PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
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 of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLIII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860. No. 21.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE OR THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to 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.

NEW GOODS.

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends generally, that we have just returned from the city of Baltimore with a full supply of everything in our line of business. We have on hand a good assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a full supply of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
WOODWARE, TINWARE,
QUEENSWARE, &c.

All of which we are selling at prices to suit the times. We would advise all in want of goods in our line to give us a call.

apr 2 A. DODD & SON.

FANCY GOODS,
FRUIT, &C.

THE subscriber again informs his friends and customers that he has just returned from the city with a large assortment of GOODS, as follows:

Fancy Goods, Toys, Books and Stationary,
Fine Cutlery, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Raisins by the pound or box, Figs,
Currants, Citron, Prunes, Pickles,
Almonds, Pecan Nuts,
English Walnuts, Apples,

A large assortment of Plain and Fancy Candies, and a great many articles in the Fancy line too numerous to mention.

The subscriber feels very greatful to his friends for their custom heretofore, and hopes they will continue to patronise him at the old stand, where they will find a complete assortment of goods in his line. The public's ob't servant,

dec 24 CHARLES ROBINSON.

GROCERY
AND VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just received and keeps constantly on hand a superior stock of

Family Groceries,

together with a large lot of
Glass and Queensware,
Stone, Earthen,
Tin, Woolen
and Hardware.

Also a complete assortment of

Fancy Articles.

He also keeps constantly on hand a full supply of LIQUORS of various kinds, to which he invites attention.

The above Goods having been selected with great care and purchased on the most reasonable terms, will enable him to sell them at prices to suit the times. Thankful for past favors, he trusts by diligence and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him.

Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

nov 25 J. P. BLAKE.

N. B.—The highest market prices allowed for Rags, Wool, Feathers, Eggs, Dried Fruit, and Country Produce generally. J. P. B.

CHEAP
CASH STORE.

THE undersigned having fitted up a large store room near his residence, at the northern end of Washington street and nearly opposite the Miles River Road, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public generally to his well selected stock of *DOMESTIC DRY GOODS*, together with a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
LIQUORS,&c.

QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE,
WOODENWARE,
ROPE TRACES, &c.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call; as I sell for cash only I think I can sell them bargains.

The highest price will be given for Rags, Feathers, Wool, Dried and Green Hides, Dried Apples, Peaches, Eggs, &c.

W. T. HARDESTY.

P. S.—All kinds of CLOTHING cut and made at short notice in a fashionable manner and at reasonable prices.

may 14-y S M W. T. H.

SPALDING'S
PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!!
SAVE THE PIECES.
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

"A stitch in time saves nine."

As accidents will happen even in well-regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, etc.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE meets all such emergencies, and no housekeeper can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point. There is no longer a necessity for limping chairs, splintered veneers, headless dolls, and broken cradles. It is just the article for conckshell and other ornamental work so popular with ladies of refinement and taste.

This admirable preparation is used cold, being chemically held in solution, and possessing all the valuable qualities of the best cabinet maker's glue. It may be used in the place of ordinary mucilage, being vastly more adhesive.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle.—Price 25 cents. For sale by

feb 11 CHAS: ROBINSON.

REMEMBER THIS,

THAT the subscriber has on hand a good assortment of Domestic GOODS, viz:

Plaid and striped Osnaburgs,
Plaid Domestic, arkwright stripes,
Blue and brown Denims,
Bleached and brown Muslins,
Heavy twilled Osnaburgs,
Kentucky Jeanes,

to which we invite the attention of the public.

mar 31 E. T. BENSON, Royal Oak.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

REMEMBER that the place to buy good materials at low prices is in Easton at the S. E. Corner Dover and Washington Streets, where every article in the Hardware line is sold cheaper than at any other store in the State.

may 12 T. C. NICOLS, JR.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—For the alleviation of Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs, sold by

apr 14 DAWSON & BRO.

SAVE THE PIECES *and use Spalding's Prepared Glue*—The best article to have about the house to mend Chairs, Tables, Toys and other things. Price with brush, only 25 cents, at (mar 3) DAWSON & BRO'S.

GROCERIES.—Just received from the city, a choice lot of *LIQUORS and Groceries*, which will be sold cheap for cash or country Produce (dec 24) W. T HARDESTY

OLD APPLE & PEACH BRANDY—for sale by (dec 24) W P MUSLEY

"Cling to the Union."

TUNE—Wait for the Wagon.

DEDICATED TO THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION.

