PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
WILLIAM [illegible]
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding [illegible] inserted THREE TIMES for [illegible] TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion—larger ones in proportion. [illegible] yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.
Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.
All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858. No. 31.

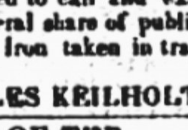
EDW. H. ANDERSON,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

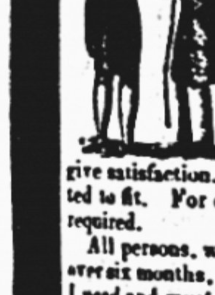
SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH
EASTON, MD.
All Work entrusted to his care will be executed with neatness and dispatch. As he requires the cash for work done he can afford to do it as cheap if not cheaper than can be done on the Shore. [aug 29-1y

Rev. C. S. Burnett.
THE REV. C. S. BURNETT, while laboring as a Missionary in Southern Asia, discovered a simple and certain Cure for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Nervous Debility*, and all impurities of the *Blood*; also an easy and effectual mode of Inhaling the *Remedy*. Actuated by a desire to benefit his suffering fellows, he will cheerfully send the Recipe (free) to such as desire it, with full and explicit directions for preparing and successfully using the Medicine. Address
Rev. C. S. BURNETT,
feb 13-6m 831 Broadway, N. Y. City.

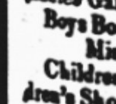
MORRIS & COLLISON,
Carpenters and Builders.
THEY take this method of informing their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute with neatness and on moderate terms, all work entrusted to their charge.—They are prepared to take contracts in this or the adjoining counties, if required, or work by the day on reasonable terms. Thankful for the liberal share of public patronage received since they have been engaged in the above business they are determined to leave nothing undone on their part to ensure satisfaction. All orders addressed to them at Easton will be promptly attended to.
mar 6-6m S

House Carpentering.
T. E. GATTIN. WM. RATCLIFFE.
GATTIN & RATCLIFFE.
THE subscribers beg leave to inform the citizens of Talbot that they have formed themselves into co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the above business. They think from their experience in the business they can give entire satisfaction. They can be found at their shop —"Washington Hall," on Washington street, when not engaged in the country. All orders addressed to them, at Easton, Md., for any kind of work in their line, will be promptly attended to.
feb 6-6m

EASTON FOUNDRY.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NEW PLOWS,
OF every variety used in this section now ready for Spring use, *at reduced prices*. Also, a large lot of *Cultivators, Harrows, &c.* Also, 5 Tons of Plow Castings, made of the best Scotch Iron, which will be sold at the price of the common castings.

All plows warranted to do good work, or the money returned.
The Farmers are invited to call and examine for themselves, and a liberal share of public patronage is solicited. Old Iron taken in trade for new work.
mar 6-1y CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.

ARRIVAL OF THE
Spring and Summer Fashions.

JOHN SATTERFIELD respectfully informs the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties that he has just received from the city the latest styles for cutting Coats, Pants and Vests, and desires the public generally to call and see them; he will (as he has always endeavored in his cutting) make every effort to give satisfaction. All work done by him warranted to fit. For cutting garments the cash will be required.
All persons, whose accounts have been standing over six months, will please call and pay them, as I need and *must* have the money. [apr 24

HOUSE PAINTING
AND
PAPER HANGING.
THE subscriber would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, of Talbot and adjacent Counties, that he has opened a Shop in Easton for the purpose of carrying on the above business. He will undertake work by Day or Job. His charges will be moderate, and thinks he has had sufficient experience in the business to render entire satisfaction.
When engaged in town, all orders left at his Shop in rear of the jail, will meet with prompt attention, and when in the country if left at Elliott & Hugh's Boot and Shoe Store will be attended to as early as possible. Of the many witnesses he can obtain to testify to his work, he thinks the following will suffice as
REFERENCES:
THOMAS HUGHLETT, Esq.,
JAMES DIXON, "
Capt. E. L. F. HARDCASTLE,
E. M. DAWSON, Esq., Talbot County.
SAM'L. W. THOMAS, Esq., Queen Anne's Co.
feb 21-1y RD: H. T. COUNCELL.

