THE GAZETTE IS 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 a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

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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 obt 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, Wooden
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 Mass 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.

SPRING 1860.

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from city with the largest and prettiest stock of **Ladies' Dress Goods** ever brought to this market—among which will be found a large and beautiful assortment of

Black Silks of all prices from $1 up.
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Englais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, Poplas Lucellas,
Hogles, Schwabe and *Jmaisons'* English Prints,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

Also a splendid assortment of

Ladies' Embroidered Collars,

of the newest styles and the largest assortment ever brought to this market and lower than *ever before sold.*

☞ Also an elegant assortment of KID GLOVES,
Gauntletts, Handkiffs,
Ruflings, Cambric & Swiss Edgings & Insertings, Infants' Worked Bodies.
&c., &c., &c.

To an examination of which the Ladies are respectfully invited.

mar 17 JAMES H. GRACE.

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.

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

SHEEP SHEARING—The season for Sheep Shearing being near at hand, farmers should not forget that I have a good assortment of good Sheep Shears. (may 12) T. C. NICOLS, JR.

WOOL! WOOL!!—5,000 lbs. of Wool wanted, for which I will pay cash or merchandise.

may 19 J. D. MAKSFIELD.

LUCERNE SEED—Of prime quality, just received by

ma 17 DAWSON & BRO

ETHEREAL OIL.—The very best Articel for sale at (dec 10) C. W. KNOTT'S

For the Easton Gazette.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, May 21st, 1860.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir:—The following imperfect lines were written, on accidentally losing (by the bite of a rattle-snake,) a fine Spanish horse, far back in the wilds of the South West; remote from stages, or conveyances of any kind; and remote indeed, from civilization, almost.—A few pioneers, have sparcely settled that heavily wooded region. Indians, panthers and rattle-snakes, occupy the chief portion, as yet.

The Death of my Steed.

Oh, my beautiful, beautiful steed!
Killed, perhaps, by some poisonous weed—
Else by the rattle-snake's deadly fang:
Doomed to thy last, last sleep Mustang—
Oh my beautiful, beautiful steed!

Back in the wild woods, far, far away!
Where the night owls hoot the livelong day;
And the axe of civilized man hath made,
But scarcely its mark in the forest glade,
Sleepeth my beautiful, beautiful steed!

Far from all hope, far distant from home,
Like a seaman cast on the billow's foam,
A SHIPWRECKED WOODSMAN, indeed was I,
With nought to be seen but forest and sky.—
Oh my beautiful, beautiful steed!

'Midst the wild Indians, beasts of the lair,
Watching, perchance, their prey to ensnare,
He left me alone, my spirited Nic—
Laid down and perished, and never once sick.
Alas! my beautiful, beautiful steed!

Best friend—we sadly followed his bier,
And left him forever in the forest drear.—
We gave him our last, last look and then,
Boldly faced care, the cold world and men.
Oh my beautiful, beautiful steed!

He was dear to my heart, my Mustang,
With instinct so fine:—oh! great was the fang,
When the next morn a statue he lay,
Frigid and cold, inanimate clay.
Farewell, my beautiful, beautiful steed!

Love me less, or Love me more.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Why thus leave me madly doubting,
Maiden, if thou hast a heart?
Wherefore all this useless pouting,
Bid it play a worthier part.
Fear not that thy frown will grieve me,
Time can peace of mind restore,
Smile upon me still, or leave me,
Love me less or love me more.

Is thy heart with grief o'er shaden?
Tell thy grief and ease thy pain;
Sighing will not soothe thee, maiden,
If thy sighs are all in vain.
I are sure if you've learnt to doubt me,
You'll be happy as before,
I have lived, can live without thee;
Love me less, or love me more.

Politeness Pays.

The following sketch we take from the youth's edition of the "Rural Register"—it may be read with profit by the old, as well as the younger members of society for whom it seems to have been specially written:

"Seems to me you treat that ragged little beat with more politeness than I should," said a not-good-looking man to a young shop keeper, who had just come up three cents' worth of sugar very neatly, in a brown paper, and tied it carefully.

The boy in question had presented a marked physiognomy. From under his shapeless hat projected a wide, full brow, deep sparkling eyes, and features full of energy and resolution. His face and hands were scrupulously clean, but his clothes were poor and patched, though not as the much mended, ragged. His mother was a woman possessing much force of character—a hard-working woman, who had been reared in apparently better circumstances than those that now surrounded her, for she was the wife of a drunkard.

