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—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858. No. 25.

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, will 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, 10, 12 & 15 cts

Striped Osnaburgs, Algonquin Stripes, Shirting Stripes, Blue Denims, Linen Drills and Ducks, plaid Domestic Calicoes, Linen Cambric hdk's, 6¼ cents; Brown and Bleached Table Linen and fine Irish Linen, Black Dress Silks, Delaines, Ginghams very cheap. Also a complete stock of HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODWARE, GROCERIES, &c.

Also Hats, Bridles, Collars, Halters, Whips, Umbrellas, Brooms, Rope, Traces, Oil Cloths, Mattings, 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.

apr 12 J. RASIN.

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 smallest 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 ob't 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 $6.00.

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.

LAST NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the undersigned must settle their accounts and notes with Cash, before the first of April, or I shall be compelled to hand them to an officer.—Come up gentlemen and save Costs.

mar 13 R. THARP.

100,000 FT. of Lumber, Scantling, Joists, &c., always on hand at Baltimore prices for Cash (mar 20) R. THARP.

LIME—20 bbls. fresh Lime will be received in a few days and for sale by

mar 20 R. THARP.

25,000 FT. of White Pine Fencing will be received in a few days and for sale for Cash or Negotiable Paper.

mar 20 R. THARP.

HAPPY LOVE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

What is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amidst the copse—
Thou lark above the cloud?
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
Up in the walnut tree?
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

II.

What is the meaning of thy thought,
O, maiden, fair and young?
There is such pleasure in thine eyes,
Such music on thy tongue;
There is such glory on thy face—
What can the meaning be?
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

III.

O happy words! at Beauty's feet
We sing them ere our prime;
And when the early summers pass,
And Care comes on with time,
Still be it ours, in Care's despite,
To join the chorus free—
"I love my love, because I know
My love loves me."

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LAMENT.

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble—
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,
chamber-maid, laundress, dairy woman,
and scrub generally, doing the work
of six,
For the sake of being supported!

From the New York Mercury.

THE LAUNCH.

A SEA-SKETCH.

BY NEMO.

It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon in the month of July, and on the broad bosom of the Atlantic a noble ship was speeding before a stiff nor' easter, bearing with it a living freight of human beings, who came from various parts of the old world, to seek, or perhaps, to better, their fortunes in the new. The weather was clear, calm and balmy, a fact taken the advantage of by the sick and infirm, who came from the close and noisome berths below, to enjoy the cool breeze which swept gently through the cordage of the vessel.

Upon its deck was gathered a motley group. Here the large limbed Germans lolled in knots, smoking the meerschaum, or conversing in loud and vehement tones.

There a crowd of Englishmen was gathered, engaged, like the Germans, in smoking, but seldom indulging in conversation.

In another part was a group of noisy Frenchmen, who chattered away very briskly, keeping up that "running fire of small talk," which is characteristic of the light-hearted French people. Occasionally the *repartee* of one would call forth a laugh, and their merry voices would ring above the monotonous dashing of the waves.

Lastly, came a group of Irishmen, who, in a close and crowded manner, were seated upon the forward deck. It is with these our sketch has more particularly to do, and consequently to them we turn our attention.

With their natural buoyancy of spirits, which even separation from their native land could not depress, many were engaged in the sports of their mother-country, or in such amusement as the circumstances permitted. One group, wearied of jumping, leaping, pitching, etc., was leaning over the bulwarks, gazing idly upon the water beneath, when the mate, a laughter-loving, jovial boy, to judge by the "cut of his jib," as mischievous an imp as ever trod deck, and one who was always "on hand" when there was any fun going on, approached them, and soon joined the conversation. A few minutes had thus passed when he said:

"Boys, have you ever seen how they make and launch a ship?"

As might be expected, an eager crowd gathered around him in a short time, and all stood with gaping mouths to hear further. To the mate's question one who appeared to be the spokesman of the party made answer:

"Niver, sir. Arrah how would the likes of us know anything about it, who niver saw a drop of say-wather before."

"Well, my men, I'm thinking you'll *see it behind* shortly," said the mate with a meaning in his words which did not strike the minds of his listeners at the time, but which the reader will understand presently.

"Come along then," he continued, and the eager crowd followed him to a more forward part of the deck, where there stood a large barrel or vat, filled with water, in which the sailors were accustomed to wash their hands and face, and cleanse their various articles of wearing apparel. Selecting a tall, gaunt fellow from the crowd, he stretched him at his full length upon the deck near the barrel, and informed the lookers-on that this was the "keel."

"A heel is it?" said one. "Sure there's two of them there a'ready."

