THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ON THE NILE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

You may water your bays, brother poets, with lays
That brighten the cup from the stream you doat on;
By the Schuylkill's side, or Chochituate's tide,
Or the crystal lymph of the mountain Croton;
(We may pledge from these,
In our summer ease,
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile us;)
But I from the flood
Of his own brown blood,
Will drink to the glory of ancient Nilus!

Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the Earth,
To river so grand and fair as this is—
Not the wave that rolls us the gold of Pactolus,
Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Illissus;
The lily may dip
Her ivory lip
To kiss the ripples of clear Eurotas,
But the Nile brings balm
From the myrrh and palm
And the ripe, voluptuous lips of the lotus.

The waves that ride on his mighty tide
Were poured from the urn of unvisited mountains,
And their sweets of the South mingle cool in the mouth
With the freshness and sparkle of Northern fountains.
Again and again
The goblet we drain,—
Diviner a stream never Nereid swam on;
For Isis and Orus
Have quaffed before us,
And Ganymed dipped it for Jupiter Ammon!

Its blessings he pours o'er his thirsty shores,
And floods the regions of Sleep and Silence,
When he makes oases in desert places,
And the plain is a sea, the hills are islands.
And had I the brave
Anacreon's stave,
And lips like the honeyed lips of Hylas,
I'd dip from his brink
My bacchanal drink,
And sing for the glory of ancient Nilus!

The Man that got Humbuged.

The stage in which I was a passenger, had stopped to change horses, and "feed" the passengers, at a small town in Vermont, and, dinner over, we were awaiting the arrival of the stage upon the intersecting route, to proceed upon our journey.—Cigars had been lighted, and by way of passing our time, we had commenced a critical examination of the mammoth pictorial posters of Barnum's menagerie, which covered the walls of the spacious bar-room. Barnum's name opened a fruitful topic of conversation; every one present seemed stored with anecdotes of the "Napoleon of Showmen," and the Wooly Horse, the Feejee Mermaid and Joice Heath were not forgotten in the discussion which followed.

Suddenly, a long, slab-sided individual, with an owl-like expression of wisdom and dignity, who had been listening to our remarks with an evident desire to take a hand, broke out—

'I s'pose you think that's an all-fired big concern! Anybody would that hadn't seen it.'

'Then I suppose you have seen it?' said my legal friend.

'Yaas, I seen it at Springfield,' was the reply; 'it's a *darned humbug!*"

'Is it possible?' said the Major, seeing a prospect of fun. 'Couldn't you oblige us with a description of the institution?'

'Certainly,' said Jonathan; 'here's the stage, and as soon as we get started, I'll give you all the items. They can't humbug me very often, and when they do, I calkilate to advertise for 'em till I get square.'

In a few minutes we were under headway, and our verdant friend commenced unbosoming himself.

'Yer see, Barnum was a going to show his caravan down to Springfield, Fourth of July, and I tho't there'd be a good chance to see the elephant and celebrate the day, both at one't. What I wanted to see more than all the rest was the Car of Jugglenot, drawn by a string of elephants.'

'Did it meet your expectations?'

'I never seen one side of it. Before I got in town, they'd got all through paradin, the elephants was unharnessed, and the car of Jugglenot was into a woodshed. I made up my mind right off, then, that the hull consern was a humbug.'

'Was Barnum aware,' I asked, that you were to be in town?'

'Not as I know,' was the answer.

'If he had known it,' added the Major, 'he would doubtless have waited. But you visited the exhibition, I suppose?'

'Of course; I was bound to do that, if it busted me. That was a bigger humbug than all the rest.'

'How so?'

'Why, in the first place, I expected to see Jenny Lind.'

'Was she announced in the bills?'

'I don't know, I don't read em, but I axed the man that stuck up the pictures, if she'd be there, and he sed 'yes,' and that she'd sing the bird song on the top of a cage of cocatoos and parrots. She wan't there, and I never seen one side of her—and then I know'd the whole consarn was a darned humbug.

'Well, then I went round and took a look at the elephants—had hard work to get round to; there was mor'n a hundred thousand people in the tent. I got where they was, and the folks was all feedin 'em with apples and cakes and things. I had some doughnuts in my hat, so I held it out to one of the darned things, to see if he'd take one."