The grocer was busy, and he had evidently not heard what was said, so the rough-looking man remarked again:

"I say, Wyman, you are a queer one."

"How queer, Gross?" asked the grocer, throwing a scoop of tea into the scales.

"Why, you treat all the laggers about here with as much consideration when they come with their pennies as if they bought by the wholesale."

"And why shouldn't I?" said the grocer, looking up with his honest eyes, wide open and clear.

"O, I don't know—it's queer, that's all you're the only man that does it. I reckon in these parts."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Wyman, deliberately unwinding the speed of cord and twisting the string about a package in his hand. "The fact is, if I wasn't naturally tender towards the children, I should treat them as I do from motives of policy. You see I'm but a young man, and these "brats," as you call them, are growing up fast. Many of them, of little worth as they seem now, will become men of character, and men of business. Now I want to retain their custom," he said, laughingly; their pennies, in the course of a few years will turn into pounds; their three cents' worth of sugar will change into orders by the barrels. I shall have many a good customer among the "brats" besides, I have always found that politeness pays well."

"Something in that," ejaculated the coarse man, thursting his hands into his pockets—"something in that; but I never looked at it in that light before."

"The boy who bought the sugar," continued the grocer, "is one of no ordinary mind if I am not mistaken. If his father was dead, I'd take him into the store and make a man of him—though I reckon nature will do better for him than I could;" and the far-seeing grocer smilingly handed a cent's worth of pins to a little timid child, whose top curl just reached to the counter.

Time verified the predictions of Wyman the grocer. There wasn't a shop in the place where so much small change was spent as his; for the children loved to go where they were not afraid of rough actions or rude speeches. They felt themselves safe while making their little purchases; they saw that their rights were respected; and it is well known that on such trifling sales much profit accrues in the aggregate. Time passed, and Wyman, the grocer, was the most popular man in town. His pleasant face at forty years, was greeted everywhere. Young men and maidens always patronized Wyman.—It was strange to see the transformation that took so gradually; the little dirty-faced juveniles shop up into awkward youths, learning trades, and then grow to be respectable business men. Wyman enlarged his shop, and built him a splendid house, "all the fruits of the children's pennies," he often said, laughingly.

Yes, with him, it paid to be polite; it always pays. It pays the merchant as well as the mechanic, the lawyer as well as the politician. Urbane manners have been the means of making many a fortune, while the cross-grained have wondered why they didn't get along. The roughness that speaks its mind at all times and in all places, boasting itself that it is only honest, blunt and straight-forward, is a habit that demoralizes as well as insults. Ask any man you chance to see, if he remembers those who treated him with urbanity when he was a child, and he will recall his name with a throb of pleasure.—Perhaps, too, he will couple some other name with the epithet of "old rascal!" and "I never liked that man, I wouldn't have dealings with him."

It paid the grocer to be polite. The ragged boy, the drunkard's son became a great as well as rich man. He established his sad mother in a handsome residence of her own, and sent in unlimited orders to the grocer. It was his influence that gave Wyman several posts of honor in his native city—for the town became a thriving city; and when silver hairs hung on the shoulders of the old man, and the young Congressman's name rang far and wide, spoken by admiring tongues, praised by men of wisdom and sterling worth, it was no idle boast for him to say, with a smile of triumph, "I told you so!" POLITENESS PAYS.

What becomes of all the Pretty Girls?

It has long been a question with philosophers what becomes of all the bright boys, the prodigies, the embryo statesmen, generals, poets and philosophers? In every generation of boys there is an extraordinary number of geniuses, and yet the world is not overstocked with great men.—When in after life we look around for the bright boys, we see only a crowd of ordinary mortals, with but here and there a genius, and he not one of the bright boys. This is a great mystery, but we do not now propose to attempt its solution. There is another and more important question which needs elucidation—what becomes of all the pretty girls? All girls are pretty—at least all the good ones. The rosy cheek, the laughing eyes, the red lip, the rounded form, the springing step, the freshness and vivacity of youth—all girls have more or less of these charms.—Have not the pretty girls we once knew lost their rosy cheeks, and rounded forms, and become a race of invalids, with crooked spines, contracted chests, diseased livers, and dyspeptic stomachs? Perhaps not all, for there are beautiful women enough among us to show what the pretty girls ought to become when they grow up—the girl being to the woman only what the rose bud is to the full blown rose. For the highest type of beauty we should look to our mature woman, but we too often look in vain. Beauty is almost confined to the rose-bud type—it fades in the opened flower.

