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 19, 1858. No. 26.

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 VERY CHEAP. 1858. 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.
St. Michaels.
apr 24

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.

NEW FIRM. NEW 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 Ozmont, 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 GOLLDBOROUGH.

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.

For the Easton Gazette.

"SING ME A SONG OF THE PAST."

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Oh sing me a soft and melting lay,
A song of "auld lang syne;"
A mem'ry sweet of a by-gone day,
A low and soothing chime.

Sing me again that beautiful strain,
A relic of olden time,
And weave anew the golden link'd chain,
That binds my heart to thine.

Oh sing to me love that dulcet song,
That thou alone canst sing,
For memory's spell on pinions strong,
O'er me now sweeps its wing.

Sing me that loving and gentle rhyme,
That of yore thou oft hast sung,
Soothe me again with the silvery chime,
That falls from thy lips and tongue.

Sing, while I list thy melody sweet,
Air is the first kiss of love,
Sing, in those tones that my soul will greet,
As the music of spheres above.

Sing, and in harmony wrap my soul,
With a soft murmuring glee,
Sing, while the tides of memory call,
Over the heart-strings free.

North Bend, June 11th, 1858.

From the Delaware Gazette.

THE ROBBER'S ROOST; OR, HANS' LAST VICTIM.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I crossed the Mississippi river, and negligently traveled on my way toward Greenfield. The cool shades which covered the road, and the majestic woodland scenery, whiled away the time so pleasantly that before I was aware of it, the sun was down and darkness was gently dropping its black veil.

I looked about me, and became alarmed at the destiny of the forest. The sighing of the wind, the rustling of a bush, the hooting of an owl startled me. In the thick shades of almost every tree I imagined a wild beast ready to spring upon me, and from behind the trees' monstrous trunks, I expected some hideous animal to dash furiously at me. I carried my revolver ready for any emergency, and loosened my heavy knife in its scabbard. But little did I imagine that, having passed the dangers of the woods, those of a more fearful and awful character awaited me.

The darkness had become intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could pursue my course. At length, however, a light hove in view; and never in my life did I hale its gentle lustre with greater joy.

When I neared the spot, I found a dilapidated log house, two stories high, with a rickety old porch in front. A couple of gaunt, ferocious hounds came rushing at me, and warned the inmates of my approach. I scrutinized the premises as closely as I could in the darkness, and was anything but satisfied with the result of my investigations. But when I looked about me and saw the heavy gloom which hung upon everything, and the prospect of being devoured by wolves; I concluded to first inquire the distance to the next stopping place, and if it was too far, to remain where I was.

The door opened, and a husky voice said, "whose there?"

"A stranger," I replied and followed up by asking how far to the next stopping place?"

I could hear a low murmur of voices, and then a reply came, "ten miles or more."

I dismounted, and fastened my horse to a post, and as I assended the old rickety stairs of the porch they screaked a dismal dirge, and the gaunt, lean hounds nipped savagely at my heels.

The room which I entered presented such a repulsive appearance, that I started back with mingled surprise and disgust. The eyes of several rough, uncouth looking individuals was turned upon me, and I felt their glance, something more of the ferociousness of the wild beast, than the gentle gaze of human beings.

"Take a seat stranger?" said a burly, thick set man, as handed me a chair, which groaned piteously with its infirmities. As I cast a glance upon the group before me, I seemed to hesitate, which was instantly noticed, and the officiating man who seemed to be landlord, came toward me, and in a conciliatory tone, and a style as gentle as could be expected said,

"Sorry can't accommodate you better stranger, but make yourself at home, we'll do the best by you we kin."

A significant glance passed among the men as the host concluded his hospitable invitation, which did not escape my notice.

At length supper was served, consisting of corn bread and bacon, and for this meagre fare, abundant apologies were offered.

After listening a short time to their disgusting conversation, I informed my host I would like to retire.

"Will you leave your saddle bags?" said he, with a bland smile, as he extended his monstrous hand to take them.

"No sir," I replied, while a heavy frown gathered on my brow.

"I have a very safe place to keep them," he rejoined, while his blood shot eyes stabbed me to the heart.

"No doubt," said I, with a meaning nod, "but I would prefer taking them with me."

This conclusion was received rather coolly, and as I prepared to leave the room, one of the men espied the handle of my revolver protruding from beneath my coat.

