

Molly now determined on a coup de main. Accordingly he reloaded the cannon with double the ordinary quota and then discharged it. A terrific crash succeeded. Molly was thrown into the air several feet, and fell to the ground with violence. Three British soldiers were killed, and an officer of high rank was apparently mortally wounded. Many who stood by were thrown down and general confusion prevailed. This last discharge had broken the cannon into fragments!

For a few moments Molly was insensible, but she soon rallied and rose with a steady eye. The soldiers loudly applauded her, notwithstanding which she immediately withdrew to her home, followed by two soldiers with the body of her husband.

On the following morning, Molly was surprised by a visit from Generals Washington, Wayne and Lafayette—who had witnessed her brave conduct at the battle ground. Molly remained her self-command.

"Our army, madam, being about to leave Monmouth, we took this early opportunity to express to you our entire approval of your action yesterday," said Gen. Washington.

"Sir," replied Molly, "I only wish to serve my country; the death of my husband made me almost frantic."

"You merit a coat of arms like our Joan of Arc," observed Lafayette; "her's contained two golden lilies and a sword pointing upward bearing a crown."

"I should prefer eagles in place of the lilies," said Molly.

"You shall have an epaulettes for your coat of arms," said Gen. Washington, rising in his accustomed dignity of manner; "I here confer upon you the rank of captain, as a testimonial of my regard for your service."

The other Generals rose, and crossing their arms upon their breasts, beheld the scene with a smile of gratification.

"Many thanks, General," said Molly, the tears rushing to her eyes; "but would that my husband had been spared to have this honor instead of myself."

"I trust you will come to a glorious end," remarked Lafayette, "unlike the Maid of Orleans, who was burned at the stake."

"I have come to that already," returned Molly; "I have been taken prisoner by the Indians, and confined to a tree, where I should have been burned alive had not he who afterward was my husband nobly offered his life for mine."

"Brave madam!" exclaimed Lafayette; "before we leave permit me to salute you after the custom of my country, when we should honor noble ladies like yourself."

A blush suddenly overspread Molly's cheek as the chivalrous General, imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A few calm, earnest words, like a benediction, Gen. Washington added to Molly, and the distinguished visitors took their departure.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers, who had partially witnessed this scene; "you're now really captain! This is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of in all my life!"

Retrospective.

Once, having little else to do, I took my school-mates full in view, And many that were in my class, With eyes were ever downward cast. They seemed to think, by tumbling o'er The dust and pebbles, as of yore, A mythic treasure might be found Hid nath some spot within the ground. Next seemed a class whose lofty look Bespoke their language like a book; I'm rising, rising, high and fast— Think not that I with you am classed; I have a stool on which to stand— My father's banker of the land; But ere his words were hardly done, The stool legs fell beneath the son. The ones that most attracted me, Were those that happy seemed to be; They had one object full in view, With mind and might they strove to do; Their eyes were ever upward turned, For they had this great lesson learned— That he who'd rise from low estate Must labor hard to become great. Mexico, Sept. 6.

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING—He that is too good for advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.

Death is the only master who takes his servants without a character.

When pride and poverty marry, their children are want and crime.

He that borrows binds himself with his neighbor's rope.

Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.

The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.

Content is the mother of good digestion.

Folly and pride walk side by side.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

I have known a good old man, who when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offence, was wont to say within himself, "He fell to day to the ground."



A Few Words to Husbands.

Are the "Hints to Wives," which of late seem to form one of the staples of literary commerce, if not taken, to be succeeded by an imperative movement of the foot? If so, I, for one, shall stand on the defensive (Bridget hand me the broom). Not but I could appreciate, and would appropriate to myself, said hints, at least those which apply to me, were they not such one-sided affairs; but I think the swelling chorus now arranged so expressly for male voices, would better subserve the laws of harmony if the base masculine, with a noteworthy corresponding change in their tenor, would rest at some of the bars, and invite a feminine solo.

Mr. Smith, who is locking over my shoulder (I wonder if he has forgotten the sharp reproof he administered to John Smith, jun., only this morning, for a similar, to use his own expression, act of impoliteness. Precept is one thing, example another), maliciously remarks that my brain must have become a sort of central depot, judging from that long train of brilliant ideas which just issued therefrom, and now assuming a patronizing tone and bearing, proceeds with, "Try a solo yourself, love. We will all rest, *jeu, sleep*—*vea*, if you like, while you chant the grievances of your married sisters." Marital sisters indeed! Just mark the cool significance. I of course have no grievances. Well, I won't discuss that point, for I dare say my faults are as numerous and grave as are his; and our little differences are adjusted immediately as they occur. The one who talks the loudest and gesticulates the most fiercely is, by mutual consent, acknowledged in the right, and domestic quiet immediately supervenes.