Now this is not right. All women should be beautiful—may be beautiful even in old age.—But our women early lose their health, and with it goes their beauty. Of this state of things there are various causes—carelessness about food and dress, in some cases excessive stimulation of the brain, in more neglect of exercise, early marriage and family cares and labors.

This is what becomes of the pretty girls!—Now every one of them ought to become a beautiful woman, and in falling short of it neglects a positive duty, for it is as much woman's duty to be beautiful as it is a man's duty to be brave and strong. And this is to be achieved not solely by the adornment of her person, but rather by the preservation of her health. It is better to be healthy than to be learned; or fashionable, or sentimentally pale and "interesting."

We trust the pretty girl of to-day will think of these things ere it is too late. If they would retain their beauty in middle life, let them be careful to preserve their health—avoid thin shoes and tight lacing, take plenty of air and exercise, learn to skate, to swim, and especially to *walk.* If they do this, the roses on their cheeks will not fade, and they will all become beautiful women. Certain young men in Paris not long since formed a society for the encouragement of the blonde style of beauty. A more sensible thing would be a society for the Preservation of Female Beauty. We advise the girls to organize such a society, and all become active members. If they will do this, looking around in future years, we shall not be obliged to ask, what has become of all the pretty girls?

☞ If a feller catch a feller carrying off his wood, should a feller while a feller if a feller could?—Germantown Express.

If a body spy a body creeping round his lot, shouldn't a body treat a body to a load of shot?—Norwich Express.

If a body catch a body stealing his old rye, should a body kick a body till a body cry?—Cin. Enq.

If a body catch a body stealing his Express, shouldn't a body seize a body and try to get redress?—Petersburg Express.

If a body see a body appropriate his hat, should a body kick a body just for doing that?—Star.

If a body wants a body his store to patronize, shouldn't a body pay a body for to advertise?—Lynchburg Express.

If a body catch a body stealing all his chickens, shouldn't a body lick a body like the very dickens?—Center Dem.

If a body catch a body 'toting off his goose, should a body flog a body like the very deuce?—Mt. Ver. Gaz.

If a body ask a body to take the country News, should a body to a body say, I beg you me excuse?—Home Jour.

If a body catch a body winking at his wife, should a body with a pistol take a body's life?—Minnesotian and Times.

If ye catch him in ye house, a la Daniel Sickle, should ye Key him to ye wall with a ball of pickle?—Portage City Record.

If a Potter meet a Pryor thirsting for his life, should a Potter fight a Pryor with a bowie-knife? La Salle Press.

If a body meet a body, and of love makes loud profession, should he a hundred thousand pay for ye little indiscretion? O, P-Shaw!—Quincy Whig.

BEAUTIFY YOUR PREMISES.—Every person who owns a foot of earth, or has the lease of a southern wall whereon to let a vine creep up, and lets May and June go by without improving the opportunity of doing something for their beautification, should be considered remiss in the very important duty. No matter if you don't own the house and yard you occupy—still plant flowers and vines, and shrubbery, for your own comfort and your own heart's sake:

"Let the flowers look upward in every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours;
For, dear as the smile on an old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

The following is said to have been produced during the recent Legislative excursion in Ohio, under the immediate inspiration of a drink composed of equal proportions of Monongahela and Bourbon:

The union of rye, and the union of corn;
The union of lake ice and river;
The union of sugar in one spacious horn,
And their unflagging union forever.

In the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention is found the following resolution offered by Mr. Smith, a pious and promising young lawyer:—

Resolved, That a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School.

Why do our Children Leave the Farm.

EDS. CO. GENT.—This is the vexed question of the day—that is among many of the rural portion of the community. Politicians have their exciting, absorbing and threatening questions, which they argue, and on the result of which they hope at least to gain the SPOILS.

