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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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For the Easton Gazette.

REMEMBER ME!

When in the orient far the portal openeth,
The golden portal of the coming day,
When mists are rolling up from silent vallies,
And hush'd and beautiful all nature lay;
O, wilt thou, seeking out some spot thou lovest
Where God alone can hear thee, bend the knee?
And bowing there in pure and holy worship,
Among thy earliest prayers, remember me?

When mounts the sun high up the glowing Heaven?
And not a shadow sleeps beneath the trees:
When man is at his toil—and sounds and voices
In busy murmur float on every breeze;—
Then wilt thou when thy heart with care is burden'd,
And the tired spirit longeth to be free,
Steal from the noisy world, and lowly bending,
Among thy noonday prayers, remember me?

At twilight hour when forms of the departed
Are floating round thee on the shadowy air;
When thought grows busy with the past and future,
And the full bosom seeks relief in prayer;
Then wilt thou when thy parted lips are breathing
The names of those who have been dear to thee,
Recall the checquered scenes we've shared together,
And in thy Heavenward prayers, remember me?

And when at night thy pensive eyes are gazing
Through the pure deeps to yonder distant sky;
And every star like some lost soul appeareth
Bending a look of kindness from on high;
When of the far off clime thy spirit dreameth,
And sighs for wings above this earth to flee—
Pray for a home within that silent Heaven,
And as thou prayest, oh! remember me. ION.

DEATH OF DUKE DE BERRY.

FOR a number of years a fanatic named Louvel, by trade a working-saddler, had meditated the murder of the Bourbons, by killing them off one by one, as circumstances favored the enterprise. With this terrible crime constantly before him, he purchased two daggers, and frequtly left his employment to wait for his victims. At balls, operas, hunting-parties, did this man for years lurk about in expectation of getting near a Bourbon—the King, Count, d'Artois, Duke d'Angouleme, Duke de Berry—it was all the same which. No one knew his intentions.

In the meantime, says Lamartine, the Duke and Duchess de Berry, solely occupied with their happiness, and strangers to all political factions, gave themselves up, with all the eagerness of their youth and natural dispositions, to the pleasures and fetes which the carnival multiplied, during the last days of the theatrical season at Paris. Beloved and popular amidst that world of art, of music and the dance, which prolongs the opera nights till day, they delighted in the enjoyments of this popularity.—On the 13th of February, 1820, they purposed going to the Royal Theatre, where they had not been for some days before.—Being both eager and curious in pursuit of amusements, it might be supposed that they would not allow this festive season to pass without making their appearance there.—While they were enjoying the prospect of the evening's pleasure, and were occupied with their toilet, and with the costumes for the night, the assassin, who watched their door, and almost read their very thoughts, conjectured on his part, that the attraction of pleasure was about to deliver his prey into his hands.

He had already, for two evenings before, been watching the doors of the opera house, and now he attended to execute his purpose. In patience he waited the hour when the company should depart.

Meanwhile the prince and princess, only separated by a wall from the man who was numbering the minutes of their existence, were enjoying in their box, without any presentiment of evil, the pleasures of the performance and of conversation between the acts. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were present that evening in a neighboring box, with their children. The two families, who were very intimate, owing to the relationship of the two duchesses, saluted each other with smiles of recognition. During an interval between the performances, the Duke and Duchess de Berry paid their Cousins a visit at their box. The Duke embraced the childred, and played with the little Duke de Chatres, who was also doomed to a tragical death in the flower of his age. On passing through the lobby to return to their box, the Duchess was struck in the breast by a boxdoor, which was violently thrown open at the moment she was passing. She was then *enciente* a few weeks; and fearful that the blow, the fright, and fatigue might be injurious, she expressed a wish to retire before the end of the opera, and the *bal masque* which was to follow it. The Duke rose to conduct her himself to the carriage, intending to return to his box to enjoy the remaining pleasures of the night.

