

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of man's life
But a brief span, or a shadowed stride;
Where sickness to his senses presents
The combat of the elements?
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?
It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outrives in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.
It is a flower which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose,
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking and varied sleep;
Then shrinks into the earth's mould,
Where its first being was enfold.
It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is mingled in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanishes quite away.
It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night,
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all obscuring earth has laid
His body in perpetual shade.
It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
This world the stage, the prologue teases,
The act vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with love of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

MORE SWEET THAN ODORS.

More sweet than odors which at morn
Are wafted thro' the sky,
Some charity's pure incense borne
Fragrant earth to Him on high.
It can the woes of others cure,
And bring his own reward,
For what we give unto the poor,
We lend unto the Lord.
When God looks from his throne above,
No sight his eye can see,
So pleasing as the deed of love,
Which leads man more to me.
And angels when they dwell secure,
Those deeds with joy recall,
For what we give unto the poor,
We lend unto the Lord.

A Rich Letter.

FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

To Uncle Joshua Downing, Post Master at
Downington, down East, in the State of Maine.

At anchor in the Schooner, Two Pollies,
At anchor in the State of Maine, Jan. 31, '56.

DEAR UNCLE JOSHUA: I have just got back from Washington, where I have been for the last fortnight watching the old ship of State lay in a sort of three-cornered gale of wind. This gale struck her the third of December, and threw her all a-buck, and the gale holds on yet tight as ever, and there she's been layin now seven weeks, head to the wind, rollin and pitchin, and hasn't gained ahead a rod. I have seen rough times in the Two Pollies, and long gales of wind, and hurricanes, and whirlpools, and all sorts of weather, but this is the first time I've seen a craft lay in again a three-cornered gale for 2 months upon a stretch, in a choppy sea, worse than the Gulf Stream in a thunder-storm. But don't you be frightened, Uncle Joshua; she won't go down, but will live thro' it, and go on her voyage by and by right. Our old ship of State is a staunch craft; she is built of the very best stuff and put together in the strongest manner, and there isn't a spar nor a plank nor a timber-head in her but what is as sound as a nut.—She's the best ship in the world, and the Two Pollies is next. So you needn't be afeard that any sea will ever swamp her; and if ever she should be in danger of a running ashore or on the breakers by the squabbles and foolin of her officers, she's got a crew that will take care of her.

You know Uncle, I've been sitin round Cuba and up the Gulf a good while, tryin to carry out the plans of our Congress at Ostend and Ax-le-Shappel, to take Cuba because our country couldn't get along without it; and self-preservation, you know, is the first law of nature. We had got through the job long ago, if our Cabinet hadn't backed out about it. I never exactly understood the home difficulty; but I am sure there was some hard a shuffling somewhere. We was all right aboard; but the backin and fillin in the Home Department was what bothered us, and pretty likely has upset the business. First, the Home Department told us to go ahead and fix up our Ostend matter the best way we could. But as soon as I and Mr. Buckanan and Mr. Sooley, and the rest of us in the Foreign Government, had got things well under way, and was about ready to take Cuba, the Home Department turned right round and fit agin us, tooth and nail. As I said afore, I couldn't account for this home difficulty and the sudden turn-about of the Home Department, unless they was afeard we should get the most credit of takin Cuba; and may be I, or Mr. Buckanan, or Mr. Sooley, or Mr. Mason, or Mr.

Sickles, or Mr. Sanders, might get to be President by it. But such a thought never entered my head, and I can pledge myself the same for all the rest. We was to work entirely for the country's good and a nothin else. And for the Home Department to get jealous of us and turn agin us in that way was cruel and unkind. It so grieves me every time I think of it; for I think like the good Dr. Watts, where he says,

How pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren and friends agree.

I sent despatches to General Pierce about it more than three months ago, but never got any answer. And finally I got tired a holdin on out there alone, and hearin all the time that the Home Department kept stopping all the reinforcements from coming out to help me; so I up helm and headed the Two Pollies for Downingville.—When we got along in the latitude of New York that terrible 5th of January storm overtook us, and we just made out to weather the gale and get inside of Sandy Hook and come to anchor. The pilots come aboard and treated us very kind.

