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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NEW GOODS!

JAMES H. GRACE has just returned with a full and complete assortment of NEW GOODS:

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware,
Queensware,
Tinware,
Stoneware, &c.

All of which have been selected with care and will be sold as low as can be had anywhere.

The public are invited to an examination.

Respectfully,

mar 17 J. H. GRACE.

SPRING 1860.

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from city with the largest and prettiest stock of **Ladies' Dress Goods** ever brought to this market—among which will be found a large and beautiful assortment of

Black Silks of all prices from 37½ up,
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Englais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, *Poplas Lavellas*,
Heyles, *Schwabe* and *Jamisons'* English Prints, &c. &c., &c., &c.

Also a splendid assortment of
Ladies' Embroidered Collars,
of the newest styles and the largest assortment ever brought to this market and lower than ever *before sold*.

☞ Also an elegant assortment of KID GLOVES,
Gauntletts, *Handk'ffs*,
Ruffings, *Cambric & Swiss Edgings & Insertings*, *Infants' Worked Bodies*, &c., &c., &c.

To an examination of which the Ladies are respectfully invited.

mar 17 JAMES H. GRACE.

CHARLES W. KNOTTS,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,
TALBOT STREET,
ST. MICHAELS, MD.,

HAS just returned from the cities, and is now opening a large and complete assortment of

DRY GOODS.

FOR THE LADIES—I have every variety of Dress Goods, such as silk Granadines, Challis, Bareges, Lavellas, Poplins, Forlard Cloth, Valencias, Ducals, Organdies, Debeiges, silk and lace Capes, Mantillas, Shawls, Gloves, Embroideries, every variety of Dress Trimmings, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN—I have a complete assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, Cashmerets, Tweeds, Silk and Satin Vestings, Mrseilled do., Shirt Fronts, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Carpeting and Oil Cloth,
Groceries, *Hardware*, *Queensware*, *Woodware*, &c.

A complete assortment of Heavy Goods for Servants wear. All of which has been selected with great care, and to which I invite the inspection of all who may favor me with a call. Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me, I beg a continuance of the same. Call early and get bargains at the cheap cash store of

mar 31 CHAS. W. KNOTTS.

1860. NEW 1860.

SPRING AND SUMMER

GOODS.

I HAVE just opened an assortment of NEW GOODS suited to the present and approaching seasons which for extent and variety will compare favorably with any stock on the Shore. It is useless to give the *names* of all the various styles of

Ladies' Dress Goods

but will assure customers that my stock contains the most choice varieties of the last importations. In PRINTS:

Ginghams,
Chintzes,
Lawns,
Swiss,
Cambrics,
Embroideries,

and White Goods generally.

Muslins,
Denims,
Pant Stuffs,

I am prepared to offer the usual inducements.

I have also a large stock of all the various fabrics used for

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR, consisting of

Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Tweeds,
Plain and Fancy Linen and Cotton Drillings,
Cottonades, &c.

Also a good stock of

Hardware,
Queensware,
Groceries, &c. *Also*
Ropes, *Traces*,
Hames, *Collars*

And all the goods generally used for Farming purposes. I have given my best attention to the purchase of these goods and hope by close application, moderate prices and a general desire to give satisfaction to receive a continuation of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon me.

apr 7 JNO. GOLDSBOROUGH.

JOSEY FLANNELS—a fine article at
(dec 10) C. W. KNOTT'S

THE CRADLE SONG.

[The following exquisite extract is from "Bitter Sweet," a poem by Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And kuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nepbew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go,—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manskin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well!
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

From the Baltimore Dispatch.

TALES OF THE HALL.

'Good morning Mary!' said the gallant Frank Hartley, as he entered a magnificent parlor, on the Fifth Avenue, addressing himself to a young lady reclining on a sofa, apparently in meditation.

'Good morning, Frank,' returned Mary Mortimer, a young lady of eighteen summers, handsome and accomplished, the daughter of a noted millionare, who had received the greater part of her eductation at a fashionable boarding school. Have you heard the news? What news rejoined Frank, who had just returned to the city, from a visit to Boston, where he had been on his father's business.