On the summons of the prince's attendants, the royal carriage drove up to the door. The young duchess, supported on one side by her husband's hand, and on the other by that of her equerry, Count de Mesnard, entered the carriage; the Countess de Bethisy, her lady-in-waiting, following her. "Adiu!" said her husband smiling to her, "we shall meet again." The footman folded up the steps of the carriage and the prince turned round to enter the vestibule from the street. At this moment, Louvel, who had approached like an inoffensive spectator or a servant who was waiting for his master, sprang with all the vigor of his resolution between the sentinel who was presenting arms, and the footman who was closing the carriage-door, and seizing the left shoulder of Duke de Berry with his left hand, as if to secure his victim under the knife, he struck him with the poniard in the right side and left the weapon in the wound. The rapidity of the act, the confusion of the bystanders, the uncertain light afforded by the torches, and the staggering of the prince under the blow, prevented the Count de Choiseul and the Count de Mesnard at the moment from discerning the murderous act and gesture of the unknown. He fled unpursued toward the Rue de Richelieu; and, having turned the corner of the street, walked with a careless pace toward the Boulevard.

The Duke de Berry, struck by an invisible hand, and thrown by the force of the blow against the Count de Mesnard, had only as it always happens, felt the shock and not the wound. On recovering himself he put his hand on the place which had been struck, and it there fell upon the hilt of a dagger. A horrible light broke in upon him. "I am assassinated! I am a dead man!" he cried. "I feel the dagger: that man has killed me!" At this exclamation, the Duchess de Berry, whose carrage had not yet departed, uttered a piercing scream. "Open the door! open the door!" she cried to the footman, who still had his hand upon it: without waiting for the step to be lowered, she sprang out, and threw her arms around her husband, who had just extracted the poniard, which covered her dress with his blood. They seated the fainting prince upon a bench in the outer hall, where the servants wait for their masters. They tore open his dress, and the blood flowing from the wound, indicated the spot where the blow had been struck, upon the right breast. "I am killed," he repeating on recovering his senses; "send for a priest: come here my dear wife, that I may die in your arms!"

During this momentary pause in the vestibule, the sentinel, the footman, and three gendarmes, horror-struck at the deed, ran in pursuit of the assassin. He had already passed the facade of the opera-house, in the Rue de Richelieu, and had concealed himself in the shadow of an arcade, which runs from the street under the broad arches of the Bibliotheque. A waiter of a cafe, named Paulnier, there seized him round the body, struggled with him, and, assisted by the sentinel and the gendarmes, brought him back to the place where he had committed murder. He had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of the spectators, who collared and dragged him towards the vestibule; but the officers of the prince, trembling lest they should destroy with the criminal the secret of the plot of the crime, saved him, and had him conducted to the opera guard-house. M. de Clermont Lodeve followed him there to witness his first examination. They found upon him the second dagger, and the sheath of the one which he had left in the bosom of the prince. M. de Clermont returned with this weapon, and these evidences of the crime, to the vestibule.

The Duke de Berry was no longer there. He had recovered his senses, and had been removed in the arms of his servants to a small saloon behind his box, where he was surrounded by medical men, who were probing his wound. "Alas!" said he, on learning the apprehension and name of the criminal, "what a cruel fate, that I should die by the hand of a Frenchman!" A ray of hope for a moment inspired the princess and the medical men; he did not, however, partake of it, nor wished he to flatter his wife with an illusion which must only redouble her affliction. "No," said he, with a cool, firm, and incredulous tone; "I will not delude myself; the poniard entered up to the very hilt, I can assure you." His sight was now becoming dim from failing strength, occasioned by loss of blood, and he felt about for his wife, stretching his arms in all directions. "Are you there, Caroline?" he demanded. "Yes," the princess tenderly replied; "I am here, and I shall never quit you!" The surgeon of his household, the companion of his exile, shocked at the rumor of the crime, had hastened to the side of the dying prince; and the blood having ceased to flow, he sucked the wound. "What are you doing, Bougon?" eagerly demanded the dying prince; "perhaps the poniard was poisoned!

