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BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS.**

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# The Easton Gazette.

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**ADVERTISEMENTS,**

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### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

A rosebud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rosebud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warden.
And a child behind the linden-tree
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow;
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "O didst thou hear
The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou should'st fear
The coming of the morning?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
Saying, "I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my best to day,
For I may die to-morrow!"

I asked the rose, "O tell me, sweet,
In thy first beauty's dawning,
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat
The coming of the morning?"
She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The lovelier for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fleeting as the roses;
My voice no more shall sing or speak,
When dust to dust reposes;
And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

### A REQUIEM.

Alas! dear girl, she is no more,
Her days of happiness are o'er,
She's gone as many went before—
She's married.

Life's summer bright had scarce begun,
Too soon, poor thing, her race was run,
And, oh! the dismal goal she won—
She's married.

From velvet lips soft music rolled,
Save when she plead sore throat or cold,
Will either make her cease to scold,
Now she's married?

On ivory keys her fingers sank,
While sweetest sounds her spirit drank,
But squalling brats they're doomed to spank—
Now she's married.

Her figure was of roundest mould,
But time does strangest things unfold,
She soon will scrawny grow, and old—
She's married.

She once was beautcous and fair,
But now she's pale, and worn with care—
They say she wants a little *air*—
Since she's married.

## Miscellaneous.

### Brother Crawford's Sermon.

A Southern exchange gives this as the first sermon of a new minister in a village in those parts:—

He began apologetically as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear; I come among you as a stranger, and I am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming before strangers."

After this, he raised a hymn, which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

My dear brethern and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel.—After I had got through with my farewell sarmont, as I came down outen the pulpit, the old gray-headed brethern and sisters who listened to my voice twenty years, crowded around me, and with sobbing voices and fearful eyes, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, decked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gewgaws, jimcracks, paint and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with their rosy lips—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The young men in their tight patent-leather boots, high collars and dashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and cigar-smoke—with shanghai coats, and striped zebra pants—they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and, with one accord, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The colored breethren of the congregation now came forward—(black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry,) with tears rolling down their sable cheeks, they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached for more'n twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated wall and moss-covered roof—it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree-tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I rode along down a hot, dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a sudden, with a loud broo-too, broo-too—she, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

My horse, he got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back—kicked up his heels, and ran off—he, too seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

### Punctuation Puzzle.

The following paragraph extracted from the Portland *Transcript*, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one of which makes the individual in question a monster in wickedness, while the other converts him into a model christian.—Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

"He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of Reward.

### Couldn't Find his Party!

Dennis, alias Michael Brown, was found, according to the Boston Herald, a few evenings since in the streets of that city, addressing an imaginary audience concerning the great principles now agitating the country. Mr. Brown after coquetting with a bottle of whiskey, is usually taken in that way, and it was judged by the police that Mr. Brown would be benefited by complaining of him as a common drunkard, and sending him to the place where whiskey is unknown, except upon special occasions.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Brown, squaring his shoulders, as though about to hold forth to one of his imaginary audiences, "would it make any difference regarding my case if the Court was informed of my politics?"

The Court looked at Mr. Brown in astonishment.

"Hurrah for the Little Giant!" shouted Mr. Brown with a keen look at the Court to notice the effect of the announcement.

"Two months in the House of Industry," the Court said, mildly.

Mr. Brown thought he was on the wrong track. He changed instantly.

"Hurrah for Lincoln and Hamlin!" he shouted as loud as ever.

"Two months," repeated the Court, not moved the slightest by the cheer.

"Sold again," muttered Mr. Brown. "Only one more chance," and then he shouted: "Hurrah for Bell and Everett, and I'll d-d if I try again if we never have a President!"

"Take him away," said the Court, "and stop his noise."

"This is a mean, one-horse twon," muttered Mr. Brown. "One such a yell as I gave would have set me free in New York, and the honor of drinking brandy with half a dozen of the Aldermen. This is not the city for a man of genius."

If either of the great political parties want Mr. Brown, he can be found without much trouble.

### A Good Anecdote.

Old Parson B——, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of E——, was without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

Among the church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine seemed to take any notice of it. And he at length told brother P. that sush a thing must be needless, but P. said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it, nevertheless. On leaving church he always took a round about course, which, by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity to the village tavern, which he would enter, and "thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B—— learned from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to have a 'dram,' and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing were possible.

