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.

VOL. XLII. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859. No. 31.

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.

From the New York Observer.

Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady!"

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If're, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughters no less strongly
To raise up and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty;
There the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame,
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven;
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fassion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, true, whole-souled woman.

[From the Home Journal.]

COURTING IN NEW ENGLAND.

From Mr. Ezekiel Benton to Mr. Abraham Fitch.

SMITHVILLE, N. H., March 22, '59

MY DEAR ABE:—Since I last writ I've been a puttin' a climax on my life, by gittin married. Now, you needn't hoist your eyebrows, and whissel—'cause it's all over. When I look back and kinder thinks of it cooly, I lay it all to my going into the quire. Ned and Bill Sims, and Joe Preston, and half a dozen, of 'em, had been at me more than a month, wantin' me to come up and help 'em, in the base. I fought shy, telling 'em I could never sing in meeting; but the truth was, I know'd I'd feel plaguy queer up among all them gals, for female ciety always did take the starch out of me wondrous; and Aunt Barbara, you remember used to say that I was the awkwardest teller among the young women that she ever did see. Well, they pestered me so about goin, that what did I do at last but go. I'd rather had a double tooth out twice over, but then I was ashamed to say "no" any more. So, on the next Sunday morning after I promised 'em, I dressed somethin smarter than ordinary, and scented my handkerchief with pepermint, and when I got to the church, had half a mind to give it up, but juss then Bill Sims come up and clapped me on the back, and sez he, "come Zeke, we're going to have a prelude this mornin'. We must turn out strong on that;" and so had nothing to do but to go along up. Somehow or nother we went up the gal's side, and when I got up to the top of the stairs, there, sure enough, was the hull of 'em, and hearing my new creaky boots, what did they all do but turn clean around and look straight at me. I tell you, I felt streaked, and my head begun to go round as if I'd been drinkin. I couldn't 'xactly see which way to go, but I tried somehow to get over where the fellers was; when the fust thing I know'd I missed the step and went sprawling, head foremost, would have been down in the middle aisle, if it hadn't been for the front of the gallery. I got up as quick as I could, but my pantaloons was all dust, my coat was torn up the back, and the galls a snickering as if they'd bust. This made me kinder desperate, so I sat down and began to look at a music book awful hard just as if nothing had happened. But I didn't sing a note that mornin,' and never was so glad as when meetin' was over. When the folks began to go out, I hung back a little, so as to get away unbeknown; but the rest of them in the quire seemed to be awaiting for something, I had to push ahead, when I'll be bound if there was one of them gals there was a dozen that sez, so provokin,' "Why, Mr. Benton, your coat is all torn," juss as if I didn't know that. I didn't say nothin' back, but hurried out, and slip round under the shed till the folks were gone.—Well, Abe, it was three Sundays after that afore I went to the quire agen: for by that time I guessed it had all blown over, and Joe and the rest of 'em was at me all the while. That time I tuk particular pains to be on hand as soon as the church doors were open, and got in the quire seats fust, so I tuk the gals, you see one at a time, and not all in a mess like before. Well, I got along fust-rate that day, and begun after a few weeks to get quite used to it, when something new turned up. One Sunday evening I had taken my place at the end of the seat towards the gals; and juss across the little aisle at the end of the gals' seat towards us sat Hetty Burroughs. Now you recollect Hetty—you know you can't skeer up many prettier faces than she's got any way. Well, that day her ribbon fixins set her off astonishin.' We were short of music books, and so, when we was standing up to sing the fust hymn, Hetty sez to me, sez she "Mister Benton, will you look over me?" I kinder started, but tuk hold. Well, when I begun to sing I found that my voice was a little flusticated, and that made Hetty look straight at me, and then I was flusicated wuss, and then I looked at her, and then she got to shakin," and down went the book clean over the front. "Ke chunk" it went and made every body jump. When Hetty saw the book fall, she came nigh fainting, and grabbed my arm—not on purpose, you know, but kinder accidental. Well, Abe it was that what did it. For you see, when meetin' was over, Hetty sez to me, as we was going out, sez she "Mr. Benton, I was so confused I didn't know what I was about. I beg your pardon for taking hold of your arm."