"Hello, stranger!" he exclaimed in a quick tone, "let's see that 'ere pistol, will you?" So sudden had been the demand, and in such seeming innocent curiosity, that I put my hand back to give it to him. But a second thought decided me, and I replied, "that it was no great curiosity, and I would show it to him in the morning."

By this time the men had gathered around me, and seeing things looked rather peculiar, I backed myself through the door, followed by the host. When the door was closed I could hear loud murmuring, and an oath or two, uttered in vehement tones.

The landlord hurried me up a feeble pair of stairs, and a few yards from the landing pushed open a door and bade me enter. I glanced around the apartment, and showed by my action, that I was dissatisfied with its appearance.

"It is the best I can do for you, stranger," said he, "and you needn't be afraid of them fellows down stairs, they won't hurt any body."

"I shall not be alarmed," I replied, as he closed the door and descended the steps.—I was somewhat annoyed at the appearance of things, and determined to place myself in the best possible position of defence. I examined my quarters closely, and found the door had no fastening whatever, nor was anything convenient with which it could be secured.

Determined not to be baffled, I tore a strip of board from the wall, and with my knife cut a piece sufficiently long to make a brace from the lower clete of the door to the floor. Then with my pocket-knife I bored holes in the casing at the upper end, and drawing several nails from the wall I drove them in with the handle of my large knife. Having examined the walls, and apprehending no treachery from them, I secured the window, and then turned my attention to the floor. Beneath the bed I discovered a trap-door, and its discovery made my hair stand on end. I found it opened downward, and the possibility of securing it strongly seemed hopeless.

Once I thought of removing the bed, and then watching, as a trapper does a hole in the ice for game. But that would not do, for should I successfully repulse the first intruder—for I no longer had a doubt of being in a Robber's Roost—it would leave a hole open which would expose me to their fire. At length a plan came to my relief. I moved the bed from over the door, and taking the clothes off, I threw the chaf bed upon the floor, and directly over the suspected trap. But, Oh! horror! what a discovery I made. The bed was saturated with blood, and in many places hard from the gore which had dried in it.

Having thus fortified myself, I took a seat on one end of the bed, with my saddle-bags close by me, my knife in one hand, and my revolver in the other, and my ammunition convenient, in case I should need it. I blew out my light, and in darkness awaited the denouement of the plot. How long I had waited I could not tell, but in spite of my perilous situation, my eyes grew heavy, and I was almost overcome with sleep. But an easy moving of the bed aroused all my perceptive faculties, and in an instant I was wide awake. It moved several times quite easy, and then all became quiet. I listened a few moments, but could hear nothing. Presently a faint whisper from an adjoining room came; my eyes followed the direction, and I saw a small stream of light pouring through an opening in the partition, I stole softly to the spot, and listened a moment. I then put my eye to the opening, and had a fair view of the operations inside.

So horrible was the sight I then beheld, that its recollection will never be erased from my memory. Hanging from the bed, and with his head nearly severed from his body, was an old grey-headed man, while the purple current of life was steadily streaming from the gash. I recled a moment with dizziness, and was about to withdraw from the scene, when the door opened very softly, and a person entered. I looked again and three of the men I had seen in the bar-room were standing near the dead man.

"Why, Hans," said one, "I thought you had fixed him by this time."

"We'll have trouble with that customer," replied Hans, shaking his head, "he is up to something, he put his bed over the trap."

"The devil!" they both exclaimed, and looked at each other in surprise.

"We must manage him somehow," said Hans, "for he has money, I am certain of that."

"Hadn't we better attend to that 'ere gal first?" suggested one.

"Yes, the old man is fixed now for the gal;" and picking up the light they left the room.

What girl? thought I. Is it possible some person as unfortunate as myself has been compelled to stop here.

I listened eagerly, and presently a crash came, followed by a shrill scream. I sprang toward my door, but recollected that I had it well secured. I hesitated a moment, when another scream more terrific than the first, followed by the sharp report of a pistol. It was but the work of a moment to unfasten my door and dash out. As I sprang into the passage, I met two men, who fired almost simultaneous, but without effect. I levelled my revolver, and sent the contents of one barrel through the head of one, who tumbled heavily down stairs dragging his companion with him.