'Did he take one?'

'He took 'em all, *and the hat tu*, stuck 'em in his nasty peaked mouth, and begun eatin'. I hollered to the keeper, and told him it was a bran new hat. He said never mind, he'd get it again.'

'Did he get it?'

'Yes, he got it, but a hat ain't much account after an elephant's *chawed* it. *Then*, I'd a sworn the hull consarn was a humbug. Well, I took a look at Tom Thumb, and the Ceylong Chief, and the man that fiddled with his toes, and the feller that went in with the lions. The wild animals were all well enough, but I didn't see as they looked any different from anybody else's. I expected Barnum's lions would be twice as big as any others. There was one thing, though, that was fust rate; that was the wax statuary—especially the "intemperance family.' I told the man that tuk care of it, I wished everybody that ever drinked a drop of sperrits had to stand and look at that about a week—They'd never want to drink again. He said that he wished so tu.

'Take it all in all, though, I was mad; I didn't see what I expected, and I didn't like the idea of being humbugged, so I inquired of one of the men that was stirrin' up the monkies where Barnum was, and he pointed him out to me, selling lemonade, out of a wagon. I went up to him, and, thinks I, 'I'll give him a piece of my mind.' Sez I—

'Mr. Barnum——'

'Sixpence a glass,' sez he.

I looked at his lemonade; there was just one lone, solitary, second handed slice of lemon in a whole wash tub full of it, and he peddlin' it out at sixpence a glass.—That made me madder than all the rest, so sez I—loud and audibly—

'Mr. Barnum, I think your show's a darned humbug.'

'Young man,' sez he, 'I s'pose you paid to come in?'

'S'posen I did?' sez I.

'Well,' sez he, 's'posen you have; you have paid your quarter, and you've a perfect right to think just what you d——d please.'

'Why,' said the Major, after the sensation caused by this recital had somewhat subsided, 'why did you not demand your money back? You certainly could have compelled them to refund your quarter.'

'You see the truth is,' said Jonathan, scratching his head, 'I didn't pay no quarter—*I crawled in under the canvas!*'—*N. York Spirit of the Times.*

MODESTY.

Behold the daughter of innocence! how beautiful is the mildness of her countenance! how lovely is the diffidence of her looks!

Her cheek is dyed with the deep crimson of the rose; her eye is placid and serene, and the gentleness of her speech is as the melting softness of the flute.

Her smiles are as the enlivening rays of the sun; the beauty of her presence as the silver light of the moon.

Her attire is simple; her feet tread with caution, and she feareth to give offence.

The young and the old are enamoured with her sweetness; she carrieth her own commendation.

She speaketh not the first in the conversation of women, neither is her tongue heard above her companions.

She turneth not her head to gaze after the steps of men; she inquireth not of them whither they are going.

She giveth not her opinion unasked, nor stoppeth her ears to that of another.

She frequenteth not the public haunts of men, she inquireth not after the knowledge improper for her condition.

So becoming is the behaviour of modesty, so lovely among the daughters of women!

Is there who hath forgotten to blush, who playeth with the wanton glances of her eyes; who replenisheth the cup when the toast goes round, and despiseth the meekness of her sister?

Shame shall overtake her in the prime of her days, and the years of her widowhood shall be infamous as they are many.

One of the chief beauties in the female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicaby, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause. If you were you must become, if not worse, at least a less amiable woman. But you may avoid being dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices the heart. When a female ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty.

Maj. Jack Downing's Account of the Dem. National Convention.

BALTIMORE, Saturday night, June 5.

To JOSHUA DOWNING, Esq.

Postmaster, Downingville, State of Maine.

