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 as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or 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.

NEW GOODS
FOR THE
SPRING & SUMMER OF 1859.

WE take great pleasure in informing our friends and the public generally, that we have just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a very large and beautiful stock o

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

We have taken advantage of both cities in our purchases, and have spared no pains in our selections, and in point of *Beauty, Style, Quality and Price*, we challenge competition.

Ever ready in person, to respond to the smallest call, and having secured the services of prompt, polite and accommodating young gentlemen, we feel assured, that to call upon us will be to be both pleased and profited. In our stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

will be found

Plaid Peka, French Bareges,
Glassa Cloths, Barrege Robes,
Challi, French Lawns,
Challi Robes, Jackonet Lawns,
French Lavellas, Lawn Robes,
French de Beiges, Double Skirt Robes,
Mohair Lustres, Striped and Plaid Cambrics,
Merino Cashmeres, Plaid and Figured Swiss;
Thompson's Indestructable Double Extension Hoop Skirts,
Kid, Silk and Cotton Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL,

French Cloths, Costings in all varieties, Silk, Satin & Marseilles Vestings, French Cassimeres, Plain and Fancy Silk Cravats, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Hoisery, Linen Drillings, Neck Ties, Striped & Fig'd Shirtings, Gloves, &c.

BOYS AND MISSES' GOODS, IN EVERY VARIETY.

FOR SERVANT'S WEAR.

Osnaburgs, Twilled and Plaid, Cottonades, Plaid and Plain, Heavy Drillings, Plaid Domestics, Striped Cottons, Printed Cloths.

ALSO A FULL SUPPLY OF

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GLASS, WOODWARE, TINWARE, &c.

To an examination of which we very respectfully solicit the public.

Easton, April 9. THOMPSON & KERSEY.

A CARD.

J. RASIN returns his thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Easton and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him since his return from the city and takes pleasure in inviting their attention to his second supply of

RICH DRESS GOODS

received by last Friday's steamer

FOR LADIES.

Robe A. Les, Robe Princesse, Double Skirt Robes, Poil De Chevres, French Lavellas, Ducals and Challis, Mantillas, Parasols, and Fans, French Organdies, Jackonet Lawns, French Bareges, White & Col'd. Brilliantes Striped & Plaid Cambrics, Plain and Fig'd Swiss, Stri'd and plaid Nansooks Black Silks, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Mitts, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Black and Fancy Cloths & Cassimeres, Summer Cloths, Cashmeretts and Tweeds, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Fancy Silk do., Black It. do., Madras do., Shirt Fronts, Collars, Marseilles Byron and Standing, Hosiery, Gloves, &c. Velvet, Silk & Satin Vestings, Marseilles Vestings, Plain and Fancy Drillings Satin Stocks, Ties.

apr 16 J. RASIN.

SPRING GOODS.

THE subscriber has now open his stock of *SPRING DRY GOODS* comprising every variety

GENTLEMENS' WEAR AND LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

In the selection of which great care has been taken to secure all the novelties of the very latest importations. Special attention has also been paid to the purchase of

Sacks and Cambric Goods,
Bleached Muslins, Brown Cottons,
Sheetings, Denims, and goods for servants generally.

Hardware, Queensware,
GROCERIES.
Ropes, Brooms, Buckets, Spades, Shovels, Hoes,

and Farmers goods of all kinds, he is prepared to offer more than the usual inducements. Purchasers are invited to call and examine the goods and to take special notice of their very moderate prices.

apr 16 JNO. GOLDSBOROUGH.

EXHIBITION!

JUST received from Philadelphia and Baltimore my selection of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

and now ready to be exhibited and sold at small profits for cash or to punctual dealers on time.—I name in part as follows: Chalies, Barege Delaines, Lawns, De Beges, Lavellas, French Chintz, Brilliants, Figured and Plain; good selection of Calicoes, Book, Swiss, Mull and Jackonet Muslins, Cambric Swiss, Thread and Cotton Edgings and Insertings, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Collars and Shawls, with almost every variety in the way of Dress Goods. Also a lot of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, and Vestings, together with a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Caps,
Ready Made Clothing, made to order:

A large stock of Goods for Servants such as Osnaburgs, Domestics, Striped Cotton, &c

Also, Groceries, Queensware,
Hardware, Tinware and Woodware.