I rushed into the room, and found the girl sheltered behind a bed, keeping Hans at bay with a revolver. As I entered, Hans sprang at me with a fiendish expression, and in spite of my efforts, seized me in his herculean clutches. My pistol now was of no use, so hurling it from me, I drew my knife, and soon put an end to the struggle. I gathered up my pistol, and hurried the girl into my own room, and soon had the door securely barricaded. I then explained to her our situation, and how I came to discover she was to be a victim. But when I told her of the old man, she faintly gasped "it is my father," and the next moment lay senseless on the floor. I now was in a trying position. I expected every moment the attack of the robbers would be renewed, and that in all probability they would overpower us, and then our dooms would be sealed. I involuntarily cast my eyes toward the window, as if it would afford some point of escape. But then the robbers would have a fair chance, could surround us, and murder us without a show of defence. I had all this time counted upon my fair companion as an assistant, not reflecting that she was a woman, and I had essayed to protect her.—When this thought crossed my mind, all my combative powers were aroused, and I felt strong and competent to contend with a host.

I now heard whispering and footsteps gently stealing up the stairs. A dim light shone beneath the door, and revealed several large holes and cracks. I kept my eyes intently fixed in the direction, while my heart palpitated so loud, that its vibrations could be distinctly heard.

A slight shuffling of the feet; and crash, crash, went several reports, while bullets whizzed sharply about my head. The girl gave a shrill scream, I groaned and crept close to the door, which was riddled with bullets, and through the holes I could plainly discern their action.

I still had five shots in my revolver, and determined to use them to the best advantage.

'He's done for now,' said one, as he stood eyeing the door.

"But the gal," replied a little short, thick man, "she fights like thunder."

"Ha! you coward, who would fear a woman," returned the first speaker with a sneer.

"Jim Bates, I'll make you smell powder for that afore mornin'," said the little man savagely.

"We must have this 'ere door open," and suiting the action to the words an assault was made upon it.

I leveled my pistol and fired, when with a fearful oath, the man fell back upon the floor. I gave them two more shots, when they retreated precipitately down stairs.—I reloaded my pistol and turned to my companion, who, was trying to staunch the blood which was flowing from a wound in her neck.

"I fear, sir my life is short; and I sincerely thank you for your kind protection," she feebly murmured and sank exhausted upon the bed.

I was about to offer some assistance, when I again heard steps on the stairs, and earnest talking as of persons remonstrating.—Thinking the attack at the door would be renewed, I drew the bedstead against it, and threw the light bedding over the headboard and thus formed a kind of breastwork.

"Say, Mister, don't shoot, I want to speak a few words with you," said a voice at the head of the stairs

"I'll shoot the first man who comes near that door," I replied savagely.

"Oh! no, don't I'm your friend," he replied in a tone which carried treachery with it, "Come to the door, will you?"

"Yes, but don't *you* come.

"I want, are you there?'

"Yes."

"Close."

"Yes."

I felt a slight moving of the bed over the trap, during which time the man outside kept up an incessant jabber.

One end of the bed was raising softly, and taking hold of it with my left hand, I gently eased it up, until I could discover a head above the opening.

"Are you at the door?"

"Yes," and simultaneously with my answer went a leaden messenger through the head in the trap, and *bang* came a bullet through the door.

The sound of a heavy fall announced that my shot had taken effect.

I searched for the revolver the girl had used, and fortunately found it, and was happy to discover that but one load had been shot out of it, which I replaced, and being thus reinforced I felt more confident of victory.

But to overcome this gang seemed almost hopeless, as their numbers might be very large, and I so far from assistance.—But might not some providential circumstance transpire to deliver me from the bands of these desperadoes. I was determined to do my best, and leave the result in the hands of Him who directs the affairs of men.

A noise at the window drew my attention, and I caught the glimpse of a man's head slowly rising above the sill. Taking a deliberate aim, I gave the contents of one barrel, and he descended much quicker than he came up.

What would be the next feature of the programme I could not imagine, but like a wild beast at bay, I closely watched every sound. But I felt that something decisive must be done, for day would soon make its appearance, and then they would have the advantage of me.

Again they were ascending the stairs, I now determined to put an end to the contest and if possible overcome them and make them come to terms, or die in the attempt.

I drew the bedstead around so as to protect the girl from their fire, and then stationed myself near the door, but beyond their reach.