The next Sabbath brother P. left his seat, at the same time, and started for the door, when Parson B exclaimed:

"Brother P."

P., on being addressed, stopped short, and gazed toward the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the Parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time, as I passed the tavern this morning, and made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot until church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

### I Don't Care if I Do.

In olden time before the Maine law was invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished accommodations for both man and beast. He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf.

Fish the village painter, was also inflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look casting sheep eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters and wishing most devoutedly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance.—Going up to the counter he said;

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" said the landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstood me," says the stranger "I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy;" said Wing. "Will you take sugar to it?" reaching as he spoke, for the bowl and the toddy stick.

The dispairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, appears to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

### A Practical Sermon to the Girls.

Take early morning exercise; let loose your corset strings, and run up the hills for a wagon, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade brooks, and after a day of exhilerating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The blooming and beautiful young lady—rose-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady when required, is the girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed up wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption mortgaged music-murdering and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist strings and breathe in the pure atmosphere, and become something as good as nature designed,

SEASONABLE QUERIES.—The self examining society has proposed the following period:

1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?
3. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?
3. Do printers eat, drink and wear clothing?
4. If they do, how do they get them?
5. Do I owe for my paper?
6. Is not this particular period a first-rate time to call and "pay up?"

A man down East thus poetically advertises his wife:

On the 6th of July, on the night of a Monday,
Eloped from her husband, the wife of John Grundy,
His grief for her absence, each day growing deeper,
Should any one find her, he begs him—to keep her.

### Separating the Sheep from the Goats.

Some time ago, there resided in a part of New York, but a short distance up the Hudson, an individual who was a noted wag; and who had an irreclaimable habit of stuttering; in fact, he was generally known through the country as "stuttering Sam." This genius, who had a great penchant for jokes, and, withal, a hankering after good old whiskey, seldom passed a day without playing some of his tricks. On one occasion, he was assisting a drover who had charge of a flock of sheep. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in summer, when they had occasion to pass by a country meeting-house, whose doors were thrown open on account of the heat, that one of the sheep (as sheep will sometimes do,) ran into the church. The drover, not wishing to enter into the then dilapidated state of his apparel, made up his mind to send Sam, so, calling him, he said:

"Sam will you go in there and get out that sheep?"

"W-w-what'll you g-g-give me if I'd do?" said Sam.

"A quart of prime old rye," answered the drover.

"I-I'll d-do it," said Sam, and he entered the meeting-house. The sheep, seeing him following, ran up one of the aisles till he reached the pulpit, when he was soon caught by Sam, who, seizing him by the horns, began to try to get him out.

"What are you doing there?" cried the minister, roused, at length, from his brilliant sixteenthly," by the noise.

Sam looked over his shoulder, with a comical expression of his grey eyes, as he answered:

"Oh, nothing. I'm o-only s-sep-par-at-ing the s-sheep f-from the g-goats."

Notwithstanding the time and place, but few present could refrain from indulging in a "snicker," and Sam proceeded in triumph with his sheep to the drover, who, it is needless to add, "forked over" the necessary beverage.

### Reminiscences of Louis Napoleon.

Only twenty years ago, last November, Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of France, left the St. Charles Hotel without paying his board bill. In the New Orleans Bee, of November 20th, 1839, appears the following highly doubtful account of the "noble count's" departure from that city:—

Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whose arrival in this city was announced in several of the papers, has left New Orleans in high dudgeon and for just reason. He was yesterday morning informed by the proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel, that it was customary for gentlemen travelling without baggage, (the Count was splendidly provided for in that way for a man of his itular dimensions,) to pay for their board in advance, whereupon the following dialogue ensued:—

Count—My name is sufficient guarantee for my bill.

Publican—Your name, Count, is a very good one, but won't buy marketing.

Count—Make out my bill.

Publican—It shall be done.

The clerk thereupon presented the bill made out in the name of Count L. B. Bonaparte.

"My name," said the Count, "is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. I wish it so stated in full in the account.

A second bill was made out, and the entire name written out in fair, legible letters.

"My name is Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince of Segovia, Kamschatka, and other dependencies—say so in the bill," responded the sprig of nobility.

"I will not make out a third bill," said the clerk.

"Then I'll be—if I pay it," said his Excellency, and forthwith absquatulated.