Farmers, in contemplating the future welfare of their sons, have a high and holy object in view, an occasion for some solicitude, when we calmly look at the tendencies of the age. I would ask, are not the associates, customs and habits of the farm at war with an inclination to follow the business as a livelihood. I mean by the masses—those who cannot hope for an outfit which will enable them to support the style and expense of their father's estate. Farm laborers have become almost exclusively foreigners, both outdoors and in; and as a legitimate consequence labor has become menial, and our sons and daughters dispise labor, not for the *thing*, but for its associations; and the result is that when they arrive at an age when it becomes necessary for them to look to their own resources for a livelihood, they look about, and if labor is their lot, instead of going to a farmer to hire out, and as it were learn to farm it, they seek some other employment, whose associates are more congenial. The consequence is that it has become almost impossible to hire native labor on the farm, without it is occasionally one possibly as foreman for some extensive farmer, or of those who are destitute of that pride which would preclude them from mingling with the ordinary hands of the farm. As a sequence our sons, and I may say most of the native young men, are found seeking situations in the professions, in mercantile pursuits, in speculation, or some of the more popular mechanical pursuits. The exceptions are those whom their fathers can establish honorably.

So also, among the female portion of the community. Where do we find any but Dutch or Irish as domestics? Even families of ordinary means, and help enough of their own, in striving to keep up appearances, are, often affect to be ashamed to have it said that they are familiar with household duties.

I am aware of the efforts made by the press and otherwise, to populanize agricultural labor, but I would ask are the tendencies of the age likely to produce the desired result? The habits and customs of society are as arbitrary as the laws of the Medes and Persians. While agricultural knowledge is being more diffused, and by many duly appreciated, are we aiming at the right object to make farm labor popular, and must not this be done before we can succeed in imbuing the massess with a love of it?

With me, I confess that I cannot see any tendency which would indicate a return to the primitive customs of our fathers, where the help on the farm was composed either of the family of the household, or of those of their neighborhood—all were on a social equality, and all enjoyed the privileges of the household alike—all did the duties assigned them, and none were ashamed of their position. I admit that with our present help, such thing are n ither practicable or desirable; yet the inevitable tendency of the present system, and the help which we do employ, is to drive from the farm a vast amount of valuable intellectual and muscular power, which the success of the cause seems to demand. H. N.

Cause of Deterioration of the Soil.

The Baltimore Rural Register says:—"In this new country, upon which the first European settlements were made but a little more than two centuries ago, go where we will, east of the Alleghany mountains, we are constantly meeting with old fields, worn into gullies, or covered with sedge, and perfectly valueless in their present condition for agricultural purposes. In England, on the contrary, during the last half-century, the crops instead of diminishing in quantity, have been increased in the product to the acre by more than 50 per cent. Yet the land there has been under cultivation more than a thousand years.—Now it has been repeatedly demonstrated that by pursuing a similar system, our soils are capable of raising as large an amount of grain or hay to the acre as those of any other country. The remarkable decrease in our agricultural products which statistical tables indicate, can proceed from no other cause than careless and slovenly farming. The fatal defect in the old system of farming with us was, that it did not take into due consideration the injurious influence excited by our climate upon surfaces constantly exposed to an almost tropical heat in the summer season.—At an earlier day tobacco was our staple production. It was what wheat has since become—the planter's money crop; and high prices and a steady demand stimulated him to cultivate in a negligent manner as many acres of this plant as the number of his field hands would admit of putting under the plow. A succession of crops taken from the same field, without rest or intermission, speedily wore the life out of it. Fresh lands were cleared, which were subjected to the same ruinous mode of treatment, until in the course of a few years, thousands of acres of as fertile soil as the world could boast became but little better than a sterile waste. Where the fields were not sufficiently exhausted to be thrown entirely out of cultivation, corn succeeded tobacco; and shallow plowing, and the sun, the wind, the rain, and the frost acting continually upon the exposed surface, completed the work of destruction which reckless tillage had commenced. If there had been instituted, from the beginning, a proper rotation of crops; if top-rooted plants had been allowed to succeed fibrous-rooted plants; if the manure of the barn-yard, and the wood ashes of the house fires, had been husbanded; if shells, or lime, or marl had replaced the alkaline constituents which had been taken from the soil by previous crops; if plaster had been permitted to exert its singular influence upon the growing clover, and if the latter instead of being cut and carted off the land, had been turned under it, those fields now looking so barren and forlorn would have been more fertile at this day than they were when the plow turned the first furrow in the virgin soil."

A witty correspondent sends us the following notice of a brief street colloquy held between a maiden lady of a little beyond a certain age, and a newly married feminine:

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said the elderly maiden.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose," was queried.

The newly made wife colored, and then quietly responded, that "she really didn't know whether it would be a boy or girl."