"AT"
ELLIOTT & HUGHE'S

WELL known and long tried *Boot and Shoe Establishment*, next door to Thompson & Kersey, can be found by far the handsomest and cheapest stock of *Boots, Shoes, Slippers, &c.* in this market. In our stock will be found Gentlemen's Boots, Oxfor Ties, Gaiters, Patent Leather Prince Alberts, Selimia Boots, &c.
Ladies Gaiters, Slippers &c., of every description.
Boys Boots and Shoes, Youths do. do.
Misses Gaiters, Shoes, Slippers, &c.
Children's Shoes.—A very large lot of Children's Shoes of every variety.
Servant Men & Women's Shoes for Spring and Summer. Also a large lot of the very best material, which they are prepared to work up in the neatest manner and at shortest notice.
We take this method of returning our thanks to the public for past patronage, and as we intend to pursue our usual straight-forward manner of business, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of past favors. Very respectfully,
apr 24 ELLIOTT & HUGHES.

100,000 FT. of Lumber, Scantling, Laths, &c., always on hand at Baltimore prices for Cash (mar 20) R. THARP.
LIME—[illegible] Lime will be received in a few days and for sale by
mar 20 R. THARP.

25,000 FT. of White Pine Fencing will be received in a short time and for sale for Cash or Negotiable notes.
mar 20 R. THARP.

For the Easton Gazette.

The City of the Past.

"Then more distinct and permanent shapes arose,—shapes familiar to his mind, yet forgotten and remembered again as the fragments of a dream; till at length far, far below him he beheld the great City of the Past." LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion."

It is long since we left fair Childhood's shore,
On the voyage of life to return no more;
And full many a storm and tempest dark,
Has swept o'er our frail and quivering bark;
On the sea of Life we have drifted far,
With a tattered sail and riven spar:
Now we pause in our course, and backward gaze,
To the shores that we left in other days;
Faint as a dream, that forgotten has been,
First, its bright outline but dimly is seen,
But soon fleet after, through the mist of years,
The City of the Past in beauty appears,
With its silent streets and its moss-grown wall,
Its spires and its domes, and its columns tall;
And fair faces and forms our vision greet;
Of lov'd ones who walk its shadowy street
And sweet, low voices seem sadly to sigh,
"Forget us not," as the zephyrs pass by.

But the Spirit Divine speaks to our heart,
"This is not your rest, arise and depart,
And turn not with vain regret to the past,
There's a haven of rest for the weary at last;
Should tempests arise and dangers alarm,
To God, thou should'st look, he'll shield thee from harm,
With Christ at the helm, His Word for thy guide,
O'er the billows of life, thou safely shalt ride,
And when thou shalt pass thro' death's gloomy night,
The shores of bright Heav'n shall beam on thy sight;
The spires of the City of Rest shall appear
And angelic songs thy spirit shall cheer,
In raptures of bliss the port thou shalt gain.
"And fast by the throne of God ever remain."

Easton July 14, 1858. ROSA.

A "PECULIAR" BATHING SKETCH.

AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE.

I was once engaged to be married, (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still,) but an accident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lakes, when I met with—with Lucy, and got, in short to be accepted.—She was residing with her mother, in the same hotel in Killarney, as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded islands in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gipsy fashion, and to sketch, but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric; only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices! and speak low and soft.

Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the heyday and prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought, my thought at least—leapt out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed itself with speech. She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman and I bought it for her at once, although it was terribly savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not that—was Towser; not a name for a lady's pet, at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a coppice, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be sure I was there at six—with Towser.

Perhaps I was never happier than at this particular time. The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings.—The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breezes could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbings of my blood, but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irrepressibly tempting, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I; for though I had such plenty of time to spare, I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy might, like myself, be a little earlier; and at all events, with such an awful consequence in possible apprehension; I would run the shadows of a risk. "Mind my clothes, mind them, Towser," said I, (who took his seat there, at once, sagaciously enough,) for I heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers, before them, with results not to be thought of, and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath even to this day, the glow, the freshness, the luxurious softness of each particular wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on is painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure; and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.

