PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858. No. 24.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

THE PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
1858. VERY CHEAP. 1858.

J. RASIN has just returned from the city with a large stock of GOODS, which he purchased upon the best terms and will sell at reduced prices

Heavy Osnaburgs, 11 and 12½ cents.
Heavy Drillings, 14 and 15 cents,
Good Brown Muslins, 6, 8, 10 & 12½ cts
Fine Bl'd Muslins, 6, 8, 10, 12 & 15 cts
Striped Osnaburgs, Algonquin Stripes, Shirting Stripes, Blue Denims, Linen Drills and Ducks, Brown Domestic Calicoes, Linen Cambric hdk's, 12½ cents; Brown and Bleached Table Linen and Irish Linen, Black Dress Silks, Delaines, Ginghams very cheap. Also a complete stock of HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODWARE, GROCERIES, &c.

Hats, Bridles, Collars, Halters, Whips, Umbrellas, Brooms, Rope, Traces, Oil Cloths, Matches, Lime, Castings, &c., at prices, that will give satisfaction.

My friends and the public are most respectfully invited to examine for themselves. Dry Goods on first floor. Farming Implements on second floor. Carpet Ware Room on third floor.

J. RASIN.
apr 12

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a very handsome selection of seasonable GOODS—many of which are just from the New York Auctions, and purchased at the small-pay figures.

His stock of Cloths and Cassimeres are very complete, being of the best of fabrics, and at very reduced prices. Also Tweeds, Merino Cassimeres, &c. Also a beautiful stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, consisting of every variety of new patterns, together with a fresh supply of

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, WOODWARE, &c

To which the attention of buyers are invited.—The public's obt'd serv't

JAMES D. MANSFIELD.
apr 24 St. Michaels.

P. S.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Goods and the highest market prices given. J. D. M.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

I AM constantly receiving my supply of New Goods, suitable for the season.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODWARE, &c.

Also a large lot of choice Liquors, viz: Old Monongahela Rye Whiskey, from 75 cents to $3.00.

Pale and Dark French Brandy, from $2.00 to $5.00.

Peach and Apple Brandy.
Jamaica Spirit and Holland Gin.
Champaigne, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Lisbon, Claret and Malaga Wines.

N. E. Rum and common Whiskey: also, some very superior Tobacco and Cigars, to which I respectfully ask the attention of buyers.

apr 19 H. C. MACKEY.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has lately commenced business at the store house formerly occupied by Jonathan Ozment, and will keep constantly on hand an assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASS & QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, WOOD-WARE, HARD-WARE & NOTIONS,

which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere. His capital being limited he will be obliged to sell for *Cash* only, and hopes by strict attention to business and unceasing endeavors to give satisfaction, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. J. P. BLAKE.

N. B—Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods and the highest market price allowed (mar 20-1y) J. P. B.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken the Store Room recently occupied by James H. McNeal, adjoining Dawson & Bro.'s, and will keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of Domestic DRY GOODS. Also a large supply of family

GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, WOODWARE,
TINWARE,
Brooms, Rope, Traces, Castings, &c.
apr 24 y W. PHILIP MACKEY.

SAML. PATCHETT. F. G. WRIGHT.

PATCHETT & WRIGHT,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Cordage, &c.

IN store a beautiful lot of Jewelry, a large stock of SPRING CLOTHING, &c. The subscribers have just returned from the city with a well selected stock of the above named Goods, which will be sold on our usual terms. We invite an examination of the same from our friends and the public.

All orders promptly attended to. [apr 10

NON-EXPLOSIVE
FLUID LAMPS AND LAMP-FEEDERS.

A FULL supply on hand and for sale. Call and examine them, and see the certificates of eminent scientific men as to the safety of the invention. JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

AUSTIN'S PATENT ICE CREAM FREEZERS.—Being now the agents for the sale of the above justly celebrated Freezers, we can furnish any size at Baltimore prices.
may 8 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

INFANT'S FLANNEL.—A new and beautiful article for infants—warranted not to shrink in washing. [may 15] JAS. H. GRACE.

TO THE FARMERS.—Baltimore Gas Tar, can be had at the store of
may 8 J. RASIN.

500 PALM LEAF FANS—
may 15 J. H. GRACE.

POTATOES—For seed—Mercer—for sale by
may 15 J. H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

ADVICE TO CARD PLAYERS.

BY HAL. GRENVILLE.