His first word had been to ask not for a doctor but a priest. Struck in the very noontide of youth and of pleasure, there had been in his mind no transition between the thoughts of time and the thoughts of eternity. He had passed in one second from the spectacle of a fete to the contemplation of his end, like those men who, by a sudden immersion in cold water, are snatched from the burning delirium of intoxication. The priest came at length; and members of the royal family hurried to the place on learning the dreadful intelligence.

Surgeons, the most celebrated in Paris, also attended; but the case was beyond their aid. Life was fast ebbing. His wife did not quit him for a moment. He put his fingers on her head, as if to exhibit one last act of tenderness by carressing her beautiful hair. "Caroline," he said to her, "take care of yourself for the sake of the child you bear.' This was the first revelation of the birth of a son who escaped the crime, but not the evil fortune of his race. He recommended his servants with tears to his father; and expressed a wish to see his assassin, to demand of him the cause of his hatred, to reproach him for his injustice, and pardon him for his death. "Who is this man?" he murmured; "what have I done to him? It is perhaps some person that I have unknowingly offended." The Count d'Artois assured him that the assassin had no personal animosity against him. "It must be some maniac, then," said the duke. "Ah! that I would live until the king arrives, that he may grant me the pardon of this man! Promise me, father—promise me, brother—promise me all of you, to ask the king to spare this man's life!"

They all promised him this, to calm the ardor of generosity and pardon which preyed upon his mind. His natural goodness displayed itself at the price of his own blood."

The king, apprized of the disaster, arrived at daybreak. "The clattering of the horses of the escort on the pavement of the street made the dying prince start with joy. "Uncle!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw the king, "give me your hand that I may kiss it for the last time!" Louis XVIII. held out his hand, and grasped that of his nephew. "Uncle," resumed the prince anxiously, "I beg of you, as my dying prayer, to spare the life of my assassin!" "My dear nephew," replied the king, "you are not in such danger as you imagine—we will speak of it another time." "Ah! you do not consent," replied the duke, with an accent of doubt and sorrow. "Oh! say yes, say yes, that I may die in peace. Pardon, pardon for the man!" As the king, however, was silent, or endeavored to divert his nephew's thoughts to other subjects; "Ah! the pardon of this man," murmured the duke, with an expression of bitterness upon his lips, "would at least have consoled me in my last moments! If," he persisted, "I could only have the gratification of knowing that this man's blood would not be shed for me after my death!"

A few moments after, he expired, still articulating in his delirium the ungratified wish of his heart. He died in the act of pardoning; a great soul, obscured in life, shining forth in death; a hero of clemency, having at the first effort accomplished the most difficult and most meritorious act of humanity—that of dying well.

The deep sobs, which had hitherto been repressed, gushed forth at his last sigh.—His wife, in a state of delirium, cut off her hair, as a last token of affection, and laid it upon his body; then wildly cursing the country in which her husband had been murdered, she demanded of the king, in angry accents, permission to retire forever to Sicily. The king knelt down beside the bed, and closed with his own hand the lips and eyelids of the last living hope of his race.

While the Parisians were horror-struck with this unforeseen crime, and lamented it as an irreparable disaster, the ultra-royalists of the palace hailed it as an opportunity of ruining Decazes, by accusing him of being an accomplice of Louvel. With the view of aiding the surgeons in their consultations, Decazes had thought of ascertaining whether the dagger was poisoned, and he accordingly, in an under-tone of voice, asked the question of Louvel. This whisper, reported to the countries, was held up as a proof of complicity; and before any inquiry was made, the minister was denounced in the Chamber of Deputies as being an accomplice in the assassination. On the trial and at the execution of Louvel, the wretched murderer declared that no one had conspired with him, and that the deed was entirely his own. The world at large acknowledged the truth of the declaration; but not so the court, and, greatly against the will of Louis XVIII., he was under the necessity of dismissing by far the best minister of the Restoration. The whole transaction, as faithfully and graphically detailed by Lamartine—the honest indignation of Decazes, the distress of the king, and the meanness of the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, and the Duchess of Berry, in pledging themselves to a falsehood—forms one of the most instructive facts in modern history.