When I had bathed as long as I had judged prudent, I landed and advanced towards the spot where my garments and Towser lay; as I did so, every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury, his eyes kindled with coals of fire; he gave me notice by a low determined growl, that he would spring on me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer, it was evident that he did not recognise me the least without my clothes. "Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly, "good old Tow, you remember me;" but the brute, like the friend whom we have known in a better day, and applied to when in indifferent apparrel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more. "Towser, be quiet sir; how dare you—Tow, Tow, Tow, Towser—(here he nearly had a bit of my calf off—you nasty, brutal dog; go away, sir—go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood up with tail erect at these reproving words, but he manifested no remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme; what if he chose to sit there, on my personal apparel, until—?

At this idea, too terrible to be concluded, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently feeling a little cold, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolving the fell design of enticing Towser into the water and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being equally thrown away upon him, I tried stones; I heaved at him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he invaded by leaping from side to side, and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and eat me if he could, whether I was dressed or not, but he would not venture into the water after me still.

At last the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was fain, in agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over, like a babe in the wood, with leaves.

Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace and modesty; the dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him, and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for an instant she looked as though about to faint, and the next she sped off again to the hotel with the speed of a deer. Gracious heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments at least, or upon perishing in the attempt, and rushed out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I neared the savage animal, and I found myself (in some confused and palpitating manner) back in my dry ditch again, with the sensation of a loss of blood and pain, my retreat had not been effected—perhaps, because there was nothing to cover it—without considerable loss, and the beast had bitten more severely. I protest that, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the reflection of the honors that would be showered down on that vile creature. I knew that he would be considered by Lucy and the rest as a sort of Dog of Mantargis, an affectionate and sagacious creature, watching patiently at his appointed post for the beloved master that should never again return to him.

Presently they all came back, Lucy and her mother, and all the maid servants, from the inn, besides my fellow students and fishermen with drag nets, and a medical man with blankets and brandy, (how I envied the blankets and the brandy) As I expected neither the women's cries nor the men's labor in vain distressed me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; I could not repress a groan of horror and indignation. "Hush! hush!" said Lucy; and there was a silence, through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and hallowed out to my friend Sanford—"Sanford, and nobody else," to come into the copse with a blanket.

I remember nothing more distinctly.—Immediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth, expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy beginning—but never finished—burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment; and the barking, the eternal barking, of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening, Lucy, and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow students, and the abominable Towser: I left them for good and all; and that was how my engagement was broken off, "and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flush," concluded the curate, who had turned from rose color to deep carnation, and from that to almost black, during the recital.

A SECRET.—How do you do, Mrs. Towe? Have you heard the story about Mrs. Ludy.

"Why no, really Mrs. Gad? what is it?—Do tell.

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world. No I must never tell on't, I'm afraid it will get out.

"Why I'll never tell on't, as long as I live, just as true as the world; what is it?—Come tell.

"Now, you won't say anything about it will you?

"No, I'll never open my mouth about it, never. Hope to die this minute.

"Well, if you believe it, Mrs. Fundy told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person what dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's eldest daughter told Mrs. Nicoms, that her grandmother heard by a letter which she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam boat just arrived from the Fejee islands, that the mermaids about that section, wore crinolines made out of shark-skins!"

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday last says the Milford News, Lewis Outten, an old resident of that town, and generally well known in this community, fell from a cherry tree in South Milford—a distance it is said of only about eight feet—breaking his neck and causing instantaneous death. He was in the 62d year of his age. The accident was caused by the breaking or splitting of a limb.

What is very remarkably, Mr. Outten is the last member of a family of three brothers and two sisters who all came to an unnatural end. One sister drownded herself in a pond, the clothes of the other caught on fire and death was the result. One brother died alone in the woods and was not found until several days afterward, another poisoned himself on board a vessel in James River, and the fifth and last has just met death by the above accident.

Ornamental fret work—the eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.

Aid to the Mt. Vernon Fund.

"There is a modest Mansion upon the banks of the Potomac."