Oh touch them not, or else thy heart will be
To theirs a victim—for "their hearts" are hard
Ev'n as the nether millstone—there "diamonds"
But lure with fitful light thy soul to shame.
Their grimly pictured "clubs" often rebound
On heads of those who wield them, hurling them
Into the dust; there prone to lie until
Their "spades" the sod shall heap their forms above
Their "knaves" excell in knavish skill, and oft
Will deviate from "right" to "left," to lie
In wait some shady "bower" within.
Their "kings," as with a rod of iron rule:
Their "queens" but don their parti-colored garb,
To will the unsuspecting on to ruin.
And oft "en suite" they steal upon you with
A "blood red hand;" as of a crimson dye;
Or erst with "spots" as black as is the night.
Both HIGH and LOW degree on one sole aim
Are bent—their HONORS empty nothings are;—
Their TRICKS are cunning, and in number more
Than e'en a BOOK will hold—their MARCHES oft
The unwary one surprise, and all their POINTS
Are sharp and of a subtile edge. Full oft
In PAIRS they come to CALL disgrace and ruin
On their victims, and sometimes PLAY THE DEUCE
With innocence—anon they proudly BRAG
Of how they BLUFF'D you, and will throw you on
Your ALL-FOURS, if you dare complain.
Play not at all! but if you must and will,
Pray, SAVE YOUR JACK, AND MAKE THE GAME YOUR OWN
In spite of deuce, ace, nine and queen.

North Bend, May 28th, 1858.

THE JUDGE WHO ANTICIPATED.

The Judge, Lord Avanmore had one great fault, he was apt to take up the impression of a cause, and it was difficult to obliterate it. The advocate therefore, had not only to struggle against the real obstacle presented to him by the case itself, but also the imaginary ones created by the hasty anticipations of the Judge. Curran was one day most seriously annoyed by this practice of Lord Avonmore, and he took the following whimsical method of correcting it. (The reader must remember that the object of the narrator was, by tedious and malicious procrastination to irritate his hearer into the vice he was so anxious to eradicate.) They were to dine together at the house of a common friend, and a large party were assembled, many of whom witnessed the occurrence of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most admirably affected agitation.

"Why Mr. Curran you have kept us an hour waiting dinner for you," grumbled out Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my dear Lord, I regret it much;—you must know that it is not my custom; but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence.

"My dear sir, you seem terribly affected by it; please take a glass of wine. Why, what was it?"

"I will tell you my Lord as soon as I can collect myself. I had been detained in Court—in the Court of Chancery—your Lordship knows the Chancellor sits late."

"I do—I do; but go on."

"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as I could—I did not even change my dress—I, I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"

"Poh, poh, never mind your boots; the point—come at once to the point of your story.

"Oh, I will, my good lord in a minute.—I walked here; I would not even wait to get the carriage ready; it would have taken time you know. Now there is a market directly in the road by which I had to pass; your lordship may perhaps recollect the market, do you?"

"To be sure I do; go on Curran—go on with the story."

"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forgot the name of it—the name—the name—"

"What signifies the name of it, sir? It's the Castle market.

"Your lordship is perfectly right, it is the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through the very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand; it was sharp as a razor. The calf was standing behind him: Just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son, the loveliest little boy I ever saw, ran suddenly across his path, and he killed, oh! he killed———"

"The child! the child! the child! vociferated Avonmore.

"No, my lord, *the calf*" continued Curran coolly, "he killed the calf; but your lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

The universal laugh was thus raised against his lordship; and Curran declared that often afterwards, a first impression was removed more easily from the Court of Exchequer by the recollection of the calf in the Castle Market than by all the eloquence of the entire profession.

MODESTY.—"Who shall win the prize? There was a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

"Who shall win the prize?" asked the rose, proudly rushing forward in blushing beauty, in full assurance of its winning worth.

"Who will win the prize?" asked the rest of the flowers, as they came forward, each conscious of its attraction, and each equally sure of receiving the reward.

"I will take a peep at the assemblage," thought the violet, not intending to make one of the miscellaneous company, "and view the beauties as they pass."

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and was looking in upon the beautiful meeting, the judge rose to render his decree.

"To the VIOLET," said he, "I award the prize of beauty, for there is no trait more rare—none more enchantingly beautiful than *modesty*."

EXTRAORDINARY AGE.—A few days since, says an exchange, James McDonald, aged 113, passed through Rahway, N. J on his way to Boston, Mass., on foot. He served in the American Army during the revolutionary war, and afterwards under Napoleon having been a soldier in the French army at the battles of Salamanca and Badagos.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond, when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness.—Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little as a child is taught at school.—In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim.—They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or alms-house.