Particular attention paid in the selection of articles generally used by farmers such as Shovels, Spades, Forks, Ploughs and Castings of all kinds in use. Carriage Harness, horse collars, bridles, cart-breeching, saddles, hames, &c.

Respectfully soliciting a call from my friends and the public, I will always be pleased to show my goods, being confident that the variety and price will please.

☞ Extra inducements to cash buyers—a discount of four per cent. on all sums of two Dollars.

E. T. BENSON, Royal Oak,
apr 16 Talbot county, Md.

CIGARS & TOBACCO.—A complete assortment of the best brands, kept constantly on hand and for sale by (apr 23) J. P. BLAKE.

KID GLOVES—all colors and sizes, and of the very best quality at
apr 23 J. H. GRACE.

1859! 1859!! 1859!!!
NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY having just returned from the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia with a large and handsome assortment of **SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,** most respectfully invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine their stock before purchasing, as they flatter themselves they can please in styles, quality and prices. [apr 9

NEW GOODS.

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends generally, that we have just returned from the city of Baltimore with a full supply of everything in our line of business. We have on hand a good assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a full supply of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
WOODWARE, TINWARE,
QUEENSWARE. &c.

All of which we are selling at prices to suit the times. We would advise all in want of goods in our line to give us a call.

apr 2 A. DODD & SON.

March 12th, 1859

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF
NEW GOODS,
ALL KINDS;
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
VERY CHEAP.

J. RASIN has returned from the city, and is now opening the largest and cheapest stock of goods, ever before offered by him, at prices which cannot fail to please The public are respectfully invited to call and examine.

apr 2 J. RASIN.

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

FOR 1859!

PATCHETT & WRIGHT would inform all purchasers of Cheap Goods, that they have just returned from the city, and are now opening at their old stand, under the Odd Fellow's Hall, a magnificent assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing,

consisting of Over Coats, Dress Coats, Business Coats, Pants and Vests.

DRY GOODS, *of every variety.*

Ladies' Dress Goods of the latest styles and fashions.

Hardware, Groceries, Crockery & Tinware,

together with a large assortment of Jewelry and Notions. Etherial Lamps and Coal Oil do.

These goods have been selected with care, and will be sold at *prices to suit the times.* The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

apr 16

NEW GOODS.

March 12th, 1859

JUST returned, with the *finest, largest* and most *complete* stock of GOODS from Philadelphia ever brought to this market

Ladies' Dress Goods,
of the newest and cheapest styles of
Lawns, Lawn Robes,
Dukales in Stripes, Plaid & modern patterns
Berages, De Baige, &c.
an elegant assortment of Calicos, from 6¼ to 12½.

For Gentlemen—a complete assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Drillings, Satin, Silk and Marseilles Vesting, Marseilles and Linen Shirt Bosoms, Shirting Calicoes, &c., &c., and a large assortment of Dress Goods, for Misses and Girls, &c., Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Belts, &c.

Also the finest lot of Ladies' Collars, Cambric and Swiss edging, Dimity, Ruffling, Kid Gloves, &c., &c., Irish Linens, Fig'd Dimity, extra Table Linen, Table Napkins, Pil'ow Case Linen, 5-4, 8-4, 10-4, 11 4 and 12-4 bleached Shirting, and a very large stock of Bleached Muslin.

The largest stock of heavy Twilled and Plain Osnaburgs, Striped do, Blue Denims, very heavy, 3-4, 7-8, 4-4 unbleached Muslin—bought since 1856 for this market. The public are respectfully invited to an examination of my stock.

may 26 JAMES H. GRACE.

The War.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gulled by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go,
Look to your buts and take good aims.
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!
—London Times, May 11.

From the (Baltimore) Family Journal.

How Jim Greyson

CIRCUMVENTED THE SIOUX.

BY WACOUSTA.

"Come, Captain, tell us a story."