"Lor ma'am," sez I, "why I liked it."—And then sez I, "I only wish you'd take hold of my arm again, and let me see you home." Well, do you believe it, there was Hetty and me a walking home that evening arm in arm. When I left her and got to our house, I set down, and it was for all the world, like a dream. I set up all night a rubbing my eyes, and a thinking, and then I'd guess it wasn't me but some other feller. Well, the folks in the house did not know what to make of me, for I went on mighty curious, and not as I use to I was considerably abstracted and couldn't eat nuthin, and I broke a tumbler, a meat dish and two cups all in one day. As this was being rather 'spensive, the folks couldn't stand it any better nor me. Next day after our walk home I went to see Hetty, thinkin' I'd have a glorious time; but when I got to the house I set like a mummy, and couldn't get up steam to say nuthin' nice. You see there was nothing there like a music-book to start us. Well I see Hetty off an on for a fortnight longer, and all the town got a talking how I was a sparkin' Hetty Burroughs, and then I made up my mind that what was to be was to be, and I calculated on making the thing sartin' as soon as possible. I seed that Hetty wasn't vexed at my stopping in so often; and when a gal ain't vexed at you in such circumstances, you may be sure she's rather taken with you. That's my flosophy—you may want to use it sometimes, Abe. So one evening, as I was a sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the stickin' pint, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller should ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, Suppose it was Ned Willis." Sez she, "I'd tell *Ned Willis*, but not you."—That kinder staggered me. But I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so I sez agen, "Suppose it was *me!*" And then you ought to have seen her pout up her lip, and sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well now, you see there was nothing left for me but to touch the gun off. Sez I, "Lor Hetty, *its me.* Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullaballoo in my head I don't know exactly what tuk place but I thought I heard a yes, whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish.

Anyhow, after that, Hetty and me was engaged, and six months after we were married. The day we were married, we went off in the afternoon cars for Boston. When we got to Brattleboor,' Hetty asked me to get her a glass of lemonade. Well, while I was in for the lemonade, off started the cars; and when I got out with the lemonade in my hand, there they was a hundred yards head start. Lor! didn't I holler! "My wife! My wife!" I yelled like a Injun, and run like a Injun too. Away went the cars, and away I roller'd, screamin' and blowin, and holdin' the lemonade all the time. Then I threw away the glass; then I let my overcoat go; then my hat blew off; and then I fell down, blowed out, by the side of the track. The first thing that roused me up was Hetty's voice: "Zekel, O, my Zekel! are you dead?" You see, Hetty, seeing the cars was startin' and I wasn't back with the lemonade, got out herself on the other side, and let the cars go without her, and so I had been chasin' the cars and Hetty had been chasin' me. But no matter, we are all happy agen, and I remain yours,

EZEKIEL BENTON.

Don't trust to your Dictionary.

A German, whose English education had been somewhat neglected, obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open to new offers, and accordingly opened his business thus:—"Highborn madam, since your husband have *kicked de bucket*——"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon?—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning: Madam, since your husband have *cut his stick*——"

It may be supposed that this did not mend matters, and, reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire:

"Madam, since your husband have *gone to kingdom come*——"

This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation this time, and rapidly moved towards the door. Things had now reached a crisis; and, if something were not done quickly, the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:

'Madam, since your husband—your most respected husband—your never-enoff-to-be-worshipped husband—have *hopped de twig*——"

This was his sheet anchor; and, as this also came home, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used (Arnold's we think,) a work of one hundred and fifty years back and from mere German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—has put down the verb *sterben (to die)* with the following worshipful series of equivalents:

1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig: to drop off the perch into Davys locker.—*De Quincy.*

A young man who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's mony in fitting for the bar, was asked, after his examination, how he got along.

"Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right."

"Ah, indeed! said the old gentleman, with looks of satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness, "And what was that?"

"They asked me what a *quitam* action was?"

"That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?"

"Yes: I told them I didn't know."

A Singular Operation.