"Why, Sarah Wilson and Mr. Walter Putnam, the wealthy broker, are married. Is it possible! exclaimed Frank, and to that old man!

Indeed Frank, she has done very well. Done well! rejoined Frank, she has sacrificed her affections, her happiness, her all, to the shrine of mammon, and the union of fixed habits, infirmities and age, to youth, beauty, and intelligence, is not such a union as the 'gods delight to look upon.'

Now Frank Hartley, although moving and living in fashionable life, had never allowed its endearments, its temptations, its whims, its nonsense, to divert his mind from what was true and real, and although just entering upon manhood he had seen enough of the world to convince him that true happiness was not measured by dollars and cents His father, a wealthy merchant, who had risen from the humblest beginnings, had given him a practical education, the greater part of which was based upon maxims, which the old man had learned from experience.

Frank was sincere and true in the expression of his opinions on all subjects, which frequently brought him into disputation with his fashionable associates, who found it necessary sometimes to practice that dissimulation which he would scorn to do.

Sarah Wilson, the subject of our notice, had lost her parents at an early age, and was taken into the family of her aunt, who though she had caused her to be educated in all that books could learn her, yet had never impressed upon her mind that sound and solid wisdom, so necessary to our happiness on this earth, and which perhaps is to be found in all its essence, in the 'Proverbs of Solomon."

As soon as she left school, she was ushered into society, and her accomplishment and manners now attracted the notice of a number of suitors, among whom was the wealthy broker, Mr. Putnam, before alluded to, and young Daniel Allgood, whose sole recommendations, were an honest heart, good judgment, and an unimpeachable character.

As soon as her aunt perceived that both of these gentlemen were sincere, the struggle commenced.

Sarah followed the bent of her nature, and was evidently inclined to young Allgood, who in addition to the qualities before mentioned, possessed an attractive person.

Mr. Putnam was a widower, verging on sixty, the father of married children, but having been of temperate habits, possessed a tolerable good constitution, though his hair was grey and his upper teeth artificial. His person was not extremely objectionable, yet when standing alongside of the tall and graceful Allgood, the contrast would scarcely admit of comparison.

Allgood now perceived that though he had virtue, youth and personal worth on his side, yet he had the fashionable airs and prejudice of the world to contend against, all of which he found strongly centred in Sarah's aunt. In addition to this Mrs. Pemberton, a married daughter of Mr. Putnam's, was a constant visiter at the house, and although secretly disliking the idea of a second marriage on the part of her father, yet as he had determined upon it, she infinitely preferred as a relative, Miss Wilson, young and pliant, to a widow or an old maid with some of her fixed peculiarities. As the battle between the suitors warmed to a crisis, it was severe, and especially with Miss Wilson, who it was plainly to be perceived leaned towards young Allgood, although the idea of displeasing her aunt, in this important matter, gave her much pain. Her aunt and the rest of the family pressed the claim of Mr. Putnam, and finally treated young Allgood with such haughtiness of manner, as was personally offensive to his sensitive mind, and he ceased his visits.

Sarah's aunt, practised in the air of dissimulation, now impressed her youthful mind with the idea, that Allgood was estranged from her, without assigning the real cause. A constant guard and watch was kept over her, her visits were few, and always in company with a truly female friend of Putnam's. Unfortunately for human happiness, persevering art and dissimulation, frequently triumph over plain, unpretending honesty.

Sarah's consent was reluctantly obtained, and the day for the marriage ceremony was fixed.

The pastor of St. Luke's church officiated, and the event was celebrated with all the 'pomp and circumstance' of society. Her flattering friends were eager and assiduous in their attentions to her, but 'there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, yet the end thereof is death.' The novelty of gay scenes, now wore off, and the nakedness of an old man's infirmities were plainly visible.

Mr. Putnam was also so unfortunate about six months after their marriage, as to slip upon the ice, and fracture one of his limbs, which confined him to the house about four months, during which time his fractious, irritable temperament, caused by the workings of his mind in consequence of his long absence from 'change,' together with the poulticing and medical treatment required for his limb made him odious to the entire household, especially to Sarah.