With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. Where the mind and hands are unoccupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning vulgar and profane habits of their elders in vice. They may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms and stores, where crowds gather, but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, however poor. In these times of cheap books and newspapers, none need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who cannot read, and much less write their own names They, too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin-brothers. We always feel sorry for such young men—their habits are for life—the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it, young reader, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.—*Palmer Journal.*

BILL FOR AN INCREASE OF THE PAY OF NAVAL OFFICERS.—The House committee on naval affairs have prepared a bill providing for an increase of the pay of naval officers, the main provisions of which are given as follows:

This bill proposes to give to captains, commanders, masters and passed midshipmen on the active list: to pursers, surgeons, passed assistant and assistant surgeons, chief engineers, first and second assistant engineers, the pay allowed by the existing laws, with an addition of 55 per centum thereon. In no case is the pay of a captain to exceed $5,000, per annum.

Lieutenants on the active list are to receive the pay allowed by existing laws, with an addition of two per cent. thereon for every full year during which they have been in the naval service. Officers under sentence of suspension are not to be considered as in the service, and the period of suspension will be deducted in ascertaing the per centage to which any lieutenant may be entitled. The pay of lieutenants on the active list is not to exceed the following rates, viz: Employed as lieutenants commanding, $2,500: on other sea service, $2,250: on shore duty, 2,000: and waiting orders $1,800. Professors of mathematics at the naval academy are to receive the same compensation as professors in the military academy at West Point. The pay of boatswains, carpenters, sailmakers, gunners is also increased. No provision is made for officers on the retired list.

GIVING UP ITS DEAD.—We learn from the officers of boats up from below, that no less than eight dead human bodies have been found floating in the Mississippi, within a distance of one hundred miles below this city. The officers of the Editor report having seen five, some of them floating in the water, and others lying on the shore. The officers of Clifton, in this morning, inform us that three others were taken from the water yesterday—two just below Selma, and one near Sulpher Spring. The latter was the corpse of a lady, and on it was found $3,000, of which $750 was in gold. They are, doubtless, the bodies of victims of the steamboat disasters that have occurred within the past month or two.—*St Louis News, May 26.*

DESTRUCTIVE FRESHETS.—*Great Loss of Property.*—The Cincinnati papers of Wednesday are filled with accounts of a great freshet in that vicinity which was preceded by a tremendous rain on Sunday and Monday. Several streets were overflowed; Mill-Creek bottom covered with water for several miles; outhouses, fences, bridges, and everything else, swept away; rail-roads greatly damaged: the Whitewater canal nearly ruined, and other property of various descriptions totally destroyed, involving the loss of thousands of dollars. At Wheeling the creek was also overflowed, and no little damage done.

A MULE BEWITCHED.

The popular idea seems to be that the long eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and auricular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Broad street, we noticed a little this side of the Planters' Hotel a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and stepped up to learn if possible the cause of the excitement.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules, one of them a rather bad looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats are rarities; the other decidedly better looking, and giving unmistakeable evidence of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with the delightful esculent—so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd, we noticed a little black-eyed, grey-haired man, who was busily engaged, when we come up, in negotiating a trade for one of the mules, and, strange to say, for the poorest looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule—I have a first rate match for him, and want to make out the pair.—How old is he?

"Five years old last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly, what a lie," cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Country started—the crowd looked frightened, and one or two colored gentlemen incontinently fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.

"Why me!" promptly responded the mule. "What are you lying about?" You know you have had me fifteen years."

"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age,"

"I'll be darned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman. "I know he is only five years old for I raised him myself."

"There you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the now infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for the moment and striking the animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," cried the mule, "I'll kick you!"

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived, who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well-known Magician and Ventriloquist, which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman.—*Augusta Dispatch.*

YOUNG GIRLS.

I do not know of a more quietly funny sight than a group of school-girls, all talking as fast as their tongues can wag, (40 woman power,) and clinging inextricably together like a parcel of macaroni, *a la Napolitaine.* Their independence is quite refreshing. Lady Blessington in her diamonds never descended the grand staircase at Covent Garden Opera House to her carriage with half the consciousness of making a sensation that you may notice in these school-girls whenever you take your walks abroad. It is delightful to see them step off so proudly, and look you in the face so coolly, thinking all the time of just nothing at all. Their boldness is the boldness of innocence: for perfect modesty does not even know how to blush. How vain they grow as they advance in their teens! How careful they are that the crinoline "sticks out" properly before they venture on the road to school! If Mother Goose (of blessed memory) could take a look into this world now, she would wish to revise her ancient rhyme to her patrons:

"Come with a whoop, come with a call," etc.

for she would find that it is now the custom to come with a *hoop* when they come for a call.