There's a right and wrong in parties,
And the right is on our side;
So let us mount the Wagon,
And let the Union ride.
The Nation is the wagon,
And the people are its springs;
Every lover of his Country,
For the Union sings—
Cling to the Union, Cling to the Union—
Cling to the Union, and let the Factions slide.

This wagon is a noble one,
'Twas built in Seventy-Six;
'Twas driven by George Washington,
Through stormy politics:
With Eastern oak, and Western pine,
And Northern ash 'tis bound,
Palmetto, cypress, cotton wood;
In spokes and wheels are found.
Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

When Webster shook the friendly hand
Of noble soul Calhoun,
'Twas here, upon this wagon box
They sat in sweet commune.
Henry Clay he drove the wagon then,
And Cass was by his side,
And never did the Union take
A safer Union ride.
Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

We tell the North fanatics
To let our slaves alone—
The Southern fire eaters
Had better hie unto their homes
We are all true conservatives,
Whatever may betide;
God bless our glorious Union,
And let it safely ride.
Cling to the Union, &c., &c.

JUST MARRIED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

'Dinner not ready yet!' said Frederick Wharton, in a slight tone of vexation, as he came home hurried to his meal. 'How often have I told you, my dear, that punctuality is all important to a business man.'

Frederick had been married about six months to the wife of his choice, and as yet not a cloud had arisen to darken their happiness even for a moment. But now, the tone in which he spoke brought the tears to Ellen's eyes, for there was vexation and, she thought, reproach in the accent. She turned away, ostensibly to go in the kitchen to hasten the meal, but really to hide her emotion.

In a few minutes the dinner was served, and Frederick, being in a very great hurry, ate so fast, and was so much occupied in thinking of his business, that he did not notice the constrained manner of his wife.—As soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls, he rose and taking his hat, hastened back to his store.

The moment the door closed after him Ellen burst into tears. Naturally of a very sensitive disposition, she still dwelt on the tone of reproach in which her husband spoke, and this idea coloring all her thoughts she attributed his silence during the meal to anger. But she was sensible of having done nothing to merit reproof, for the butcher had sent home the beef only a few minutes before her husband's arrival, and this she would have explained to him if she had not felt embarrassed and hurt by his tone of vexation. The more she thought on the subject, the more convinced she was of the injustice done her; and her pride rebelled at this.

When Frederick came home at night he was wearied, both physically and mentally with a day of hard labor, and he longed for the soothing repose of a wife's society.—He had quite forgotten the incident at dinner; indeed, his remark had passed from his mind almost the instant it was made, and had it not, the engrossing character of his business would have soon driven it hence. How was he surprised then to witness the constrained manner in which his wife met him. He saw at once that something was wrong.

'Are you sick, my dear?' he said.

'No.'

'Something I am sure is the matter with you.'

'There is nothing.'

'You can't decieve me, Ellen;—have you had a headache?'

'No.'

'Is anything the matter with the servants? They are not going to leave?'

'No.'

'But something has happened,' said Frederick, convinced that he was right, for he saw Ellen had been weeping; 'now, my dear, tell me frankly, what is it?' And he put his arm around his wife.

But Ellen, strong in her sense of injustice, and misled by false pride, was silent, and she said at last, as she unloosed her husband's arms—

'Nothing whatever is the matter.'

The positive tone in which this was spoken put an end to the conversation, but Frederick was not convinced. Had he known the truth, he would instantly have asked his wife to forgive his hasty words, assuring her, at the same time, that nothing of reproach was intended. He sat down and Ellen took up her needle When supper was ready his wife still retained her constraint and silence. The evening passed in the same unpleasant manner. Ellen sewed industriously, answering shortly to her hurband's questions, and never raising her eyes to his face. This was so different from her usual free happy demeanor, that Frederick was more than ever convinced there was something wrong, and began finally to suspect that he was the cause of it. At length he laid down his book, which he had taken up in self-defence, and said—

'Now, Ellen, tell me!—what have I done to offend you?'

She did not raise her eyes, but the color deepened on her cheek, and she said—

'There is nothing the matter with me.'

Frederick took up his book again, with an air of vexation, for he began to feel angry at this witholding of confidence. But he could not read. After a few minutes he addressed his wife again. 'My dear, I know that something is the matter. You are sick, or I have offended you; in either case you ought to tell me. I entreat you to be frank. If I have said or done anything to hurt your feelings, it was unintentionally. You ought to know I would not do such a thing.'