CANT PHRASES.

There is no greater mark of ill-breeding and vulgarity than the use of slang phrases. These forms of speech have heretofore been regarded as the distinctive characteristics of bar-room loafers, sporting rowdies, thieves and pickpockets.

Of late, however, the unseemly habit of interlarding the discourse with cant phrases has extended among young men—and women, too, of respectability and good standing in the community, and has become a crying evil. The Drawing Room Companion, in an article denouncing the practice, very justly remarks that the human speech should be noble and dignified, and worthy to express the thoughts of immortal beings. Low ideas are always attached to cant phrase, which must inevitably exercise a degrading influence upon the mind. Low conceptions are as detrimental to improvement as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight.

To show the extent to which the habit of using cant phrases is sometimes carried, the following conversation which transpired in the Stout family, is reported:—

"I declare to goodness! I really think Mr. Rustle is making up to our Josephine!" said Mrs. Stout, after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house, staying to a later hour than usual.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the young lady, playfully.

"You may bet high on that," added Napoleon, who was in the act of lighting a real Havana.

"How do you like the 'cut of his jib,' Timothy?" resumed Mrs. Stout, turning to her husband.

"I don't greatly like his 'rig,' but Josephine thinks he's 'some,'" was the reply.

"Whether you like him or not, it's my opinion he'll make a 'tip-top husband,' continued the mother."

"Put her through, mother," said Josephine," blushing."

"Go in, lemons!" suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose; a remark, by the way, so ambiguous, that it certainly must have puzzled other parties to guess at its meaning; but in the present case, it seemed to be invested with perfect lucidity.

"Napoleon, I advise you to shut your hopper!" elegantly retorted the young lady.

Mr. Stout proceeded to enquire if Mr. Rustle was a man of property, and was assured by his better half that he had a 'pocket full of rocks.' The husband and father then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neighborhood, than with the gentleman under consideration. Miss Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject emphatically declaring that 'he couldn't come in.'

"He's over that way," said her brother, making a gesture over his shoulder with his thumb.

The above, we are inclined to believe, is not a fancy sketch. It shows the extent to which the practice of using cant phrases, when once acquired, may be carried. Like the dram-drinker's appetite for intoxicating drinks, the habit grows upon a person almost insensibly, and it is almost as difficult to eradicate. It should be avoided by the young, and the acquaintance of those who are addicted to the habit should be shunned.

THE SICK BACHELOR.

Here I am, a doomed man—booked for a fever, in this gloomy room, up four flights of stairs; nothing to look at but one table, two chaires, and a cobweb; pulse racing like a locomotive; head throbbing as if it were hooped with iron; mouth as parched as Ishmael's in the desert; not a bell-rope within reach; sun pouring in through those uncurtained windows, hot enough to singe off my eye-lashes; all my confidential letters lying loose on the table, and I couldn't get up to them if you held one of Colt's revolvers to my head. All my masculine friends (?) are parading Brodway, I suppose, peeping under the pretty girls' bonnets, or drinking "sherry coblers." A sherry cobler! Baccus! what a luxury. I believe Satan suggested the thought to me.

Heigho! I suppose the Doctor (whom they have sent for) will come before long; some great, pompous Æsculapius, with an owl phiz, a gold-headed cane, an oracular voice, and callous heart and hands; who will first manipulate my wrist, and then take the latitude and longitude of my tongue; then will punch me in the ribs, and torment me with more questions than there are in the Assembly's catechism; then he'll bother me for writing materials, to scratch off a hieroglyphic humbug proscription, ordering five times as much medicine as I need; and then I shall have to pay for it; then ten to one, the apothecary's boy will put up poison by mistake! Cæsar, how my head spins round; Hippodrome racing is nothing to it.