Dear Uncle Joshua: The job is done, and it's been about the toughest week's work that ever I did. I've sweat like a tiger all the week, and I'm as hungry as a bear; not but what there's been vittles enough, plenty of it, and good too, and plenty of liquor too, more than the Maine liquor law could upset and spill in six months, but the trouble is, we had so much to do we could'nt get time to eat. I guess I've made out to ketch a lunch of a few mouthfuls about twice a day, and got a chance to sleep upon an average about two hours at night. After I've writ this letter to you, I mean to turn in and sleep over till Monday, and then streak it home and help to get up the mass meeting to ratify the nomination—the ratification of Downingville must be a roarer. You better be getting things ready for it till I come. I wish I could give you some idea of the week's work we have had here. I've worked in the logging swamp, and know what 'tis to handle logs, and pile em on the bank, and roll em into the river; and I've worked on burnt fields in clearing up, and know what 'tis to chop and pile from Monday morning till Saturday night; but I declare to man this has been the tuffest week of log-rolling I ever see. But I don't begrudge the work a bit, we've made such a nice job of it, and saved the country. We've put life into the Democratic party again, that we thought last fall was as dead as a door-nail. We've killed off Abolition, we've choked to death Secession, and gin Freesoil the fits; and I expect we've thunderstruck Whiggery so that it never'll get over it. We've got the Democratic party fairly on his legs again, standing on the good old platform that Gineral Jackson left it on, that is, again the Bank, agin the Tariff, and agin Internal Improvements; and now we've nothing to do but go ahead.

But I must tell you something about the duins. I couldn't get in as one of the regular delegates from Maine, because the President said my name wasn't on the list. But as soon as I told him I was the delegate from Downingville, he took me by the hand, and says he, "All right, Major Downing; I'm very glad to see you here; you can come in as a supernumerary, and you can do a great deal more good than if you was a regular delegate, for you can go round quietly among all the delegates and help to make em *harmonize;* there's a great deal of that work to be done before we can get along, and I don't know of any body that can do more in that line than you can. In fact, Major, if you hadn't been sent as a delegate from Downingville, you would readily be admitted to take part in the proceedings of the Convention out of respect for the great services that you rendered Gineral Jackson in the times that tried the souls of Democrats." So I went right in and took hold, and went to work. There was an awful jam; it seemed most impossible to do any thing. But I off coat, and elbowed my way right through em from one end of the hall to 'tother; and I pretty soon got the swing of it, so I could tell where to pull, and where to push, and where to put under the handspikes and lift. And when the members got up to make speeches, and got to talking too much, or the wrong way, I knew just when to take hold of their coat-tails and pull em down on to their seats. And sometimes I had to go into the gallery, too, to keep the people straight up there, and in spite of all I could do they would sometimes hoorah and hiss in the wrong place. So you may judge I've had my hands full all the week. But I was determined to have a nomination, if I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination this time, and if I hadn't been here, though I say it myself, I don't believe they would a got one at all.

The first real hard piece of sledding we come across was the platform business; that is to say, the question whether we should go to work and make a platform first, or take right hold and to nominate first. It was a knotty question, and seemed to bother some of the members a good deal. Mr. Nabers and Mr. Wise, and some others, insisted upon it that we should begin at the foundation, and make a platform first for the Democratic platform to stand on, and then make a candidate to fit to it. No work would ever stand well unless you begin at the bottom and lay a good foundation first. Here's a dozen parties here, every one fighting for their particular candidate, and each one hoping to get the nomination. As long as that hope lasts it will hold em all together, and we can make em all work to help build a platform. But the moment one gets the nomination, the rest will all fly off in a tangent; there will be no more working on platform, and your candidate will be left standing upon nothing. But Mr. Soule, of Louisiana, and Gov. Floyd, of Virginny, rowed just as hard t'other way. They declared we never could make a platform first. If we undertook to go to work upon it now, every one of the dozen parties would be pulling and hauling agin each other, and each one hewing and cutting and carving to make the platform to suit his own candidate.—In that way we never could make a platform if we should work from the first of June to the end of time. The fact is the platform must be made for the country; that is, for the Democratic party, and not for a candidate. As soon as the candidate is ketched and haltered and tied to a stump, we can all set down calmly and work together, and make a platform to suit the whole democracy. The dispute went on pretty high nearly all day, and was got over at last by a sort of compromise to have the platform and the nomination both going on together. So a committe of one from each State was appointed to go to work building the platform while the Convention went on to nominate; then, as soon as the candidate was nominated, the platform could be ready to set him right on to it.