He spoke so earnestly, so kindly, that the tears began to flow from Ellen's eyes. His words compelled her to exonerate him from blame, and had Ellen consulted the first instinct of her heart, she would have thrown herself into her husband's arms and confessed what it was that pained her.—But Ellen was not faultless: pride was her foible; and beginning now to think that she had been very foolish to get angry and continue so all the evening, she was really ashamed to tell the cause of her constrained manner. Frederick, however, tenderly soothing her, sought still to win her secret.

'It is nothing,' she said; 'I have been very foolish.'

'But it was for something,' he said persevereingly, 'or else, why these tears.'

'Oh, I am nervous! that is all.'

'Ellen,' said Frederick, seriously, 'this is not just. It is very evident that I have offended you in some way, and you refuse to tell me how. If I knew what I had done, I could avoid doing so again; for I really am ignorant of it now, and must have done it unconsciously. If so, I may do, or say the same thing to-morrow, and be innocent all the time. Now, your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Sometimes I know, our sex will say things which jar on the more delicately strung heart of woman: it is a jest sometimes, and again only the tone we use. Often a man, harrassed by business and interrupted in his thoughts, will speak sharply, but without knowing he does so. Have I done this?'

But, notwithstanding all Frederick could say, his wife refused to reveal the cause of her tears, and endeavored to evade his inquiries. Her pertinacity led him to think the affair was more serious than he had at first supposed. He was uncomfortable hurt, and at last piqued; for he thought there could be no good reason to conceal the offence. At last he resumed his book, but the constraint still continued, and was now as much on his side as on Ellen's.

The next day came with no decrease of the uncomfortable feelings existing between the husband and wife. Frederick ate his breakfast in almost total silence, and went abroad.

All that morning Ellen was restless and unhappy. She could not fix herself to any occupation, but wandered about the house out of humor with herself; with the servants, with everything. A dozen times she resolved to tell her husband the cause of yesterday's anger; but the whole affair appeared so foolish to her now, that as often she shrank from her task. She felt that Frenerick was now really vexed at her, but what could she do? Every time she thought of telling him the truth she blushed with shame, for her anger seemed so childish.

Frederick, too, spent an unhappy morning. He was hurt at his wife's refusal of her confidence, and kept taxing his memory to recollect what he had said to offend her. But he could not remember anything until his return to dinner, when, as he entered the dining-room, his remark of yesterday recurred to him, and with it the thought that this possibly might have been the origin of the whole difficulty. He instantly referred to his wife, and Ellen's embarrassed manner satisfied him he was right.

'But how could that offend you? Yet I will not ask. I was wrong to speak so hastily, though, believe me, I never thought of reproaching you.'

'Oh, it was very foolish, and let us say no more about it!' said Ellen, hiding her face on her husband's shoulder.

'But, my dear, you should have told me the cause of my offence last night; for if you had, nearly a whole day's unhappiness would have been spared me."

'I know I ought, but I could not bring myself to do so; the whole matter seemed childish to me, when I found that you really meant nothing by your words. And then you grew angry at me!

'I did feel your refusal to confide the cause of your sorrow; for whether I or another was the origin of it, I thought I ought to know it. Do, in future, dearest, confide everything in me; you see how unhappy the want of it has made us both! Had you yesterday at dinner told me what I had done, twenty-four hours of mutual misery would have been avoided.'

'We have learned a lesson, and will have this confidence in future,' said Ellen: 'I will never allow a trifle to come between us and happiness again.'

'Nor I,' said her husband; and the promise thus mutually given was kept. Nowhere, in consequence, is there a happier couple than Ellen and Frederick.

It would appear, at first, to be incredible, yet experiments prove that disagreement in the married relations generally has its origin in some trifle. Well does the poet say—

"Alas! how light a thing will move
Dissention between hearts that love!"

CHALLENGE TO THE "BENICIA BOY."—The *Southern Confederacy* published at Atlanta, Ga., has been authorized by parties of well known integrity to announce that there resides at that place a native Georgian, who is quite willing and ready to fight the "Benicia Boy," or any other pugilist in the world for $10.000. According to the description given by the *Confederacy* the new candidate for fistic honors, will prove a formidable customer to any opponent. He is represented as a perfect Apollo in size and shape—being six feet one inch in heighth, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds—and a Hercules in strength. The challenge will remain open until August 8th. It is stipulated that the fight shall take place south of Mason and Dixon's line.

WHY do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

Industry.