But seriously, gentlemen, unless you can make out a clear case of *willful* extravagance, premeditated, nervous attacks, a predilection for untidiness, and a studied disregard for your social and physical well being, do treat us with a little more consideration. Don't "wonder" so often "what on earth has become of that five pound package of sugar." To be sure it disappeared in a hurry, but so did that pie and cake, of which you expressed yourself so fond that you could not resist the temptation to help yourselves to a second piece at each meal, to say nothing of an occasional bountiful lunch of the same. That's where the sugar goes. Don't explain away to your satisfaction every complaint we make, of headache or fatigue, by informing us that it is nothing but nervous fancy or ill humor; unless, indeed, you judge us by yourselves; for you know you are scarce ever free from headache, and, as for fatigue, you can hardly recall the sensations of its opposite, so long have you been strangers to them.

Don't read us a long lecture on our lack of order, and close the exercise by abruptly taking your hats and departing without giving us an opportunity to speak. We might, perhaps, have called your attention to a fact overlooked by you, which would have had an important bearing on the subject, indicating the gender of the offending articles, "so confusedly strewn about"—coat, hats, boots, bag-jack, account books, Tribune, chess men, rife, razor, &c., are masculine gender, are they not?

Ab, Haman, don't frown if the supper is not on the table at precisely five to night. I might refer you to many times when you have kept me waiting. Don't scold if I forget to sew up that rent in your coat, or neglect to replace the missing button; or Lin turn may be provoked into reminding you of many things which you have forgotten, or neglected, which were equally necessary to our comfort.

Just remember, gentlemen, that we are *wives* not menials. We are willing to practice self denial; we will not shrink from necessary toil; we will cheerfully accept poverty at your hands, if you have manfully struggled to avert it; if all others forsake, we will cling the closer. In sickness our presence and care shall never fail you. But we wish to be appreciated; we want you to concede some individual rights; we want you at least to seem to feel perfect confidence in our disposition and ability to manage our various, important, and by nature, instituted offices and I'll warrant you shall not report your trembling trust misplaced. Mrs. JOHN SMITH.

Palermo, Sept. 6.

Frost.

The remark is frequently made that "there will be no frost to night, for it is too cloudy." This phenomenon is familiar to all, but the why and the whereof of which few have taken the trouble of thinking for themselves, for the purpose of ascertaining. All bodies emit heat in proportion as they cool. Two bodies of equal temperature placed side each other will mutually give and receive equal quanti-

ties of heat, therefore one will not gain of the other. But a piece of ice placed in a warm room will receive much more heat from the surrounding objects than it imparts: it will therefore gain in temperature and melt. The earth during the day receives much more heat from the sun than it imparts to the surrounding space in the same time: but during a clear night the surface of the earth is constantly parting with its heat, and receives none; the consequence is, that it becomes so cold that the humidity contained in the surrounding air becomes condensed, and attaches itself to objects in the form of dew, in the same manner that a tumbler or pitcher containing cold water "sweats," as it is called, in a hot day; the surface is cooled by the water, and this surface condenses the humidity of the contiguous air.—If the surface of the earth, after the formation of dew, loses heat enough to bring it to the freezing point, the dew becomes frozen and we have a frost. But if it be cloudy, then the heat radiating from the earth will be received by the clouds, and by them the greater portion of it will be returned to the earth; thus the surface of the earth very nearly retains its temperature, which not only prevents a frost, but almost always prevents the formation of dew.

Sept. 1861. PRATTVILLE. P. S. Prattville "Critic" criticise.

The Great Joint Stock Company of North America.

The trustees of this company declared on the 17th of July, 1776, that "all men are entitled by the great Creator of the universe to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and at a subsequent period they added a written instrument, called a Constitution, confirming the above declaration, in which they say:—We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States."

The dividends of this great company, unlike the dividends of other companies that divide the profits yearly or monthly, as the case may be, are made hourly, by day and night, the stock-holders all sharing equally, according to the above programme, to wit: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Reader, had such a co-partnership ever been formed before? Never. The names of those trustees should be written in letters of gold, and handed down to posterity, as commemorating a great event. A new era then dawned upon our race—equal rights for all; only think of it! A great step in advance of any thing which had been promulgated to the world. Foreigners looked on with wonder and admiration; a new existence was opened to their view, and they flocked to our shores by millions to participate in the heavenly boon. Alas! need it be told that, after the experience of between 70 and 80 years of unbounded prosperity and happiness, there are restless spirits among us, whose motto is—rule or ruin; in a word, need all the stock-holders be called upon to put their shoulders to the wheel and help put this wicked and mad rebellion down? Need we quote from the old Greek proverb, that "whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad?" We know that a majority of the stock holders are ready to contribute everything they possess on earth to maintain the original stock of the company in its prime and purity. SPECTATOR.