WHO, among the sons and daughters of our blessed land, does not wish to contribute his or her portion towards the Home and Grave of our beloved WASHINGTON? Who but will consider it a blessed privilege to give help in aiding the "LADIES' MT. VERNON ASSOCIATION OF THE UNION," in the labor of love they have undertaken in gathering means for that sacred purpose?

A large sum is yet to be obtained, and a wider and more extended generosity is now asked of the people, that an early possession of this sacred and honored spot, may be acquired for the Nation—North, South, East and West.

The eloquent appeal of the Regent of the Association, (Miss Cunningham,) is now before the public; do not let it plead in vain, but with willing hearts work; for the object is glorious, and well worthy of woman's pure and lofty patriotism.

Among the modes of collecting means for "Stuart's Gold Mounted Oil Portrait," which the Association offer at the small tribute of *one dollar* each.

Clubs of 10, 20, or more persons, can remit to the "Regent," at Charleston, S. C., Mrs. SUSAN L PELLET; Corresponding Secretary, at Richmond, Va., or such Vice-Regents as are named in the circular, representing the Mt. Vernon interest in other States.

This plan of forming clubs, entered into by friends of the cause, in their own immediate circle, relieves the Association from the necessity of forwarding *single* copies, when ordered, the transmission of which is attended with so much more trouble and expense, especially when sent to remote quarters of the country, while, by the plan proposed, the farthest point can be reached, and each person, composing a club of a dozen or more, can possess this picture at a trifling cost of post or express charges.—Parcels of 5, 10, 50, 60, or 100 copies, will be carefully put up and sent to any point of address, on the receipt of *one dollar*, for each picture ordered. Thus, ten dollars, remitted for ten pictures; fifty dollars, for fifty pictures, &c.

Persons north of Virginia can address and remit to S. F. Watson, Independence Hall, Phila., or L. A. Godey Esq., of the Lady's Book.

N. B.—Please write names legibly, as each one of a club will be published under the "Mt. Vernon Portrait Subscription"—also forward all monies *without* being registered.

Together with woman's persuasive influence is added that of the eloquent son of Massachusetts, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, whose noble efforts in behalf of the Fund, thus far, have been crowned with the highest success. That gentleman recently said, in public address at Richmond that he would deliver his oration on WASHINGTON, *seven hundred and seventy times*, if the people desired it, (he having already pronounced it for the benefit of the Mt. Vernon Fund *seventy times*, yielding over forty thousand dollars). And with the aid of other eloquent voices in this labor of love, how can she fail in rescuing from oblivion the Home and Tomb of our beloved and immortal WASHINGTON.

RIVALRY AND JEALOUSY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The Paris correspondent of the New Kork Commercial Advertiser, writing under date of June 24th, says the effect of the Regina Coeli slavery discussion in the British Parliament, has been to arouse a degree of irritation in France, which has not before been equalled. The writer adds the following:

"England, in provision of a war with France, has made an unnatural alliance with Austria, for what end? To let Austria loose on France in case she should attempt to cross the channel with an army. The same thing was done under the First Empire, when Napoleon was at Bologne, with his army ready to cross over to England. Austria attacked him in the rear, and he was obliged to leave Bologne, and abandon his contemplated conquest of England, to hurry to the defence of the Rhine. But these will not be all the evils that will issue from the Pandora's box which England will open on France in case of a war. By means of money and promises, the red republicans of France, Italy and Germany will join the crusade, and the Third Napoleon, like the First, will not be long in finding his Waterloo.

'It may be asked, what are the real intentions of France towards England? I heard yesterday a counsellor of State say this:—'It is not our policy to quarrel with England, because the interests of the two nations are too closely identified; but she has heaped upon us lately insult after insult to such a point that France is ready now for war, and only waits an occasion; she will not seek the occasion, but if it comes she will accept it with delight.—England is counteracting us in every measure we propose in the interest of the East; she is leagued with Austria to assist in this ungrateful work; she insults us gratuitously and boldly in her Parliamentary discussions on the slave trade and in singular contrast with her servility to the United States; she exercises a most impudent surveillance over our vessels and our coast; she has just acquitted two more of her propagators of assassination, and she has never yet given the Emperor one word of satisfaction on the refugee question. Is it curious that our forbearance, even in presence of the immense interest which unite the two countries, should be on the point of giving way?'"

