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TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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I'M GOING HOME TO DIE.

I'm going home, to my childbood's home,
To the cot, and the trees, and flowers,
And the babbling brook that leaps from the hill,
As it did in my youthful hours:
To the maple grove, and the tasseled pine,
Where the shade-loving breezes sigh,
And fan the cheek with their balmy breath—
Oh! I'm going there to die!

Those hearts that glow with a tender love,
Are awaiting for me now—
There a mother's magic hand will soothe
The pain of my aching brow,
And her warm kiss melt its cold damp frost,
And the sacred tear from her eye
Will fall like balm on the sting of death—
Oh! I'm going there to die!

For my heart grows sick, and my senses dim,
And the shadow of death's pale wing
Now lies on my cheek, where the rose of health
Has died in its blossoming.
Oh! I cannot die in a foreign land,
Beneath a foreign sky,
Away from the scenes that my childhood knew—
I'm going home to die! DIOX.

SCENE IN THE ARENA.

Some years ago, when the State of Maine was more of a wilderness than it is to-day, and when the inhabitants of that part of the land of steady habits partook in a great measure of the characteristics of the backwoodsmen, the agent of a traveling circus made his advent into the town of North Thomaston, and caused no little flutter among the inhabitants of that place by posting bills, gorgeous in colored inks and sensation cuts, on the walls of the tavern barroom and around the public square. The bills announced that Sands & Company's mammoth troupe of equestrians and gymnasts would exhibit in that burgh on a certain day. The principal feature of the bill was the American Sampson—no less a personage than the renowned Dick Sands, who has won fame enough to satisfy the greatest cormorant for professional notoriety, but who, at that time, was just starting on his own hook in the pursuit of that "pile," with which, within a short time, he has retired to enjoy his hardly won and honestly earned *otium cum dignitate*. The bills promised that the American Sampson would perform all sorts of wonders; that he would pull against six strong draught horses; would lift a fabulous number of "fifty-sixes," besides throwning them about with his teeth; go through the manual exercises with an enormous cannon, concluding with placing an enormous anvil on his heart and allowing several stout and able-bodied men to strike upon it with heavy sledge-hammers.

Not far from North Thomaston there was an opposition town, known as South Thomaston, and as is always the case, a bitter war between the rival inhabitants. The North Thomastoners were terribly jealous of the South Thomastoners, and if the circus had not advertised to exhibit in South Thomaston on the very next day, the "magnificent pavilion" would, most unquestionably, have been torn into ribbons by the neglected denizens of the slighted town. Circus men know a thing or two, and the agent of Sands' company knew enough to be aware that the least favoritism would bring a hornet's nest about the show, and so he wisely billed both towns on the same day.

Previous to the appointed time for the show to come off, the citizens of both towns were in a high state of excitement, and nothing was talked of in the stores, the blacksmith shop, and the tavern, but the coming circus and its great feature—the American Sampson: while the North Thomastoners congratulated themselves on being the first who were to enjoy the forthcoming treat.

The eventful day at length arrived The large tent was crowded, and among the audience were several from South Thomaston, who could not wait until the next evening to enjoy the longed-for sight.

The promises of the bills were performed to the very letter. One-horse acts, two-horse acts, the "Courier of Lyons," in which Dick rode four horses at full speed, and looked glorious in his steeple-crowned hat and buff breeches; ground and lofty tumbling, all passed off to the entire satisfaction of the crowd, and at last the grand climax of the evening—the feats of the American Sampson—was reached, and the audience was on the tip-toe of expectation.