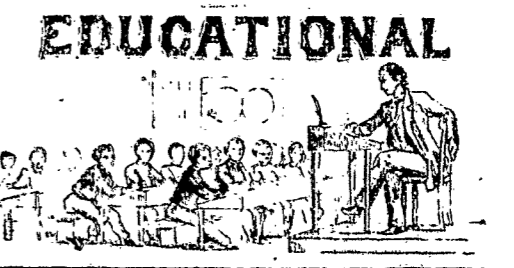
Prattville, Sept. 6, 1861.

Lawyers.

It is a vulgar prejudice that lawyers, and other professional men, live an easy life, compared with other people. It seems a very pleasing thing in freezing weather, to sit in a warm office, and peddle out one's opinions at a stiff price, or pocket five and ten dollar bills for scratching a few words with a pen—compared with grappling in the frosty air with the stubborn realities of physical toil. But they who have tried both ways of getting a living, know that there is little to choose between them.—When a lawyer gets fifty dollars or more for arguing a case, few think of the many years of intense labor, which he has spent in preparation for his profession, during which he reaped no fruit of his exertions. The London correspondent of the New York Tribune, speaking of this subject, has the following remarks, which show that in England a lawyer still less than in this country, trades the "primrose path of dalliance."

A judge looks very grand upon the bench, but few who envy him his full-bottomed wig and robes, know what his previous life has been. In his youth he had had more than bread and cheese, the probability is he would never have been a great lawyer; and as to his pleasures, they were in all likelihood limited to the distraction of going once a year to the theatre at half price, and taking a walk around Lincoln's Inn Fields, or in the Temple Gardens before dinner, and in one of the parks on Sunday. With these pleasures, and a few more, he was

good luck, he perhaps got his first brief when he was about five and thirty, and began to make money at fifty; after which he accumulated a pretty good fortune, then married, and now in his old age is worried to death by whiskered sons who are in the guards, or idlers about town, and quite ready to spend any amount that their father may yield on being well squeezed. What future lawyers may be, under the modern systems of learning made easy, it is not safe to say; formerly, they "worked like horses and lived like hermits." Lord Thurlow's advice to a rich young student was, "spend your own fortune, then marry and spend your wife's, then shut yourself up and read hard, and you may do."



Physical Culture in Schools.

It is a physiological fact, that excessive mental action fearfully deteriorates physical strength and power. The mental faculties and muscular system have a mutual sympathy one for the other. If the brain is overtasked by close application, it calls to its support the vital assimilation—elements of the nervous and muscular systems—and the close student becomes a "walking anatomy," cadaverous, unsocial, unattractive and selfish. True culture exists only when the physical, intellectual and moral powers are developed in harmony.

Our educational system amply provides for all but physical culture. Since the intellectual and moral powers greatly depend on the vitality and activity of the physical, why is the latter so stupidly neglected? But the schools in America have incorporated into their course of culture any fundamental, impulsive drills, in the attainment of true excellence. Plato said, "Excess of bodily exercise may render us wild and unmanageable, but excess of arts, science and music makes us laddled and effeminate.—Only the right combination makes the soul wise and manly."

A bright omen for future education is the establishment of a Hygienic and Gymnastic Chair in Amherst College. Harvard is moving in the same direction. The Boston Board of Education have just created a Department of Physical Training. Others will soon follow.—Higher physical organization, more permanent and uniform health, with its natural increase of energy and power, and consequent steady and uniform progress in education, will be the happy result.

Teachers and pupils need daily and continued athletic exercise; exhilarating, invigorating games, exciting muscular activity, dashing the "purple current of life" to the brain, conveying a freshness and elasticity to the jaded mind. No system is so well adapted to the school-room as the Swedish Movement as developed and taught by Dr. Lewis, of Boston. None other combines so much joyful mental activity with the physical, and can be so well practiced by both sexes, and simultaneously. No other system can so thoroughly discipline and secure the attention and active co-operation of so many as this.

Why will not the educators of Oswego county wake up to a sense of the great utility of this truly essential branch of education?—Now is the time for action. If you will but take some effective action on the subject at your coming Teacher's Institute you will have "led the van" of the Empire State.

Prattville, Sept. 1861. TUTOR.

Education.

Education is an art or science which, despite the great improvements that have been made in it in modern times, is yet but in its infancy. The experience of almost every day teaches us how much the success of any one system of education depends upon the character and resolution of the instructor. A Dr. Arnold can work wonders with means that prove utterly inadequate with weaker spirits. We agree with Prof. Pillans, that in almost every case where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play; seldom less delighted, pay of the most, with the well directed exercises of their mental faculties, than with that of their recreative pastime. It is, however, so very seldom that young people are as happy in school as at play that we are forced to believe that they are rarely seldom taught as they ought to be. We look, however, as a change not less desirable than noticeable, the desire, which is now so general among teachers, to make the acquisition of knowledge itself an object of pleasure, and to conform their plans and methods to the juvenile opinion, when reason is not yet fully

Prattville, Sept. 1861. Critic.