Then New York pilots are clever fellows. They brought us lots of newspapers, from which I learnt what had been goin on for two months past. When they see the Downingville mella was aboard, and Sargeant Joel at the head of 'em, dressed up in his uniform, one of the pilots took me one side and whispered to me that he would advise me as a friend not to go up to New York, for if we did the Two Pollies was a gone goose.

"How so?" says I; "what do you mean?"
"I mean," says he, "that Mr. McKean, the District Attorney, will nab her in less than no time, and condemn her for a filibuster vessel, and you'll all be put in prison and tried for violatin the neutrality law."
"Let him do it," says I, "if he dares.—We are at work for the Government. Our cruise has all been under the direction and advice of Congress."

gress wasn't in session when the Two Pollies sailed for the West India station; how then, could you be under the direction of Congress?

"I mean the Ostend Congress," says I, "and it makes no difference which, one's as good as 'tother."
"Well," says he, "you'll find it makes no difference which when you get up to New York. The District Attorney is death on every vessel that has the least smell of gunpowder, or has anything on board that bears any likeness to a musket. He has a master keen scent for gunpowder; he often smells it aboard vessels where there's not a bit nor grain, and it all turns out to be only bilge water."

"If that's the case," says I, "I'll leave the Two Pollies at anchor here, and I'll be off to Washington to see how the land lays."
So I called up Capt. Jumper, the sailin-master, and told him to keep things snug and tight while I was gone, and I told Sargeant Joel to take good care of the men, and I'd try if possible to be back in a fortnight.

When I got to Washington I thought I would just run in a few minutes and see how Congress was getting along first. I had let my beard grow pretty long, and I was dressed so different from what I used to that I didn't feel afeard of any body's knowin me; so I went right into the Representatives' chamber and took a seat in the gallery. Business seemed to be going on brisk and lively. A man was standing up in front and reading off in a loud voice, Banks 105, Richardson 78, Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 4. Then I went out and went into the Senate. But there business seemed to be very dull. I couldn't find out as anything was doing. Some were readin the newspapers, and some was talking a little, and some was setting as calm and quiet as so many bears in their winter den with nothin to do but suck their paws. I soon got tired of this, and went back into the House again. I had just got seated in the gallery when the man in front got up and read off agin, Banks 105, Richardson 78, Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 4.

I turned round and whispered to a man who sat next to me, and says I, "That's just the same tune they had when I was in here half an hour ago."

"Exactly," says he; "they don't play but one tune, and that hasn't no variations."

"Well, what upon airth are they doing?" says I.

"Oh, they are choosing a Speaker," says he.

It might take 'em pretty near from July to eternity."

"If that's the case," says I, "I'll clear out for I can't wait so long as that." So I hurried out and made tracks straight for the White House. I rung to the door, and the servant let me in. I told him I wanted to see the President. He said, very well, the President was in his private room and he would take my card to him. I told him he might go and tell General Pierce that an old friend of his and a fellow soldier in the Mexican war wanted to see him. Presently he come back and asked me to walk up. I found the President alone, walkin back and forth across the room, and lookin kind of riled and very resolute. It made me think of Old Hickory when he used to get his dander up about Biddle's bank, and walk the floor all day and hy-a-wake all night planning how he could upset it. The General knew me as soon as I went into the room, in spite of my beard, and shook hands with me, and said he was very glad to see me.

"Well now, General," says I, "I want to come right to the point the first thing. I've left the Two Pollies at anchor down to Sandy Hook, and I want to know right up and down if she's to be nabbed or not. You know how 'tis, General; you know we went out in good faith under the orders of the Ostend Congress; and you know the Home Government backed us up in the beginning of it; but now you've turned agin us, and I understand you've been seizin and overhaulin every vessel all along shore that had its bowsprit pinted towards Cuba or Central America; and I was told if the Two Pollies went up to York she'd be served the same sass. Now I want to know the stand, that's all. If you don't want the help of the Two Pollies there's enough that does; and if you don't give her a clear passport out and in, she'll be off pretty quick where she can find better friends."

