PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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From the New York Mercury.

LOOK UP AT THAT FLAG.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Look up at that flag, as it ripples and sways
On the roofs of our cities, the ships in our bays:
Count the stars count their cost, count their glories—ay, do—
And then dare, ye "dissolvers," to tear it in two!

Look abroad on the land—gage the beauty and worth
Of the envy, the wonder, the glory of earth—
And then seize what fond fiends would shrink to undo,
And, with Washington's sword, cut the compact in two!

The arch-demon, for treason from Paradise hurled,
Who dissolved the first union 'twixt God and the world,
As he triumphed in Eden, will triumph anew
In that hour—should it come—when our one shall be two!

Away with such threatenings! On Liberty's soil
Shall her sons break her image—her temple despoil?
It cannot, it will not, it must not be true!
Whom God joined together, shall never be two.

Mezzotint Pictures.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

"Mag—Maggie, darling, the sun is up."

Maggie opened her eyes and saw the smiling face of her dear husband, Harry Cummings.

"Oh, how beautifully I was dreaming! Have you been calling me long, Harry?"

"Yes, this two hours, Maggie; and you might have slept until noon, but you know I want to be in the city early."

'I'm glad you called me. You shall start soon;" and the fair wife busied herself spreading the table cloth and peeling the potatoes, while Harry went to feed the pigs.

Twenty-five minutes from the time Maggie Cummings opened her eyes, so beautifully blue, and rushed down stairs, breakfast was steaming hot upon the table.—Light brown bread and sweet honey, butter made by her own churn, preserved plums, and Harry's dish of crackers and milk, with many other things, were upon the table.—Harry came towards the house, and Maggie bounded to the door to let him in.

"Breakfast is ready?" she sang out.

"So soon? Mercy on us, what a wife you are! How smart you are growing!"

"Growing, Harry! Wasn't I always smart?" and the arch smile of Maggie's face spoke tones.

'Yes, yes, my dear, I suppose so; but how sweet this milk is, and what nice brown bread you make. It comes as near that of my mother's as any that I ever tasted.

Beautiful smiles played over the face of Harry Cumming's young wife, for she knew that the praise was well merited.

'How long will you stay in Burlington?" Maggie asked, as Harry moved from the table.

'I cannot tell; some time, however, as I have much to attend to.'

'Remember my new calico dress, won't you!'

'Yes yes, my dear, to be sure I'll get *that;*' and Harry kissed his wife and rushed to the stable. Soon he drove up to the door a prancing pair of milk white steeds.

'Maggie, Maggie,' he called out, 'don't you want a short ride—down to Widow Greyson's?'

Harry held his horses with a firm hand, and Maggie climbed into the old-fashioned Vermont wagon and took a ride.

'Now look out,' she said, as she jumped upon the velvet grass and ran towards the widow's door, 'and take care of those horses, and come home as soon as you can.'

'That I will" and Harry drove off at full speed.

'Oh, how I love her!' he said to himself.

'What a good husband!' and Maggie chatted with the widow.

Having seen life in the country, let us look into the city and see how things are done. We don't pretend that these pictures are truthful.

'Mollie, when under the sun are going to get up? to-day, or to-morrow?' and Carl caught hold of the bed-post, shaking it violently.

Charl! Charl!" she screamed, 'what is the matter? Oh, dear! how provoking.—I do wish you knew enough not to disturb me in the morning! Why couldn't you let me finish my nap?' Mollie drew the bed-clothes over her face.

'Breakfast has been waiting this half hour! You'd have no morning nap to finish if it hadn't been for she ball last night! Pretty work they make in a family! Well, you can do as you like about coming! I shan't wait for you!' and the door slammed and banged like all get out.

'What a pleasant husband Carl is,' said Mollie to herself, after Carl Cummings had left the room. 'Come up here and shake me half to pieces, just because his breakfast is ready. Wish he possibly could eat a meal of victuals without me.' Quickly combing her hair and throwing on a breakfast jacket, Mollie entered the breakfast room.

Neither husband nor wife spoke a word during meal time; but, as Carl rose to go to his store, Mollie said:

'Carl!'

'Please call at Rodney's and get me those jewels?' and then she added, 'You know Mrs. Howard gives a soiree this evening.'

'Always teasing me to call at Rodney's. If you like him so well, why don't you go yourself. I'll go this time, but 'tis the *last.* So foolish—can't go to Mrs. Howard's without a new set of jewels. What do you suppose Mrs. Howard or that boy Hallard cares for you? I tell you, once for all, I won't buy any more jewels, not even for my wife.'