"Industrious wisdom often doth prevent,
What lazy folly thinks inevitable."

Several days ago, we indulged in a few remarks on idleness, that bane of the human race. It will not be amiss, therefore, by way of contrast, to say something about industry, which may be regarded as the lever that irresistibly elevates mankind, whether individually or nationally. We are of opinion with the poet, that "labor, all, labor, is noble and holy." It is in itself a blessing, and the parent of many sources of happiness. The industrious man stands erect in all the pride of conscious energy and independance, while the idler is glad to sneak out of the sight of his fellows being self-convicted of his personal inferiority. And this observation need not be confined to those who work for a livelihood, but it may be fairly extended to others who possess ample means to pass through their mortal journey without toil, but who are not therefore justified in avoiding their contributions—mental it may be, for the good of humanity—as thereby they benefit their fellow beings, and are obnoxious to the charge of being sluggish drones in the hive of busy bees. To do nothing, every man is ashamed, and to do much almost every man is unwilling or afraid, generally from false pride. Many expedients have therefore been invented, to produce motion without labor, and employment without solicitude. And it is rather sad to reflect, that the greater part of those whom the kindness of fortune has left to their own direction, and whom want does not keep chained to the counter or the plough, play throughout life with the shadows of business, and know not at last what they have been doing. Indeed, as a modern writer says:—"A certain degree of labor and exertion seems to have been allotted to us by Providence, as the condition of humanity. *In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread;* this is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise." And those favored few who, by their position, or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no great reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the contemplation of this necessity that led the ancients to say that the gods *sold* us everything, but *gave* us nothing. Water, however, which is one of the greatest necessaries of life, may, in general, be gratuitously procured; but it is pretty obvious that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be obtained on terms equally cheap and easy, there could be much more reason to fear that men would become idiots or dullards, for the want of something to do, rather than philosophers, from the possession of leisure. And the fact seem to bear out the theory. In all countries, where nature does the most, man does the least, and where she does but little, there we shall find the utmost acumen of human exertion. Look at the matter in a national point of view.—Spain was once enriched with the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru, and she became the envy of nations. But she lacked industry at home and in her colonies, and gradually sinking to poverty and degradation, she now excites their pity, if not their contempt. Yet the Iberian peninsula possesses a fine climate and a fertile soil in all her meadows and vallies. Contemplate Scotland on the other hand, with a severe northern atmosphere; yet far from being daunted with such a disadvantage, the Scotch have nobly defied the frowns of nature, and send forth the best gardeners and farmers in the world, to all countries.—Nay, do not England and the United States furnish triumphs of industry, which render their coal and iron mines more valuable than the auriferous placers of California or Australia? Do not their manufacturers and merchants possess the true secret of the philosopher's stone, by transmuting the metals of lead, iron, and copper into gold? Are not our vast agricultural products of cotton, tobacco, and cereal grains, the means whereby we purchase the wealth of distant lands? Certainly they are. And what is the active agent that raises our crops? It is told in a single word—*industry!*

THE NEGRO PATIENT.—"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No. I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat!"

"Am dere no hopes of your discovery?"

"Discovery of what?"

"Your discovery from the convalescence what am fetching you on your back."

"Dat depends, sah, altogeddah on the prognostification which implifies the disease should dey continuate fatually, the doctor tinks I'se a goner. Should dey not continuate fatually, he hopes dis cullud individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, all depends on de prognostics, and till dat come to a head, dere am no tellin whedder dis pusson will come to a discontinuation or odderwise."

EXTRAORDINARY CHALLENGE.—We find the following extraordinary challenge in the Petersburg *Intelligencer* of yesterday:

A CHALLENGE—*Prince George, May 22, 1860.*—The subscriber, feeling himself to be the Champion of Pro-Slavery men South, will say that he can whip the Champion of Anti-Slavery men North, either on land or water. I will enter a room with him—the President of the United States shall lock the door behind us, and inspect us for every half hour until the contest shall have ended. Or I will enter a boat on the Mount Vernon side of the Potomac, and meet him near the middle. Both shall simultaneously leap from the end of his boat and swim until we meet, when we will engage; neither boat to approach until we both agree as to the victory. My address is Templeton, Prince George, Va.

L. L. LEE.

PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

PRODIGALS are born of misers; and butterflies are born of grubs.

How the Bell Rings.

