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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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The Grave.

"The Grave!—dread thing—men shiver when thou'rt named"—BLAIR.

Man! how short his span of life—
Yet how full of care and strife.
Born to-day, he toils, he sighs—
To-morrow comes, he groans, and dies.

Blooming youth, decrepid age—
The rich, the poor, the fool, the sage,
Cowards vile, or warriors brave,
All are swept into the grave!

But the scene that lies behind,
That scene unknown and undefin'd—
Who can paint it? Who display
The world to come—the judgement day!

There are things yet unreveal'd,
Deep from human scan conceal'd,
Far above, or far below—
Enough that we must die to know. C. F.

[From the (Baltimore) Family Journal.]

BOARDING BY NIGHT.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY BINNACLE.

CHAPTER I.

"TRULY is a stern chase a long chase, Lieutenant Ball," said the captain of the United States man-of-war L——, as he stood upon the quarter deck gazing at the fast receding form of a small vessel in the distance. "Here have we been following that little witch for the last four days sometimes having her almost in grasping distance of our barkers, and again she shoves away before us like the wind. If that last heavy blow had lasted a few hours longer, or had died away altogether, so as to leave us bowling distance, we could have caught her; but if this light wind favors her much longer she will soon be hull down."

"There you have it captain," said his subordinate, as his quick ear detected the flapping of the lighter and loftier canvass against the spars, which was soon followed by the lower and heavier sails, which with one parting sigh heaved and fell loosely to the mast, the almost sure sign of a coming calm.

"Yes, but too late," replied the Captain, as he measured with his eye the distance which separated the two vessels. "Do you think 'twould be safe for the boats to venture so far from the ship?"

Before replying, Lieutenant Ball, who was a good seaman though a rough man proceeded to scan the sea and sky in every direction.

"All appears right enough now, Captain, but I have sailed in these latitudes long enough to know that they are not to be trusted, and indeed, old Neptune himself can't tell what the next moment will bring forth."

"Then you think it rather risky to try?"

"Well, as to that, it depends on circumstances, the chances are——"

"Chances, you say—well, if we have a chance 'tis all we want," said Captain Davis, in that quick and decisive manner, which if a fault, was certainly his greatest one. "That schooner has despatches for the English squadron, I know from her desperate attempts to evade us; besides, they never send such yacht-built craft to sea except on such expeditions."

"Shall the boats be manned sir?"

"Yes, yes—the sooner they make the acquaintance of our Yankee boys the better."

In a few moments more the three boats darted from the sides of the ship amidst the cheers of their remaining messmates.

Lieutenant Ball was fully aware of the desperate nature of the expedition of which he held command, not so much from the enemy as from the sudden changes of weather which so often take place in those low latitudes, and which might come upon him ere he could pass over the wide space that separated the two vessels. Knowing that delay was dangerous now that the boats were under way, he urged all to do their best, and taking his glass, fixed it on the distant vessel.

She was one of those long, low craft, known as top-sail schooners, and though at no time had more than seventy men been seen upon her deck, still the commander of the boarders was too wary to trust to appearances—and his small squadron contained treble that number.

Though approaching her at a rapid rate, the three boats had yet a long distance to pass over before they could reach her, and the men soon began to grow faint from exertion in that close and confining atmosphere.

Although apparently motionless, her sails remained hanging as they were left by the parting breeze. Not a soul could be seen on deck, even the wheel was without a guide, and all on board was as still and lifeless as the calm that surrounded her.

Two hours had now elapsed and the boats were midway between two vessels. The men were fast becoming wearied, and as their good ship grew less in the distance, their commander was still more anxious to pass over the long space which yet intervened before they could gain the deck of the enemy.

At length the foe is at hand, and the boats draw together to recieve their orders and to rest ere they advance within range of the enemy's guns. The breaker is drained of its last drop of water, and the men pause to gain strength for the desperate brush.

In the meantime those on board of the schooner have not been idle. A dozen men appear upon her deck, and slowly though carefully furl her sails. Her long gun is swung around and brought to bear upon the approaching foe, but the small crew seemed to take no further notice of him as he advanced within range of their terrible death-dealer.

Rising to get a better view of the schooner before giving his orders to advance, the Lieutenant felt his cheek fanned by a passing breath of air, and turning quickly in the direction of his own ship, beheld her with all sail set and bearing down for them.