FATAL CASE OF STABBING.—About noon on Saturday last, near the Bull Frog in this county, George Moore was killed by his step-son Ben Tompson, in a drunken fight, caused by a family difficulty. Tompson is now in jail. An inquest was held; Verdict, that George Moore came to his death from wounds inflicted with a knife in the hands of Ben Thompson.—*Cecil Whig of the 10th.*

A little thought will save many a hard and useless day's work.

Old-fashioned Comforts.

Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, inured to hardship from the cradle—they were content to be without almost all the luxuries of life, but they enjoyed some of its comforts to which many of us are strangers—old-fashioned comforts, we may term them—and, among these the old fire-place, as it used to be termed, had no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time comes to our mind, with its plain furniture, and sanded floor, innocent of paint, but as white as the neatest of housewives could make it. In one corner stood the old clock, its very face wearing an aspect of good cheer, and seeming to smile benignantly upon a miniature moon over its head, which, tradition said, had, at a remote period, followed the rising and setting of its great prototype in the heavens, through its days of active service were long ago over.

But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor, nor the high desk, with its pigeon-holes and secret drawers, that no venturous youngster ever dared invade, nor yet the old clock ticking so musically in one corner, but it was the old-fashioned fire-place, with its blazing embers, huge backlog and iron fire-dogs, that shed a glory over the whole room, gilded the plain and homely furniture with its bright light, and rendered the place a fit type of true New England homes in "ye olden time."

Never were there such apples as those which swung round and round upon strings before the bright fire of a winter's evening—never such baked potatoes as these buried deep in the ashes upon the hearth—never such cornstalks as those which caught a golden hue from the blazing embers, or turkeys like those turned slowly upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors so suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was the wooden settle, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evenings, telling stories, cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their superiors—and anon gazing in silence into the bright fire, and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque and fanciful images from the burning coals No fabled genii, with their magic lamps of enchantment, could build such gorgeous palaces, or create such gems as the child could discover amid the blazing embers of the old-fashioned fire place.

And we must not neglect the chimney corner, where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat—his hair silvered with the snows of many winters—a venerable man, to whom old age had come "frostily, but kindly," and whose last days were like those of an Indian Summer, serene and beautiful, even till the stars appeared in heaven.

How pure was the air of the room in those days! The huge fire-place, with its brisk draught, carried off the impurities of the atmosphere and left the air pure, life-giving and healthful. Now we crouch around hot cooking stoves, and think it strange that we feel so stupid and drowsy of an evening; or we huddle about air-tight stoves, and wonder that the air seems burnt and impure; or we sit down in chilly rooms heated by a furnace, and marvel that, with all our costly furniture soft carpets, bright mirrors; and damask curtains, they are such cheerless places, so little like our ideas of a New England home

Alas! that with all the so-called improvements of our advanced civilization, the fire should be permitted to go out forever in our old fashioned fire-places, thus burying in the ashes of the past so many means of health, home-comfort, good cheer and happiness.—*Exeter News Letter.*

Etiquette of Dining.

1. As soon as the gong or bell sounds for dinner, run as fast as you can, and secure the best seat at the table.

2. Call in as loud a voice as possible, for what you want. If the waiter be not quick enough in his movements to please you, swear at him audibly, so that all the ladies sitting at the table may hear you. If the waiter objects to your speaking to him in such a manner, immediately inform his master that he is impertinent. These men must be taught their places.

3. However, it is useless to trouble the waiter too much, so if you see anything that you want nearly within your reach, don't hesitate for a moment to stretch yourself half across the table to get it. By so doing you may certainly upset a few things into your neighbor's lap, but what of that: he ought to have known better than to leave them so near the edge.

4. Pick your teeth at the table, it is a mark of good breeding.

5. If a rare delicacy is put upon the table, help yourself to the whole of it. It will show your sense in being able to appreciate what's good.

6. If a lady sits opposite to you, stare at her the whole time; it may make her feel uncomfortable, and spoil her dinner, but what of that? You have shown your admiration for the Beautiful by not keeping your eyes off it.

BABIES.—In the late number of the Eclectic Medical Journal, the editor remarks that babies often cry from actual thirst.—Their natural supply is intended as food not as drink, and makes thirsty without really quenching the thirst as a cool liquid would. They cry he thinks for cold water. Many a mother is anxious to know what ails the little sufferer that it should cry so loudly, and, imagining to be suffering from pain, administers some opiate, or pain-killer, when all the child needs is a few teaspoonsful of good, pure clear, sparkling cold water. As the experiment is a very simple and easy one, let all mothers try it first before having recourse to medicine. In warm weather particularly children may be suffering from thirst instead of pain, and a small quantity of water may give them immediate relief.