"You fellers must think I'm a reg'lar story book, don't you? I've told all the stories I ever knowed long ago. I'm tired telling 'em by this time, dogged if I aint," growled the personage addressed, a tall, rugged old back-woodsman, of perhaps fifty years of age.

"Come now, old chap, that wont go down," exclaimed the first speaker "A man that's seen as much of the Indians as you have, knows enough to tell fifty stories, especially if he's done as much fighting as you have. You never told us how you got clear of those rascally Sioux, when you were taken prisoner in 1810."

"Yes, I have, too, I've spun that yarn often enough, and some of you'se heard me too," said our captain, as we all called him.

"I never did," "Nor I," "Nor I," came from the group of hunters around; "so let's have it now, that's a good fellow."

The foregoing conversation took place at one of our camp-fires in the Territory of—, not many years ago.

To give the reader an understanding of the story, I'll venture a short explanation of whom and what we were.

Our party consisted of six persons, who had come together in order to enjoy a few months' hunting on the prairies. First, there was Jim Greyson, or as we called him, the Captain, and his colleague, Gary Williams, two old trappers who had been hunting and trapping off and on for twenty or thirty years. We had met with them at St. Louis, and had engaged them as guides for our expedition. They were two of the finest men I have ever met with. Then there were Bill Reynolds, George Thomas, Sam Mulling, and your humble servant.

We had been out about two weeks, and to pass away the time at our fires, generally called on the captain for a story. So after this explanation, I'll proceed.

After a little hesitation, the captain exclaimed:

"Well I'll do it this once, but mind you, it's the last time, so reckolect it."

As he had made this remark for the last two or three nights, it didn't make much impression on us, so settleing ourselves into a comfortable position we awaited his story.

Filling his pipe afresh, Greyson continued:

"Now, if one of you fellers comes at me with any of your questions, I'll just shet up, now mind."

After one or two rather meditative whiffs, Jim commenced.

"You see, it was in the winter of 1810, that Gary and I was a hunting and trapping out here. Well, we got just about as fine a set of furs as ever you saw, when one day, while we was arter bufflers, I happened to see a thin smoke a rising over the tops of a chump of trees, not more'n a mile off. That didn't look very comfortable, now I just tell you, for I knowed it must be Injuns, as no white men was about thar then. What tribe of yellow devils they belonged to, of course, I couldn't tell till I'd seen some sign; but thar was one thing I knowed, and that was that the sooner Gary and me put ourselves on our hosses' backs and out of sight, the better it wud be for our har. So we just went down on our hands and knees, (we'd left our hosses at our last night's camp, as the buffler was very shy, and we had to creep down on them to get a shot.) The grass war very high, and ef we didn't make much fuss crawling along, we might have sum chance to git off. Well, we'd crawled along for, may be a couple of hundred yards or so, when I thought I'd git up and take a look at the smoke agin. But you'd better believe I didn't stay up long, for no sooner had I raised my head when I saw ten or twelve Injuns riding a short distance off.

"I knowed they'd seen me, by the loud yell they give."

"Now Gary was about twenty yards behind. They hadn't seen him I knowed, so I just told him to lay low, and if they really meant evil he might be about to help me off. I knew the best way to do was to put a bold front on and go to meet them, as there would be less chance of their seeing Gary, so I just got up and walked towards them.

"Instantly they rode up and surrounded me, and took away my rifle and knife, and then making me get up behind one of them they all set off at a rapid gallop.

"I might have fought and, may be, killed one or two, but it warn't no use, the rest wud kill me. I knew Gary wud help me off, that night if he could so I kept quiet.

"Oh, how I felt like catching my companion by the throat, and choking his black heart out. But I managed to keep cool, till night.

"Pretty soon we got to the trees whar I had fust seen the smoke, and I found there was a large encampment. They were out on a grand hunt, and had their squaws and young ones along to jerk and dry the beef. My heart rather fell when I saw this. Had they been alone my chances of escape wud have been nearly doubled, for a squaw when awakened will make more noise than anything on earth, except it's the other dogs the yaller imps bring with 'em on sich occasions. *They* bark all the time. They sleep with one eye open, and bark while they're asleep to frighten the skeeters away.