"Why, my dear Major," said the President; "my dear Major," says he, "you misunderstand me entirely. You and the Two Pollies haven't got a better friend in the world than I am. The fact is, I've been very much tried ever since that Ostend Congress business. It made a good deal of hard feeling in my Cabinet, and as things worked we was obliged to come out agin it. And then we had to make a show of sticking up very strong for the neutrality laws; and that's why we seized so many vessels. But you needn't give yourself the least uneasiness about the Two Pollies. I pledge you the honor of the Executive that she shan't be touched. And, besides, I'm in a good deal of trouble now all round, and I want you and the Two Pollies to stick by me; for, if you don't, I don't know who will."

"Agreed," says I, "nuff said; that's talkin right up to the mark. Give us your hand, General; I'll stick by you as close as I did by my old friend, General Jackson. Now, what do you want me to do?"
"Well, Major," says he, "I've got a good many ticklish jobs on hand that I don't hardly know what to do with, nor which to take hold on first. You know there's a Democratic Convention to meet at Cincinnati to make the nominations for the next term." (Here the President got up and locked the door, and set down close to me and talked low.) "The main question is, how to bring things to bear on that Convention so as to make the nomination go right. Marcy wants it, Buckanan wants it, and Wise wants it, and Dickinson wants it, and peraps Cass too, though he says he don't, and I don't know how many others, all good Democrats, you know; but we can't all have it; so you see I've got a hard task to pull agin. As for Douglas I think he'll go for me, if I'll go for him afterwards. The Cabinet and I have been to get things ready before the nomination to give the Administration the credit of being the smartest and spunkiest Administration we ever had. We want, if possible, to go a little ahead of Jackson. You know we've already blowed Gray Town to atoms. We've struck a heavy blow to knock off the Danish Sound dues, and shall be ready for a splendid rumpus there in the spring. We've got a rousin earthquake kindin up between us and England which will be just the thing if we can touch it off at the right time. But you know these things sometimes take fire too soon and do mischief both sides. I feel a little uneasy about this, and wish that stupid Congress would ever get organized so as to take part of the responsibility. Then we've got a quarrel brewin, too, with Col. Walker, out there in Nicaragua, and have refused to receive Col. French as his Minister. If Walker chooses to resent it as a national insult, we are ready for him. We shan't give give back a hair. Now, Major

what do you think of the chances for the nomination?"

"Wal, General," says I, "I think if you manage right you will get it. I'll do what I can for you, any how."

The General shook my hand, and got up and walked the floor. Says he, "The great difficulty now is with this confounded, stiff-necked, stupid Congress. They won't organize—that is, the House won't—and they seem determined to throw a damper on the Administration somehow or other. Here they've been foolin away their time six weeks and lettin the whole country hang by the eyelids—war and all. I had to keep my message on hand a month and almost spile just because the House was not organized. At last I happened to think it was a good chance for me to take the responsibility. So I let drive, and fired my message right in among 'em. It made quite a flutter among 'em. Some was quite wrothy; but I didn't care for that I meant to let 'em know I'd show 'em a touch of old Hickory if they didn't mind how they carried sail. But here 'tis now goin two months and everything is at a dead stand because the House won't choose a Speaker. We can't have any certainty of gettin enough money to keep the Government a goin till we get a Speaker, and all our plausin danger of being knocked in the head. Now, Major, I wish you would shy round among the Members a day or two and see if you can't bring matters to a pint. I don't much care who is Speaker, if they'll only organize."

So I went round among the members two or three days and did my best. I found 'em all very stiff, and the lobby members were stiffer of any. The third day I went back to the President agin, and says he, "Well, Major, how does it stand now? Does things look any more encouraging?"
"A little grain," says I, "but not much."
"Well, how is it?" says he.
"Says I, 'It is Banks 105, Richardson 78, Fuller 31, Pennington 5, scattering 4.'"