"I didn't say a *heel*, I said a *keel*, you lubber," roared the mate, at the same time consigning him and his companions to a certain sulphurous region where a certain "individual" keeps house. Two short, fat and stumpy fellows were next chosen, one of whom sitting at the head, and the other at the feet of the prostrate man, conveyed a pretty good idea of the bow and stern of a ship. The mate then proceeded to discuss the purpose of the keel, which he had just said, and succeded tolerably well in his object, notwithstanding that he frequently interrupted his explanations with such exclamations as "lubber," 'blockhead,' etc.

His next move was to select more of the men, and these he placed sitting at right angles to the prostrate man with their legs intertwined across his body. This done, he explained to his listeners that those sitting up constituted the "ribs" or sides of the ship, on which were nailed the planks, and to show this part the better, he stretched several more on their backs one over another behind the "ribs." The 'ship' was now nearly finished, and, when a few more were placed on either side as "stays" and some were placed as "ballast" inside, with no little pain, it is true to the knees of those supporting them, the mate announced that she was complete and was ready to launch, (and with all due praise and credit to his ingenuity it must be said that the ship was as perfect a model as could be formed from such materials and under such circumstances).

In the meantime, while the "ship" was approaching completion, three sailors at a wink from the mate concealed themselves in readiness to push it over at a moment's notice.

The time now having come for the launch the mate ordered all to be quiet, and they would see how it was done. Retreating a few steps he sang out.

"Ahoy! ahoy! launch her, my hearties."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when the hogshead toppled over with a crash on the deck, and the water rushing forth in a torrent, almost swept away the unsophisticated victims of the joke. The pen cannot describe the scene which followed; the imagination alone can picture it.—On account of the manner in which their limbs were interwoven and entwined, it was impossible that any one could extricate himself before receiving a thorough soaking, and the consequence was that wet garments were by no means scarce. Nor did it stop here, for their condition led to violence and blows, and in a short time "claret" was running almost as freely as the water had run a few minutes before.

In the midst of the confusion (it is hardly necessary to tell the reader) the author of the joke and his companions made good their escape to the after-cabin, where peal upon peal of laughter was heard mingling in strange harmony with the curse, execrations, and cries of every kind upon the forward deck. It is also hardly necessary to say that the mate and his companions took good care to make themselves "scare" until the storm had blown over.

Later in the day, the deck presented a curious and laughable sight. On all sides and in every nook and corner where the sun sent a ray of warmth, might be seen the half-drowned wights endeavoring to dry their soaking vestments; some were lying prone upon the deck, and others were hanging over the bulwarks with their nether parts absorbing the sun's heat: in short, every spot where a beam of old Sol penetrated, was monopolized by the luckless victims.

A REAL NATIVE.

The ignorance of this country among otherwise well-informed English folks was curiously illustrated in the case of General W——, (a good fellow, but bogus general,) who visited England a few years ago.—Having occasion to pass a few days in a provincial town, which boasted its literary coterie, he received an invitation through an acquaintance from Miss Blue Stocking to attend a *soiree*. The general of course went, and being a fine handsome, agreeable fellow, he was quite a lion.

In the course of the evening, Miss Blue, who had managed to secure his undivided attention, tapped him playfully with her fan, and said: "Do you know that you are a naughty man?" "How so, madam?"—asked the general "Why, for deceiving us all so: but I shan't tell on you, of course: only every one in the room has not seen as much as I." The general became nervous and thought, of course, that he must have committed some terrible *faux pas*; but as the lady seemed kind and forgiving, he determined to probe the matter. "My dear lady, I am very sorry if I have been guilty of any dereliction: do tell me, that I may apologize!" "Oh!" said Miss Blue, "it's only *pretending to be an American!*" Pretending to be an American! But I am an American madam." "Yes: perhaps you live there; but you are not a native, you know." "On my honor, madam, a real live native of the great State of New York. "That will do for the company to think, general," said the literary lady, "and of course I shall not undeceive them; but you must know I had a very distinguished American gentleman, who *was* a native, to lunch with me this morning, and I was so sorry I could not have him to meet you tonight; but he was not at all like you. His raven hair curled in such beautiful ringlets around his head, and his complexion was dark—very—dark—a perfect Othello of a fellow."

"A *nigger!*" thought the general: and begging the lady not to expose his little *ruse*, in trying to pass off for an American, he got into a corner and enjoyed his laugh.