When unhappy Romeo stands in old Capulet's garden under the pale beams of the "envious moon," and watches the unconscious Juliet upon the balcony, he utters, in the course of his incoherent soliloquial apostrophe, these remarkable words concerning that interesting young person:

"She speaks—yet she says nothing."

I have seen many young ladies of Juliet's time of life in my day, of whom the same thing might be said. They indeed speak, yet say nothing. Yet take them on such a subject as the trimming of a new bonnet on Easter Sunday, or any of those entertaining topics more or less connected with the adornment of their persons, and how voluble they are! To the stronger sex, which cares nothing about dresses, being entirely free from vanity, the terms used in their never-ending colloquies on such themes are mere unmeaning words—but I must do the gentler side of humanity the justice to say that they are not all vanity, as their fathers and husbands find to their dismay when the quarterly bills come in, that gimp, and flounces and *ruches*, and trimmings generally, have a real, tangible existence.

An amative young man sent the following lines to a paper, to be inserted with the notice of his marriage:

Love is the union of two hearts,
That beat in softest melody:
Time with its ravages imparts,
No bitter fusion to its ecstacy.

The typo was drunk, and rendered it thus:

Love is an onion of two heads,
That beet is soft and mellows;
Time with its cabbages in carts,
No better feeding for an extra day.

The consequence was, the editor was cowhided.

A distinguished merchant, long accustomed to extensive observation and experience, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of men, said: "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him.—Such an one cannot be trusted.'

RESULTS OF THE RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

The fruits of the religious revivals have been reduced to statistical demonstration—embodied in a little publication called "The Message,"—for advance proof sheets of which the editors of the Express are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Derby & Jackson. How far the religious experiences of men and women are susceptible of such matter-of-fact treatment, it does not become us to say; but, relying upon the official return before us, it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to recapitulate some of the more noticeable features.

Returns are given of the exact number of conversions in every State of the Union up to the first of the present month,—and these are recapitulated thus:

Maine	2,670	Missouri	2,027
New Hampshire	1,376	Kentucky	2,606
Vermont	770	Tennessee	1,606
Massachusetts	6,251	District Columbia	93
Rhode Island	1,331	Delaware	179
Connecticut	2,786	Maryland	1,806
New York	16,671	Virginia	1,005
New Jersey	6,025	North Carolina	558
Pennsylvania	6,752	South Carolina	121
Ohio	8,059	Georgia	259
Illinois	10,469	Alabama	372
Indiana	4,775	Florida	25
Michigan	3,081	Mississippi	135
Wisconsin	1,467	Texas	27
Iowa	2,179	California	59
Minnesota	508		
Total,			96,216

Ninety-six thousands two hundred and sixteen souls won over to Christ and Religion, is certainly something over which the angels in heaven, as well as men upon earth, may rejoice! And yet, when we reflect that there are some twenty-four millions of people in this Union of ours, one can only lament that after all so much energy, and zeal, and enthusiasm, have been required to accomplish comparatively so little!

The total number of conversions in the principal cities is thus stated:

New York	5,000	Detroit	1,000
Philadelphia	640	Milwaukie	18
Boston	400	St. Louis	406
Cincinnati	500	Nashville	200
Chicago	500	Richmond, Va.	60
Washington city	93	Petersburg	18

Many important omissions are apparent in this record, and until these are supplied the "Message" can hardly be considered as complete as it should be. Brooklyn, for example, (the City of Churches,) is nowhere mentioned. Neither is Baltimore, nor some other populous cities and towns, where the religious movement has been, and now is, most active.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE WEALTH OF OUR STATESMEN.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortunes, or rather to those of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars for them.

James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of the citizens.

John Quincy Adams left some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren is very rich. Throughout his political life he has studiously looked out for his own interests. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush, and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his lifetime, the product of his professional and political income. He died, leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than twenty thousand dollars—the latter exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand.

Henry Clay left quite a handsome estate. It probably exceeded one hundred thousand dollars. He was a prudent manager, and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty-thousand dollars from his term of service.