Those on board of the schooner were none the less slow to notice the change, and the next moment a hundred men sprang to their posts on deck, and stops and sail gaskets were cast loose with a will.

"Now, boys, at her, at her—if we lose her we lose ourselves," and the next moment with a wild cheer the three boats dart towards her.

In the meantime all on board the schooner was life, and the dispatch with which the orders—"hoist away," "throat and peak," "all together," was given and carried into effect, convinced all that she was in no contemptible hands. And ere the "belay all" rang across the waters, the sails filled away and the little vessel glided through the water.

The boats made a last desperate attempt to reach her, but their exhausted crews soon became convinced that all further efforts in that quarter were useless, and resting on their oars, turned a wistful gaze towards their own vessel.

Those on board the schooner seemed too busy attending to their own safety to pay any attention to their late pursuers; though in telling range of their terrible gun, and no doubt thought that the war with the elements, which they were soon to have, would prove more than a match for their foe.

The wind which at first had been astern now veered round, and though the distant ship bore up all she could, it soon became evident to all that she must pass far to leeward, unless the boats could place themselves across her track.

The men, refreshed by the increasing breeze, once more bent to their oars, and with that desperate determination which has ever characterized the sailor, in every service and on every sea, lent their best efforts to the laborious task. Night was now drawing on apace, and the fast receding vessel soon convinced all that further exertion must be useless. And indeed it now required all their attention to prevent their small boats from foundering in the increasing sea.

Lieutenant Ball soon found himself separated from the other two boats by the growing storm, and this was well, for the darkness was so intense, that it was impossible to see a boat's length ahead, and both must have been lost if they ran afoul of each other.

CHAPTER II.

THE storm continued to increase, and towards midnight few in that frail boat expected to see the sun rise again in all his splendor. But he that governs all willed it otherwise, and as the dawning light broke through the parting clouds, it fell upon a fast subsiding sea. But hope soon left them when gazing on the 'world of waters,' that now surrounded them, not a speck was to be seen upon its surface. The boats were nowhere to be seen, and all on board had probably ere this found a watery grave.

The breaker had given up its last drop of water and without chart or compass, and far from the usual track of vessels, their fate, though slow, was scarcely the less sure, for, in that latitude, they might remain days and even weeks without a sail to gladden their sight.

The breeze, which had continued during the fore part of the day, now left them altogether, and they were once more surrounded by the close and murky atmosphere. Night succeeded day, and day again succeeded night, and still their aching eyes rolled around the fiery horizon, but nought appeared to cheer their weary souls and hope had now almost bid them adieu.

Once more the sun, fiery and red, sank beneath the western waters, and all again was darkness. The breeze, which had not visited them since the evening of the first day, once more greeted them, and each parched throat and aching brow was thrown forward to catch its reviving influence

"We are having it from another quarter now," growled an old sea dog to one of his companions.

"Yes, yes shipmate, we will have a plenty of it now and then, from every point, keeping us running round and round like a circus horse, until——"

"Light ahead!" sang out a low and husky voice from the bow.

Springing to his feet to stifle the feeble, but hearty, cheer with which this welcome announcement would have been greeted, Lieutenant Ball strained his vision to the utmost to penetrate the surrounding gloom but the light was evidently yet far distant, and though apparently slowly approaching no part of the vessel that bore it was yet discernible.

The men were reminded that the stranger might be an enemy, and though it would be better to fall into his hands than to pass unnoticed, yet it would be better still if they could surprise and conquer him, and thus return once more to their homes glorious and free.

The light seemed to be bearing directly for them, and only two men, muffled oars, were stationed to place the boat alongside while the rest held themselves in readiness to board at a moment's warning. Presently a dark cloud-like object appeared ahead, and slowly emerging from the surrounding darkness, a vessel's spars rose above them.

"The schooner, by all that's good!" exclaimed a dozon voices at once, and fired with new enthusiasm, the brave hearts, with tightened belts and closely griped weapons, crouched for the desperate spring.

Without a stroke, without a word the boat is under the vessel's bow, and ere the slumbering, awakened by the mystic forms pouring over their bows, can fairly open their eyes, they are closed again forever.

"Follow me. Strike for country, conquest, and for *water*," and the next moment the tall and muscular form of the commander is seen cleaving his way to the hatchway. Those on deck were soon disposed of, and although those below fought bravely to gain the deck, the hatch was soon secured, and that small and suffering group found themselves masters of the schooner.

