and it is highly probable that better varieties of it will ultimately be discovered, at least for certain localities, than that now current in this country. For the present, however, it is advisable to continue and extend the cultivation of that which is accessible, and thus test the effect of acclimation on the character of the plant and the sweetness of its juices. We suspect that for Louisiana, Florida and Texas, the Sorghum of Southern Africa will ultimately be found preferable to that obtained from France by our Patent Office, and from China by France. If it prove true that this plant, or certain vareties of it, can be grown from year to year in semi-tropical latitudes from the same root, as the cane is grown in the West Indies, and that two or more crops of sugar yielding stalks may be cut from that root each season, then there can be little doubt that our Southern States are destined still to lead the North in the production of sugar. For the present, however, it suffices that the Sorghum may be grown wherever Indian corn will usually ripen—that its abundant juice makes a very pleasant syrup or molasses, to which it is easily reduced by boiling away four-fifths of it in the ordinary mode of sugar-making from the sap of the maple—and that the leaves and stalks, whether green or dry, of the Sorghum make an admirable fodder for cattle, horses or hogs, while the seeds are eaten with avidity by fowls also, to justify the general interest evinced in its cultivation. We propose, therefore, to condense into the smallest space some practical directions to the prospective cultivator—as follows:

1. *Seed.*—If there be a seed-store within your reach, your easiest way is to send and buy what seed you want. In planting to raise seed (the first year's object,) a pound will suffice for an acre, and this ought not cost more than a dollar. But beware of impostors and swindlers, for bushels of broom-corn and kindred seeds will be palmed off as that of the Sorghum. Where you cannot readily obtain seed in this way, write to your members of Congress asking him to send you a paper, and he will generally be able to do so. If not, the Secretary of your State Agricultural Society may be able to supply you.

2. *Planting.*—Choose a warm, mellow soil, such as you would confidently expect to grow at least fifty bushels of Indian corn to the arce. Plough early, plough deep and thoroughly. Plant as early as you could venture to plant corn. If you have a hot-bed, start a little seed in one corner of it. If you plant considerably, put in your seed at different times—say, in this latitude, one quarter each on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of May, and 1st of June respectively. Plant (for seed) in hills, six seeds to the hill, and at distance of four feet each way. Try some five feet apart east and west (so as to let in the sun between the rows,) and some in drills—say four and five feet apart east and west, with the seeds six inches apart in the drill, and thin the plants to one foot apart. If you have seed in abundance, sow a little in drills but two feet apart, the seeds in the drill but two or three inches apart. Cover lightly, as the seed rots if covered deeply. Keep the hens at a distance, or it will come up too soon.

3. *Tillage.*—The Sorghum comes up looking very puny—much like broom-corn or barn-grass. If you set a blockhead to weed it, he will probably pull it up and report that it never germinated. Cultivate like Indian corn—only faithfully. If suckers start, a majority say pinch them or pull them off—that is, in growing for seed. This need not be done in growing for sugar.

4. *Harvesting.*—Whenever the seed shall be hard and black, cut off the upper part of the stalks, say three feet long, and hang them up like broom-corn, in a dry chamber, suspended from the ceiling, so as to be out of the way of rats, &c. Now cut up your stalks, pull off the leaves, and satisfy yourself that all manner of stock will eat them; cut up a few of the stalks as you would cornstalks, and try a like experiment with them; and put the rest of the stalks through any kind of a crushing mill that may be handy—a cider-mill would be better than nothing—catch the juice and instantly warm it over a slow fire in a large kettle, skimming off the scum so long as any shall rise. Then boil the juice about four fifths away, as if it were maple sap. Use a little lime or lime-water to neutralize the phosphoric acid, which otherwise will give a slightly acid bitt not unpleasant taste to the syrup. Save some syrup *without* thus neutralizing the acid, as you may like it better that way. Don't waste the scum, but throw it to the pigs, where it will make at least excellent manure. Feed the pumice or crushed stalks to your cattle; and, having thus cleared the ground, be ready to plant or sow extensively next spring.

5. *Fodder.*—We estimate that, whenever seed shall be sufficently abundant, any rich, warm land will produce a third more fodder per acre if sown with Sorghum than if sown with Indian Corn, and that the Sorghum is at least twenty-five per cent. more nutritious than the corn. But all that can be effected this year is to grow a good supply of seed, and prove that this plant is valuable both for syrup and fodder. Next year will be soon enough for most cultivators to think of sowing for fodder or grinding for sugar.