Then come the nominating, and that was all an up-hill business for about three days and two or three nights. It was found on the first pull that the Old Fogies was a good deal too strong for Young America, and if there hadn't been so many Old Fogies in the field we should a got a candidate on the first haul. Gineral Cass and Mr. Buchanan each started with a very heavy team. Mr. Cass was a little ahead, and he kept the lead for about twenty pulls, and we thought by sticking to him like wax we might be able to get him over the hill. But his team began to lag after ten or a dozen pulls, and now at the twentieth pull it seemed to be slowly backing down hill, and the Buchanan team struggled and got ahead. Then we thought we had better hitch on to Buchanan, and may be we might fetch him over the hill. We spurred up for a few pulls, pretty well, but didn't get near to the top before the Buchanan team got stuck, and then began to back down the hill, and all we could do we couldn't start it ahead again. But the Cass team, which had backed down almost to the bottom of the hill, after resting and breathing a little, now took a fresh start to come up. At that we hitched on again and determined if possible to shove him over this time. We whipped, and spurred, and pulled, and pushed, and hollered, and screamed, and the team hauled well. The old ox-bows creaked, and we begun to think we should reach the top. But when we got about two thirds the way up, the team got stuck agin; and though it took eight or ten smart pulls after this, it didn't get any higher, but every time backed down a little.

It was pretty clear after this that it was a gone goose with the Old Fogies. We hadn't no hopes of em any longer. If the Cass and Buchanan teams could a been hitched together, they would a walked over the hill as easy as a cat could lick her ear. But there was so much quarrelling among the drivers that this couldn't be done. Every driver was proud of his own team, and would stick to it and have nothing to do with tother. The Virginny delegation went out a good many times to consider of it and make up their minds, and every time they come in they marched right up and took their stand by the Buchanan team. They stuck to that team without flinching, for thirty-three steady pulls; and for the last ten or fifteen pulls I couldn't think of nothing else but "old Virginny never tire." But there was a good many others stuck it out full as long, and some a good deal longer than old Virginny, before they gin up. We tried a few pulls with a Marcy team and a few with the Butler team, but it was no go.—We became satisfied there wasn't an Old Fogy in the field who could ever reach the top of the hill. We begun to look round now to see how Young America was getting along.

The Douglas team was made up mostly of young steers; and it was a pretty smart team, well trained, and pulled well. But it wasn't equal to the Old Fogies for a heavy pull; it hadn't so much bone and sinew and wind and bottom. Howsomever, it made a pretty good scratch of it, but kept gaining gradually up the hill; so we thought we would take hold and give Young America a boost, and see if we couldn't get a candidate that way. To tell the truth, we begun to feel rather streaked for fear we shouldn't get a candidate at all, and felt willing to hitch on to most any thing. But the best we could do with young America, we couldn't get only about half way up the hill before the steers begun to back down again, and we see 'twas no use, they couldn't come it.—Well there we was, all in a fix. We couldn't see no other chance; we'd got to go without a President because we couldn't nominate a candidate. One of the members actually fainted away here, and all of us felt a good deal womblecropt and down in the mouth. But "old Virginny never tire;" and when we was all hitched on round for the thirty-fifth pull, old Virginny marched into the field with a bran new team. Every body started, and cried out, What team is that? What team is that? And when they heard the answer, "The Franklin Pierce team, of New Hampshire," they wouldn't hardly believe their own ears.—But it was a fact, and Virginny drove that new team one pull all alone. Then one or two others hitched on with her and tried eight or ten steady pulls. All of us looked on and watched the working of that new team.

At last folks begun to make up their minds that that was the team to pull and straighten out the Democratic traces, and with proper help it might be got over the hill. Old North Caroliner hitched on, and by-and-by there was a general race all over the field to see who should hitch on first. It didn't make no odds who, Old Hunkers and Barnburners, and Free-silers and Abolition, and Union and Secession, and State-Rights, and Old Fogies and Young America, all run helter skelter and hitched on to the Pierce team. That team I tell ye went up the hill like smoke. Some of the States run till they was almost out of breath for fear they shouldn't hitch on before the team got to the top of the hill.—But they all made out to hook on, and every State was "in at the death" and ready to jine in the general hoo-rah.