Five of their party slept the sleep of death, while the enemy, taken by surprise and unprepared, though double the number of the boarders, had been cut down on all sides, and then, dead and dying covered the decks.

Shoving the few who remained on deck, and who had surrendered, below, and stationing a guard to prevent egress, the perishing crew obeying that first law of nature—self preservation—proceeded in a hasty manner to appease their hunger, and in due time all were attended to, who had been wounded in their short, but desperate struggle.

The schooner was headed for the port of E——, and when next "Old Sol" reared his fiery crest above the Sparkling waters, his light was greeted with three hearty man-of-war cheers, as it fell upon the star spangled banner of the American Union.

Favored with a fair wind, they soon reached port, and great was their joy to find not only their own ship safely moored, but also the crews of the other two boats, which had been picked up the day after the storm by their own vessel.

Romance in Real Life—A Miser's Den Broken into.

From the San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 17th ultimo, we take the following account of one of the most noted street-corner brokers of San Francisco. By all familiar with the notabilities of that place, it will be recognized as a true bill of the individual alluded to. He often made it a boast, to intimate friends, that he carried his most important paper securities on his person, to evade the inquisition of sheriff's officers, it being his idea that himself and his sleeping room were exempt from personal search by them. The narrative runs thus:

A grand affair took place to-day about noon, which was no less than an entry by Deputy Sheriff Silverthorn, into the castle of A. J. King, the greasy street pawnbroker with an execution for $4,000. King is well known to the citizens of New Orleans as well as to those of San Francisco. He was one time a merchant in the former city, where he failed some years ago, and then came to California with the net proceeds of the operation, which are said to have been very large. He arrived in this city some five or six years ago and went into the street brokerage business, buying stocks, and lending money on watches, jewelry, and any other *safe* collaterals. He appears to have worn but one suit of clothes from the day of his arrival until the present, and was never known to indulge in expense, except on one or two occasions. He once bantered John Cook, late Assessor, to throw coin into the bay, and for every dollar Cook threw, King threw five and won the bet.—He disposed of about $50 on this occasion; but afterwards boasted that the incident was worth thousands to him in the way of an advertisement. At the time of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable celebration, King paid $75 for the hire of a barouche and four splendid white horses, with which he "splurged" at the head of the procession—another advertisement.

With these and a few other exceptions, Old King, or Greasy King, as he is familiarly styled, was, and is, perhaps the tightest-fisted, incorrigible old miser in the State of California. No feeling exists in his breast, except that of a love of gain. He knew no friend, felt for no one and for no thing, except gold, gold, and again gold.—He seems to have no relatives in this country, and has treated those he left in the East with rudeness, boasting on the street that in answer to an application of a little niece for a token of remembrance, he sent his toe nails, which he had purposely allowed to grow very long.

At the time of old King's residence in New Orleans, in 1848, '50 and '51, he was the proprietor of a large retail dry goods and ladies' fancy store, called "King's Marble Palace." He was an extensive advertiser in the papers, and hired numbers of boys to carry large placards in procession through the streets, and leased broadsides of houses to paint his notices upon.—He must have done an immense business in his line; but in '53 he suddenly "failed" and left unexpectedly for California, leaving large creditors to whistle for their money and curse their own stupidity in trusting him. Among other debts he left a large number of notes, which he has by various shifts avoided paying, but many of them have been sent out here for collection.—As it was, however, supposed that nothing could be made out of the man, none were ever prosecuted to judgment except one, on which judgment was rendered in one of our courts some months ago—and it was the execution in this case that was levied by the Deputy Sheriff to-day.

King occupied a room in the third story of Bolton & Barrow's building in Merchant street, which he deemed fire-proof, and execution proof. But he was mistaken as to the execution part of the proof, as the event showed, for having to-day unwarily left his door open, the officer, watching his opportunity, suddenly rushed in. As he did so, King seized a pistol, and presented it at the officer; but fearful of his own temerity, immediately cried out, 'It's not loaded." He then tried to stuff watches and jewelry, which were lying promiscuously around, in his pockets, but was prevented by the officer, and in despair he rushed down stairs for such legal advice as would not cost anything. He asked the District Attorney, whom he happened to meet whether a man could enter his "castle" with an execution, and being told that certainly he could, the disconsolate man returned to his room and offered the officer *five dollars* to leave and say nothing about the matter.