### A Trade a Fortune.

If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer or honest trader, as companions or helpmates instead of the rich, who, aside from their income, have no means of subsistence.

How often does this question arise, and from religious parents, too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters:

"Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "yes he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishment, won the affections of a young nobleman, who having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?

"You are undoubtedly the best blood of Poland."

"And my fortune and reputation are they not—"

"Your estate is magnificient, and your conduct irreproachable."

"Then having your daughter's consent should I except a refusal?"

"This, sir," the father replied, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprices she takes away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two afterward, the father was sitting at the door, and saw, approaching the house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer, in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The Revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars, some of them teachers; and the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

DEMOCRATS FOR BELL AND EVERETT.—The Memphis *Bulletin*, an independent journal, attached to no political party, in a late number says:

"Since the result of the Baltimore Convention has been made known, Democrats in every direction have declared their purpose to vote for Bell and Everett. We think the indications point to a stampede among the Democrats that will not only secure to the Union ticket a plurality in the southern States, but an overwhelming *majority* of the popular vote. The Democratic masses are disheartened, because the men who have been accustomed to lead them are disputing as to which party represents the orthodox Democracy. This is not all; they are weary of the strife, and sick of the hurly burly of Democracy. We think the very name is now odious to them."

### How to Live as Neighbors, and States in our Republic.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—St. Matthew, Chap. vii., Verse 12.

This is the Golden Rule laid down by Christ. It is the only rule for a *Christian*—the only rule for a *man*—and, above all, the only rule for a worthy *citizen of a great* national family.

It was not an easy thing to make a Union of these Original 13 Colonies. They had only just sprung from chaos: They were like new stars which had not yet got into their permanent orbits, and they had to learn how to revolve in a new constellation.

The war of Independence lasted seven years, and it took six years longer to perfect a Union. How long and how anxiously Washington, and Jefferson, and all the fathers of the Union, thought and acted before the solemn Treaty was made and ratified in 1789, to live together as brothers, sisters, wives, husbands, fathers, children and kindred?

How long will it take to *undo* all this work, and hurl the whole thing to chaos?

If the wretch who lit the torch that burned the Ephesian Dome only took a minute, how long will it take the two sectional parties, at the ruinous rate in which they started, to do their work.

States—just as with families—can live in mutual peace no longer than they fail to act neighborly. This has great meaning when we talk about this Republic.

This Union is a Contract made by our Fathers, and every voter has sworn to carry it out.—What voter, then, has a right to annul this Contract? Suppose him to be a philanthropist—does his philanthropy give him a commission to violate the laws of God? How would the Founders of this Union, and the Patriots of 1776, look on the seceders and Union splitters? How would *they* look in the presence of Jackson, Clay, and Webster? They would "flit like lated ghosts, that snuff the morning air"—for these concoctors of trouble, and these emissaries of blood, could not live in peace one instant if the Heroes and Statesmen of the earlier days of the Republic were not all dead.

What have these disturbers of our Public Peace already done? Not all they wanted to do and will do, if they get the power—but they have done enough.

They have done what Iago did between Othello and his wife—invoked the foul fiend of jealousy and suspicion—and they are still fanning the flame into a yet larger blaze, and if not resisted may revolutionize the greatest country that Heaven ever bound together.

### Breckinridge Endorses Everett.

Let no supporter of Breckinridge in all the South dare ever again to whisper a word against the soundness, reliability, and patriotism of Edward Everett for Breckinridge himself has most fully, thoroughly, and triumphantly endorsed him!

We have before us the speech of John C. Breckinridge, delivered in the Hall of the Kentucky House of Representatives, at Frankfort, December 21st, 1859—six months ago—by invitation of the Democratic Legislature of his State. After boasting of the soundness of the Northern Democracy on the slavery question, Mr. Breckinridge adds:

"There is another element at the North, not large, but noble and true. It consists of the scattered cohorts of the *old Whig party*, of men like Everett, Choate, and their associates, whose conservatism, culture, and patriotism rebelled against the Republican alliance. Besides these, there are many thousands in the Northern States *who seldom attend the polls*, and whose voices surround them. To all these let us appeal; let us solemnly demand a general revolt of the virtue and loyalty of the country against the pernicious principles that threaten its safety, and when all the forces are arrayed in their proper ranks, we shall be able to see what remains to hope or fear."