After this we hadn't no more difficulty; every thing went as regular as clock-work. The master told us we had read and spelt well, and we might all go out till four o'clk. So we went out and took a little bit of a spree, and then come in and took hold and worked together jest like brothers, and hauled Mr. King right up to the top of the hill in two pulls, and made him Vice President.

Then the committee brought in the new platform, and we all danced on it. In the crowd and confusion we couldn't see what it was made on, but we was told it went agin the Bank, and agin the Tariff, and agin Internal Improvement, and was a first-rate platform; so we all jumped on and said it couldn't be no better.

P. S.—I've telegraphed to Gen. Pierce to save the Downingville Post Office for you; so you may feel easy on that score.

I remain your loving nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

SHIPPING A SLAVE.—On Saturday last the British brig Sylph left this port for the West Indies, and soon after she sailed, a colored boy belonging to the estate of Mrs. Margaret Jeffers was missed. Circumstances had occurred which caused it to be supposed that he was on board the Sylph. Accordingly officer McAllister was despatched in pursuit of the vessel in the steamer Sun, which had been chartered for that purpose, and overtook her off Annapolis. Capt. Smith, commander of the Sylph, afforded the officer every facility to search his vessel and expressed entire ignorance of the boy being on board, but the fugitive was finally discovered stowed away in the forecastle under the floor, and brought back to the city. The Captain was also arrested and brought to the city, and on Sunday night had a hearing before Justice Ruley, who committed the slave to jail and released the Captain on security to appear for further hearing.—The slave, whose name is John Francis, was formerly employed on board a pilot boat and was a valuable hand. He was shipped by a colored man named Alexander Johnson, who procured him at the instance of Thomas Coward, a shipping master. The oaths and formality necessary before shipping a negro had all been properly observed before a magistrate.

A further hearing was to have been had yesterday evening before Justice Ruley, and the parties were called together for that purpose, but after consultation it was concluded to let the matter rest entirely with the grand jury, who will be in session to-day.

Capt Smith has employed Z. Collins Lee, Esq, as his counsel, W. H. Collins appears as counsel for the colored man Johnson, and C. J. M. Gwinn will conduct the prosecution for the State. The claimant of the services of the slave and prosecuting witness is Zachary Clark, together with John Guyther, accompanied officer McAllister in making the arrests.—*Balt. American.*

AN ACT to limit attachments when laid in the hands of employers.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That from and after the first day of July next, the wages or hire of any laborer or other employee in the hands of the employer, when such wages or hire shall not exceed the sum of ten dollars; and when the amount of such wages or hire shall exceed the said sum, then ten dollars of such wages or hire shall be exempted for attachment, whether on warrant or judgment.

Sec. 2. And be enacted, That this act shall not extend to any attachment that shall be issued to enforce payment of any debt due or to become due, or performance of any contract made or to be made before the first day of July next.

HAIL STORM.—On Thursday week, a hail storm passed over portions of Schuylkill and adjoining counties in Pennsylvania, which in some respects was more than ordinary. A curious fiery cloud arose in the South-west, and moved at a very rapid rate, North east. During the storm, hail fell thick and fast. Some masses were as large as hen's eggs. The trees and crops suffered very much. On the Germantown turnpike west of Fairview the storm raged fearfully, tearing up large trees, breaking glass in the windows of houses, upturning stables, killing some cattle, and doing much damage to the crops. One hail stone measured in circumference 10¼ inches.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—Four children of Thomas Finney, in Halifax, Lancaster county, Pa., took shelter under a tree during the severe storm on Thursday week last. The tree was struck by lightning and two of the children were instantly killed—Samuel Jackson Finney, 18 years, and James Stewart Finney, 11 years. The other two children were considerably injured, but it is believed both will recover.

Passengers are now conveyed on the Hudson river railroad between New York and Albany at $1.50—time, four hours, distance 150 miles.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Scientific American.

WHAT THE FARMER MOST NEEDS.