In addition to this Mr. Putnam had met with a heavy loss, in consequence of the failure of a party, for whom he was an endorser.

The sheriff came with the demands of law in the shape of costs upon judgements obtained against him, and to the utter discomfiture of Sarah's aunt, the splendid mansion of Mr. Putnam, on Fifth Avenue, was put up at auction. They were reduced to comparative poverty, and retired to a small two story brick, in a street in the suburbs.

In the meantime young Allgood, by the straightforward course of his conduct, had won the confidence of his employers, been taken into business by them, had amassed a fortune, was married to what was once *a poor girl*, and actually purchased Mr. Putnam's mansion, into which himself and wife now moved.

Sarah's friends who at one time complimented her so highly upon 'marrying well' now deserted her, and bitter experience proved to her—

"That friendship is but an empty name
Which always follow wealth or fame."

Obscurity and neglect was now the lot of Mr. and Mrs Putnam, and at the end of twelve months it was very evident from Sarah's altered appearance, that the advice of her friends that she should 'marry well,' had made a victim, and at the end of two years, physicians were called in to consult and advise, as to the means of preventing an attack of the consumption.'

"But who can minister to a mind diseased."

The neglect of friends, the unnatural union into which she had been forced against her wishes, had done its work, and precisely in three years from the date of her marriage might have been seen in a retired street a hearse, with a few carriages in attendance; standing before the door of a two story brick, and a few followers, among whom those only of Sarah Putnam's former acquaintances were Daniel Allgood and wife.

What the Scientific American says of Saleratus.

Dr. Stevens says if ten pounds of sour dough were made into bread, in which was one ounce of saleratus to sweeten it, the carbonic acid to raise it, would be separated, and the alkali (which is a poison) left in the bread. A person in traveling through the western and southern States, where they use an enormous quantity of potash in their corn bread and short cakes, and in the northwest where they make "mille-risings" and use an inordinate quantity of soda and pearlash, will find that it is the uniform experience of physicians that their patients suffer from some acute and chronic irritation of the mucous tissues of the bowels, and it is almost impossible to raise the patient unless some one can give them yeast bread.

Every housewife knows how to make effervesced bread by the use of saleratus and cream-of-tartar. The gas which raises the bread by this method is generated by the same substances and by the same means as effervescene is produced in what we call soda powders. It is a lazy way of making bread, and as it leaves the tartrate of soda and potash in the food, it should not be practiced by any wife or mother who desires to maintain the health of her family. Within the past ten years, we have had "baking powders" self-raising flour, and many others, and ninety nine families in a hundred use some of these. The effect is the same as far as lightness is concerned, but foreign substances are added. Physicians know its pernicious and its dyspeptic tendencies.—*Scientific American*.

LOCUS ROOTS POISONOUS.—The Hungarian *Quarterly for Practical Pharmacy* relates instances of children having got poisoned by chewing freshly dug up roots of Locust, Robinia pseudo-acacia. Strong emetics cured them, and it was noticed that one of the children, who suffered for intermittent fever, seemed to have got completely cured of it by the poison. The roots of some of the true Acacias are also considered poisonous.—[*Translated from Botanische Zeitung.—Gardener's Monthly.*]

The Peach crop and Peach Culture.

The prospective loss of the peach crop, the coming season, over a large extent of country, may be justly regarded as serious matter, both to peach growers and consumers. Our markets, for so many years, have been so bountifully supplied with this most lucious of fruits that any thing like a general failure of the crop is felt to be a deprivation of no ordinary character. Of rapid gowth, hardy, productive, and, like the grape vine and the currant, coming into bearing the fourth year after planting, the culture of the peach was, at one time, a source of great profit, and especially in the light gravelly and sandy loams of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, where it flourishes in the greatest perfection. But either our climate has under gone a change of late years, or our cultivators have become more careless in protecting their trees from those sudden changes of temperature to which they have ever been subjected in early spring—the consequence has been that many of the noblest peach orchards have died out, and from those that remain a full crop is rarely gathered.