The following will do well to read in connection with the circumstances of the Sickles case:—

In 1847, only twelve years ago, an English nobleman, Sir Walter Paget, renowned in the best society of London for his eminent credulition, his manly beauty and fascinating conversation, and well known to the literary world by his writings, went over to the continent. Having visited France, Germany and Switzerland and Austria, he went to Hungary, a country which has been on the eve of great events. He spent several weeks at Perth, and in the neighboring country-seats of the Hungarian nobles. In the beginning of Autumn he visited Transylvania, and was received at the castle of Count S. Bethlen with all the oriental hospitality and generosity that a rich Hungarian magnette likes to display to every man of education who visits him.

Count Bethlen was descended from the old royal fatnily of the Bethlen gabors.—He was a fine looking old man, every inch a real gentleman. He was married some years previous to a young noble lately of his country, the Countess M. L., who was not twenty years old, the Count being nearly fifty. He had known her as a child in the home of her mother, and she married him as young girls often do, more for the respect than the deep love she felt for Count Bethlen. Notwithstanding both lived a happy family life in the old feudal castle of the Bethlens near Claursenburg. Sir William Paget, to whom the Count had given a suite of apartments, saddled horses and attendants, lived several weeks in this family, enjoying the varied hospitalities of the castle country. It is needless to say the brilliant conversation and the exquisitely polite manners of William, proved the "Consuelo," and a criminal love ensued.

One day the Count went out hunting on horse back. Sir William Paget stayed at the castle with pretended illness, but one of the Count's attendants warned the Count, telling him if he would but return to the castle he would find the stranger in the Countess' apartments. In hot haste the count rode home and found Sir William in the bed-chamber of his lady. Arming himself with pistols, he forced Sir William to follow him to his private room; being there he sent for a notary and two confidential witnesses, asking Sir William if he had abused his hospitality and confidence in consequence of a real love for his wife, and if his love met a response. The answer being in the affirmative, he ordered the notary to draw up a contract of marriage between the Countess of Bethlen, born Countess M. L., and Sir William Paget, late of the Royal Hussars of London. The contract in one, the loaded pistol in the other hand, the Count with a terrible but quiet earnestness, summoned Sir William to sign the act of marriage immediately on the spot. Sir William Paget signed the contract. The next day the Bishop of Klaussenburgh was sent for, a divorce was legally procured, and a week afterward the marriage formally completed in the castle of a neighboring nobleman. The Count gave to his wife all her jewells, horses, and carriages; and some months afterwards Sir William Paget bought from him one of his large possessions in Transylvania, where up to the present time he lives happily with his wife.

WITTY.

A Persian emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing toward him, asked his age. The peasant replied:

"I am four years old."

An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the emperor.

"You censure me without a cause," replied the peasant; I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon the time which has been lost in folly and care of the world: I, therefore, consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society.'

'The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed:

"Thou canst not hope to see the trees, thou art planting come to perfection."

'True,' answered the old man, 'but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others.'

'Excellent!' exclaimed the emperor.

Upon which, as was the custom whenever any one was honored with the applause of the sovereign, the purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold.

On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance and added:

'Oh King, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted.'

'Bravo!' said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented.

When the old man exclaimed:

"The trees of others bear fruit only once a year: but mine have yielded two crops in one day.'

'Delightful!' exclaimed the monarch, and a third purse of gold was given. After which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying:

'Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury.'

WOULDN'T PART WITH HER HOOPS.—The Terre Haute (Ind.) jail was emptied of nine prisoners on Tuesday evening. They dug under the foundation of the jail and thus got out. A girl named Jane Waldron was the only one of ten who remained, and she said that she could have got away as easily as the rest, but wouldn't go because of the trouble of taking off her hoops to do it.

An Irish paper, reporting the loss of a steamer, says, "The Captain swam ashore, so did the stewardess. She was insured for £5,000, and loaded with pigs!"

Unprofitable Speculation of a Gentleman Pickpocket.

HOW A LADY GOT A $500 RING.—A few days since, a lady on a shopping excursion entered a Broadway stage, occupied the only seat, of "six on a side," that remained vacant. Seated beside her was a person who from his courteous demeanor, his fashionable dress and his costly jewelry, she judged to be a "man of means"—whether his own or his neighbor's did not then occur to her and apparently not an objectionable *companion du voyage* for a stage 'all full inside.' A splendid diamond ring attracted her particular observation.