It is not a college, endowed by the State; nor primary schools, to prepare farmers' sons and daughters for the higher walks of sciences applied to agriculture. They need organization, they want farmer's club's and neighborhood libraries of Agricultural books. They need discussion. They need more intercourse, not only in their own town and county but throughout the State and country, to see and learn what other farmers are doing, and if they have improvements, learn what they are, and adopt them. This is the greatest need of the farmers. They need to become better satisfied with their vocation; to get rid of the prevailing notion that farming is, necessarily, an unmental employment: that is, that the farmer has no occasion to think—has no occasion for education, and never can become wealthy, or what the world would call respectable while engaged in the culture of earth, and therefore he seeks the first opportunity to escape from an avocation placed under ban, not only by all others, but by his own class also. The great need of the farmer is, that he shall declare himself independent of all other classes; at least, more so than they are of him, and of course he is entitled to as much honor and respect as those engaged in any other calling whatever; as he is a man of toil that is no reason why he should not be a man of intellect. The great need of the farmer is organization, and this must be accomplished by a few sacrificing men, who will undertake the labor of establishing and mantaining farmer's clubs, in every neighborhood. Farmers need to drop politics and take up agriculture. They must talk, read and think and they will be sure to act; or their children will act for them.

BROADCAST CORN.—In August and September your pasture will be getting short of grass, and as a matter of prudence as well as of economy, you should provide a good supply of green provender to soil your working animals and milch cows upon. And as we know of nothing more reliable, we would advise you to manure an acre or two of land convenient to your barn and stables, and put it in broadcast corn. Put on 20 loads of good manure, or rich compost, or 400 lbs. of Guano, ½ bushel of plaster, and 2 bushels of salt, well mixed together; spread whatever manure you may use, evenly over the ground, so as to equalize its distribution, then plough it in deeply, harrow and cross-harrow and then roll. This done, sow 3 bushels of of corn per acre, broadcast, harrow and cross-harrow it in, and complete your work by sowing 2 bushels of ashes; and 1 bushel of plaster over it and then roll. If you do this, you may calculate upon a luxuriant crop, and enjoy the satisfaction of having provided for those faithful creatures who toil for you, as well as for those others which contribute so much to the luxuries of your table—your milch cows—full meals of green provender long after our pastures will have been denuded of their verdure—*American Farmer.*

TO DISSOLVE BONES.—Procure a stout earthen jar, of about thirty gallons capacity. Put 100 lbs. in the jar and moisten them with water for a day or two.—Now dilute fifty pounds of vitrol with two or three times its bulk of water and pour one third of it upon the bones. Stir them frequently, and on the morrow add another third of the acid and water. Stir them well, and if not dissolved sufficiently on the next day, add the remainder of the liquid. As soon as the bones are reduced, mix charcoal, dust, dry peat, saw dust, loamy earth, or, if for immediate use, ashes or lime may be used as a dryer until the whole is in the form of powder, convenient for sowing by hand or machine. You may apply this at the rate of three to ten bushels of the bones, to the acre, sown broad cast and lightly plowed or harrowed in, so that the earth will absorb the gaseous portions of the gelatile of the bones, which is of great value, independant of the phosphate of lime; a substance greatly needed upon all the cultivated fields and pastures of all the old States of the Union.—*Scientific American.*

FROM CUBA—INVASION EXPECTED.—The New York Sun says that great excitement prevails throughout Cuba, from reports of another Filibustering expedition from the United States. The steamers from the United States, as well as those from the Isthmus, were watched with strictness remarkable even for Havana. Numbers of the police were placed on board as soon as they arrived, and maintained the strictest surveilance of everybody and everything up to the moment of departure. Fourteen young men of good connections were arrested and thrown into prison on Friday, the 28th of May, on suspicion of being connected with the revolutionary party.

CINCINNATI, June 16.

An Excitement—Human Remains Found.—An excitement has been occasioned in the upper part of the city, caused by the discovery of the remains of twelve human bodies, in a frame shanty, on the road to the Walnut Hills, which was generally supposed to be a chemical laboratory. The owner, Mr. Davis, has been arrested, and will have a hearing to-day. It is supposed that his business has been the arranging of skeletons for the college, and that the dead bodies had been procured for that purpose.

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