Further conversation upon the sugject was arrested.

A LITTLE CONFUSING.—We hope our London agent will send a copy of the following in author of "Love me Little, Love me long." It is a remarkable bit of verbal twistification:

"A tall western girl named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little—while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's short comings. So Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Long in a short time to marry Little."

A gentleman who spoke of having been *struck* by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

John Bell.

The *Nashville Banner* proposes Hon. John Bell of Tennessee as the Opposition candidate for the Presidency, and hoists his flag at his editorial head.

So far as we are personally concerned, we have not one word to say in opposition to Mr. Bell, and if he could be elected President in 1860, we should be entirely content. He is a gentleman of broad and statesmanlike views, of great political sagacity, and unbending firmness. Of the whole body of Southern Whigs in the Senate at the time of the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill, he alone had judgement, pluck, good sense, and principle enough to oppose it. He spoke against it, and he voted against it. If other Southern Whigs had been sufficiently enlightened and brave to have followed his example, the politics of the country would now be in a very different condition from what we behold.—We should have had no Kansas broils, and we should have had no John Brown raids. Mr. Bell foretold, with unerring truth, the mischief that would flow from the repeal of the time-honored compact, and in a statesman-like spirit endeavored to persuade Congress to forbear. His counsels were unheeded. All that he prophesied of evil, and more, has fully come to pass. He stands more than justified before his constituents to day, for the position he took on that memorable occasion. He can point to his record with pride, and demand the approval of every friend of his country, of every lover of law and order, of every opponent of useless agitation of the Slavery question, and he will not make the demand in vain. If political hostility in any quarter withholds its praise, it is not because it is deemed to be undeserved; it is only because it fears the political consequences of rendering it. History at least will do Mr. Bell no reluctant justice. No public man of our time exhibits a more unspotted political career. There are thousands of those who rank nominally among his political opponents, who would gladly see the affairs of State committed to his prudent and judicious guidance. He has been the guiding star of all that is noble and manly and sagacious in Tennessee politics for a quarter of a century, and that he should now be put forward by the Opposition of that State as their choice for the Presidency, is but a just and well-deserved tribute to his high character and his great ability.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE VALUE OF PLATFORMS.—The N. Y. TRIBUNE, one of the leading Republican organs of the country says, the twelfth resolution of the Repubblican Platform contains an explicit affirmance of the protective policy. On the other hand the N. Y. Evening Post, admitted to be among the ablest exponents of the same party, can't find "a single word in favor, or the slightest mention of the doctrine of protection." The Tribune is a well known advocate of the doctrine of protection, and the Post is equally well known as an earnest Free Trade organ. It is easy, therefore, to appreciate the convenient uses to which platforms may be applied, and equally plain that they are of great (?) value as tests of political orthodoxy.

Here, however, is something that Greely and the Post could not, by any possibility, quarrel about. It is too plain to admit of different constructions, and is worth more than a thousand such resolutions as the one referred to above, as a declaration of opinion on the vital question of protection to American Industry.

Views of John Bell on the Protection of American Industry.

[From his Speech in the Senate, May 30, 1858.]

What is the true policy of this country? To encourage and protect, by all constitutional and just means, its internal trade and industry; to promote the division of labor and the diversity of industrial pursuits; to provide congenial and profitable employment, as far as practicable, for the whole population. Let all the arts of production and civilization be cherished by a discriminating patronage. Let the flame and smoke of the smelting furnance be seen rising from every hill and mountain side, and from every valley where Nature has stored her mineral wealth. Let beautiful villages spring up along the line of all our railways, great and small, and dot over all the interiors; and, in or around all of them, let the stately factory appear, with its busy hum of looms and spindles, and hard by the great workshops be found in which that sort of machines are made that produce the wealth of England. Let the draught stocks of the country diversify the scene, and the stroke of the big forge-hammer, reducing the crude metal to the desired forms, be heard; nor let the decent school house be forgotten, and first, and above all, let the tall church spire ascend, pointing to heaven. In a word, let domestic industry and the manufacturing arts be encouraged and sustained so that agriculture many find its surest market at home, and be relieved of the foreign dependence and fluctuations to which it is now subjected.