These are Breckinridge's own words, testifying that Everett is a "noble and true patriot, whose conservatism, culture, and patriotism rebelled against the Republican alliance." And yet some of Breckinridge's supporters in the South are swearing that Everett is an Abolitionist, unworthy of the countenance and support of Southern men!

### Singular Weather—A Long Thunder Storm.

On Thursday of last week a violent thunder storm set in at Cincinnati, which continued for seventy-two hours. The Price Current says:

During the first twelve hours there was no intermission, properly speaking; the rain would partially cease, but only to come on again with increased fury and violence. The intermission, subsequently, seemed to be but a temporary exhaustion of the clouds in a circle around the zenith, whilst upon and for a considerable distance above the horizon, thick clouds always hung. During each night the scenery above was certainly the most awfully grand we have ever looked upon. The clouds would sometimes assume a ridge-like aspect—the ridges frequently and suddenly changing their positions. The lightning flashing, or rather sweeping, like floods of brilliant flame, above these rigid clouds, gave them the appearance of immense transparencies, with lines graduated from a dark leaden color to a bright whitish light with a bluish tinge. Now and then a discharge of electricity would escape to the earth, and its descent seem like a huge pillar of fire of a dazzling bluish whiteness, and in its dimensions far exceeding ordinary discharges. Generally speaking, the thunder was far up in the atmosphere; still there was a large number of discharges near the earth, and several houses were struck in and around the city. Between seven and nine o'clock on Sunday night the last shower fell, and after that the temperature changed rapidly, and the sun rose on Monday morning upon a clear blue sky, with a cool-bracing atmosphere, and on Tuesday morning the thermometer was down to 65 degrees, being a fall of 22 degrees in thirty-six hours.

### THE KISS.

"Who gave that kiss?" the teacher cried;
"'Twas Harry Hall," John Jones replied.
"Come here to me," old Switchem said,
And solemnly he shook his head:
"What evil genius prompted you
So rude a thing in school to do?"
Said Harry, "I can hardly say
Just how it happened. Any way,
To do a sum she whispered me;
And round my face her curls—you see—
That is, her cheek—and I—and I—
Just kissed her, but I don't know why."

### EPIGRAM.

Maria's a clock, they say,
Unconscious of her beauty,
She regulates the live long day,
Exact in ev'ry duty.

If this be true, such self command,
Such well directed pow'rs,
Oh! may her little minute hand
Become a hand of ours.

A Negro being caught stealing from a henroost, excused himself by saying. "Dar he only came dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dar eyes open."

## Agricultural.

### ORDER AND SYSTEM.

A well conducted Farm is a beautiful machine. We have seen a steam-engine of fifty horse power, that ran with such perfection that it could not be heard at a distance of twenty feet. We have heard some, much smaller, that gave out a mixed jargon of thumps, rattling of iron, and rushing of steam. At a celebrated trial of agricultural machines, there were two mowers—one could be heard nearly a mile;—the other scarcely more than a few rods, and the cutters went through the grass like a hot knife through butter. There were likewise two threshers—one was huge and ponderous, and when in motion trembled throughout, with a noise somewhat like thunder. The other, a two-horse tread machine, ran so perfectly that nothing could be heard at ten paces, but the tread of the horses' feet on the rolling platform, and the whistle of the grain and straw as they were shot from the cylinder.

It is precisely so with the machinery of a farm. If well conducted, every part will move on noiselessly but efficiently—all will be promptly done in its season, there will be no confusion, and a great deal will be accomplished. A badly managed farm, on the contrary, if not wholly neglected, will be hurry and disorder, with every thing out of joint, and very little will be done. The farm is a *complex* machine; and like all other machines made up of many parts, must be perfect at all times, or one small part will suspend the motion of all the rest. A broken cog, a missing bolt, or a bent axle, will derange the whole.

To come somewhat to particulars: The farmer must know at the start what he is going to do. His yearly operations must be distinctly before him. It will not be profitable for him to stop, and consider, and plan, after a piece of work is partly executed. He must begin at the beginning—must have his fields well laid out—his rotation digested—and the extent of each crop prescribed. If he is a practical farmer, he will of course know how much time will be required for the preparation of the land, sowing, cultivating, and harvesting each crop,—to which estimates he should add at least two-fifths for the interruptions of rainy weather and other contingencies. This will prevent him from undertaking too much, which is, next to laziness, the most fruitful cause of all bad farming: of hurried operations, and undestroyed weeds.