Hist! there's the doctor. No! it is that little unregenerate cub, my landlady's pet boy, with a bran new drum (as I'm a sinner,) upon which he is beating a crucifying tattoo. If I only had a bootjack to throw at him. No! that won't do: his mother wouldn't make my gruel. I'll bribe him with a sixpence to keep the peace. The little embryo Jew! he says *he won't do it under a quarter!* Twitted by a little pinafore! I, Tom Haliday, six feet in mystockings, I shall go frantic.

"Doctor is coming!" Well, let him come. I'm as savage as if I'd just dined off a cold Missionary. I'll pretend to be asleep, and let old Pill-box experiment.

How gently he treads: how soft his hand is: how cool and delicious his touch! How tenderly he parts my hair over my throbbing temples! His magnetic touch thrills every drop of blood in my veins: it is marvellous how soothing it is. I feel as happy as a humming bird in a lilly cup, drowsy with honey-dew. Now he's moved away. I hear him writing a prescription. I'll just take a peep and see what he looks like!—Cæsar Aggripina! if it isn't a *Female Physician!* dainty as a Peri—*and my beard three days old!* What a bust! (Wonder how my hair looks?) What a foot and ankle! What shoulders; what a little round waist! Fever? I've got *twenty* fevers, and the heart complaint besides. What the mischief sent that little witch here! She will either kill or cure me, pretty quick.

Wonder if she has any more *masculine* patients? Wonder if they are handsome? Wonder if she lays that little dimpled hand on *their* forcheads, as she did on mine?—Now she has done writing, I'll shut my eyes and groan, and then, may be, she will *pet* me some more; bless her little soul!

She says, "poor fellow!" as she holds my wrist, "his pulse is too quick." In the name of Cupid, what does she *expect!* She says, as she pats my forchead with her little plump fingers, "Sh—'sh! Keep cool." Lava and brimstone! does she take me for an iceberg?

Oh, Cupid! of all your devices, this feminine doctoring for a bachelar, is the *ne plus ultra* of witchcraft. If I don't have a prolonged "run of fever," my name isn't Tom Haliday!

She's gone! and—I'm gone, too!
—*N. Y. Journal.* FANNY FERN.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say, if you can, 'There is no God!' Pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, enrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its expanse of islands and main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger and lurk, and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering, and a herald to the first flashes of morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs? The regular flowing of blood? The irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love? And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of earth are claimed!—They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one soul should be lost while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the Altar of Intercession.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired out. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic, too; they that take the least of it are the best off. It is like a homely gentleman, "very well to follow;" and a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; and "like bad weather," most people are glad to get out of it.

BE SOMETHING.

BY NELL TRUTHWOOD.

Yes, be something. Begin this very hour. You have been just no where and nobody long enough. Cast aside that "don't care" spirit that you possess and stand before the world as a man!—as such, act.—You can do it—be something if you choose. You were not placed here to be a tax upon mankind—a do-nothing—far from it!—Each one of us has a task allotted to us—a task which should be, if it is not performed.

Suppose our predecessor's ambitious spirit had been kept in the back-ground just because of some trival disappointment or failure attending its first appearance—some little discouragement at the onset; what then? America had not been discovered!—Invention, that which has awakened dormant powers and nerved the soul of man for some great undertaking—broken the speli which was thrown over inanimate nature, rendering it a "thing of life,"—had remained dormant.

"I will be something!" spoke the persevering spirits of the past—and they became something. Obstacles, it is true, were in their way, but they overcame them. Poverty stared them threateningly in the face—they met undaunted its fierce gaze.—Friends, when most needed, forsook them—still they remained unshaken in their purpose. The spirit of perseverance awakened, and despite of all obstructions, it would go onward until the goal for which it had started was obtained.

There are a few, at the present day, who are imbued with a spirit of the past—who have said—"I will be something," and are fast fulfilling their promises.

To such as have made this resolve, I would say—on, on my friends in the course commenced. Yes, on! though the fiery bolts of heaven should threaten to consume you! On through the hurricane of strife—the wild sea of passion—the storm of treachery! On through all, until you arrive at the summit for which you started. Would that this world contained a greater number of these "be something" spirits.