Dick made his appearance amid a wild tempest of applause, and after making his bow, commenced throwing the fifty-sixes about, and doing a hundred things which would have put his ancient prototype on his metal. The applause was enthusiastic, and when he came to the last of his feats, and bent down and allowed his assistants to place a heavy anvil on his breast, the canvass fairly shook with shouts Bang!—bang!—hammer and tongs! fell the sledge-hammers on the anvil; but Dick bore it manfully, and, becoming excited at the enthusiasm produced, called, *sotto voce*, to the men to strike harder. Bang!—bang! the hammers rung on the anvil; but just at the close, one of the men, whose potations had been frequent, missed his aim, and instead of striking the anvil, the heavy sledge came down with crushing force upon the almost naked chest of poor Dick. The force of the blow bore him to the earth, and amid the frantic hurrahs of the audience, who looked upon this terrible accident as a part of the show not set down in the bills, the insensible Sampson was borne out of the ring, the blood rushing in streams from his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears.

After being restored to consciousness, poor Dick was placed in one of the wagons and carried to South Thomaston, and put to bed at the tavern. A physician was sent for, who, after examination pronounced his condition critical in the extreme, and forbade, under peril of his life the slightest exertion. Care was taken to keep the accident from the knowledge of the public, and in the evening of next day the pavilion was crowded with South Thomastoners, whose curiosity had been raised to an extraordinary pitch by the reports brought back by their fellow-townsmen who had witnessed the performances the night previous.

The show went on. The company vied with each other in their efforts to please, and, good as the performances in North Thomaston might have been, the South Thomastoners were firmly impressed with the belief that the *creme de la creme* had been reserved for them.

The time for the appearance of the American Sampson arrived at last. The curtains which shut in the dressing-rooms from the vulgar gaze were drawn aside, but instead of the expected star, the ring-master appeared alone, and, advancing to the centre of the arena, addressed the audience, asking their indulgence for Mr. Sands, who could not possibly appear owing to a severe accident which befel him on the previous evening, and offering to substitute two or three acts of horsemanship in place of his feats.

Groans and hisses greeted this announcement! The South Thomastoners knew that he had appeared at North Thomaston, and looked upon the apology as an attempt to defraud them out of their rights, and give their rivals the best of it. They rose *en masse* and swore they would tear down the canvass, burn the wagons, and knock the show into eternal smash, unless the Sampson came to time. It was no idle threat, for the South Thomastoners were stalwart fellows—most of them lumbermen—able, and more than willing to carry out their destructive propensities if only just for the fun of the thing; but now, thinking themselves the victims of fraud, and jealous of the advantage which, in case of the non-performance of Sampson, their rivals would have determined to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war, in case their demand was not complied with.

In vain the doctor, who was well known among them, stepped into the ring, and endorsed the statement of the ring-master, and assured him that Mr. Sands could not leave his bed; much less perform; they would not listen to him, but again renewed their yells and threats.

Poor Dick on his sick bed heard the shouts, but little guessed the cause of them, till, in a short time, his partner rushed into the room, and, breathless with alarm, revealed the true state of the case. Sands was thunder-stricken, and even made an effort to rise, but the appearance of the doctor prevented it. The physician insisted that his appearance was out of the question, and after a moment's hasty consultation, Dick's partner crossed the street to where the canvas stood opposite, and entering the ring, once more appealed to the indulgence, the kindness, the humanity of the excited crowd—in vain. The threats were redoubled, and one or two commenced tearing up the seats.

Finding things were, in the language of our hero, "checkered in the extreme," the ring master begged and obtained ten minutes' respite; and in the meantime poor Sands, after thinking the matter all over, and reflecting that his all was staked in the show, and that without it he might as well be dead as alive, had managed to crawl out of the bed and by the time his partner appeared again, was dressed in his tights, tinsel and spangles, and ready, as he declared, to appear. In vain the doctor protested. In vain his partner argued that his life was of more consequence than all the shows in the world. Dick, full of pluck and maddened by the inhumanity of the audience, was determined, and five minutes after stood in the arena.

The audience fairly shrieked with delight. There he was, and the North Thomastoners could not crow over them now.