A tipsy Irshman leaning against a lamp-post, as a funeral procession was passing by was asked who was dead.

"I can't exactly say, sur but I presume it is the jintleman in the coffin," said he.

For the Gazette.

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of July 10th I see some well timed criticisms upon the Peninsula News and John D. Long, Esq. The subject of slavery is being agitated considerably at this time in this section of the State, the people having become heartily sick of the laws in reference to that matter. The State of Delaware (contrary to the *general* impression with you) is a slave State, but the laws forbid persons from selling their slaves out of the State under a heavy penalty. This of course makes slave property much less valuable (the highest price for a man being $500) and has rendered them unruly and worthless, while the free negroes are perfectly lawless. They fix their own terms in hireing, in reference to the amount to be paid and the manner of payment, always stipulating for as much *rum* as they can drink, which is of course as much as will in most cases incapacitate them for doing full work. A gentleman from Sussex, informed me some days since that he had been prevented from getting harvest hands on that account, and had lost considerable in consequence of it. The general feeling seems to be in favor of a repeal of the law in reference to selling them out of the State, and the enactment of some law by which the free population will either be enslaved or forced out of the State, when their places will be filled by a good class of white labor. The white laboring class have become impressed (very erroneously) with the idea that a white man who labors with negroes is on an equality with them, and consequently not respected in the community.—This impression has prevented them from working on the farms—drove many into Pennsylvania and to the West. In his enthusiasm, the editor of the News and Advertiser, has taken very decided grounds in favor of abolitionism and never allows his paper to go from the press without something on the negro question and has finally taken *old uncle Johnny Long* under his wing, and attempts to vindicate the productions of his half-crazed and fanatical brain. Now the worthy editor of the News is a gentleman of great perseverance and ability in his calling, but I think with all due respect to him that he has turned his talents with the wrong channel, and instead of benefiting the community, which I firmly believe he is honestly striving to do, will eventually fail in that and injure himself. The slavery question is one which we all know from the past sad experience of the country in the last few years, is one which had better be let alone. It is a thing *that if let alone* will eventually work its own course, but if agitated in *any* community where slavery exist at all will serve but to engender bitter animosities and bind more closely the chains upon those whom it is intended to free. Our worthy friend will meet with poor success in his kind endeavors to help the Eastern Shore out of her financial difficulties by annexing her to Delaware, while he preaches abolition doctrine so strongly. I hope indeed that he will abandon the latter and do more for the former. He is a personal acquaintance and friend, and as such highly esteemed, but I do deprecate his course as an editor in this matter, as do a great many of his friends here.

The harvest is over and from what I can learn the wheat crop is a good one; the oat crop is fine, and the hay crop is very heavy, especially in New Castle county, which is a grazing county. The corn is looking unusually fine, although it begins to suffer for rain. The soil here is one of the best for corn on the peninsula when the season is favorable, but is too light to stand a hard drought. Since the opening of the Delaware Rail Road a new crop has been made available and is no inconsiderable item, and that is the berry crop. I have seen lately from 100 to 125 buckets (water pails) go from a single station on the Road.—They are purchased by men who have a market car going up the Road every morning and who buy, besides all kinds of marketing. The agents at the station buy for them, and the men themselves attend to receiving them in the car and when they arrive at Philadelphia the car is attached to the freight train. They pay 50 cts. per bucket and make about one hundred per cent. Every evening you will find numbers of women and children at the stations bringing, as the proceeds of the days labor from four to ten buckets of berries. A boy some fifteen years old told me that in a field where the crop was an average one, he could pick from 3 to 4 buckets, making his wages $1.50 to $2.00 per day, at least 4 times as much as he could make at ordinary wages on a farm. Thus an average of from $40 to $50 per day is scattered over the neighborhood of each station on the Rail Road, where 3 years ago not that amount was produced from the same source during the whole season.