The Strong Men of Cincinnati.

The papers throughout the country, since the debut of the strong "Doctor" in Boston have been teeming with records of the herculean strength of different persons. If these stories can be true, the degeneration of our race is not going on as rapidly as some of our distinguished sons of Hippocrates would have us believe.

Some of the strongest men that have lived during the last twenty-five years, resided in Cincinnati.

Frank Buffalo—First and foremost comes the giant (in strength) Frank Buffalo, a colored man, who lived here about the time of old Tip and Ty. He was a man of medium height, with powerful shoulders, and his arms reached, when he was standing erect, several inches below his knees. This man once carried, twenty-three feet, a load of 1,590 lbs. At another time, he carried an anchor weighing 710 pounds, from the water's edge, about 100 feet below the Uncle Sam coffee house, and laid it in the doorway of the old Cincinnati hotel now the Spencer House. At another time, two men of reputed strength came from the East with the expressed intention of having a "mill" with Buffalo. Frank being of a peaceable disposition, endeavored to avoid any difficulty, and actually suffered himself to be knocked down several times before he would resent his injuries. They had had their time and now came his. Deliberately pulling off his coat he said, "Go way, white man, dis darkey can't stand dat treatment any longer, no how." Not heeding his warning, they struck him again, whereupon Frank "straightened out" on them with his long arms, and one stroke was enough. He stretched them both dead at his feet.

Many times in sport he would go behind a wagon drawn by one or two horses, catch hold of the back axle, and brace himself so as to stop the horses Many other surprising feats are related of him. He died in 1847.

Sampson Kirby—Another man whose name will ever be remembered in the annals of "the Strong Men," was Sampson Kirby, a member of the old Invincible Fire Co. No. 5. Kirby, after performing various feats of almost unheard of strength, attempted to lift, and actually did lift, both hind wheels of the famous fire engine Fame, which belonged to the above company.—Some idea may be formed of the weight of this lift from the fact that the engine weighed over 4 000 pounds.

Dr. Richard Gatewood, better known as "Saw Bone Dick, the Herb Doctor," was as famous as either of the foregoing for his muscle

When the workmen were engaged in building the old Assembly Hall, on the south east corner of Walnut and Pearl streets, Dick carried, in a hod prepared for the occasion, 150 brick up four ladders without stopping and laid them down on the roof. Estimating each brick at a weight of four pounds, and the hod at twenty-five pounds, the total weight of the load was 625 pounds. But Dick, as all other "good darkies," could not withstand the hand of time, as he was found dead about a year since, in his cabin on "Millcreek's marshy marge."

Ezra O'Harra, who was killed in a row at the Empire House in Sixth street, was another specimen of the "half horse and half man," some claiming for him greater strength than that possessed by Frank Buffalo.

Some one or two of his feats are worth relating: Many times he for a small wager, would carry three bunches of shingles up one, two or three ladders as the case might be At another time he and Joseph Lewis, who still resides here, lifted and carried a few feet, a hogshead of sugar.—Another one of his common tricks was to take a barrel of whiskey, raise it above his head, and drink out the bung-hole. He once did this trick with a man sitting astride of a barrel.

John S. Powers. Our old and highly respected Flour Inspector, John S. Powers, is another model of bone and muscle.—When the "Cincinnati Grays" were in zenith of their popularity they had their cannon weighing 1,000 pounds down at the river firing, as a tribute of respect to the memory of Tippecanoe, whose remains were passing on a steamer bound for North Bend. While there, one of the wheels of the gun-carriage sank several inches in the mud, so that the gun could not be used.—The horses could not pull it out, but Sampson Powers easily lifted the cannon off the carriage, while the others were engaged in pulling out the wheels.

Odd Facts for the Fireside.

Selected from Appleton's Cyclopedia for the Country Gentleman.

A, the first letter in the alphabet of all written languages except the Abyssinian, has no less than *seven* sounds in English—for example, *male, mat, mare, mart, ball, many, what.*

AA is the name of no less than four celebrated Dutchmen, and forty small European rivers. One of the former once published a learned work in sixty-six volumes folio—neither of the latter is comparatively speaking, very much longer than its own name.

AAGAARD, a modern Latin poet, flourished in Denmark in the 17th century—AAGESEN, the earliest Danish historian, in the 12th—AAL, a noted metallurgist, in Norway, from 1773 to 1844.