With the fortitude of a hero Dick entered upon his task. He was weak from the loss of blood, which every moment rushed to his mouth, suffering intense agony from the effects of the terrible blow, and yet he left nothing undone. Pluck—nothing but pluck of the noblest kind, kept him up as he pulled against the straining horses, tossed the fifty-sixes about, and handled the cannon as coolly as though it were a popgun. If Dick quailed, he did not show it, but, bending down, he received the anvil on his chest, and bang! bang! fell the sledges, hammer and tongs! The last blow was struck. It was accomplished!—Dick rose with assistance. He had kept his word, saved the show, and the tempest of applause fell sweetly on his ears. But as he was being led off, congratulating himself upon his success, and still borne up by his heroic pluck, one of the South Thomastoners, who had been at the show the night before in the rival town, and who had witnessed the accident yelled out—*Hullo you, come back! You let them hit you on the breast at North Thomaston, last night, and you've got to do it here, or down goes your canvass!*"

Poor Richard heard no more. Between rage and pain he fainted on the spot, and it was many a long week ere he could say, "Richard's himself again."

The above incident is strictly true, and will account among Dick's friends for the weakness of his lungs, and his extreme inability to make more than a "few remarks" at a time, as he has never recovered from the shock of that terrible sledge hammer blow.

The Maryland Republican at Annapolis, says:

The Speaker has issued his warrant for a new election in Washington county to fill the vacancy occasioned by the disqualification of Geo. Freaner, Esq. Also, for an election for ten delegates for Baltimore city, to fill the vacancies created in that body by the vote of the House on Saturday, declaring there was no election in said city on the 2d November last. Judge Krebs fills the vacant clerkship in his Court till the next general election It is stated that Mr. Purnell will refuse to vacate the Comptroller's office to Mr. Jarrett, in accordance with the decision of the House of Delegates, but will rest the matter before the courts.

Richard Taylor, Esq., son of President Taylor, is one of the delegates to Charleston from Louisiana.

Desperate Attempt at Extortion, with Threats to kill.

Christopher R. Evans, employed as Freight Agent on the Delaware Railroad, at Leipsic Station, was arrested on the 14th inst., by High Constable Hawkins, of Wilmington, and Wm. Pratt, Constable for Duck Creek Hundred, upon a charge of having written two letters, addressed to Col. Daniel Cummins, of this place, making a demand for money, threatening his life, &c., and after a hearing before Justice Eaton, and in default of bail for $2500, was committed to prison at Dover.

At the hearing before the above mentioned Justice the following testimony was elicited: Col. Cummins received the first letter, dated March 4th, 1860, and post-marked Dover, March 5th, 1860, signed "Seven Brothers," demanding him to deposit, in the Bank of Smyrna, $500, and forward his check, marked "good" by the Cashier of said Bank to R. S. Durand, or order, Wilmington, Del., threatening his life if not complied with by the 6th inst., or if any portion of the said letter should be divulged. Col. C. answered it, declining to comply with the demand upon the ground of its being unjust and unwarrantable, and enclosing it in an envelope directed as requested. On Friday, the 9th inst., Col. C. received information from the Postmaster at Wilmington that a man called at the Post Office between 11¼ and 12 o'clock, on Thursday the 8th inst.; and asked for a letter for R. S. Durand, but as all the clerks, save one, were absent, and no opportunity afforded to arrest or follow him, prudence dictated to him to reply there was no letter. On Saturday, the 10th inst., Col. C. received another letter signed as above, dated Philadelphia, March 9th, 1860 renewing the same demand, and the Postmaster at Wilmington also received a letter of like date, signed R. S. Durand, requesting him to forward any letters that may come to his office for R. S. Durand to C. R. Evans, Leipsic Station, Delaware Railroad, as he (Durand) had written to Mr. Evans all about them; whereupon the answer of Col. Cummins, directed R. S. Durand, was remailed as requested on Monday, 12th inst. In consequence of an error made by one of the clerks at the Post Office in Wilmington, it was carried to Leipsic and did not return to Leipsic Station until Tuesday, the 13th inst., in the afternoon of which day Mr. Evans took the letter from the Post Office. The clerk of the Wilmington P. O. rode to Leipsic Station on Tuesday afternoon to see Mr. Evans, and recognized him as the man who called at the time at the Post Office in Wilmington, and asked if there was a letter for R. S. Duran. Consequently the officers, as before stated, arrested the said Evans.