"Well——"

"Hold on, captain," exclaimed Sam.—"Did you say they barked while they were asleep. Why I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, and ef you didn't," said Jim contemptuously, "what of that? There's a good many things *you* never heard on. So jist you dry up and don't interrupt me agin."

"Well, as I was saying—let's see, where did I leave off—you've gone an tangled my story all up with yer questions."

"Such a yarn as that is enough to tangle any story up in," said Sam, with a laugh.

Jim did not deign to reply, but continued:

"Well, my only hope now was in Gary. I knowed he'd come ef he cud, but I was affeerd he'd be taken, too, but it warn't any use to think about it then. Just as we entered the camp a great crowd of the squaws and dogs cum out to meet us. As soon as they seed me they commenced to yell——"

"Did they yell-*low*," broke in Sam just at this moment.

"No," said Jim, "they didn't, they was yellow enough themselves.

"Well, we dismounted, and in a moment I was surrounded by the infernal crowd.—Now, boys, you know I'd rather fight ten men than to talk to half a dozen women.—If they're pretty girls I don't mind, but when it comes to such greasy things as these Indian squaws I want to clear out.—But they didn't keep me long, for one of the warriors took me roughly by the arm, and led me to a hut, whar he told me to go in. I obeyed glad enough to get rid of the she devils.

"I saw the one that had my rifle and knife go into a wigwam near the one in which I was. Well, I went in and tuk a seat on the ground for want of a better place. I now saw that I war a close prisoner, and that ef I was to escape it must be that night. It was fast growing dark, so I wouldn't have long to wait.

"Pretty soon a squaw came in with some beef and corn bread, and a gourd of water. She set them down and immediately left before I could ask her a word.

"On meeting with the warriors out on the prairie, I had immediately discovered that they were Sioux Indians. I could speak their language very well.

"Well, I eat the beef and bread, for I was very hungry, and then laid down and pretended to be asleep.

"Soon an armed Injun cum to the entrance of the wigwam and looked in, and then commenced pacing up and down before the door. After waiting about four hours, I thought I'd make a move to see how things were coming on.

"The camp was still, barring the dogs, but I had the pleasure of knowing that thar war none of the varmints near my prison. By careful watching I found my sentinel was asleep like the rest.

"I waited to see if I could hear anything of Gary. Pretty soon I heard the screech of a whippoorwill. Now, thar warn't anything in that, you may say, but I saw something in it. I knew who made it by the slightly different way it sounded. It war Gary. Well, it war time for me to move. My first step must be to silence the sentinel. In order to do so I crawled to the entrance of the wigwam and peeped out.—Thar war no moon, and it war pretty dark. Soon, however, I was able to see his dusky form lying a short distance off. I was just about to make a desperate attempt to spring upon him and strangle him, when I saw a man moving a little ways off. I instantly drew back into the hut to wait till he was gone.

"Presently I heard a smothered exclamation from the sentinel, and all war still.—After waiting a few moments and hearing nothing more, I concluded to look out again. The sentinel war lying in the same spot.

"Again I started to reach him. Suddenly a pair of hands grasped my throat, and I war pressed to the ground. I managed to mutter something, I forget what, when the hands were loosened, and their owner exclaimed in a whisper:

"'Well, may I be eternally dod rotted ef it aint Jim. Why, boy, I war just about to run my frog-sticker into you, like I did that 'ere thing out there,' pointing to the sentinel. 'Why didn't you tell me it war you?'

"How in the duce did you suppose I was a going to tell you," said I, gasping for breath. "when you had them cussed big paws of yourn on my wind pipe; but we aint got no time to talk now, we must work. I want my rifle and then I'll be off. Whar are the hosses?"

"'Just about a hundred yards from here over thar, 'said Gary, pointing to the place. 'I'll meet you there.'

"'All right.'