Crash went an axe against the door, and the splinters flew in every direction. It was but the work of a moment to break the door in, and when it fell from its fastenings I sallied forth with a revolver in each hand. One man dropped before me, another reeled and then fled precipitately down stairs. A few shots were returned, one of which took effect in my shoulder, and as I felt the blood trickle down my side, it only increased my desperation. I rushed after them firing whenever I was sure my shot would be effectual When I reached the bar-room I could see but one man, and as he fled through the door I gave him my last shot. He fell, and begged me to spare him, as he was the only remaining one of the party.—Thinking he was so crippled that he could not escape, I returned to the house, and taking a light, searched it thoroughly, and could not find another live man about it.—I then ascended the stairs, and found the girl had somewhat recovered. We then set about to dress our wounds, and was so absorbed in the matter, that I did not notice a glaring light which was breaking through the door.

"The house is on fire," exclaimed she springing to her feet.

Taking her by the hand, we rushed to the stairway, but it was one continuous sheet of fire. We then returned to the window, and finding the ladder still there by which the man had ascended, I took her in my arms and descended, thus effecting our escape from another imminent danger.

The man had set the house on fire, and either perished in the flames, or dragged himself to some place of concealment.

Finding two horses in a small stable close by, we took posession of them, and returned to a little town near the Mississippi river. The lovely girl and myself, who met so strangely, never parted, but remained one and the same until death. Nor have we ever forgotten the *Robbers Roost, or Hans' Last Victim.*

An Indian Lover.—Miss Bishop, the writer of "Floral Home," who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly-scoured brass ornaments, and bears' claws—and through an interpreter announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "All the band have as many ss they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement, he promised that she could have the best corner of the looge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the padoose, cook the food, carry the game, plant and hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the "green-eyed monster," even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction.—The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a new shirt, and left with a haughty air.—Next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse. She had been only a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs. A young warrior, smitten with her, called often. Hoping to be rid of him, she gave him a wring. He interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge. The next day he again returned with six young braves to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

Sudden Loss of Speech.—A French paper gives an account of a singular loss of speech by a young French girl, the circumstances of which are as follows: At a late hour in the night, an inhabitant of Boieguillaume passing through one of the streets of Rouen, saw a window open on the first floor of a dwelling house on his way, and thinking that the family were thereby exposed to nocturnal visitors, he aroused the inmates of the house and informed them of the negligence and danger Thanking the traveler for his kindness, the master of the house immediately went up to the chamber of his domestic, to who the carelessness was chargeable, and waking her from a profound sleep, began in a loud and angry voice to censure her for her carelessness. The startled girl, not recognizing the voice of his master, and thinking it was the noise of robbers at her door, was so frightened that she could only respond with inarticulate sounds, and since that time has not been able to speak.

An Expedient.—One day, smiling, Mademoiselle de Hautefort showed a little letter in her hand. Behold, the king arrives! He wished to know what it contained.—Still, in jest, she retreated, the king following her, still more piqued. He begged her to allow him to read the letter, stretching out his hand to take it. She thrusts it into the bosom of her dress. Louis stopped short suddenly, and knew not what to do; but the queen was present and saw all the little charade. She did a daring thing, which might have resulted in the most important consequences. She seized the young girl's hands, and held them so that the king might take the letter. But Louis the Thirteenth was now in a still worse perplexity. He had recourse to an expedient, ridiculous but admirable, and taking up a little pair of silver pincers which were at hand, removed the letter chastely, and without the slightest rudeness, from its delicate hiding place.—*Michelet's France.*

From Rio—Great Railroad Contract Awarded to Americans.—A private letter dated Rio Janeiro, April 30th, says:

"The Board of Directors of the Don Pedro 11 Railraad Company have awarded to the '*American bid*' the contract for all the work on the entire '*Second Section*' of their Railroad—all that was advertised to be let. This contract, at the engineers' estimate, will amount to about three and a half millions of dollars. There are about 242 miles of the road yet to be let, which, if the contractors carry on the second section satisfactorily it is expected will amount to some twelve millions. The Americans had to contend against a powerful English opposition, but with complete success."