Upon looking around there were actually found, lying about $30,000 in bags of gold coin, watches, diamonds, stocks and other property. These were discovered in the bed, stuffed between the mattresses and under the pillow. But besides this, there is an iron closet in the room, and from the revelations made, it is supposed that King is really worth about $300,000. Poor man!

There is now living in Wells, England, an old woman in her 105th year. Two years since the old lady cut two teeth.

Health and a Well-Formed Body.

Take abundant exercise in the open air—free, attractive, joyous exercise, such as young girls—when not restrained by false and artificial proprieties—are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there ramble over the hills and through the woodlands, botanize; geologize; seek rare flowers and plants; and chase butterflies. Be a rompe, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and a mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend also to your bodily positions in standing, sitting, lying, and walking and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live; while in-doors, in well ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful—in short, obey all the laws of health.

Take a lesson from the English girl, as described in the following extract:

"The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusments: that is, in amusment which tend to develope, and invigorate, ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, swings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this, without having it forever impressed upon her mind that she is there by wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit, which she will follow up through life. Her frame as a necessary consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in subordination to the physical, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much at the age of seventeen as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not, but the growth of her intellect has been stimulated by no hot house culture, and though maturity comes later, it will last proportionately longer."—[Hints towards Physical Perfection.

Wolves and Bears in Southern Italy.

BY AN ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

In that part of the kingdom of Naples called the Abruzzi, are found both wolves and bears which must have remained unexterminated from ancient times. The country is mountainous, being in the Apennines, and the climate is so cold in the higher parts, that snow is quite deep in the winter season. The inhabitants are few, and many of them poor. I was once traveling there on official duty, when I stopped at a convent in a solitary place, and spent some time with the monks. Among the stories which I heard during my stay was the following, which, although it may sound like a fiction, and I was at first disposed to reject it as such, I now believe to be true.

The people were accustomed to resort to the convent, when in want of food, to obtain supplies, and they pulled a bell-rope to inform the monks that they had come. The monks then brought them bread, and delivered it to the applicants. One of the bears observing this, followed their example, and accordingly, one day, a monk hearing the bell and reparing to the place where the poor applied for food, was astonished to find a bear in waiting, instead of a man, a woman, or a child. A portion of food was given to the bear, which he took, and departed. This was occasionally repeated, until the monks became habituated to visits from bears, although they were never, I believe, very frequent. Occaisonally, and, I understood, only when greatly pressed by hunger, one of those animals would leave his haunt, proceed to the convent, pull the bell-rope, and receive his supply, then quietly retire.

The old monks who gave me the first account of this remarkable practice, not only assured me, with great solemnity, of its truth, but added something to it which appeared quite as wonderful. He told me that he was one day met by a bear, while walking at some distance from his convent. To his surprise the bear approached him, and when near, he recognized it as one to which he had given food. The animal expressed pleasure at meeting him, and, rising upon his hinder feet, seized him with his fore paws, and caressed him gently and affectionately, as an expression of gratitude.

The people of the Abruzzi tell many interesting stories of animals.

The proprietor of an estate was one day walking alone in a solitary part of the country, near Scorgola, when he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and wet to the skin before he could find any shelter. At length he was so fortunate as to discover a cavern, which he entered. He looked around him; and, seeing some bits of wood, determined to make a fire, to warm himself and dry his clothes. On penetrating into a darker part of the cave, he perceived a large bear lying on the ground; and was at first struck with terror; and stood for a time motionless with his eyes fixed on the animal. The bear, however, showed no signs of ferocity, but remained quiet, returning his gaze with an attentive, but peaceful look. Emboldened by this, the man went on with his task and, after collecting more sticks, struck a spark and kindled a fire. He then stood and warmed himself awhile; when the bear arose and slowly approached the place; when the man first observed that he was thoroughly wet, having evidently been out in the shower. Placing himself near the fire, he remained sharing its heat, while the man, who had not quite recovered from his fears, took off some of his garments, dried them at his leisure, and put them on again.—Perceiving the fire getting low, he at once gathered a few more sticks, and replenished it; when, to his new surprise, the bear rose, walked about the cave, and picked up several sticks, which he also brought and dropped into the fire. At length the man, recollecting that he had some bread and cheese in one of his pockets, took them out, ate a little himself, and then presented portions of it to his mute, but friendly companion. The bear received these with readiness, and ate them with apparent relish; and then, going to a corner of the cave, began to paw the ground, and soon brought out a quanity of dry fruits, which he presented to his benefactor. These cheerfully received in turn by the man; who after the shower had passed, began to walk out of the cavern. The bear immediately rose and followed him, but with the same appearance of gentleness; and they proceeded along a solitary region in company, the animal keeping at a short distance behind. Whenever the man shortened his pace, or made a stop, the bear did the same; keeping him constantly in view, and thus they went on, until they approached the town, when the animal turned back, and soon disappeared.