CROP PROSPECTS.—The Norfolk Argus says the wheat in several adjoining counties has been struck with rust. A writer at Beaufort, N. C. says, however, that the rust is more upon the blades than stalks, and that wheat on well-drained and fertilized soil is free from rust. Late accounts from the West represent great destruction of grain crops upon the bottom lands of all the streams; those of the Wabash and other large streams in Indiana are particularly noticed as entirely ruined. Upon the uplands, the wheat is still promising—the growth of straw being very large. Grass is very rank everywhere but corn is not planted over most of the corn-growing region.

A letter just in hand from Ashtabula county, Ohio, says:

"Our soil in this vicinity is such that with the excessive rains it has been too wet for working. With very few exceptions, no crop of any kind has been put in for the last six weeks—and still it rains. A week of good weather will barely suffice to fit all our ground for the plow, and then ten or fifteen days to do the work.

THE USE OF TOBACCO

Were it possible for a being who had resided upon our globe to visit the inhabitants of a planet where reason governed, and to tell them that a vile weed was in general use among the inhabitants of the globe it had left, which afforded no nourishment: that this weed was cultivated with immense care: that it was an important article of commerce; that the want of it produced real misery; that its taste was exceedingly nauseous; that it was unfriendly to health and morals; and that its use was attended with a considerable loss of time and property: the account would be thought incredible, and the author of it would probably be excluded from society for relating a story of so improbable a nature. In no one view is it possible to contemplate the creature man in a more absurd and ridiculous light than in his attachment to TOBACCO.

The progress of habit in the use of tobacco is exactly the same as in the use of spirituous liquors. The slaves of it begin by using it only after dinner; then during the whole afternoon and evening: afterwards before dinner; then, before breakfast, and, finally, during the whole night. I knew a lady who had passed through all these stages, who used to wake regularly two or three times every night to compose her system with fresh doses of snuff.

The appetite for tobacco is wholly artificial. No person was ever born with a relish for it: even in those persons who are much attached to it, nature frequently discovers her disrelish to it. It ceases to be agreeable in every febrile indisposition.—This is so invariably true, that a disrelish to it is often a sigh of an approaching, and a return of an appetite for it, a sign of a departing fever. I proceed now to mention some of the influences of the habitual use of tobacco upon morals.

1. One of the usual effects of smoking and chewing is thirst. This thirst cannot be allayed by water, for no sedative or even insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of tobacco. A desire, of course, is excited for strong drinks, and these, when taken between meals, soon lead to intemperance and drunkenness.

2. The use of tobacco, more especially in smoking, disposes to idleness, and idleness has been considered as the root of all evil. "An idle man's brain," says the celebrated and original Mr. Bunyan, "is the devil's workshop."

3. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4 Tobacco, more especially when used in smoking, is generally *offensive* to those people who do not use it. To smoke in company, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; now, manners have an influence upon morals. They may be considered as the outposts of virtue. A habit of offending the senses of friends or strangers by the use of tobacco cannot, therefore, be indulged with innocence It produces a want of respect for our fellow creatures, and this always disposes to unkind and unjust behavior towards them.—Who ever knew a rude man completely or uniformly moral?

In reviewing the account that has been given of the disagreeable and mischievous effects of tobacco, we are led to inquire what are its uses upon our globe, for we are assured that nothing exists in vain. Poison is a relative term, and the most noxious plants have been discovered to afford sustenance to certain animals. But what animal beside man will take tobacco into its mouth? Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs and even hogs, refuse to taste it. Flies, mosquitoes, and the moth are chased from our clothes by the smell of it. But let us not arraign the wisdom and economy of nature in the production of this plant.—Modern travelers have at last discovered it constitutes the food of a solitary and filthy wild beast, well known in the deserts of Africa, by the name of the ROCK GOAT.

I shall conclude these observations by relating an anecdote of the late Dr. Franklin. A few months before his death he declared to one of his friends that he had never used tobacco in any way in the course of his long life, and that he was disposed to be derived from it, for that he had never met with a man who used it who advised him to follow his example.—*Benjamin Rush.*

FRENCHY IN A FIX.—"Ah," said Monsieur to his friend Snitlin, "my sweetheart has given me de mitten."

"Indeed, how did that happen?"

"Vell, I thought I must go to make her von visit before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room and dere I behold her beautiful pair-son stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge, you mean."

"Ah, yes, von lounge. And den I make von vere polite branch, and—"

"You mean a polite bow"

"Ah, yes, von bough. And den I say I was vere sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten if—"

"That's enough: you have put your foot in it, to be sure."

"No, sare, I put my foot out of it; for she saye she would call her sacre big brother, and keek me out, begar. I had intenseen to say mortified, but I could not think of de vord, and mortify and rot is all de same as von in my dictionaire."

'Look here Sambo,' said a knowing darkey, to his companion, 'don't stand on de railroad.'