"But that's the same old tune," says he; "just the same that's been for the last six weeks."

"No," says I, "you mistake. Don't you see the scattering has fell off one? Isn't that a little encouraging?"

The President looked disappointed.—Said he, "That's a very small straw for a drowin man to catch at; but how do they talk? Do they grow any more pliable?"
"Well, the Fuller men seemed to be the most pliable," says I, "of any of 'em. They said they was perfectly willing and ready to organize at any time, and the only difficulty was the Banks men and Richardson men standing out so stubborn."

"What do our true Democratic friends, the Richardson men, say?" said the President.

Says I, "They say they'll stand there and fight till the crack of doom before they'll allow the Black Republicans to get the upper hand."

"Well, that's good spunk," said the President; "but the worst of it is this business will crack my Administration sometime before the crack of doom. Well, how do the Banks men talk? Is there any hope from that quarter?"

"They say they are in no hurry," says I. "They had as leave vote as do anything else. They've got money enough and can stand it, and they'll stick where they are till they starve the Administration out."

The President jumped up, and I do say he looked more like Old Hickory than I ever see him before. Says he, "Major Downing, this will never do; we must have a speaker, by hook or crook. Can't you contrive any way to bring this business about?"

"Well," says I, "there's one way I think the business may be done; and I don't know but it's the last chance; and that is, for me to go and bring the Two Pollies round here, and bring her guns to bear upon the Capitol. Then send in word and give 'em one hour to organize. If they don't do it, then batter the house down about their ears, or march in the Downingville militia and drive 'em out, as old Cromwell did the Rump Parliament."

The President stood a minute in a deep study. At last he said, "Well, Major, a desperate disease needs a desperate remedy. If you think you are right, go ahead."
So here I am, Uncle Joshua, aboard the Two Pollies. I jest stop to write this account to you, and shall now up anchor and make all sail for the Potomac. And if things is no better when I get there you may expect to hear thunder.

I remain your loving nephew,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.
Aboard the Two Pollies,
Off Sandy Hook.

A Gem of Poetry.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illumine—
No parting form, no heavenly tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay,
To watch the coffin on its way,
No martial form, no human breast,
Cares where the paper's dust may rest.
But one deep moan follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.
He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear that voice below;
He pines to hear that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
Then, when the night is come,
He needs no food—he needs no home;
But stretched along the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.
The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marble tell;
For temples built on church-yard earth
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark, with undimmed eyes,
The mourning dog that stares and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

Select Miscellany.

Aristocratic Christianity.

Reform is a word that sounds well.—Banners are inscribed with it and people toss up their hands and shout "reform." The temperance lecturer and the statesman; the reader of smooth and varnished essays, and the stump orator in his grandiloquent extemporaneous harangues to the people, delight in displaying the beauties of reform. As we said before, words sound well, but it is not with sounds alone we have to deal. Many content themselves with the sound, and go no further to inquire into its significance.

Ever since the days of Martin Luther, religious reform has been actively at work. But it has mostly toiled in one direction. Its object seems to have been to adjust the wheels in the great machinery so as to work harmoniously. To this end huge volumes have been compiled and the libraries of the world ransacked.

But there is one part of the great principle of reform that has been gladly consigned to oblivion, and in this particular the Church is at war with the true spirit of Christianity. Costly palaces and magnificent temples are the great fountains from which the gospel at the present day is proclaimed to the people. Sermons carefully prepared according to the strict rules of rhetoric and better calculated to captivate the taste than to convince the reason, are delivered weekly from sacred desks. The congregations recline on cushioned seats and criticize the sermon. The man of wealth has his pew fitted up with all the modern improvements to make attendance easy. Selected music opens the service and the rich peals rolling in soft music burst from the organ at its close. Worldly splendor paves the "narrow path" to heaven and dresses the Christianity of the church in inviting robes.