It was the opinion of the man, and an honest old countryman who told me the tale, that the bear's object in following was to act as his protection from any other beast he might meet on his way. I took pains to gain all the information concerning this story, and found the evidence of its truth so satisfactory, that I gave it full credit, and I do not hesitate to say that I believe it still.

The Whig Committee against the African Slave Trade.

A regular meeting of the above Committee was held a few weeks ago in New York when the Chairman called up for the consideration the following resolution, introduced by him some months ago, and laid upon the table for the consideration and advice of Whig friends.

The Chairman moved the passage of said resolution accompained by the following, to be passed at the same time:

"*Resolved*, That, in the judgment of this Committee, it is not expedient at this time to further discuss or agitate the question of Slavery of the African race in this country. That it be respectfully recommended to every citizen to vote and act according to his conviction of right and duty; but those who, with us, believe that sufficient has been said and written for the purpose of explanation and elucidation, will forbear further discussion of the subject of Slavery, and turn their attention to other topics of general importance, such as our foreign relations, including the question of the extension of territory, the building of railroads for national purposes; the improvement of our harbors, and the navigation of our rivers, to facilitate internal commerce, the subjects of currency, and tariff of duties and other means for developing our own internal resources and home wealth, and binding together by the ties of interest and fraternal feelings the various parts and sections of our widely-extended Republic.'

'Whereas, The above resolution was introduced for the consideration of the Committee in the early part of the present year, and had relation to discussions relative to Slavery which agitated the country at that time; and which had brought into existence parties of a sectioual character but since the introduction of the resolution, a question has most unexpectedly arisen in some parts of the country of a novel character; a question whether the African slave trade ought to be revived. This question the Committee does not regard as one graphical section of the United States in favor of the revival of a trade, which long since became the abhorrence of most of the civilized countries of the world. The committee does not believe that there is one State in this Union which would approve of such a revival, and they entertain not a doubt that a very large majority of the slaveholding States themselves would, if called upon, be found utterly and indignantly opposed to the repeal of the law of the United States abolishing the African slave-trade; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in passing the above resolution the National Whig General Committee of New York would not be understood as recommending or suggesting that any citizen of the United States, or any human being residing in this Republic, who may not be a citizen should be restrained by any consideration whatever from expressing openly, decidedly, and if it please him, indignantly, on all proper occasions his opposition to, and his abhorrence of the African slave trade.

Resolved, Also, that this Committee regret to say that they think it not inappropriate or uncalled for, at this time, to declare their firm adherence to the great fundamental principle of Republican liberty—OBEDIENCE TO LAWS CONSTITUTIONALLY ENACTED. Submission to the will of a majority of the people, lawfully expressed, underlies the foundations of every Republic. We have as little respect for the citizens of Syracuse in New York, or Oberlin in Ohio, as for those of Charleston in South Carolina, or Savannah in Georgia, who openly violate this principle. They are alike, in our judgment, TRAITORS who conspire against the welfare and every existence of the State, and should be held up to the scorn of mankind.

The resolutions were passed UNANIMOUSLY. HIRAM KETCHUM, Chairman.

VERDICT OF A NEGRO INQUEST.—"We, the undersigned, bein' a Kurnet's Jury of disgust to sit on de body ob de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone before us, have been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, did on de night ob de fusteenth ob November, cum to deff by falling from de bridge ober de riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequently drown'd, and afterward washed on de riber side, where we s'pose he was froze to deff."

We have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horses running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat would upset; and afraid to walk for fear the shed might fall; but we never saw one afraid to get married!

"Do you mean to insult me, sir, by calling your dog by my name?" "Oh no sir, not at all; I only meant to insult the dog."

For the Easton Gazette.

Government Extravagance.