These disasters, for such we may well consider them, have been attributed to various causes. The decay of the larger portion of the peach orchards that have been abandoned, is usually ascribed to the increase of the peach worm, which attacks the inner bark of the root just below the surface of the ground, and to the prevalence of "the yellows"—a mysterious disease for which none of the remedies prescribed have ever yet proved effectual.—The peach worm may be readily eradicated. Its presence can easily be detected by the exudation of gum from about the root of the tree that has been attacked.—Examine every tree carefully in the spring and fall, and, wherever these signs occur, draw away the earth and with a sharp penknife follow the grub into its burrow, beneath the bark, and destroy it. Some persons use ashes as a protective, and others heap round the tree, in May, half a peck of air slacked lime, spreading it in the fall. Both of these preventatives are employed to keep the moth from depositing its eggs about the crown of the root, during summer months; but an experience of fifteen years in the cultivation of this fruit, warrants us in saying that the only effectual means of preserving the trees is to search out the grub and destroy it. Wherever "the yellows" occurs in an orchard, we have but one piece of advice to offer, and that is—to dig up the tree forthwith and burn it.—The disease may or may not be contagious; but one thing is certain—the tree never recovers its former health and productiveness, and the sooner, therefore, it is removed the better it will be for those that remain.

We believe that the usual system of cultivating the peach is radically wrong, and that: with proper management, the trees may be preserved in vigorous health to the age of twenty-five years instead of dying out utterly before they are a dozen years old, as is commonly the case. We believe, moreover, that in pointing out what, in our opinion, is the real cause of their decay, we also indicate the real origin of "the yellows."

Carbonate and Phosphate of Lime, Potash, and Soda, constitute at least 60 per cent. of the ashes of the Peach tree, and it necessarily follows, that in any soil in which by the process of constant cultivation, either of these important constituents happens to be wanting, the tree must fail to preserve its natural vigor.

Now the common impression is, that a fertile soil is by no means essential to the growth of the Peach, and that when the orchard is regularly ploughed and the weeds kept down, there is nothing more required to be done. Herein lies the error into which cultivators have fallen. They have faithfully ploughed their orchards year after year, but they have neglected to restore the nutritious ingredients to the soil, which are exhausted by turning up fresh surfaces of earth to the sun, throughout successive seasons. No constituents in a soil under cultivation more rapidly disappear than potash and the phosphates. A course of cropping in tobacco proves this beyond a doubt. A similar course of cropping in corn produces a like result. Yet in tobacco and corn, it is customary to restore at least a portion of the removed substances by introducing a rotation of crops, and very often by laying the land down to clover or grass for a year or two. In a peach orchard this is never done, so far as the cereals or smaller grasses are concerned, for they are known to produce an injurious effect upon the trees. So the land is ploughed year after year, without cropping it at all, and the loose soil lies exposed to the action of our burning summer suns, until it becomes literally exhausted of those inorganic substances, without which the trees cannot maintain a vigorous life. This exposure of a loosened soil to sun and rain through a series of years, has drawn off into the atmosphere, or leached out nearly all its fertilizing proprieties, and the trees die for want of a due amount of nourshment. What, then, is the remedy? To keep up the original fertility of the soil by frequent applications of those constituents of which it is most easily exhausted. Keep it well supplied with lime, anh wood ashes and ground bones, and the orchard will continue to flourish for many years. To work the same land to a profit, and to guard, at the same time, against a bad fruit season keep it constantly in hoed crops—potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, water melons, cantelopes and cabbages. All these require heavy dressings of manures, or other fertilizers, to produce them in perfection; and such a manuring, together with the amount of labor they require to keep them free of weeds and wild grasses, will be largely beneficial to the peach trees. As an illustration of the value of these suggestions, we state the following facts, which came strictly within our knowledge. In the year 1839 a resident of Baltimore purchased a farm a short distance from the city, upon which there was then an orchard of some five hundred peach trees. The soil of the orchard was a gravelly loam. The trees, at that time, had been planted about twelve years; looked badly and were said, by the neighboring farmers to be dying out. They were, therefore, in the opinion of the new owner, a fair subject for experiment. In the fall of that year, he caused every tree to be well dug round, the earth scooped lightly away from the roots, and in the hollow thus formed, a peck of wood ashes to each tree was applied. They remained thus exposed throughout the winter, which was a severe one. The following spring, the ashes were dug in about the trees; the whole orchard was subjected to a careful pruning; manure was hauled out, and, at the proper season the intervals between the trees were planted in sugar beets and potatoes. But four trees, and those the sickliest, died. The remainder seemed to take in a new lease of life—the yield of fruit that year was an extraordinary one, and from that time, by following up the same system, all evidences of decay ceased. In the course of subsequent years, some twenty of the trees may have died; but when the person to whom we allude, after occupying the farm for fifteen years sold it, that peach orchard was still in full bearing, and at least two thirds of the trees were still healthy and vigorous. Those trees were then twenty seven years old. A few facts like these are worth a thousand theories.—*Rural Register*.