Caroline county and the Chapel District of Talbot county are as productive in this crop as the section of Delaware. These are facts that cannot or will not be disputed. Let the good people of that county read, learn and inwardly digest. Sussex county, especially, is turning its attention to the peach culture. This crop has been for three years past a complete failure in New Castle county and New Jersey from the effects of disease in the trees. This has not reached the lower counties. I was informed by a gentleman of Sussex that a neighbor of his made last year $400 from one acre of a peculiar kind of peach, and that he was about to plant 75 acres for a start. The peach crop is very heavy with them this year while up the country there are none at all. What would be the difference in the whole income between even $200 per acre (a small yield) in Caroline and the Chapel district from peaches and the present maximum of $10 to $12 clear on wheat and corn. I hear some of your old *croakers* while reading this say: Oh! but it would destroy the market in Easton if our Rail Road is done, we will get nothing to eat. Not so madam, and I'll tell you why: The increased demand has induced the country people to turn their attention more to the raising of market stuffs, and there has been a corresponding increase in the supply. The prices paid at the station on the road by the hucksters are of course below the city prices and about the same as your Easton market, or probably not so high as that. The only difference then would be that your market would be at the station instead of the market house, but to repay you for this inconvenience there would be market every day instead of two days in the week, and you could get from Philadelphia in a few hours an exchange for your old hens and superanuated turkeys, fresh vegetables far ahead of your own gardens. I ate tomatoes three weeks ago from the Wilmington market.

Why is it that your mail does not connect with the Delaware Rail Road? It is easy enough to go 36 miles by 1 o'clock, P. M. This would bring all mail matter south on the Road the same day it left Easton, while now the stage arrives at Felton one hour behind the train. Leave Easton at 6, A. M. and going five miles an hour, would do it easy. I merely ask the question as we would like to get our mail sooner. But more anon.

Yours, LEVELLER.

The Burning Mountain.

As is generally known, there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this borough, and near Heckshersville, which for twenty-one years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who, having some work to perform, in the drift in the depth of the winter, built a fire—they being cold—in the gangway.—The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found. A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effects of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for several hundred feet sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation has been blasted. It is a desert tract in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon, while steam from water heated by the eternal fire, rose from every pore. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed—still it burns, and will burn till further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons of coal have undoubtedly been consumed, and thousands of tons may yet feed the fire before it is checked.—*Miners' Journal.*

Technical Words.

In reading, we frequently come across words with which we are necessary to give us a full idea of the subject. To obviate this difficulty we give a definition of some of the more common words:

A firkin of butter,	56	lbs.
A sack of coals	224	"
A truss of straw	36	"
A stave of hemp	32	"
A sack of flour	280	"
A quintal	100	"
A piggot of steel	120	"
A truss of hay,	56	"
A bash	80	bushels.
A barrel	18	gallons.
A hogshead	54	"
A puncheon	85	"

English price currents often speak of the price of wheat *per quarter*; to reduce this to barrels, multiply the price by seven, and divide by twelve, and it will give the price at the same rate by the barrel. Thus: if wheat is quoted of 56s. a quarter, multiply 26 by 7 and divide by 12, and it gives the price, 22s. 3d. a barrel.—*Ohio Farmer.*

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN CHURCH.—The introduction of a melodeon in the Front street Methodist Episcopal church in Trenton, N. J., has caused the withdrawal of some twelve persons, who allege themselves conscientiously opposed to having instrumental music in the church.

In London there are above 100,000 drunkards, 100,000 persons living in open profligacy, 50,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers, and 3,000 receivers of stolen goods, besides 20,000 children who are living in open destitution and sin.

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaller to a friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Well, let's take a walk," said the teetotaller.

An old toper was heard the other day advising a young man to get married.

"Because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots, when you come home drunk."

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrald, pointing to a domestic favorite.

"Yes, the poor thing is subject to catarrh," replied Jerrold.

To kill bedbugs, take corrosive sublimate and daub it all over your bedstead. Then burn your bedstead and bed clothing, and move into another house.

—The alleged hanging of four men, at Tampa, Florida, is declared to have been a hoax.