Upon searching Mr. Evans' desk, at Leipsic Station, a letter was found directed to "Wm. H. Stayton; near Milford, Del.," which, upon being opened, was found to bear the same date as the first letter received by Col. Cummins, demanding Mr. S.'s check for $2000, on the Farmer's Bank, at Dover, to be endorsed "good" by the cashier of said Bank, with similar threats, &c., &c. Other letters were found upon Mr. Evan's person, signed R. S. Durand, offering him $10 for his services, in calling for and attending to his letters.

He acknowledged having called at Wilmington, as before stated, and of spending Tuesday night in Philadelphia, and returning home Friday following (9th inst.) by railroad. He alleges he gave the letter which he took out of the Post Office, at Leipsic Station, to a man who called early on Wednesday morning at his office for it, representing himself as Durand, and that said Durand walked off towards Dover, without his having demanded or received compensation for his trouble, as promised.

Mr. Evans, heretofore, has sustained a good character in this community, and Mr. Cummins, as we are informed, as well as the entire community, would be glad if he can yet establish his innocence; but the charge is of such a bold and grave character that justice to the public would be overlooked if the case is not prosecuted to its utmost extent in order to ascertain the guilty party.—*Smyrna Times.*

THE EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS.—The bird's nests which are esteemed so great a luxury in China have become an article of consumption in Paris. Although by far the greater portion of what is consumed under that name is nothing more than fish glue, still the genuine nests can be purchased at about $70 per hundred weight in its crude state. The Chemist, M. Payen, received some years ago samples of an East Indian plant known under the name of China moss. He recognised it as one of the alga of Java, the gelidium corneum. On submitting it to the chemical analysis, he obtained clear gelatine, far preferable to that obtained from fish. Comparing it with the Chinese bird's nests, he found that the swallows which make these nests must make use of this alga, working over its gelatinous matter as our swallows do in plastering up their nests.—This solves a problem of long standing among naturalists, whether the edible bird's nests are of animal or vegetable origin, they are of both. The bird's nests gelatine can now be made direct from the alga at a greatly reduced cost. It is suggested also that this gelatine may enter into the composition of India ink, now only known to the Chinese.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM SNUFF-DIPPING.—Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week in Arkansas, from the effects of snuff dipping. She fell asleep with the "mop" in her mouth and was found a corpse some hours after. A post mortem revealed the fact that she swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicatine, a deadly poison; her lips, cheek and breast were smeared with the foul stuff in her dying struggles, alone in her room. Before she retired she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice, but she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

Books of the Bible.

When and by whom were the books of the old Testament first collected and arranged?

By Ezra, about 450 years before Christ. The five books of Moses had been kept with the Ark of the Covenant (Deut 31: 24—26,) and Joshua had written the portion of Scripture bearing his name "in the book of the law of God." Joshua 8, and 24: 26.

What are the most prominent translations of the Bible that have been made?

The Septuagint, the Vulgate, the Donay, and the English or King James' Bible.

What is the meaning of the word Septuagint?

Seventy. The translation was so called because it was made by seventy, or, more strictly, by seventy-two men; six having been chosen from each of the twelve tribes of Israel for this purpose.

When and where was this translation made?

At Alexandria, in Egypt, about 200 years before Christ. It was a translation of the Old Testament only, from the Hebrew into the Greek.

How was this translation regarded by the Jews in the time of Christ?

It was regarded with peculiar reverence. Our Saviour and the apostles in their discourses generally quoted from this version.

What is the vulgate translation?

It is a Latin translation of the Septuagint, not of the Hebrew, and so called the Vulgate, because, being the only version which the Roman Catholic church holds to be reliable, it is in that church the common version.

When and by whom was this translation made?