Young man—young woman—ye who have just launched your bark upon the waves of "life's uncertain sea," listen, I entreat you, to what I am about to remark.

Would you be happy and useful in this life—be something; be not afraid to undertake great things; you can accomplish them. The summit of Fame can be attained; the road that leads to it may, at times, be intricate, and almost inaccessible—you may loose sight of the far-off and dimly-lighted beacon that crowns its summit; ebon darkness may surround you; you may lose your way, yet you should not despair. Commence anew in the chase, and then on—on, with the desperation of a wrecked seaman, while swimming towards the distant, yet he thinks, can-be-obatined shore.

As the ambition of the mariner urges him over the waves that threaten to engulph him, so let your ambition urge you over the stormy billows of the sea of life, until the point—the point for which you have started, is reached.

One word in conclusion. Arise, you that have become discouraged at trifles—bestir yourself; the spirit of ambition is in you, throw it forth to the world. God did not design for it to remain dormant—useless; therefore he sent the spirit of adversity to bring it to light and action. You have censured him for so doing, instead of being thankful and profiting, as you should, by the same. Yes—you have said "an unwise Providence has laid upon me a greater burden than I can bear, I must sink beneath its oppressive yoke." Now, this was wrong. Trials should be considered as blessings—regarded as necessary requisites to bring forth the ennobling qualities of the inner man.

A SLAVE OF GEN. WASHINGTON'S.—It is not generally known to our readers, that there is yet living near Cookstown, a slave of Gen. Washington. He is 124 years of age, and can walk six miles in a day. He is so old that his fingers and toes are nearly all white. He belonged to Washington when he owned what is now known as Washington's Bottom, on which Perrypolis now stands. The estate of Col. Cook was and still is bound for his living. He is to be taken to the World's Fair for exhibition, if arrangements can be made. It is well known that Barnum made his first "pile of money" by exhibiting a slave which he said belonged to Washington, but it was all a humbug. For this man being a slave of Washington's, the record of the transfer from Washington to Col. Sheeve will prove. It is worth a trip to see him at his home.—*Monongahela Republican.*

INVERTING THE ORDER OF THINGS.—A couple of young gentlemen in the city of Cincinnati, seeking for objects to gratify their curiosity, strolled one evening to the Museum. Having viewed the specimens arranged in the different rooms, they seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Suddenly a bell rang, and the manager called out, "Please walk *up* stairs to the infernal regions." "Ah," said one of the friends, "that's a new idea. I always tho't that the infernal regions were *below*."—"Why," replied the other, "the reason of that is very plain—*the devil has the ascendency in this city.*"

CAUTION TO TERMAGANTS.—A woman named Elizabeth Carmichael has been fined $5, in London, for flogging her husband. She tore his stock off his neck and his coat from off his back, besides aiming several dangerous kicks at him, and bit his hand severely. She accused him of kissing another girl, which Carmichael says he did'nt do.

An apprentice boy who had not pleased his employer, one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which, the boss exclaimed. 'How long will you serve the devil?' The boy replied, whimpering, 'You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months.'

ON FEEDING HORSES.—A distinguished veterinary surgeon, Professor Dun, of the Edinburg Veterinary College, calls attention to the following errors in the dieting of farm horses, which are not less common in this country than in Scotland. 1st. Much too long an interval between the time of feeding. Horses are frequently worked six consecutive hours, during which time they receive no food whatever. This practice has been found by experience to be prejudicial to their health, inducing debility and predisposing them to diseases of the digestive system. The natural habits and organs of the horses alike prove that he is not designed for long fasts; as the smallness of his stomach indicates the necessity of supplying it with comparatively small quantities of aliment at short intervals. When at liberty, he eats during twenty-four hours. This natural habit may be modified, but pains should be taken not to run into the opposite extreme. A horse or mule when at work through the day on the farm, should have some nutritious food every five hours at the outside, if the purpose is not to impair his constitutional powers. When a plow team is taken early in the morning, and expected to work till noon before regular feeding, it is the present practice of the best Scotch farmers to give each horse a lunch of a pound or more of oat meal or bean meal cake between nine and ten o'clock. Some prefer to mix oat and bean or pea meal which is wet with water and "fired" or baked; the cooking enables the digestive organs to render the nutritive elements at once available for the support of the exactions of labor. Dr. Dun is acquainted with several farmers who give these cakes whenever the work is severe and the hours long, and all of them agree that their horses are now in much better health and condition and less frequently attacked by indigestion and colic, than they were when subjected to protracted abstinence, and without any intermediate meal.