The following comments of the press upon the Nominees and Platform of the Constitutional Union Party, we take from exchanges:

The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer announces the nominations, and adds:

It now remains to be seen whether the people of the United States have a desire to be ruled by wise and conservative statesmen, or whether they prefer still to follow the partisan leaders of the other political organizations. The Convention has done a noble work in presenting such men to the country, and we can but hope that the intelligent voters will duly value the prize that is now within their reach, and work well for the good cause till victory shall crown these efforts.

The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette in noticing the nominations of the Union Convention, says:

They have adopted as the Platform of their party for the coming contest, and, we hope, for all future contests, the Constitution of the country—the Union of the States—and the enforcement of the Laws. A strong, staunch platform, upon which we hope, the people will stand, and on which they will place the men selected by them to administer the affairs of their government.

And the same Convention has nominated and recommended as next President, and as one upon whom they can rely with confidence John Bell, of Tennessee, a well-tried, experienced statesman—an honest, high-minded citizen—a patriot in heart and in his principles—a prudent, conservative politition, and a Whig, devoted to the maintenance of the Constitution, the preservation of the Union, and the authority of the Laws.

The Convention have selected as the associate of Mr. Bell upon the ticket, the eloquent son of Massachusetts Edward Everett—a statesman without reproach.

The Philadelphia North American describes the platform as "national and righteous," and thus speaks of the Union nominee:

Its final choice of John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, was another and high proof of its good sense and its conservatism. Of the latter gentleman we will say nothing. Indeed, the reputation and the merits of both are far beyond the need of eulogy. But we will make a remark or two showing the especial fitness of the nomination of John Bell for the Presidency. Being but 63 years old, he is sufficiently in the prime of life. From the age of twenty until now he has been constantly honored by his constituents with high position. A citizen of the South, which is naturally, though mistakenly, in favor of free trade, he has steadily and strongly, for some thirty years, swam against the tide, upholding, at the risk of political ruin, the flag of protection to American industry.

A citizen of a slave State, he has, of course maintained the legal rights of the "peculiar institution" in exactly the same manner and to the same extent that they were upheld by the fathers of the republic. He sustained the rendition of fugitive slaves. The Constitution guarantees it.—He defended the right of abolitionists and all other citizens to address the law givers, whom they themselves had made, for the abolishment of any grievance, or the establishment of any proper claim. The Constitution guarantees this right. He supported the compromise of 1850, which was endorsed by national conventions, Whig and Democratic. He opposed the attempt made by Stephen A. Douglas, and others, in the Nebraska bill of 1854, and in the still later and far baser Lecompton and English bills, to upset all compromises, trample down all justice, and pervert all law.—We therefore say that he has shown himself to be a brave, national and patriotic statesman, and that the Baltimore Convention deserves great praise for making such a nomination.

The Philadelphia "Press," after referring to the harmony and enthusiasm of the Convention, concludes:—

Few living American politicians have had a more enlarged experience in political affairs. Mr. Bell has been more than a quarter of a century in one of the two branches of Congress, and for a short period a member of the Cabinet, as well as twice a member of the Senate of his own State. He possesses talents as a speaker and reasoner which, though not remarkably brilliant, place him far above mediocrity, and, altogether, the hereditary antagonists of the Democracy may congratulate themselves upon having found a candidate for whom they can vote with a clear conscience, and who has been a devoted representative of their views. The Chicago Convention, if it is inclined to make terms with the Union party, has a better excuse for doing so since it has selected Bell, than any other man prominently named in connection with the Union Convention (unless perhaps, McLean) had received its nomination yesterday.

The Richmond Dispatch, one of the truly "independent press," thus speaks of the nominees:

Without compromising the neutrality of this Journal in political matters, we may be permitted to congratulate the country upon the disposition recently manifested by all parties to put forth their greatest names in connection with the highest offices. Mr. Bell is a leader, under whose illustrious flag even the old Whig Guard who fought under Harry of the West may march with pride and patriotism.

The N. Y. Tribune says:

Finally, the nomination of Mr. Bell is a strong one, especially in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana, where the election is really to be decided.

TALL.—Old Abe Lincoln, the Black Republican standard bearer, is six feet three inches in height, and his principal supporter in the Chicago Convention was Mr. Busbirt, one of the delegates from Indiana, who measures six feet eleven inches in his stockings.

Advantages of Pulverizing the Soil.

The effects of pulverization or stirring the soil are numerous:

1. It gives free scope to the roots of vegetables, and they become more fibrous in a loose than in a hard soil, by which the mouths of pores become more numerous, and such food as in the soil has a better chance of being sought after and taken up by them.