'Why, Joe?'

'Kase if de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am a depot and run right in.'

Dr. Johnson wisely said. "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.

MR. BLIFKIN'S BABY.

That first baby was a great institution.—As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious existence he had me up on an average six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in the baby's eyes—strange that you might not have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma to-day for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologised very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so, you will wake the baby." "Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?" "I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired." "Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife: "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling her that she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. "Mr. Blifkins," said she in a louder key. I said nothing. "Oh, dear!" said that estimable woman, in great apparent languish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?" I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to that young immortal required the surrender of my forehead for a pincushion. This was one of many nights passed away in this way. The truth was that the baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins as he related it to us the other day. It's a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

SHEEP TIC DESTROYER.—Many of my neighbors, in order to free their sheep and lambs of that disgusting and troublesome insect, the "tick," apply spirits of turpentine, which is a most weakening application and although effectual in removing the evil it injures the animal almost as much as would the evil, itself, if not removed. My plan is to give my lambs, after shearing the sheep, a thorough washing in New England rum—a liquid which, while it almost instantaneously destroys the "tick," leaves the animals bright and live, without any subsequent depression or loss of energy and health. This is by no means an expensive application—two gallons of good liquor, worth forty cents per gallon—being enough for fifty lambs, if properly applied. No tick can exist in a lock of wool which has been thoroughly wet in this rum, or any other distilled liquor. Alcohol, in a concentrated state, is sure death to the insect *Germantown Telegraph.*

The learned Professor and Principal of the Academy of Saumer, used to spend five hours every morning in his study, but was very punctual at dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish," said the lady, "that I was a book."

"Why so?" replied the Professor.

"Because you would then be constant to me."

"I should have no objection," rejoined the Professor, "provided you were an almanac."

"Why?"

"*Because I then should have a new one every year!*"

A man, sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said:

"My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"

"No," replied he.

"That's just like you," said she, "you never want the children to have any kind of enjoyment."

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the one who is no better?

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.

A minister recently, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them, they were so plump, round and sweet.

Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along.

This objection was soon overruled and the old lady after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking those whelps away.—The obsequies of the grave completed, the the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

Our readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral.—*Germantown Emporium.*

PHOSPHORIC ACID.

In the Zuyder Zee lands, in Holland, there are five tons of phosphoric acid to the acre. This far above the average of what are called good wheat lands. This phosphoric acid is found in combination with lime, or some other substance, in all plants and all animals; showing its necessity for the existence of animal and vegetable life.

Every one hundred bushels of wheat taken from a farm, and sold off from it, removes permanently from the soil on which it grew, sixty pounds of phosphoric acid and every cow removes twelve pounds.—In the ashes of wheat are forty-six parts of phosphoric acid; in the ashes of a ton of clover eighteen pounds, and an acre of oats takes twenty-two pounds.

By this a farmer can see how fast he is diminishing the fertility of his soil.

If all our lands were as rich in phosphoric acid as the Zuyder Zee lands, we might trust luck, as it would not all be exhausted in our day, and our children may take care of themselves. But so far from this being the case, much of our soil contains not over one part of phosphorus, in a soluble condition fit for the use of plants, in 5,000.—This would be only one ton to five acres.

As plants and animals cannot exist without it, let our farmers be careful and not waste it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A dispatch from Leavenworth tells us that the board of Kansas commissioners, provided for by the English act of Congress, met and organized at Lecompton, on the 24th of May, by electing Governor Denver President. They were all sworn into office appointed a committee of three to propose the programme for conducting the election provided for by the law, which is to be reported at the next meeting on the 31st inst., and unanimously agreed that the election should take place on the first Monday of August. Rumors were in circulation of a battle having been fought, on the southern border, between a free state force, under Montgomery, and a party of Missourians, in which twenty-one were killed and eleven wounded.

We saw a good anecdote the other day about long preaching. A lady took her son, of some five or six years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times, by pinching. But as it seemed a helpless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed.—After the little fellow had had his nap out, he awoke, and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face, and innocently asked—"Mother, is it *this* Sunday night, or is it *next* Sunday night!"

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text of this morning?"

"No, papa. I can never remember the text: I've such a bad memory."

"By the way, Mary" said her Mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"

"O, yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Oh, my!"

"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly very bad."

"How old are you?" said a magistrate to a German arraigned before him.

'I am dirty.'

'And how old is your wife?'

'Mine wife is dirty-two.'

'Then sir, you are a very filthy couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you.'

A late traveller, in speaking of Austria, says that one half of the people are under arms to keep the other half in jail.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-0378