There are two great requisites in all successful husbandry,—to make the best use of all spare moments: and to be always ready in advance for every emergency. These two essentials work together, for by properly using the spare moment, ample preparation may be made. Slipshod farmers are too much like the man with a leaky roof; in fine weather no repair was needed, and in rainy he could not do it. It may perhaps be laid down as a universal truth, that success in all enterprises depends on being able to predict beforehand what will be wanted. The need of a single tool in haying time, may result in arresting the labor of ten men, and in loss of ten tons of hay by an approaching storm. The want of good implements of tillage may delay the sowing of a crop, till rains may postpone the operation a fortnight. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost."

A workshop with tools is indispensable for every farm. The owner should supply himself with a complete list of all implements. A place should be provided for every one, and every one be in its place; and on every rainy or stormy day, an examination should be made and repairs promptly performed. Tools should be kept constantly in order, as a standing rule, and not be left broken till wanted for use. This is still more important, if they are to be sent to the village mechanic; for if taken in time the errand may cost much less than to wait till the moment required for actual use, and then to take a horse from a plow or from a hay wagon, to send three miles for a trifling but necessary repair.

In order to be able to accomplish farm labor promptly and in season, teams must be healthy and in the best working order. To be healthy, they should be fed with great regularity and uniformity, whether working or not, with good wholesome food and not with musty hay and grain or short pasturage. Their apartments must be clean and pure, and they themselves well curried. Some farmers lose much by giving their horses more work than they can perform comfortably—they are consequently worked too hard, enfeebled and made poor, and prematurely worn out. Not being supplied with sufficient animal force, favorable chances are lost and work allowed to accumulate, and increased labor will be required for its performance, and a waste result from delay. An extra working animal partly pays its way in manure, and sometimes its whole yearly keeping is returned in increased crops from early seeding and prompt cultivation.

Every farmer should carry a memorandum book. It is his compass and log-book combined. A page for each week, by way of assisting the memory, laying out every thing clearly before the eye, and for recording the numerous suggestions for future experiments, which must constantly occur in practice, would prove invaluable another year, and in ten years would develop an inexhaustible fund of facts.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.—We earnestly advise all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get without medical means.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings—let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before returning, has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

A GLASS COFFIN.—Among the late inventions is a clear white glass coffin, by John R. Cannon. It is composed of two parts, each moulded by pressure; the joint is made true by grinding, and secured by cement so as to hermetically seal the cavity. For still further security, Mr. Cannon binds on the cover by passing around the whole two or more metallic straps, to which are attached ornamental handles.—When desired also the interior air may be removed by an exhaust-pump, or displaced by carbonic acid. It is made very cheaply, and may be ornamented to any extent. No substance is more durable than glass, and nothing will more securely keep what is enclosed in it.—*Austin Gaz.*

A woman's tongue, it is said, never runs down but is now and then ill-natured and voluble enough to run down al[illegible]

DAWSON & BRO.

## Political.

### Our Beacon Fires Lit.

The following is from the Philadelphia *Southern Monitor*, a Democratic paper:

BELL AND EVERETT.—Having refused to follow the rival Sam Patches over the falls of Niagra—having declined to participate in the war of blank cartridges, in which one of the generals has a decided advantage; his guns being served with *government powder*—the Southern Monitor has been the first Democratic journal to hoist the banner of Bell and Everett, in behalf of the Constitution and the Union. *In hoc signo spes mea,*—"In this sign is my hope." We shall fight under the folds of the star-spangled banner, in the same confidence of success that inspired the Constantine, who followed the banner of the Cross and followed it to victory.

And this week a good work is begun in Philadelphia—a Union Club of Democrats! and before the ides of August this Club will be a legion of not less than eight thousand effective Bell and Everett Democratic voters!

Here in Pennsylvania and across the river in Jersey, three out of five of the Republicans will frankly say that they would greatly prefer Bell and Everett to Lincoln and Hamlin, if there was any prospect of electing them. The prospect will be made plain in less than thirty days. We know that if the election were to take place now, Lincoln might carry both Pennsylvania and New Jersey—but before November men of all factions and parties will have time for observation and reflection.