THE "CHIEF MOURNER."—There is a genius in this city, yclept Hatfield, who has earned a reputation in a novel manner, which will not greatly serve him in time of need. The detective have his daguerrotype, as well as those of some of his confreres. He operates ingeniously and with [illegible] success, in a mode of financiering a common thief would hardly have thought of. It is his wont to attend funerals, and at the customary exhibition of the corpse, to press to the side of the coffin, there to mingle his tears with those of the friends of the deceased. Hence the *soubriquet* of "Chief Mourner" has come to be his ordinary appellation in police circles and other associations where men of his character are known. While honoring the deceased, he keeps an eye open for the living, as did the Ephesian widow; and as others come near to take a last view, he contrives to relieve their pockets of whatever valuables they may contain. His operations had become so extensive that it was necessary by the bereaved to keep their attention on the alert, and the result was the detection of the lugubrious gentleman of whom we have been writing. He is a shrewd financial man, and has been unusually successful in his peculiar department of industry.—*N. Y. Post.*

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another: "nobody was there to see." "Yes there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't want to ever see myself do a mean thing."

ENCOURAGEMENT.—To pay the printer in advance for your paper.

MOWING MACHINE VS. SCYTHE.

In a late number of the *Country Gentleman*, the question is raised whether it is more profitable for a farmer to cut his grass with a scythe or to use a mowing machine. I consider my mowing machine as capable of doing the work of ten ordinary men with ease, using one pair of horses. By changing the horses at noon, it will do the work of twelve men, or cut twelve acres a day without difficulty. The price of mowing with the scythe is about $1.50 per day.—Board for a man in mowing time, with five meals per day, cannot certainly be estimated at less than fifty cents, making the cost per hand amount to $2.00. Making by a machine (hired) would cost 50 cents per acre, with board for a man and two horses, $1 per day:

10 men at $2, would be	$20.00
10 acres by machine at 50 cents, would be	$5.00
Board for a man and 2 horses	1.00
	6.00
Making a difference of cost in favor of machine, per day, of	$14.00

There are also advantages attending the use of the machine well worthy of consideration. A farmer may now have his hands at working the cornfield for several hours every morning cultivating corn until the dew is off the grass; and he may have them all day in dull weather when the hay does not make. When the moving is done with the scythe, this is, of course, out of the question.

The result is that a well contrived and a well made machine will pay, if its owner has work enough for it. If not, not.

In the case of the mowing machine, there are other considerations. The machine, if stopped by bad weather, eats nothing, and draws no wages; and its use so far shortens the haying season; that grass can, in almost all cases, be cut when at its best. If the mowing is done by hand, some fields must generally be left until the grass is losing both in quality and weight.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice.

Plants, when drooping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Pears are generally improved by grafting on the mountain ash.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes &c., from insects.

Lard never spoils in warm weather, if it is cooked enough in frying out.

Of feeding corn, sixty pounds ground go as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine, as it injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by the sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.

Money expended in drying land by draining or otherwise, will be returned with ample interest.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash their legs with warm soapsuds, and then with beef brine—two applications will cure the worst case.

Timber, when cut in the spring, and exposed to the weather with the bark on, decays much sooner than if cut in the fall.

WHEN PRESIDENT'S DINE.—On Davy Crocket's return to his constituent's after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day and began to interrogate him about Washington.

"What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" asked one.

"Why," said he, "common people, such as you are here, gets their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big 'uns dine at three. As for the Representatives, we dine at four, and the aristocracy and the Senate don't get theirs till five."

"Well when does the President fodder?"

"Old Hickory," exclaimed the Colonel, (attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the stations,) "Old Hickory! well he don't dine till next day!"

DAT'S WHAT MISS'S MAKES HEARN OB. The Henderson, (Ky.) Commercial tells the story of a fashionable lady "of color," who was promenading the streets on Sunday last, when at once newspaper commenced falling, and her dimensions contracting until about fifty papers were strewn upon the street, nor was she aware of the loss until a darkey just behind exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Lor a massy, I's do believe dat nigger is made of newspaper." This raised the "lady's" ire, when she retorted by exclaiming, "You fool, boy, dat's what missus makes hearn ob."

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy looking lad, walking into a hardware store the other day.

"Yes, we keep all kinds of nails: what kind will you have, sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

[The boy departed with the toe of a well nailed boot following close behind him.]

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Judge Irwin, of the U. S. Circuit Court at Pittsburg has imposed a fine of $500 on George S. Selden, Esq., a member of the bar, and ordered his name to be stricken from the roll of practising attorneys before that tribunal, for an alleged contempt of court in relation to a decision, which it deemed offensive and insulting.

It is the heart alone which renders a man truly eloquent. It is that alone which, in barbarous as well as cultivated ages, gives that affecting character to poetry which renders the poet immortal.

Says Bob to Tom: "where do you expect to die when you go to?"

Says Tom to Bob: "Why, I don't expect to have a *heal* to poke my hole in."

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