"He started off for the place, being careful to make no noise. After he were gone I waited a little while and then cautiously made my way to the tent. When I got there I could tell by the deep breathing inside that thar were more'n one in it asleep. But I was bound to git my rifle somehow or other, so I crawled to the door and looked in. It were very dark at fust, but after while I could see better. I saw thar wur two Injuns, both fast asleep. One of 'em had my rifle lying by his side. Now, as skeery as the Injuns are, it war no easy job to get it. Had thar been only one of 'em, I might have strangled him without much fuss, but thar war two, and if I jumped one, the other wud be sure to give the alarm.—Oh, how I did wish Gary war with me.—But it war no use wishing, that wud do no good, and my time war precious.

"As I war crawling along I felt something under my hand, and on feeling it I found it was a big club. Picking it up, I thought of some way to make it useful. Fortune favored me, for just then I heard a noise in the wigwam. Instantly drawing back from the opening, I anxiously awaited the next movement.

"One of the Indians gave a yawn or two which awakened the other, and from the few words that passed between them, I knew he was about to relieve the sentinel Gary had strangled. It would never do for him to find him dead. I must find some way to kill him before he reached him.—I immediately made all haste in order to arrive fust at the spot whar the dead feller war. I just got thar in time. As the Injun war about to approach to awaken him, I crept up behind and brought my club down on his head with just force enough to knock him senseless. As he fell I caught him in my arms to prevent his fall being heard. I gently lowered him to the ground, and then securing his knife drew it across his throat to make sure of him.—I thought the knife felt familiar, and on a close examination I found it war mine. I knew he war the one who had my rifle, as he war the nearest to me while I war a listening at the wigwam. I had got it as he fell, so it was all right.

"Now if I could only get safe to the hosses. I set out to find them, and to my great joy soon met Gary, and together we mounted and set out on our retreat. Before morning we had left the encampment far behind. Whether they found us out bfore morning or not I can't say, but we never saw no more signs of them. Gary had 'cached' the furs before coming for me, and sometime afterwards we went back and got them all safe agin.

"That's the whole of my adventure as you were pleased to call it. So now I'll leave off and go to sleep."

I was just about to thank him for his story, when Sam, who had been in a doze for sometime awoke, and catching Greyson's last words, and his mind being taken up by the dog part of the story, exclaimed, in a sleepy tone:

"Recollect, captain, shut both eyes and—'

"Oh, you be dogged," said Jim, impatiently.

"If I do be dogged, I wont bark while I'm asleep anyhow."

Greyson did not reply, and stretching ourselves around the fire, all but our sentinel were soon fast asleep.

"THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD" PROSTRATED.—*Prodigious Feats of Strength.*—Dr. Geo. B. Winship attempted to lecture last evening at Mercantile Hall, on "Physical Education."—The hall was filled to overflowing, attracted no doubt by the fame of the lecturer in relation to his prodigious feats of strength, it having been claimed for him that he was the "strongest man in the world." Dr. Winship commenced reading his lecture promptly at eight o'clock, and had proceeded but a few moments before his voice began to fail and became weak and tremulous; and before the audience generally were aware of it, he dropped directly upon the platform. Several gentlemen rushed to the platform and immediately bore him to the adjoining ante-room where Dr. Walter Channing and others attended upon him.

It was soon announced that he would go on with the lecture in a few moments.—He appeared, and after apologizing to the audience, said it was the first time he had ever fainted. He then proceeded with his lecture, and had read but a few pages when he again became overpowered, retiring just in time to save himself from another swoon. By the advice of physicians present, he was dissuaded from attempting to go on with his lecture, and it was announced that it would take place at some future time.

The audience on retiring were allowed to receive tickets or their money, most of them taking the former. It is said that on being taken from the hall his heart had nearly ceased to beat. Dr. W. accounts for the unfortunate affair on the ground that the atmosphere of the hall was close and impure. His friends, however, regard it as caused by the peculiarity of appearing before a public audience for the first time.

Dr. W. has for several years given much attention to the subject of physical education. He is twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and tirty-three pounds. He graduated at Cambridge five years ago. He can raise a barrel of flour from the floor on his shoulder; can raise himself with either little finger, till his chin is half a foot above it; can raise 200 pounds with either little or ger; can put up a dumb-bell of 141 pounds; exercises daily with two dumb-bell weighing 100 pounds each, which he can raise alternately above his head; can lift with the hands 926 pounds dead weight, without the aid of straps or belts of any kind. Topham, the strongest man of England, could raise only 800 pounds in the same way; and the celebrated Belgion giant could lift only 800. Dr. W. was prepared to exhibit all these feats, but the unexpected turn which events took prevented it. The strong man proved to be an infant.—*Boston Atlas*, 31*st*.