Thus the producers and consumers of agricultural products will be brought together. The producers of the raw material, and the manufacturer who fashions it into a thousand forms, for use or ornament, will be placed side by side. So Jefferson, with all his original prejudices, at last advised. Washington and Hamilton, and the Adamses, also favored this policy. So did Madison and Monroe, and so did Lowndes and Calhoun, in 1816, both of them advocating and voting for the tariff of that year, which was strongly protective in all its features. Even General Jackson, with all his wild notions about credit and commerce, was still too practical a statesman not to see and acknowledge that all such manufactures as are necessary to make a nation independent of foreign supplies in time of war, ought to be encouraged. In fact, all those who, in their day, have made their name illustrious in the annals of this country by their civil or military services, have, at some period of their lives, favored this policy. The illustrious names of Clay and Webster will occur to every one, without mention from me, as champions of this great American policy.

HOW MR. GOTLEIB BROKE HIS PONY.—"Chon, you reckennemper dat liddle black bony I pyed mit te beller next week?"

"Yah, vot of him."

"Notings, only I gits sheated bury pad."

"So?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst blace he ish plint mit poth legs, unt fery lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite he rares up pehind unt kich up pefore so vurser as a chacknule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt so sooner I gits straddle his pack he gommence dat vay, shust so like a vakin peam on a poat-steam; and ven he gits tone, I was so mixed up mit everydinks, I vints minezelf zittin arount packyards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vare his heat out to be; den I gile him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hite-cow; he starts to go put so soon he sees te cart before he goes backwards. Burly soon he stumbles pehind, unt sits town on his haunches, unt looks like he veel purty shamed mit himself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust as goot as anybody's bony."

Election of President.

As there has been much speculation in reference to the mode of electing President and Vice-President in case a choice by the people proves a failure, we copy from the Constitution of the United States the twelfth article, which refers to that subject:

ART. XII.—The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President; one of whom at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and for the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate, the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President, shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. And if no person have such majority then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President; but in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice; and if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President, if such be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list, the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President, shall be elligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

Turkish Mode of Making Love.

Last autumn, (says the *London Court Journal,*) a young lady left Dundee for Alexandria, to visit relations resident in that city. As the passengers were landing at Alexandria, a richly-attired Turk advanced to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly to be struck with the charms of the damsel from "bonny Dundee." He approached her, and suddenly flung a string of figs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward and informed his bewildered passenger that the Turk's gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of an interpreter, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady. He had nine wives already, he said; but, could he possess this new beauty, she should be the queen and "Light of his Harem." The captain for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was sixty thousand piasters, (about five hundred pounds.) The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he paid for the most handsome Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian ever brought to the Alexandrine market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But, on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relations, the Turk again made his appearance, and, throwing another fig neckless around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the requisite sum!—Here was a dilemma. But the captain soon cleared himself. "Foh!" said he, "you're too late; I sold her yesterday for a thousand piasters more; so you've lost her."

Profitable Advice.

Never tip your beaver to a fine lady; and pass the poor woman without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged man or woman without making a reverential obeisance, unless your house is on fire.

Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen" with a flounced dress who is ashamed of her mother; or to a strutting colleague who is horrified at her grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to blacken your boots and attend to your saddle, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins, by constantly talking of hard times.

Never keep a cigar in your mouth while talking to a lady, nor smoke in a carriage or room where a lady is sitting.

Never remind other people of personal deformity, or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never leave a letter unanswered, and use the stamp which was enclosed to you to reply with, on a letter to your sweetheart.

Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, whilst your widowed sister trudges on foot, and toils for her daily bread.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for making it.

Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her better condition.

Never go to bed, at ten, leaving your wife up till two, with a sick baby, and look pitch-forks at her at the breakfast table because the meal is half an hour too late.

Never hear ungracious strictures on the character of a woman with a quiet sir; instead of saying in thunder tones, "it is false."

Never fall back from a bargain after the articles of agreement have been drawn up, and only need your signature to make them perfect.

Never insult the modest by ribaldry, the grave by levity, nor the pious by contempt of sacred things.

Never refuse to pay the printer when you have read his paper for a year or more. A man who does this is mean enough to steal rotten acorns from a blind pig.

Never be guilty of any of these offenses against decency and propriety; if you are, you are not a gentlemen.

A carpenter sent his apprentice to make a certain measurment, when he returned and said "that it was two lengths of a saw, a hatchet handle, and a little bit over.

The whole we suppose, was about the size of a piece of chalk.

A man in Bangor, Maine, has a telescope of such power, that he can see a wart on the end of a man's nose in the moon and a hole in his trowsers