Whether such a state of things indicates true Christianity, might perhaps be doubted. The founder of Christianity was born in poverty while on earth. His pulpit was the mountain rock, and his audience sat on the naked ground, and his sermons were addressed to the poor. So great was his poverty that he had nowhere to lay his head. His mission was one of charity and mercy. He sought the poor, the ignorant, and lame and the blind. He delivered no elaborate sermons on doctrinal points, from highly ornamented desks, to gentlemen in broadcloth, and ladies in silks and satins. When the rich sought him they did not seek him in splendid temples and gorgeous palaces, but sought him in the midst of his labors among the poor and humble.

Here then lies the difference between the Christianity of the Church and the Christianity of Christ—the former is founded on worldly splendor, the latter on poverty. Would it not be well, among the reforms of the age to introduce a reform in Christianity, and preach as they did of old—to poor as well as to rich.

A Dream of Heaven.

There are beautiful dreams of the spirit life,
That come to the stricken heart,
Like zephyrs that fill o'er the waters of strife,
To bid the wild tumult depart.
I know not how or when it came,
Whether in quiet slumber or waking reverie,
But it remains indelibly impressed upon
The tablet of memory. Mysteriously time
and space were annihilated, and with an
ever-present, yet unseen, unknown guide,

I wandered through the streets of the "New Jerusalem." The golden, dazzling splendor, which in other visions was too brilliant for human gaze, had given place to a calm, lovely radiance. There were the "green pastures," and the "still waters," bathed in the pure, holy light, which proceeded from the throne of God.

As I passed along the narrow path by the side of the "river of life," I saw groups of happy ones walking in lovely vales or reclining upon some gentle hillside. Passing round an elevation projecting into the path, almost down to the water's edge, I came upon a group well known to me.—My heart beat with a quicker throbb, as I gazed upon them. They were all there not one missing.

Clad in white, shining robes, with golden harps in their hands, how beautiful and glorious they appeared to my mortal vision. Ever and anon there came the sound of heavenly music, borne along by balmy breezes—then would ring out from the harps of these sinless ones, answering notes of praise, sweet and thrilling. How I longed to repose with them in that bright celestial home! They seemed so near, and yet afar off. But my unseen guide whispered, "Come, they have need of these on earth!" and with a willing heart I obeyed, hoping, that when my life labors were ended, I might find rest and joy, and peace in Heaven.

No sorrow vnder—all light and song,
Each day I wonder, and say, "how long
Shall I time, me slender from that dear throng?"

Incidents of Last Invasion in Kansas.

From Mr. Redpath's Letters to the Missouri Democrat we clip the following thrilling facts:

HOW THEY GOT A CANNON INTO LAWRENCE.
A 12 pound howitzer was sent from New York to Lawrence. When the war broke out it was at Kansas City, an invading camp between the two places. How to get it to Lawrence was the question of the day. Messrs. Buffum volunteered to bring it up. They went to Kansas City as they were ascending the hill, a posse of forty invaders came down upon them and said they must examine the boxes, as they believed them to contain Sharp's rifles.

"Oh, no! boys," said Buffum, "its part of a carriage—hand me the axe and I'll show you a wheel."
He took the axe and split open part of the box, in which one of the wheels of the cannon was packed. This ruse succeeded.

"What's the reason your horses draw so heavy?" asked another of the posse.

"Oh," said Buffum, "they're tired—won't you give us a shove up the hill, boys!"

Several of the invaders put their "shoulders to the wheels," and assisted the horses in ascending with the load.

A vote of thanks was proposed at the mass meeting held in Lawrence on Monday night, to these assistants, but as their names are unknown, a request was made that all newspapers favorable to freedom in Kansas, would publish the circumstance and thank them in the name of "Yankee-town."

THE LADIES OF LAWRENCE.

The Free State ladies of Lawrence deserve to be the mothers of heroes. Their conduct during the recent alarming crisis was as admirable as the calm courage of the men. Fear never entered the breasts of either and neither was disposed to yield one iota to the insolent demands of 'Dave' Atchison's rabble.