Arrived at her destination—a jewelry store—she leisurely selected a few articles for purchase, but upon offering to pay the bill, made the unpleasant discovery that her purse was missing. She immediately informed the shop-keeper of her loss, and described the incidents of her morning's journey. She was informed that her neighbor of the 'consolidated line' was undoubtedly a *chevalier d'industrie*, that his brilliants were probably *bogus*, but that the transfer of funds from *her* pocket to *his* was *real* and successful. She reluctantly adopted the conclusion, but anxiously commenced another search, which it was supposed would extinguish all hope of a mistake in the matter.

This resulted in bringing to light, from an unexplored corner of her pocket, the identical ring which had a short time before glittered upon the hand of her light-fingered friend, and which had slipped off while he was committing the delicate operation of picking her pocket.

Her admiration of the trinket was not in the least abated, when upon examination it was pronounced to be worth five hundred dollars.—*N. Y. Post.*

Pat's Evasive Answer.

Patrick O'Neil, before he became joined in "holy bonds of wedlock," was in the service of Father Conoly. One day the Priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and he wished some excuse to get rid of him. So calling Patrick, he proceeded to give him some instructions:

"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I don't wish to see him."

"Yis, yer riverence."

"Make some excuse and send him away."

"What shall I tell him?"

"Patrick, get rid of him some way—give him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer is it? I will do it."

"You understand me, Patrick?"

"Av coorse, yer riverence."

The matter thus arranged, Father Conoly retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon the Priest came out of his room and found Patrick in unusual good spirits.

"Well, Patrick did the minister call today?"

"Yis sir."

"And did you get rid of him?"

"I did sir."

"Did he ask if I was in?"

"He did sir."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, Patrick?"

"Yis, yer riverence. He axed was you in, and I told him was his grandmother a monkey."

Money vs. Husband.

A correspondent of a Worcester paper relates the following incident:

"Just as the train was about starting for Greenfield, Friday morning, on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, a sprightly little woman with a child took a seat in a car near where I was sitting. The cars were beginning to move, and the little woman looked anxiously at the end window of the rear car for her missing husband, who was in the depot attending to the purchase of tickets, etc. The speed of the cars increased. The husband now appeared and commenced to run. He gains on the cars at first, but they are too far a head of him, and soon are leaving him behind, although he did run well for a season."

It is now the wife's turn to see what she can do. In agony she implores the conductor that her husband is left behind, but he can't help that.

"I am starting on a journey, and can't get along without my husband."

"Then let him attend to his business better next time,' was the cool answer.

"But,' said the keen Yankee woman, 'I have no money with me.'

"The brakes were applied and the cars brought to a stand still, and the panting husband enters the cars, to the delight of all the passengers, especially of his wife.

"Moral—Money will stop a train of cars much quicker than husbands."

"Neck Twisting."

There are practices tolerated in religious congregations which Christians, who are jealous for the honor of their master's house should utterly condemn. Decorum is the handmaid of devotional feeling, and for this reason the house of God should never be disturbed by the slightest approach to irreverence. It is a part of my religion, said a pious old lady, when asked why she went early to church, "It is a part of my religion not to interrupt the worship of others."—And we believe if many a country congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks almost out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passes up the aisle of the meeting-house it would be better for both their necks and their religion. A gross abuse of religious decorum sometimes needs harsh medicine as a remedy.

The picture painted in Paris, by order of the Maryland Legislature, of "Gen. Washington Resigning the Command of the American Army," is finished, and will shortly be placed in the Senate House, in Annapolis.

[From the Richmond Enquirer—home organ of Gov. Wise:]

Movement for the Charleston Convention—Curious Developments.

The Presidential Prospects of Messrs. Buchanan and Douglas—important and reliable information just received.

We have just received intelligence from a very reliable source, in relation to the prospects and views of Senator Douglas with reference to the nomination at Charleston. The statement is substantially as follows:—

Mr. Douglas entertains no doubt about the future. He is a candidate, and confident of the nomination, as well as of the adoption of his platform. He thinks the question is already determined—that he can succeed without any aid from the Middle States; that the united Northwest and Northeast are for him beyond doubt, as well as several of the Southern States; that he is certain of votes enough already, with another State. In the South, he feels sure of North Carolina, Kentucky, Arkansas and Louisiana, though some of them may vote a ballot for other names. *He regards all the Southern candidates, except Governor Wise, as having virtually withdrawn from the field. He thinks they have no desire to risk the chances in 1860, and will prefer the nomination of some Northern man, in order to leave the field open for themselves in 1864.* This, he thinks, will secure him the nomination in 1860, if nothing else should.