We observe that a very large meeting of Bell and Everett men was held at Reading, Penn., a few evenings since. Resolutions were adopted, and "The Minute Men," similar to the powerful association in Philadelphia, organized.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Journal*, writing from Kent, Delaware, says:

"The news from every county in this State, 'Republicanism is a nonentity with us.'"

"A Republican party never can live here; this atmosphere does not suit its lungs, and gentlemen who are contributing their time, money and brains towards abolitionizing Delaware, are sowing seed whose harvest will be one of bitter disappointment to them, and they may as well abandon their "People's Party" *trap*, for everybody is fully awake to the identity of Republicanism and People's partyism, and the hope that they will accomplish anything by deception is delusive."

In Massachusetts the indications are every day becoming more cheeringly frequent that Bell and Everett will receive a support commensurate with their honorable claims upon the love and gratitude of the freemen of that grand old commonwealth. The *Atlas and Bee*, one of the most virulent of Union-splitting organs, says of the doings of the Unionists in Boston:

"Whatever else the Bell and Everett people may or may not do, they continue to hold meetings weekly at their head-quarters, Summer street. Speeches were made by James W. Seaver, Hon. Samuel H. Walley, Mr. Maughs of Kansas city, Mr. Grinnel of Missouri, and others. The highly respectables appeared to have a good time."

The Boston Courier says:—"The Unionists, of Maine, it is thought, will unite with the Democracy in the support of Col. Smart for Governor. The people of the State are determined to overthrow those persons who were identified, either as political associates or as borrowers of money,—with the late State Treasurer, Peck.—The election of a Democratic Mayor in Portland, is an indication of what the honest men of Maine mean to do.

RATIFICATION IN PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY.—The Bell and Everett Ratification meeting held at Farmington, Prince George's county, Md., on Tuesday, was a large and hearty and imposing demonstration. Dr. J. H. Bayne presided.—Speeches breathing sentiments of loyality to the Union, the Constitution and the Laws, and setting forth the claims of Bell and Everett to the support of men of all parties who have the true interests of the country, its prosperity and perpetuity at heart, were made by John Beardsley, Dr. J. G. Clayton, Hon. S. Chilton, Hon. J. Dixon Roman, Wm. Gary, J. S. Kidwell, R. Bowie and Richard Holley.

The Alexandria Gazette says:—The Union men are in the best spirits, and the ball opened in Farmington yesterday, bids fair to increase as it rolls on, until like an avalanche it sweeps all before it. Numbers of Democrats signified their intention of supporting the Union nominees, believing that in the present divided state of the Democratic party, it is the surest means of defeating Black Republicanism.

The Norwich Bulletin says that it is definitely settled that the Douglas and Bell parties of this State (Connecticut) are to unite, each side furnishing three of the six electors. The same paper says that the three Bell electors are to be D. Kimberly, John A. Rockwell, and Austin Baldwin. The three Douglas men have not yet been picked out.

The Wilmington *Commonwealth* thus describes the incidents of the Union gathering at Dover, Delaware.

The Bell and Everett men of Wilmington, in accordance with their programme of arrangements, assembled at the Central Hall, in this city, on yesterday (Tuesday) morning, the 17th inst., and accompanied by the Amphion Cornet Band, and taking with them, on a wagon, a large cast-steel bell, flags, banners, and a number of small hand-bells, proceeded to the depot and took the cars for Dover, and started with music playing and flags flying to attend the State Ratification meeting. At New Castle, St. Georges, Middletown, Smyrna and other stations, large accessions were made, until the several extra cars which had been added to the train were filled.

Arriving at Dover a large concourse of persons from other portions of the State on foot, on horseback and in carriages, with music, banners, flags, &c., were awaiting to receive them, and being formed into procession by the marshals, who were gaily caparisoned for the occasion, marched to the music of three full brass bands to the Court House.

The Convention, it has already been announced by telegraph, earnestly endorsed Bell and Everett, but made no nomination then for Congress.

The Frederick Examiner of Wednesday contains a numerously signed call for a Bell and Everett ratification meeting, in that city, on the 11th of August.

The following extract from a letter of J. F. Babbit, a Douglas democrat:

"I think Kentucky will go for Bell and Everett. I will sell $5,000 worth of real estate, for $1 if Breckinridge carries Kentucky, or $10,000 if he don't. If anybody wants to back Breckinridge's chances for Kentucky, he can get any s[illegible] $100 to $100,000."

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