By Jerome, about the year A. D. 400.—It was hastily made, and became very incorrect by many changes.

What of the Douay Bible?

It is an English translation of the Vulgate, with notes and comments, and it is the only English Bible approved by the Roman Catholic church.

From what did it receive its name?

From the place where it was first published—Douay, a town in France.

When was it published?

In the year 1610.

Why does it differ so much from our English Bible?

Because it was made, not from the original Hebrew, but from the Vulgate, which was from the Septuagint, and was very imperfect. It could not be as correct as a translation made directly from the Hebrew.

Why is our English version called "King James' Bible?"

Because it was made during the reign of James I., King of England.

When was it begun and when completed?

In the year 1607 the work was commenced, and was finished in about three years and published in 1611.

By whom was the translation made?

Fifty-four of the most learned men of the kingdom were appointed for the task. Seven of these did not serve, leaving forty-seven as the number who were actually engaged in the work.

How was the labor apportioned among this number?

They were divided into six classes; to each of which a certain portion of the Bible was given to translate, not from the Latin nor from the Stepuagint, but directly from the original Hebrew and Greek.

How will our English translation compare with other versions of the Bible?

It is said by the most competent judges to be better than any other.

What was the earliest division of the Bible?

That which is supposed to have been made by Ezra. The books of the Old Testament were divided into three classes "The Law," "the prophets," and "the writings," or the Psalms." To this our Saviour refers, Luke 24: 44—"all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Psalms concerning me."

What books were embraced in these three divisions?

"The Law" included the first five books: "the Psalms," or writings, included the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. "*The Prophets,*" included all the remaining books.

When and by whom was the Bible first divided into chapters?

This is generally said to have been done by Cardinal Hugo, A. D. 1240. But as early as the middle of the third century, the four Gospels had been divided into chapters.

When and by whom were the chapters divided into verses?

By Robert Stephens, in the year 1551.—It is said that he performed the greater part of this laborious task while on horseback, on a journey from Paris to Lyons!

MYSTERIOUS AND BLOODY TRAGEDY.—On the 15th the sloop E. A. Johnson, Capt. G. Burr, of Islip, Long Island, sailed from New York, bound for Deep Creek, Va., for a load of oysters. On Wednesday, however, she was found adrift near the east bank of the Lower Bay, Long Island, in a crippled condition, by the schr. Telegraph. On boarding her there was found on every part of her decks, and in the cabin, the plainest proofs that a murderous affray had taken place on board.—The Courier is of opinion that the deed was perpetrated by river pirates, who frightened from the East and North rivers by the harbor police, have taken refuge on Long and Staten Islands. These villains have probably gone on board the sloop at night, surprised the crew in the cabin, and murdered the whole of them.

Two little girls, daughters of John H. Segraves, of Lafayette, Macon county, Tenn., died last week from chewing and Swallowing the ends of some German matches—about twenty or thirty pieces.

Agricultural.

[From the Country Gentleman and Cultivator.]

Soiling Cattle.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I feel constrained to say a few words more upon this subject, although others would do it greater justice.—Yet "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." I will therefore mention a few things which, to my mind, give this system the preference over that of pasturing, and hope some one will "enlarge" and "improve" upon it.

1. *The Fences.*—You are aware, Messrs. Editors, that fences are a heavy tax upon the profits of a farm—the material, and the labor of keeping them in repair, under the most favorable circumstances, amount to quite a sum annually. But in many localities fencing stuff is getting to be quite scarce, is very expensive, and difficult to obtain, even at high prices; and this evil of will continue to increase for time to come. Now, by adopting this method of keeping stock, the greater part of this expense may be saved, as but few fences are required; and not only so but the land now occupied by them, and also, in many cases, by a variety of shrubs and flowering plants—such as elders, willows, Canada thistles, mulleins, and the like—may be made available in raising valuable crops. This would add much to the appearance of the farm, and the land thus gained for tillage would, in many instances, go far towards keeping the stock upon it.