AARD-VARK, Cape Dutch for *earth-pig,* is an animal not very different from the ant-eater, except that he is eaten himself by the Cape Colonists. He lives, in fact, on ants exclusively, burrowing about in the ground under their hills, and though inclined to corpulency, is still able to be very active in his subterranean excursions.

AARD-WOLF—a Caffrarian brute—with the body of a hyena outwardly, with the head and feet of the fox, the intestines of the civit, a mane that bristles up when he is enraged—longer fore-legs than hind ones, and five toes on the former, while the latter have but four.

AARON—a priest and physician of Alexandria in Egypt, in the seventh and eighth centuries after Christ, first mentions the small-pox and the measles, and states that they were introduced into Egypt by the Arabian conquerers about 640 A. D.

AARSENS, a diplomatic Hollander, of whom Cardinal Richelieu said that he had only known three great statesmen in his time, Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden, Viscardi, Chancellor of Montferrat, and Francis Van Aarsens. He died 1641.

ABACK is a sea term often quoted in the common saying "*taken aback.*" A sail is taken aback when the wind suddenly veers and blows it against the masts, thus driving the vessel the wrong way.

ABBAS the Great, the monarch who elevated the Persians to their highest pitch of modern greatness in the 16th century, furnishes a singular exemplification of the proverb that "misery loves company."—Suffering from extreme remorse after having murdered his eldest son, he compelled the courtier who had been his instrument in accomplishing the crime, to put his own son also to death *that he might be unhappy as his master.*

Wastes of Common Life.

The subject of the common wastes of every-day life, is well worthy our consideration. We apprehend that if the aggregate value of these was known, we should be amazed at the result, but since it is impossible to make the estimate, and those to be found in our own life are all that immediately concern us individually, we will endeavor to see what they are.

How much labor is bestowed in cultivating superficially a large tract of land, when, by a more thorough and perfect system, the same or even a larger amount of produce, may almost uniformly be obtained from a much smaller area! In cultivating, we often delay the proper cultivation of a crop until the weeds require twice, nay three or four times the amount of time to be eradicated, in the meanwhile taking the nourishment from the soil intended for, and required by the cultivated plants.

We waste the provender of the stack-yard and barn when we feed animals of inferior quality, which do not return a productive value equal to others within our reach maintained at the same expense.—We allow vast quantities of manure to become valueless by leaving it scattered over the barn-yard throughout the whole year; and pay no regard to the valuable compost we might obtain, by neglecting to gather the liquid manure of the stables and the soap-suds of the house, by means of absorbents in the form of peat, charcoal, earth or straw. We disregard the importance also, of securing durability to our pumps, watering troughs, tools, &c., by use of a little paint; and allow our fences to decay and fall down in a short time, at infinite expense of time and trouble and money, as well of ill-will and litigation, and loss of crops, by neglecting to char the posts or soak them, (the lower half,) in a solution of blue vitriol, (1 lb. to 20 qts. water.) We cultivate in many cases just what our neighbors cultivate, and scarcely inquire whether our farm, or the region of country in which we are situated; is not better adapted to the raising of stock than vegetable products, or vice versa or whether the amount of available capital we have should not influence us in the selection of a particular branch of husbandry. And in such a way many spend their lives in fruitless expectation of success

The reflections having occured in a survey of the farm, we will now turn to the dwelling. It is a common saying that a French family would thrive on what is considered of no value by an American, and thrown away accordingly. Whether this be strictly true; is very doubtful. It will hardly hold good as a national rule, and yet the fact that we are terribly at fault in this regard, stares us in the face. There is in some a lamentable want of system and regularity in all that they do, of which a natural consequence is a disarrangement of all their concerns—a fearful loss of time and labor; and the habit seems to be indissolubly united with a careless disregard of every principle of economy. But while in the domestic management of household affairs, we suffer much valuable animal food to be thrown away, or neglect to purchase such at moderate prices, out of which the same French family spoken of above, would make most palatable dishes in the form of soap, &c., such as many never dreamt of; but if they did dream a little in their waking hours, their Yankee ingenuity would discover to them how such dishes were made; and while we permit quantities of fruit to decay in the cellar and field, without taking measures for its sale or artificial preservation; and suffer carpets to wear out for want of removal of the dust and dirt in them and beneath; and a thousand articles of daily use to be ruined by rough handling, carelessness, or want of seasonable repair: by far the greatest loss we suffer is in the failure to improve our time—neglecting to acquire information and knowledge at odd moments, and especially in not acting promptly upon the suggestions of the information which is thrown in our way, and of which we might thus readily possess ourselves.