A good constitution is like a money box—the full value of it is not known until it is broken.

A man in Georgia, hung himself to scare his wife. She let him hang long enough to scare himself.

A Looking Glass for Business Men.

How cross you are! Yes, how cross you are—and it is high time you knew it. You are cross in the morning, cross in the evening, and cross all day; cross when you go out and cross when you come in; cross to your wife, and cross to your children, and cross to everybody; cross when you go to bed and cross even in your sleep; and your friends wait in fear lest that infernal passion shall continue through life; and be "strong in death." Your character is known and read of all men. It leaks out or spills over continually, and there is no use in attempting to conceal the matter. Now we intend in this discourse to teach only on one single development of your position, viz: its relation to business, to your prosperity; and leave your minister to give you other necessary Gospel teaching. We will begin this ventilation by remarking:—

1st. That cross men are usually despised by everybody.

2d. That cross men are always in want of friends.

3d. That cross men can't depend upon permanent prosperity.

4th. That cross men, when in trouble, are left alone and let alone, and "are of all men most miserable.

5th. That cross men are the last men who should ask for favors.

6th. That cross men have neither position nor influence.

7th. That cross men are cut off from the affections' good will, and sympathy of partners, clerks, customers, and—everybody.

Lastly. That cross men, when they depart; which "is far better," leave behind a short procession and but few mourners.

In view of this subject, we venture further to say, that when you speak cross to your partners you are making a muss generally, which will have a tendency to reduce materially the profits of your business, and render your success more difficult; when you speak cross to your clerks, you discourage, inflame, and prejudice them so that very soon they will care little for you or any of your concerns, when you speak cross to a customer, even if he is unreasonable and deserves it, you disgrace yourself, and do wrong which cannot easily be repaired. He will not forget it if you do, and the worse the man is and the more he deserves it, the more he will abuse you.

Wherever and whenever you are cross, you damage and belittle yourself, and all peacable men will make tracks, give you a wide berth, get out of sight, and instinctively shun you as they would a wild elephant.

Lastly, no money can compensate you for the loss of a good or even tolerable disposition. Therefore, don't indulge a bad temper. You may be a Rothschild, or even a Crœsus, yet if you are a chronic cross man, you will be a poor beggar—a poverty-sticken fool—without a crumb of solitary comfort upon which to satisfy the cravings of poor human nature. Your partners, your clerks, your poor dog and cat, will breathe easier when you die and are out of the way, unless you reform. Will you make the experiment? Begin then with a smile. Follow up that smile with a resolution to persevere to the end. Let what will come, keep your temper. If you can't restrain yourself, sing loud. Try Old Hundred, Mear, or even Yankee Doodle. If that don't answer, seek the open air, and roar at the wind. Try your lungs with a norwester, and give us a record of your experience. Go to Niagara Falls, and amid the thunderings of that mighty cataract, give us a trial of your uttermost capacity that shall ever after satisfy you. Do anything rather than not become a—reformed man.—*Independent.*

Quick on the Trigger.

"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as to discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping the master shouted:

"Who done that?"

The party unanimously cried out,

"Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen *snapt* him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked

"Did you snap Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered,

"Yes, sir, I snapt Gun—*but I did't know that he was loaded.*"

Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Buchanan's late Minister to Mexico, has come out in a three column letter in the Mobile Register, full of fury against the President. He says that since his return from Mexico he has traveled from New York to New Orleans, and has conversed with ever so many hundred Democrats, and he has yet to see the first man who is not disgusted with the Buchanan Administration.

If you wish to be respected by others, respect yourself and go well dressed.—People never wring the necks of top-not chickens off.

In the anatomy of the hand, we find that the muscle by which we shut it, is much stronger than that by which we open it, and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

The sheep in the meadow, and the ane in the forest, alike contribute the "chops" for the benefit of man.

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