Mr. Editor: Last week I accepted the position assumed by Mr. Guthrie and showed by unmistakable facts that his party were, granting everything, responsible for excessive waste of public funds. But, except for the argument, I do not admit that the burden of this charge is to be borne by the legislative branch of government. I say that it is the duty of the executive departments to point out and recommend acts of retrenchment, to inform Congress where an office may be abolished and where an appropriation is no longer needed by the public exigencies. And it is their duty to check the spirit of liberality in Congress whenever it is sliding into thoughtless profusion by timely hints and prudent counsels. There has been a disgusting excess of preached economy by the party in power. We all know how lustily they clamored against Fillmore—James Buchanan raising the tune, and the whole country becoming vocal with the music. The President led off and the whole pack, like hungry wolves, howled upon the trail, until they seized the prey themselves when, suddenly that music hushed and the more agreeable song "to the victors belong the spoils" again became the popular democratic air.—Would any one believe it who had known that party only since '56 that they once sang a song containing the following verse:

"That it is the duty of every branch of government *to enforce and practice the most rigid economy* in *conducting* our public affairs."

Yes, sir, fifth verse in a song called the Cincinnati Platform, composed by a committee of national democratic wire-pullers. That was one of the many false pretences upon which that party boosted itself up to the throne of power: And it has been just as false to all its other declarations in which its faith was pledged to the people of the Union for a certain course of public policy. From the day when the fox-like cunning of Martin Van Buren obtained ascendency with democratic satraps and office hunters there has been no integrity in the rulers of its destinies.

They have been trading ever since '36 on the capital of integrity which had been accumulated by old Hickory and his predecessors. But time will always sooner or later unmask villany in politics as well as in private life. Frequent detection is exposing the rascality in that party which was initiated under that arch-deceiver Van Buren and the tricksy spirits who, like satelites, revolved around the master light.—But the pupils have far outstripped the master. They have thrown off the allegiance of their old leader, forgetting the maxim "there should be honor among thieves."—But they can no longer save themselves beside any scape goat. The nation they have been peculating upon and robbing cannot be induced to extend them any farther credit. With professions of honesty as thick and ready "as lovers oaths" all is false and hollow within. *The Democratic party is a whited sepulchre.* 'Tis all sleek and prosperous without, but what a *pit of corruption within!* But while the political canker is seen there is hope. It can no longer in secret eat into the heart of the country. The taint has not reached the masses. The *yeomanry* of the party is as honest as you, or I, or any sincere lover of country. *They* are, thank God, every whit whole in all parties and do not partake of the impurities which affect and tarnish the head—the mouthy demagogues who are reeking with the smell of the spoils corruptly scraped up or swinishly nosed out from loathesome receptacles. Having shown with some minuteness, what the expenditures are, I will then, by the aid of some facts not easily accessible show what becomes of the money, how our income is diminished and outgo increased in ways never contemplated by the people, and that will never be sanctioned and ratified at the ballot box.

Nothing will give so vivid and at the same time so truthful a picture of the prodigality of this general government as a comparason of what *has* been with what *is*. If you know what supported a family ten years ago and what is required now, knowing the members in the family at the respective times, you can approximate, nay you may define with precision, the pecuniary statue of that family now. You will determine with mathmatical accuracy their monotary condition, and arrive with certaintity at the fact of prodigality or frugality in the management of its finances. Carry the same principle of computation into the study of this question and there can be no error. I have only time to give the statement. The reader can make his own deductions and cipher out the result. It is not complimentary to the financier from the Yazoo country Mr. Cobb, or his chief, the ancient confrere of Mr. V. B. We cease to wonder that the crisis of '39 should have been repeated with less cause in '57:

EXP. OF GEN. GOV., EXCLUSIVE OF PUBLIC DEBT.			
Years.	Expenses.	Population.	Rate for an inhab't
1800	4,981,669.90	5,305,925	90
'10	5,311,682.28	7,239,841	73
'20	13,134,530.57	9,638,131	1.36
'30	13,229,533.33	12,866,120	1.03
'40	24,139,939.11	17,069,453	1.41
'50	37,165,900.09	23,191,876	1.60
'57	65,032,559.76		
'58	83,313,989.00	28,000,000	2.98
'59	93,000,000.00		

These figures speak with most miraculous organ, and call for summary punishment against a false, rotten and insolent administration. Let no croaking, no false alarms, no timidly restrain us again. *Fiat justicia ruat coelum.* K.

"OUR boy Tom is going crazy," said his dad. He is grinning at the barn, grinning at the plow, and grinning at himself wherever he goes. "Pooh!" said the old woman; "he got a love-letter this morning."

QUILLS are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *opinions* of another.

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