2. It admits the atmospheric air to the spongioles of the roots—without which no plant can make a healthy growth.

3. It increases the capillary attraction or sponge-like property of soils, by which their humidity is rendered more uniform and in a hot season it increases the deposites of dew, and admits it to the roots.

4. It increases the temperature of the soil in the spring, by admitting the warm air and tepid rain.

5. It increases the supply of organic food. The atmosphere contains carbonic acid, ammonia, and nitric acid—all most powerful fertilizers and solvents. A loose soil attracts and condenses them. Rain and dew, also contain them. And when these fertilizing gasses are carried into the soil by rain water, they are absorbed and retained by the soil, for the use of plants. On the other hand, if the soil is hard, the water runs off the surface, and instead of leaving these gasses in the soil, carries off some of the best portions of the soil with it. Thus, what might be a benefit becomes an injury.

6. By means of pulverization, a portion of the atmospheric air is burned in the soil, and it is supposed that ammonia and nitric acid are formed by the mutual decomposition of this air and the moisture of the soil—heat also being evolved by the changes.

7. Pulverization of the surface of soils serve to contain the moisture in the subsoils and to prevent it from being penetrated by heat from a warmer, as well as from radiating its heat to a colder atmosphere than itself. These effects are produced by the porcity of the pulverized stratum which act as a mulch especially on heavy soils.

8. Pulverization, also, as the combine effect of several of the preceding causes accelerates the decomposition of the organic matter in the soil, and the disintegration of the mineral matter: and thus prepares the inert matter of the soil for assimilation by the plants.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MR. BUCHANAN'S LAST APPOINTMENT.—It is not a pleasant business to find fault, says the Baltimore American, especially when the official career of the offender is nearly at an end. If we might do it with a clear conscience, we would much prefer leaving Mr. Buchanan to retire into private life without uncomplimentary strictures from us. A fragment of his own party still sustains and swears by him, but a large fragment denounces and swears *at* him. And it is from members of this latter body that the severest rebukes are heard whenever his late California appointment is mentioned. A few weeks ago he pardoned half a dozen convicts who had been sentenced to twelve and fifteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for a nameless outrage, committed under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. A few days ago he appointed Mr. Calhoun Benham to the office of District Attorney for San Francisco, a man who was accessory to a cold-blooded murder six or eight months ago, for which he has not even been tried. We have not now to learn, of course, that the President of the United States cares nothing about public opinion, and if the present occupants should vacate the offices, we should be prepared to see Mr. Sickles at the head of the Treasury Department, and Mr. Butterworth Secretary of State.

AN ENEMY IN DISGUISE.—All friends of the Constitutional Union party are timely admonished that the "*neutral*" Baltimore *Sun* is no favorer of their cause, but an enemy, in disguise, and the more insidious because it professes neutrality. Throughout the present campaign, it will omit no occasion, we anticipate, to publish every idle rumor, that can inflict a stab at our national party. We say so, because it has already, in its issues of Saturday and Monday, published an anonymous paragraph, to the effect, that the friends of Gen. Sam Houston, in N. York city have held a meeting since the nominations of Bell and Everett were made, and expressed the determination "that the people shall make their own choice for President.". The oject of the paragraph,—to inspire mistrust and create the apprehension that these are traitors in the Union camp,—is too transparent to mislead. We merely refer to the circumstance, to warn our friends against these covert and irresponsible attacks.

A POEM.

The name of the author of the following is not given, lest he should be overwhelmed with letters from the leading literary journals, petitioning him to contribute "only" for a certain paper. Without further comment, we give it:

A 12 LINE ODE 2 SPRING.

The blu birds sit on a swinging limb
Singin—joyfully singin—
All nature joins in the cerus loud
To the Spring which are a springin.
The grass are growin, the flours are blowin,
The peach tree buds is swelling big,
The ladies is dressin in their finest satin,
And the trees is puttin on their summerin.
How I wish I was a singin bird
On a grate big blu ja limb;
I'd sing the praises (in the sweetest layses)
Of Spring, if I busted with the vim.

THE END

DAYS TO BE BORN ON.

Born on Sunday, a gentleman:
Born on Monday, fair in face:
Born on Tuesday, full of grace;
Born on Wednesday, sour and grum;
Born on Thursday, welcome home;
Born on Friday, free in giving;
Born on Saturday, work hard for your living.

We do not remember the day we were born on, but, according to the above, it must have been on Saturday.