If the candidate should, however, be taken from the South, in Mr. Douglas' opinion, Gov. Wise ought to be the man. He considers it beyond doubt that the vote of Virginia will be cast at Charleston for Gov. Wise; but that his enemies in the party are doing their utmost to whisper him down outside his own State; that the recent demonstrations in Wise's favor, through the press and the public meetings at the North, he being the only Southern support, are exciting jealousies among other prominent Southern men, who will combine against him, that they will make the effort to hem him in and leave the Virginia vote isolated for him; that seeing that none of them can get the nomination, they are determined that Gov. Wise shall not.

It is thought also there is a secret Pierce movement in New England and in some parts of the South; which will be disclosed only in case it can be made to promise success; but this is regarded as out of the question.

Mr. Douglas has no idea of bolting from the democratic party under any circumstances. If a Southern man shall be nominated, and the protection interpretation of the Cincinnati platform adopted, he will support the ticket, holding himself in reserve upon the principle; that he will not yield. But he regards the nomination of a Southern candidate or the adoption of the interpretation guaranteeing Congressional protection to persons and property in the Territories, as an event which cannot now occur.

As to his election, when nominated, Mr. Douglas entertains no doubt. He confidently anticipates receiving the electoral vote of the united Southern and all the Northwestern States.

Such may be safely regarded as Senator Douglas' position and calculation at present.

According to Mr. Douglas' view then, there are but two candidates really in the field—viz: Senator Douglas and Gov. Wise. But our advices from Washington and elsewhere are sufficient to assure us that a serious effort is making to place one more, at least, before the Charleston Convention.

We now entertain no boubt whatever that a movement is on foot to continue the present incumbent in the position which he occupies. Well informed gentlemen in Washington assure us *that the especial friends of the President are using the names of the Hon. J. Walker and Gen. Lane, of Oregon, only as a ruse by which to divert support towards the President himself.* This impression is reported to us as a firm conviction. Other indications point the same way. There can be no doubt whatever that at this time the "New York Herald" possesses the confidence of the President in a more eminent degree than does any other journal. Thus the following extract from the "Herald" of the 3d inst., coinciding, as it does, with the previous tendency of its editorial comments, is unusually significant.

"THE ADMINISTRATION BALLANCE OF POWER AT CHARLESTON.—It has frequently been conjectured that, as in 1844 and 1852, all the outstanding democratic Presidential candidates will in their National Convention of 1860, devour each other, and that some harmless, neutral, negative, compromise candidate like Polk or Pierce, will be the man. It is thus supposed that Wise and Hunter of Virginia, will kill off each other; that Breckinridge and Guthrie of Kentucky, will kill off each other, and that Cobb and Stephens, of Georgia and Dickinson and Seymour, of New York, will fall in the same way. As for Douglas it is supposed that Slidell will take particular care of him, while Slidell will just as surely have his nose put out of joint by Douglas. There is good ground also, for these estimates but we dare say that the main issue at Charleston will be between Douglas and Wise—popular sovereignty [Not "popular," but "squatter sovereignty" is evidently intended—Eds Enquirer.] and Congressional intervention; and that upon this issue the Convention and the party will be broken to pieces unless the administration shall come to the rescue. Possessed of a saving balance of power we may safely say, in reference to the succession, that in spite of all the efforts of the unscrupulous and over ambitious leaders of the democracy, North and South, to ignore the administration of Mr. Buchanan, he holds the political issue of life or death to them all in the palm of his hand. He can save the party if its leaders will agree to be saved, and they know where to find him. Some of them are coming in, and the rest will be compelled to follw or to be left exposed to the elements."