One word of caution to experimenters: Don't run the thing into the ground. The Sorghum will prove a valuable addition to our crops, if we don't render it odious by some multicaulis foolery. But wheat, Indian corn and clover are not going out of fashion for some years yet.—*New York, Tribune.*

DARING ATTEMPT TO MURDER A MAN AND HIS WIFE.—The Troy (N. Y.) Times, has a long account of an attempt made by a Frenchman, named Christine, to murder Mr. Fowler, a farmer, and his wife. Christine's behaviour had alarmed Mrs. Fowler, and she urged her husband to lock the room door on going to bed.

Mr. Fowler laughed at her fears and went to bed, leaving the door unlocked. Occupying the same bed with Mr. Fowler and his wife was a little child which is just beginning to teeth, and on that account is very restless. On the night in question he was peculiarly so, his wailings keeping the couple awake until along in the small hours of the morning. About four o'clock, as Fowler judges, his wife complained that she had no sleep, and in order to give her an opportunity to obtain rest, Mr. F. changed positions with her and took charge of the infant. Being very weary, he almost immediately fell into a light sleep; meanwhile, the child had become quiet, and fell asleep also.

No more than ten minutes, as Mr. Fowler thinks, had elapsed after this transaction, before he was awakened by hearing a dull, heavy blow at his side, followed by a deep groan from his wife, and an exclamation, "Oh Abram, somebody has killed me."—He partly rose up, confused at being thus strangely awakened, and as he did so, he heard the sound of another blow, followed by deep groans. Thoroughly aroused and startled by this occurrence he sprang from the bed. The room was entirely dark, and he heard no sound, save the moaning of his wife, and a slight rustling in one corner of the bed room, opposite where he stood.—Dropping his head upon his breast, and holding his hands wide spread before him, he moved forward carefully. As he did so, his right hand came in contact with a person standing beside the bed. In an instant, the expressed fear of his wife; that John would come back and murder them flashed upon his mind, and he sprang forward to grapple with the assailant.

A desperate struggle ensued, the parties being nerved on the one side by fear, on the other by desparation and resoluteness of purpose. Both were strong men; but the result of the grapple for life proved Mr. Fowler superior to his antagonist. Grasping him tightly by the throat, with one arm about his waist, Mr. F. forced Christine back into the corner. The door opened from the pressure upon it, and both parties fell, struggling, upon the floor of the other room,—John meanwhile dealing Mr. Fowler about twenty very heavy body blows.

At this juncture, Mrs. Fowler, who really appeared to be a very brave woman, had recovered from the effects of the stunning blows inflicted upon her, and rising, proceeded to the assassin, still fighting vigorously, caught her hand between his teeth and tore out a piece of the fleshy portion. The wound when we saw it this morning, bore the appearance of being highly inflamed, as if inflicted by a rabid dog. However, after a protracted resistance, the assailant was overpowered. The children having been alarmed, a light was procured, which left no doubt of Christine's identity. A little boy was despatched to the yard, to obtain a chain and rope, with which he was securely bound. The instrument with which the blows were inflicted was a heavy wood axe belonging to Mr. Fowler. It was found lying on the floor of the bed room immediately after the occurrence, Christine having dropped it there when he grappled with Mr. F.

The wound inflicted by the first blow upon Mrs. Fowler's breast was followed by another, evidently aimed at her husband, but it struck wild of the mark, falling upon her shoulders. This is accounted for by the fact that the room was very dark, and the assassin had nothing to show him where to direct his blows.

A PERPETUAL GOVERNOR.—It seems that owing to the blundering of the last legislature of Mississippi, that State has a perpetual Governor. The Natchez Free Trader, of Tuesday last, says:

"In his late message to the legislature on this subject, which we publish this morning, Governor McRae says that he is governor for life. We should have no objection to his being governor of Mississipi for many years to come: but the organic law of the State provides that the governor shall be elected every two years. But it seems that the hotch work of the legislature of 1854, in submitting change to the constitution, having managed to make the term of governor-ship perpetual, and no one can tell when the official term of the judges and members of the legislature will expire.

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