Of all the great and useful men the world has produced, none became distinguished except as the result of great and persevering industry. Said Elihu Burritt in one of his letthrs, (Self Help,) "All I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact; and if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.' Among the various acquisitions of this learned and great man, he became familiar with forty languages.

The advantages derived from a study and practice of economy in these matters, not only affects us in a pecuniary point of view. Judicious attention to these truths will make more pleasant and profitable in every sense, our whole lives.—*Country Gentleman.*

From the Cecil Whig.

"Owe no Man."

In Nature, in all her several departments, the law of reciprocity is fully and perfectly carried out; an equal quantity is given for that which is taken. It runs through the whole economy of creation.

This law as equally governs the proper dealings between men, as it does those of the different divisions of nature It is one of the fundamental principles of humanity that man shall render to his fellows their just dues. This principle being right, then it must necessarily be wrong to do otherwise. Unjust to others and to yourselves.

Unjust to others, because they are defrauded out of what justly belongs to them, and thereby made to suffer. To yourself, because you loose the confidence and respect of your fellow men, and very frequently become a by-word and a disgrace.

All men are dependent on one another; no man is and, in the very nature of things never can be independent of the whole human race. Consequently it is policy, if nothing more, that we should have the entire confidence of those around us, and with whom we have, more or less, to deal.

Owe no man. I do not wish to be understood here as saying anything against the contracting of debts on time, and the many other transactions, whereby men become indebted to each other. But against the creating of debts which we have no positive prospect of being able to pay; the going in debt for articles in which we do not stand in need, and the non-payment of debts, which, by a little sacrifice, can with ease be linquidated. It is against these species of defrauding that I protest, on the two grounds before stated: because it is unjust to others and to yourself. Therefore, I say, "owe no man."

Punctuality in the payment of their debts, (if they made any at all,) has been the most prominent feature in the characters of the men who have accumulated, by fair and honest means, large amounts of money. In reading their biographies, we are forever meeting with this remark: all their obligations were punctually discharged on the day of their maturity. In fact, it is the main trait in the character of every man who succeeds in any business in life:—With the practice of punctuality and honesty no one need fear but what he will succeed.

This is a matter in which all are interested; pre-eminently so are the young men—those whose reputations and characters with their fellow men are being formed.—To them, it is highly important, indeed, that they should be known as punctual paying men. Their future success and well-being, in a great measure depend on this one principle in their characters: "owe no man."

We see the truth of these remarks every day almost. Any of us could point to men who are now suffering from the effect of a wrong course in this respect when they were young. Business men lack confidence in them, and are consequently unwilling to trust them now when the times are dull; they fear and with good reason, that when the seasons for work arrive their debtors will forget to pay their bills, and will bestow their cash custom on some one else.

Many of the young men of the present time go uselessly in debt, and never pay. What do they think they will do after awhile when their positions may be so changed that they will be forced to ask credit? What kind of a face will they have then to go to these men, or their children, and ask them to trust them for the necessities of life till the times get better? Then they will see and feel the amount of wrong they are now doing themselves.

In this matter, as in everything else, we should act with full realization that there is a future. And on our present actions, more than anything else, is dependent whether that future shall be one of plenty or one of want; whether it shall be one of happiness or one of misery. And one of the most important of those actions, is: "owe no man." K.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—A WIFE MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND.—The Cincinnati Commercial has the following particulars of a tragedy which occurred in that city on Tuesday night, of last week.

A social party was assembled at one of the apartments in No. 71 East Broadway, visiting the family who reside there. Among the number was Patrick M'Hugh, his wife Bridget, and their two children.—The evening appeared to be passing pleasantly with them. They were talking and amusing themselves together, when suddenly Patrick said to his wife, "won't you give me some beer?" to which she replied, "why no, Patrick, I never give you anything now." As she spoke this he placed his arm around her neck, as if to embrace her, but in his hand was an open razor, with which he suddenly cut her throat. The stroke was given with so much power as to cut away even a part of the bone, (the third vertabræ.) She fell and died without the utterance of a word. The sight presented, as we entered the house, was piteous in the extreme. There lay the mother, so frightfully mangled. At her head sat one of the guests at the party, with an infant in her arms stainted with blood, which had spirted from the wound, while around her were gathered the son and his two sisters, rending the air with their piteous wail. The son, a manly fellow of 17, detailed to us how his father had been discharged from the Ohio penitentiary, where he had been incarcerated for seven years for attempting his mother's life. She died with marks of the wounds received on that occasion still upon her person.