It would seem, from the "Herald's view, that Mr. Buchanan will take his chances on some "forked tongued" comprise as to the interpretation of the democratic platform, like that advocated by the Richmond "Examiner." This, however, we are informed, by liable private advices from Washington, is an error. Mr. Buchanan refuses to place himself in the position of admitting a principle and then refusing its formal avowal He adopts an interpretation of the Cincinnati platform substantially the same with that of Mr. Douglas, insisting that it expressly excludes the doctrine of Congressional intervention for protection. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding many attempts at mystification, the President's reputed organ, the *Constitution* assumes in effect the same "squatter sovereignty" position, even while it denounces Senator Douglas.

Democratic Testimony.

In a speech in the House of Representatives, near the close of the late session, Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, said:

"When first I entered Congress in 1843, the expenses of the Government were only $30,000,000 per annum. The country had gone through the expensive Mexican war, *with sixty-three thousand soldiers in the field*, for thirty-millions and now, *in time of peace*, the estimates were seventy-three millions. Many expenses were wholly unnecessary, and reform was indispensably needed. *He believed forty millions an abundance for the national expenses.*"

Hon. Andrew Johnson, Senator from Tennessee—also good Democratic authority—referring to the same subject, said in a recent speech in the Senate:

"It is in the power of Congress to prevent *these enormous expenditures;* and if we do not interpose, we are responsible for them. This Government, sixty-nine years of age, scarcely out of its swadling-clothes, is making *more corrupt uses of money*, in proportion to the amount collected from the people, as I honestly believe, *than any other government on the habitable globe.*"

Gen. Shields, one of the Democratic Senators from Minesota, in the course of debate in the Senate, also took occasion to say:

"I think it is not saying too much to declare that this country has gone faster and further, *in ten years*, in extravagance, than most other countries have gone *in centuries.*"

Senator Toombs, of Georgia, another leading Democrat, declared in the Senate that he believed this to be the most corrupt government on earth, and other Senators concurred in the remark.

Hon. M. R. H. Garnett, of Virginia, in a recent speech, said:

"Can any gentleman pretend that it is fair, that it is just, that it is ligitimate that the expenses of this government in time of profound peace, *should have doubled in six years?* Look through the list of items, and you will find that the expenditures have doubled in almost every item. Is there no place to apply the knife? The Committee of Ways and Means tell you that they *cannot control these expenditures;* then I say that the only way to control them is the same way that would control any other extravagant person; that is, by stinting them in money."

And all this under Democratic rule, a Democratic President, a Democratic Cabinet, a Democratic Congress, and Democratic officials in all the administrative departments, *O, "why slumbers the indignation of Democracy? Why are the people so patient?"—Belvir Amer.*

The following is a pretty good burlesque on the patent medicine advertisements of the day:

"Oil of brickbats and compound unadulterated concentrated syrup of paving stones, manufactured only by Dr. Humbugbras Hollowbelly, and sold only by his regular authorized agents. Beware of counterfeits.

CERTIFICATES.

Dr. Hollowbelly—Dear Sir: I kicked the bucket last night, but while the undertaker was placing me in the coffin, a vial of your Essential Oil burst in my pocket, and streamed into my face—I opened my eyes, sneezed and then arose.

The shrouds having received a portion of oil, instantly took root in the floor and expanded into beautiful cotton stalks, each filled with bursting pods, the coffin rose on end, sprouted forth shoots, and grew into a magnificent mahogany tree, which burst off the roof of my house and wafted into the evening breeze its luxuriant branches, amid which the monkeys chattered and the parrots fluttered their fanning wings.

I remain your revived friend,

TIMOTHY TICKERBERRY.

WHAT IT MEANS.—The readers of the current news of the day frequently hear of the *mobilization* of the Prussian army. A French military journal explains this as follows:

The army of Prussia is said to be *mobilized* when the numbers of the landwehr (or militia) of the first levy are called into service in connection with each division of the regular army; and, as each division consists generally of 24,000 or 25,000 men, it is at once doubled by the process of *mobilization*. The regiments thus *mobilized* do not leave their military districts until orders are given to that effect, in consequence of further disposition. By the term "mobilization," therefore, nothing more is meant than a simple summons of the landwehr of the first levy to muster into the ranks of their military posts, where they hold themselves subject to further orders in connection with the regular army.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-0610