RECIPES.

Cheap Paint.

I see an inquiry for a cheap paint. Enclosed is one which I *know* to be first best:

Take one bushel of unslacked lime and slack it with cold water: when slacked add to it 20lbs. of Spanish whitening, 17lbs. of salt and 12lbs. of sugar. Strain this mixture through a wire sieve, and it will be fit for use after reducing with cold water.—This is intended for the outside of buildings or where it is exposed to the weather. In order to give a good color three coats are necessary on brick and two on wood. It may be laid on with a brush similar to whitewash. Each coat must have sufficient time to dry before the next is applied:

For painting inside walls, take as before, one bushel of unslacked lime, 3lbs. of Sugar, 5lbs of salt, and prepare as above, and apply with a brush.

I have used it on brick, find it well calculated to preserve them—it is far preferable to oil paint. I have used it on wood, and assure you that it will last longer on rough siding than oil paint will on plained siding or boards.

You can make any color you please: if you wish straw color, use yellow ochre instead of whitening, for lemon color, ochre and chrome yellow, for lead and slate color, lampblack, for blue, indigo; for green, chrome green. The different kinds of paint will not cost more than one-fourth as much as oil paints, including labor of putting on.—*Correspondent of Country Gentlemen*.

GINGER POUND CAKE.—Cut up in a pan ½ lb. of butter, and a tea cup of brown sugar; mix with a pint of West India molasses, then stir them well together. Sift into a pan a pound of flour, in another pan beat five eggs, add gradually the eggs and flour to the mixture of butter, sugar and molasses, with two large table-spoonfuls of ground ginger and four of ground cinnamon. Then stir in a glass of brandy, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus melted in a very little milk. Stir the whole for some time.—Then add a pound of raisins dredged with flour. Transfer the mixture to the butter tin pan, and bake from two to three hours.

TO ENCOURAGE THE GROWTH OF HAIR AND PREVENT ITS TURNING GREY.—A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a *coiffeur* to use sage-water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use, as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove; then strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal misture of coca-nut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.

TO CLEAN PAINT. Smear a piece of flannel in common whitening, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

CLEANING KETTLES.—A bit of pearl ash, as large as a walnut, dissolved in hot water, will remove grease from iron cooking vessels, and also take out the taste left by onions or other highly flavored food

RECIPE FOR NEURALGIC AFFECTIONS.—Equal parts of sweet oil, spirits of hartshorn, turpentine and camphor. It can be made in an anodyne by adding a little laudanum.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—The ingredients consist of one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one table spoonful of salt, one pint of water, and two table spoonfuls of vinegar, mixed together and bottle.

TO TAKE OUT THORNS OR SPLINTERS.—Make a plaster of turpentine and tallow, spread on a piece of leather, and apply it to the wound.

An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a Western bard:

'When you see their eyes glisten, then my, men, fire!"
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esq.

A true man will never rust out. As long as he can live and breathe; he will be doing something for himself and his posterity.

THE WALKER-KANSAS LETTER.