2d. Food may be improper on account of over quantity, excess of nutritiveness or bad quality. By taking too large a quantity of food into the stomach at once, the immediate bad consequences may be wind colic, inflamation of the bowels and the surrounding membranes, a founder, and, occasionally, the swelling of food eaten dry causes a rupture of the stomach or intestines. An animal scantily fed from day to day, sometimes gets loose and finds access to a bag or bin of grain and being hungry, gorges himself almost to suffocation or a bad servant may feed to excess and, out of all reason. We have frequently wondered why grain or water taken into the stomach of a horse should so immediately affect his feet, producing the inflamation called *luminitis*—an inflamed state of the extreme vascular membrance or lamina of the hoof. Let us see if we can get at the philosophy of a common founder.—A translation of a positive disease from one part of the system to another by what Doctors call *metastas* is common enough; but a horse may be foundered where there is no positive disorder in the digestive organs, and only an unnatural irritation from the presence of water or food improperly taken into the stomach. The exercise and heating to which he has been subjected on the highway or elsewhere, have brought the vascular and tender parts within the hoof into a condition approximating imflamation, before either water or food is swallowed. The antecedent hard service of the feet is a material fact in the case; for without previous driving, and too often very hard driving, an acute founder is seldom seen. A sudden shock is inflicted on the nervous system in the stomach, which is sound, and its force shatters first, not the sound stomach, but the heated, enfeebled, and partially inflamed feet which are connected with the stomach by abundant nerves. If the feet of a horse be covered with water this revultion from the stomach to the lamina of the hoofs seldom occurs to an injurious degree. This brief explanation indicates the propriety of bleeding, and letting a recently foundered horse stand in a stream of water to cool his feet. Give him rest and physic.—Proper feeding implies the use of neither too much nor too little grain, and a due proportion of hay, corn-blades, shucks, straw, peavines, or other forage, which had better be cut before it is consumed. If this forage is sound, bright, and was harvested at right time, less grain will suffice to keep horses in a good condition. Where one has neither hay, nor blades, nor straw, much care should be had less highly nutritive food, like corn, produce eruptions on the skin, enlargement of the liver, yellow water, and other maladies. If no other bulky forage, can be had, horses should have browse with their grain to aid in distending the stomach and intestines for bulk is an important element in healthy digestion.

THE FIRST CASE UNDER THE NEW JERSEY TEMPERANCE LAW.—The first case which has occurred in New Jersey, under the law relative to habitual drunkards, passed at the last session of the Legislature, took place at Princeton the 22d ult., and is mentioned in the Whig. The chancellor issued a commission to three gentlemen, who proceeded to try before a jury an inquisition into the habitual drunkenness of Chas. Skillman, and his incapacity to take care of his property. The jury gave a verdict that such was the case, and according to the law the Orphan's court, on application, must appoint a guardian over him. He is divested of all control of his property, which will be restored on his reformation; all liquor sellers, under a penalty, are forbidden to sell to him, and legally, he is to be treated as a lunatic.

Burlington, Vt., is getting to be a highly novel place. Its jail is without a tenant.—The Courier ascribes the fact to the Vermont Maine Liquor law.

A FACT—*Touch* your neighbor's pocket ever so lightly and you will *strike* him in a *tender* place.

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