2. *The Saving of Land.*—I think there can be no question about this. In my opinion one acre of *good* clover will afford as much feed as four acres of the average pastures—corn and sorghum about the same; with millet the difference is not quite so great. There may be other crops that could be as advantageously raised, but these are all that I have tried to any extent. If this be so, it is evident that the stock upon the farm may be greatly increased, or there will be quite an additional number of acres for other purposes. Often two crops may be raised from the same ground—as where rye is sown in the fall, and fed off early in the spring, any other crop may follow it.—Early corn may be followed by millet or turnips, and latter corn by rye for the following spring, and so on.

3. *It is Better for the Stock.*—Cattle are often turned to pasture too early in the spring, before the feed is sufficiently large to give them a good "bite," or sufficiently nutritious to do them much good; the consequence is, if there happens to be a "dry spell" in the spring, as is often the case, they will be very likely to have short feed through the summer. Of course, they will thrive but little, and will scarcely get over a hard winter's keep, before they enter upon another. When pastured, they are subject to all vicissitudes of the season—the usual drouth in July and August diminishes, often very materially, the quantity of milk, and checks the growth of young stock.—But if soiled, the case is different. Where proper provision has been made for them, they have their food regularly, and all they require, and are in a great measure exempt from the changes thus mentioned. The flow of milk is more uniform—the only diminution being the natural one as they advance in the season, and I think the quality of the milk richer. Butter made from cows thus kept, is decidedly of a better quality, and in hot weather has not that oily appearance so often the case with it at that season of the year. I presume this is owing to the fact that the cows have not had a long drive, it may be, to pasture, and been exposed to the hot sun through the day, and so become heated, affecting their milk. Whatever may be the reason, we have had no difficulty in making butter, in the hottest weather, that would work into nice rolls when it has stood a sufficient time after being salted—this I think an important consideration. We use neither ice or cold water in making butter. (Our butter is furnished to families, weekly, in rolls.) Similar advantages attend the keeping of young cattle in this way—they grow faster, and it tends to make them gentle—if heifers, they become docile and quiet milkers with very little trouble.

I will mention a circumstance that will convey the idea I wish to, perhaps better than I have done it. A friend called upon me the latter part of last September, who has a farm of about two hundred acres, and I think milked at the time 16 cows—we had just passed through a "dry spell"—he said his cows did not average over three and a half pounds of butter a week, while we were making, at the same time; nearly six pounds to the cow. The reason was, his cows were *pinched*, and mine had *enough*.

4. *A Much Larger Quanity of Manure is Made*—This is the last thing I shall mention, and though last, it is not the least in importance The manure heap is the farmer's "bank," where he can make his "deposits," and present his "drafts"—his "deposits" must be equal to or exceed his "drafts," else he will be out of "funds."—If then the stock may be considerably increased by soiling, he has means of enlarging his "pile," and thus preventing his "drafts" from "protest."

It should be the aim of every farmer, to make, save, and apply to his land; every thing within his reach that will enrich it—this it seems to me, is one of the great secrets of successful farming; and I am of the opinion, that after one has tried this method of keeping his stock, he will be astonished at the amount of manure made annually, and for this and other reasons, will be quite unwilling to abandon the system.

But as a good deal is said upon this subject of making and applying manure, in the agricultural papers—urging farmers to look to their own interests—it is needless for me to say any thing more in regard to this matter. Every one knows that to raise large crops, his land must be made capable of producing them, and I have no doubt that the soiling of cattle will contribute largely towards producing this result. J. L. R.—*Jefferson Co., N. Y.*

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Clipper.]

BALTIMORE COUNTY, March 22, 1860.

Through the politeness of a friend, I was this morning permitted to read and copy the following excellent letter from George W. Lawrence, Esq., son of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, Mass., to a relative in this county. It was written as a social greeting, and never intended for publication, but the sentiment contained in it are certainly worthy of a wide notice. Yours,

C. A. C.

"*Boston, Dec,* 9, 1859.