The famous letter addressed by President Buchanan to Hon. R. J. Walker whilst the latter was Governor of Kansas, which has been the subject of so much speculation and of such contrary assertion, has at last been brought to light through the Covode investigating Committee. The letter fully sustains all that has been said of it, and shows that the President at the time entirely committed himself to the doctrine of popular sovereignty in the Territories, though he subsequently retreated from that position and condemned Governor Walker for pursuing the very course which he had urged upon him. Mr. Buchanan writes to Governor Walker that his success depends "upon the submission of the Constitution to the people of Kansas." On the question of submitting the Constitution to the *bona fide* residents of Kansas, he says: "I am willing to stand or fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska bill,—the principle of popular sovereignty, and the principle at the foundation of all popular government. The more it is discussed the stronger it will become." And still continuing to press the subject, Governor Walker is urged "to make the great principle of the submission of the Constitution to the *bona fide* residents of Kansas conspicuously prominent. On this you will be irresistible."

A more damaging instance of political inconsistency than is exhibited by this letter, in connection with the President's subsequent course, it would be impossible to conceive. The manner in which the exposure has been brought about also adds to the pungency of the humiliation that must attend it. Mr. Walker, who has so long held the letter in reserve, has only at last made it public to defend himself from the attack of the Attorney General, who had recently declared that no such letter existed, and challenged, on behalf of Mr. Buchanan, its production. The effervescence of even American politics has rarely, perhaps never, brought to the surface a more painful exposition of duplicity and treachery.

A DESPERATE AFFAIR.—The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist of the 18th inst., relates the following scene as having occurred in Columbia county: A crazy negro man belonging to Mrs. Pace, went to the neighboring plantation owned by Col. T. Claton, and brutally murdered four negroes. One was an old woman, and the others were children. Mr. Whittington, Col. Claton's overseer, hearing the disturbance, promptly proceeded to the spot; and the crazy negro made a desperate attempt to kill him. The overseer shot the crazy negro, and in that way arrested further destruction of life.

CONTENTS OF A SHARK'S STOMACH.—A shark was captured in our harbor on Saturday last by Mr. Wm. Eden. On opening the fish the hand of the unfortunate Isaac Wylly, (who was drowned outside the bar on the 11th inst.,) together with a goat's head, having horns seven inches long, were discovered in the stomach. The hand was identified by a brother of the deceased, in consequence of a portion of the shirt-sleeve being attached to it.

TRADING HORSES.—'What do you ask for that ere beast.'

'One hundred and twenty-five dollars.'

'One hundred and twenty-five dollars?'

'Yes.'

'Give you twenty-five.'

'Take him along. It shant be said that I spoiled a good horse trade for a hundred dollars.'

A MARYLAND INVENTION.—The Frederick (Md.) papers speak in high terms of a machine for printing addresses upon newspapers, invented by Messrs. Noah and Edward Bowlus, of Middletown, Frederick county. The machine is said to be capable of printing five or six thousand addresses per hour.

A PLEASANT DRINK—*Beer*.—Take a half gallon of Molasses (syrup will not answer,) with a large table spoonful of best ground ginger, and mix well into five gallons water. In two or three days, according to the weather, it will be ready for use. Try it if you are fond of good beer.

CULTIVATED WOMEN.—Sheridan said beautifully: "Woman governs us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by woman that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

BE GREATFUL EVER.

Is worldly good around thee spread,
In rich profusion, failing never?
Then, to the Power which o'er thy head
Still watches—BE THOU GREATFUL EVER?
If the days are dark, and fortune frowns,
Threatening thy fate from peace to sever—
Be not dismayed. God's mercy crowns
Sad souls with joy—BE GREATFUL EVER?

In the old English ale-house, it used to be the custom to keep the separate accounts of each beer-bidder by scoring down the pints and quarts—hence, the warning phrase, 'mind your P's and Q's.

An old lady in Ohio, while in the woods was bitten on the end of the nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered but the snake died Coroner's verdict—poisoned by snuff.

A young man in this city having advertised for a wife, received word from eighteen married men that he might have theirs.

The organization of the Constitution Union party in California has been completed, and delegates are to be sent to Baltimore.

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