The wives and daughters of our proselyting citizen's left Lawrence when the trouble commenced, but the wives and daughters of the Free State men refused, although repeatedly urged to leave the city. Forty ladies of Lawrence secretly enrolled themselves with the determination of fighting by the sides of their husbands and sons as soon as a combat commenced! Many of them had previously practiced pistol shooting for the purpose of giving the invaders a subtle reception if they came on the 10th of March, to desecrate the ballot box and prevent the actual residents of Kansas from casting their votes. One young girl—a beauty of nineteen years—told me that she dreamed last night of shooting three invaders.

Let me give you one instance of the courage of the ladies of Lawrence.

The General feared that he would run short of powder, lead and percussion caps. A Free State man on the Wakarusa, had two kegs of powder, and a large quantity of Sharp's rifle cartridges. If men had been sent after it, they would have been obliged to fight or been arrested. The thing was talked about. Two editor's wives, both of them—Mrs. G. W. Brown

and Mrs. Samuel N. Wood—volunteered to go and fetch it. They were permitted to go. They reached the cabin, and "people do say"—they will talk nonsense you know—that the pillow cases were concealed beneath petticoats, and that said petticoats were attached to other garments feminine of said ladies' fortress. It is rumored, too, that the percussion caps were concealed in the ladies stockings.—I didn't pretend to vouch for the truth of this rumor, for I was not present when the ladies made their toilet. One gentleman who saw the ladies lifted out of the wagon—for they could not rise themselves—said that he thought bustles had come into fashion again! Another said, good; Kansas is thinly settled. What he meant by saying so, I can't imagine.

The ladies in returning home were pursued by one of the enemy's scouts. On coming up to them politely lifted his hat and said, ladies I thought you were gentlemen!

"Thank you for the compliment, said one of the ladies, smiling."

The scout looked into the wagon and saw only a work-basket, which had purposely been filled with sewing materials.

"We were ordered he said to arrest all gentlemen, but I suppose you can go. So saying he galloped off.

The powder and ladies reached Lawrence in safety. At the mass-meeting on Monday night six loud and long protracted cheers were given to these gallant ladies.

"DELIVER UP YOUR ARMS!" NOT QUITE!
I am informed by a gentleman who was present at the time, that Col. A. G. Boone, of the camp of the invaders, said to Colonel Lane, when on the hill overlooking Lawrence. "Colonel, I am instructed to demand your rifles, I do so now." Colonel Lane pointing to the City, said:

"Col. Boone you see those men at work in the trenches. Not one of them if he face them all rather than deliver a single gun."

I call that reply emphatic language, rather Euphatic as it was, it was not more emphatic than the determination of the people of Lawrence.

Gen. Robson was asked some days before what he would do if such a demand should be made. "Why," said the General, I would propose another Missouri Compromise; we would be willing to keep the rifles and give the invaders the contents.

When the subject was hinted at by "the enemy," the General quietly said—"Well you'll have to take them by installment!"

Separating the Sexes in Schools.
On this point, Mr. Stowe a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:

The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together, and, as a whole, the Scots are the most moral people on the face of the globe.—Education, in England, is given separately, and we have never heard from practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the popular prejudices on this point. In Dublin, a large number of girls turn out badly, who have been educated alone till they attain the age of maturity, than of those who have been brought up—the separation of the sexes has been found to be very injurious. In France, the separation of the sexes has been found to be positively injurious. It is stated on the best authority, that of those girls educated in the schools of convents apart from boys, the great majority go wrong within a month after being let loose on society, and meeting the other sex.—They cannot it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The Separation is intended to keep them strictly moral, but this unnatural seclusion generates the principle desired to be avoided.

We may repeat that it is impossible to raise girls as high intellectually without boys as with them; and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls.—But more than this, girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with girls are more positively intellectual by the softening influence of the female character.

In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls from the age of two and three years to fourteen or fifteen, have been trained in the same class room, galleries; and playgrounds, without impropriety, and they are never separated except at needlework.