"Dear——: Your kind letter of the 1st inst., has come to hand, and I am much pleased to known I shall before long have the satisfaction of seeing you.

* * * * * * *

"I send to-day, to your address, a report of the proceedings of a meeting held yesterday in Faneuil Hall by the liberal and Union-loving citizens of all parties in this city, and recommend it to your careful perusal.

"It seems to me almost beyond belief, that circumstances should be such as to demand the necessity of an assemblage to avow our support of the Union of the United States; but such is the existing state of affairs that it does not appear uncalled for.

"The people of Massachusetts have too long suffered a party of fanatics to represent the sentiments of the whole, without making any decided public demonstration of their views, who have given the inhabitants of the Southern and other States, a most contemptuous and prejudicial opinion of all her citizens; but I hope for the honor of my native State, that the meeting yesterday, composed as it was of some of her most talented and influential men, will tend to erase from their minds, at least, the idea that all the population are of the same stamp as Wendall Phillips and that clique.

"Permit me to ask what recent event has so excited the people of this country, that has called forth from all its sections, sentiments so fraught with animosity and hatred? It is because a *murderer* and a *traitor* has suffered the penalty he deserved; one who as richly merited it as ever did any criminal in the world. For such a villain, in certain places, bells have been tolled, panegyrics delivered, and he has been held up to the world as a martyr! Does not this appear strange? Is it not almost incredible to suppose for an instant, that so large a body of men are so lost to humanity and justice, or carried away by a miserable fanaticism.

"For my own part, I belong to none of the present political parties, but am one of those who believe, at all times, in 'promoting the interests and prosperity of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union,' knowing no sectional boundaries, and esteeming all equally as my countrymen, whether coming from Maine or Texas.

"I congratulate myself on its being my good fortune to be present at the meeting held in Faneuil Hall yesterday, where I had the opportunity of listening to the eloquence of such men as Lincoln, Everrett and Cushing; and not only this, but was extremely gratified to witness the enthusiasm which prevailed throughout, and I cannot help expressing to you the satisfaction I felt.

"It is indeed gratifying to every lover of the Union to know the patriotism and spirit which animated our fathers is not yet fully extinguished in Massachusetts and the nation, and when exigencies like the present call it forth; it will go hand and hand, for those great principles which they established and we have inherited.

"I know, my dear friend, these are your sentiments, as well as mine, and I sincerely trust, those of a vast majority of my countrymen. * * * * * *

Very truly yours,
GEORGE W. LAWRENCE."

An Item for Moderate Drinkers.

A well known dealer in the semi-medicinal beverage of "Schiedam Schnapps" has recently favored the public with a pamphlet furnishing the results of his own experience and observation, proving the criminal practice of the liquor trade in the general adulteration of liquors, and the extensive concoction of spurious articles. He states that while the returns of the New York custom house shows an importation of 20,000 half casks of brandy, 25,000 quarters, and 23,000 eighths, twenty or thirty times that number are sold to retailers and country dealers as genuine French brandy. Three fourths of all foreign brandies and gin are imported for the express purpose of adulteration. The custom house books show that one man who has sold thousands of gallons of a certain kind of foreign liquor, has not imported more than five pipes in five years. He also states that the greater portion of the imported brandies is whiskey sent from this country, to be returned with a French brand as genuine French liquors.

A GOOD ONE.—'Paddy, honey; will you buy my watch now?'

'And is it about selling yer watch ye are Mike?'

'Troth it is darling.'

'What's the price?'

'Tin shillings and a wee mutchkin of the creature.'

'Is the watch a dacint one?'

'Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it niver once desaved me.'

'Well, here's yer tin; now till me, does it go well?'

'Beded and it goes faster than any watch in Cannaught, Munster, Ulster, Leinster, not barring Doblin.'

'Bad luck to ye, Mike, ye have taken me in. Didn't ye say it niver deceived you?'

'Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I *never depended on it.*'

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