Mechanical Force of Lightning.—It has been proved on one occasion that a flash of lightning must have struck a church—St. George's, Leicester, England, with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse power. A single horse power is equal to raising 32,000 pounds one foot high in a minute This force of the lightning, therefore, was equal to 384,000,000 pounds raised one foot high in one minute. This is equal to the power of twelve of our largest steamers, having twenty-four engines of 500 horse power each.

A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise. She says that while dining at her father's table some years' ago he said to her: "My dear Miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the white House."

WHO ARE THE PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in his letter of the 17th ult. makes the following announcements:

"The General superintendent of Police in his report for the last quarter, "States it as a significant fact that, by the returns which accompanied the report, it appeared that in the city of New York, out of the whole number of persons arrested, (FOURTEEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE, ELEVEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE *were of foreign origin.* AGAINST TWO THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR *native born; and that in the city of Brooklyn, out of* TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN, *who were Arrested,* TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-*Eight were of Foreign Birth,* AND SIX HUNDRED AND NINE *natives of the United States.*'"

And yet, with hundreds of equally authentic statements staring us in the face, multitudes of intelligent American citizens, for mere party purposes, and frequently for personal aggrandizement, are pandering to this mass of crime and pauperism, which has been thrown upon our shores from the prisons and pest houses of the Old World, merely to secure their votes and to hoist them to power and to place.—*Washington American.*

Spreading Manure on the Surface. A writer in the Edinburg Journal of Agriculture, commenting on the views of Professor Voelcker as to the exposure of fresh manure to the surface of the ground, relates the following striking experiment, made by a scientific man, for the purpose of testing expressly the several methods of using manure:

There being a difference of opinion among scientific men regarding the advantage of spreading dung upon the surface and leaving it exposed for some time before covering it in, Prof. Legnitz, of Eldena, had recourse to experiment for the solving of the question. For this purpose he selected two and one-half roods, which he divided into four equal parts. To No. 1 no manure was given. No 2 received about two tons of farm-yard dung, which was spread immediately and covered in by means of the plough. No. 3 was treated in the same manner, with this difference, that the hoe was used instead of the plough. The same quantity of dung was carried to No. 4, and allowed to remain spread three weeks on the soil before being covered in by the hoe. On the 10th of October, the four lots, subjected to experiment, were sown with about ninety-five pints of rye seed each.—The followieg are the total results of the crop of each lot, grain and straw included:

No. 1 produced	583	pounds.
No. 2 "	770	"
No. 3 "	818	"
No. 4 "	930	"

The writer justly remarks that a single experiment should not be considered conclusive, but that is sufficiently striking to warrent a repetition of it on a larger scale.

Salt for Quince Trees.—The Quince Tree seems to have a constitutional fondness for salt. We have never seen, says the Horticulturist, such superb specimens of fruit, and such a general luxuriance of the trees, as at Newport, R. I., on the sea coast. A gentleman who noticed this fact several years ago, told us lately that he had profited by the hint, in giving to each of his top-dressing of two quarts of coarse salt every spring. By scatering the salt over the surface it dissolves slowly, and does no harm whatever to the roots, but makes both foliage and fruit much more healthy.

Fattening Beef on Potatoes.—About twelve years ago I fattened a heifer for beef wholly on potatoes. My plan was to feed small potatoes whole, without cooking with as much hay as wanted, and but little water, and I had as good beef as fattened on corn meal.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Gormandizer.—At St. Louis, on Friday, one Francis Charle, a Frenchman, at one sitting, ate eight five cent loaves of bread, six pounds of ham, a pig's foot, half a pound of cheese, and a plate of salad, taking two glasses of beer and eleven glasses of water to aid in the masticatory process, and then declared he was not satisfied.—This little epicurean repast occupied precisely three hours. We presume that if two or three barbacued beeves, a gross of hard boiled eggs, and six or seven hundred fried frogs had been set before him for a dainty lunch, his gluttonous appetite "had stomach for them all."

Cartouche, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band "Where have you served?" asked Cartouche. "Two years with an attorney, and six months with an inspector of the police." "Well," answered the witty thief, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop."

Paddy was summoned into court for refusing to pay a doctor's bill.

Judge—why do you refuse to pay?

Paddy—what for should I pay shure did he give me anything but some emetics, and niver a one could I kape on my stomach, at all.

The editor of the *Home Journal* says: "Blessed are they who do not advertise, for they will be rarely troubled with customers."

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the pinions of another

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