Since his discharge the son relates that he has been kind to the mother, and that whenever he could slip home from his duties upon the river, (where he worked,) he would find all pleasant at home, until Monday night, when the father began to drink again and the fearful tradegy was the result. After the murder the father deliberately walked to his home, on Sixth street, east of Broadway, and began to talk with his son, who knew nothing of the murder until officers Boiger and Anderson entered and arrested his father.

INELIGIBILITY OF MR. FREANER.—George Freaner, democrat, of Washington county, Chairman of the Committee on Elections in the House of Delegatss, who reported that the members from Baltimore city were not entitled to seats on that floor, and only occupiedt hem by courtesy and sufferance, but that every other member of the House, himself included, was duly elected and qualified, was reduced on Wednesday last to the humiliating necessity, to avoid exposure, of confessing, that *he* had no right there, that he was constitutionally ineligible as a Delegate, and after tendering his resignation, he was the first to go forth from the arena, when he had displayed so much rancorous zeal in the cause of corrupt democracy, as an outcast from the Halls of Legislation.

Strange indeed is truth; strapger than fiction! Who, that heard this rabid and presumptuous declaimer of the democracy, this would-be stickler for honesty and purity in elections, this self constituted censor of political morals, could have imagined that he was an intruder there and a notable example of the disqualifications he so freely ascribed to others, or that he was, in fact, the only member of that House, who held his place, by his own misrepresentation, "by courtesy and sufferance," and not of legal right? It was a strange development, a startling retribution, and a just punishment.

But the question is asked, whether he retained his place so long, through ignorance or guilt; for he must accept one horn of the dilemma? As Chairman of the Committee on Elections, his first duty was to inquire into the eligibility of every delegate in that House, beginning with himself; and his early attention must have been called to and riveted upon the 9th section of the third article of the Constitution, which prescribes, that "no person shall be eligible as a Senator or delegate, who, at the time of his election, is not a citizen of the United States, who has not resided *at least three years,* next preceding the day of his election in this State," &c. Now, the question is, did this Freaner, at the time he was sworn in as a member, or at any time prior to Wednesday last, knew that he was ineligible, or was he grossly ignorant of the constitutional provision? If he knew his disqualification, he was an imposter; if not, he was unfit to act as Chairman of the committee on Elections. The reader must judge! He pleads ignorance; but the opinion is spreading, that he was found-out.—*Frederick Examiner.*

LOTTERIES SUPPRESSED IN MARYLAND. *A New Law.*—The bill which recently passed the House of Delegates to amend the code, in order more effectually to suppress lotteries in Maryland is now a law. The provisions of this act are of a very stringent character, and in substance are as follows:

It makes a violation of the code, as now existing against lotteries, a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine for each offense of not less than $200, nor more than $1,000, or imprisonment for not less than three nor more than twelve months, or there may be both fine and imprisonment. In addition to this any person buying a lottery ticket, or certificate, or any other device by which the vender promises to deliver to the purchase any money, property or evidence of debt on the happening of any contingency in the nature of a lottery, may recover from the seller, as small debts are recoverable, the sum of $50 for every ticket, &c., purchased. The purchaser is also made a competent witness against the seller. Any person keeping a house, office, or other place for the sale of lottery tickets, policies, &c, to be subject to a fine of $1,000 for each offense—one half to go to the informer, and the other to the use of common schools. Owners of houses permitting them to be used for the sale of tickets are also made subject to a fine of $1,000, as are likewise, every person bringing a lottery ticket, policy, &c., into the State. Any person writing, printing, or in any other way publishing an account of a lottery, stating where it is drawn the price of tickets, &c., to be fined $100, or imprisoned 60 days. Any person who shall insure, or receive any consideration for insuring for or against the drawing of any ticket, &c., to be subject to a fine of not less than $100, nor more than $1,000, or be imprisoned for not less than three nor more than six months, or may be both fined and imprisoned. Every sale, bargain, or conveyance, made in pursuance of a lottery, is declared void, and a second convictied for any offense under this act is to be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than seven years.

A country apothecary being out for a day's shooting took his errand-boy to carry his game-bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed—

"Lor,' master, there's a covey: if you get near 'em, won't you *physic 'em?*"

"Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean?" said the doctor.

"Why, kill 'em, to be sure," replied the lad.

It is right to be contented with what we hate, but never with what we are.