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 as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLIII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860. No. 23.

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.

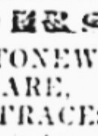
FANCY GOODS,
FRUIT, &C.

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 esteem 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 21 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 County 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 a 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 37½ up.
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Anglais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, *Poplas Larellas*,
Hoyles, *Schwabe* and *Jamisons'* English Prints,
&c. &c., &c., &c.
Also a splendid assortment of
Ladies' Embroidered Callars,
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, Handk'ffs,
Rufflings, 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.

LIQUID RENNET—*For making Slip and Whey, from fresh milk in a few minutes.* This is an elegant preparation of Rennet, in a convenient form for immediate use. Accompanying each vial is a recipe for making slip; also one for preparing the celebrated Devonshire Junket.—Price 25 cents per vial.
june 2 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

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.

GROCERIES.—Just received from the city, a choice lot of *LIQUORS and Groceries*, which will be sold cheap for cash or country Produce. (dec 21) W. T HARDESTY

WOOL! WOOL!!—5,000 lbs. of Wool wanted, for which I will pay cash or merchandise.
may 19 J. D. MANSFIELD.

OF INTEREST TO WOOL GROWERS—I am again in the market for the purchase of all descriptions of Wool, for which the highest price will be paid in cash. R. B. DIXON.

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

SUNRISE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Sunrise on the hills!
 A flood of golden light!
A thousand gushing rills
 Reflect the glorious sight!
The song of many a bird
 Now echoes through the grove,
And everywhere is heard
 The sounds of joy and love!
The busy voice of day
 The peopled city fills;
Up! up! far, far away
 'Tis sunrise on the hills.

Sunrise on the hills!
 Night's veil is torn aside,
The welcome day light fills,
 Creation far and wide,
No more the sailor steers
 His vessel by the star,
No hidden rock he fears—
 The land is still afar;
While whistling at his plough
 The earth the peasant tills;
The world's awaking now,
 The sunrise on the hills!

For the Easton Gazette.

Maryland Farming in Texas.

BY PIONEER.

It has been some time since I have occupied a place in the columns of your paper, and I would not now trouble you again, but for the simple fact of having met, or rather found, in my extensive horseback travels thro' the great South west, the gigantic State of Texas,—a most worthy man, located in the North eastern section, who is a native of this State and county, and whose industry and perseverance, is indeed worthy of being brought into notice, even though comparatively limited.

With no little pleasure, I can assure you, I dropped upon my kind friend, Mr. Leaverton, one bright evening, some two months past—sought the soul-cheering influence of his warm Eastern Shore hospitality, after having undergone some severe trials in the deep, dark, gigantic forests, the comparatively unsettled eastern division, of this great southern State.

It was with no little pleasure, I looked upon the smiling appearance of every thing, that reminded me so forcibly of my dear old native Shore—granting that she is yet, in a measure, cut off from the great outside world. The evening repast, spread so temptingly to the weary and hungry traveler. The delicious Maryland bread, the biscuit so white, light and healthy; where will you find its equal? The corn bread so different from the "Dodger," composed simply of meal with cold water, placed in the oven in the shape of a man's fist, and sensibly called, and called "corn dodger." Go out of Maryland or Virginia, you rarely meet with corn bread that is eatable; they have not the first idea of how to prepare it, and coming to this [illegible] southern country, I was pleased to find delicious bread, manufactured from this great staff of life. It is, though but a poor staff to the fresh of the emigrant and many a [illegible] we find south, and [illegible] for several weeks, I became, if you will pardon the fashionable phrase, very weak and "groggy on my pins."

The cordial reception I received from the "good wife" of the house, although a stranger, and not knowing from whence I came at first, was so different from what I had been receiving from the *goodwives*, in my tour through the wilds of eastern Texas (whom, with all due respect to the sex in general, have not half the genuine feeling of the men—I have several times been turned from the door by them, to sleep in the forest with the wild beasts but never in a single instance, by man—) that I began to feel once more like one of the human species, and very soon became rejuvenated, and rays of grati[tude].

The tidy appearance of everything about the premises; the rose bush trained with much taste up the sides of the house, to fill with perfume every room; the well kept plat of grass, and broad spreading oaks and pecans casting their dark shadows over its surface, and the rich profusion of flowering shrubs and plants scattered around, presented a picture so home like, so like the sweet, quiet, domestic homesteads of dear old Talbot,—so like the almost sacred spots, pictured indelibly in my heart, that I could scarcely restrain a shout of pleasure when I first rode up, coming as I did, from the settlements of the rough log-cabin, and everything appertaining to such a condition of things far back in the wilderness, where men first paves the way to civilization and prosperity.

But if pleased the first evening, on beholding the comfortable residence, the neatness within and without; the spotless linen of the bed chamber, and the spotless cloth that covered the hospitable board, I was equally as well pleased the next morning, on inspecting the cotton plantation, with its broad acres teeming with fertility, and flowing in undulating beauty around. In this peculiar department of the man, the husbandman, I found everything in excellent condition. He had a promising field of corn, and the judgement, skill, and neatness he had been accustomed to exercise in his native county, was the same there. Many have an idea south, that this crop can be raised, regardless of the tilth, and for this reason, never use the roller in its cultivation. His cotton was just peeping above the ground, and I can say nothing of his present crop but more of the cotton crop presently. His fencing, &c., &c., was much after the Maryland plan, but his mode of cleaning up land far surpasses the one practiced here, and without explaining here, the "modus operandi," I will simply state, that he clears up more in the course of the year with his force, than five times the number accomplishes here, in this county.

To you, who have never witnessed a field of cotton at any time, growing in the south from the first germination bursting the alluvial soil, putting on its star shaped leaves, attaining the size of a considerable bush, and then bursting in all the beauty of its rich purple flowers looking something like a field of roses, before producing the large, round, swelling boll that very soon matures and opens, to reveal its snowy treasure with the purity at first of the snow-flake, a few remarks upon this subject may not be uninteresting, in concluding this brief, hasty, and imperfect communication. There is not perhaps in the vocabulary of agriculture, a more beautiful, interesting, and profitable crop grown than cotton. Sugar it is true, at times, pays better; but, there are also times, when great losses are experienced: therefore, cotton has become even in the sugar districts, the great crop; and is undoubtedly king of the civilized world, regardless of their maniac ravings.

In the preparation of the soil for this beautiful crop, great attention is given: thorough tillage, thorough drainage, thorough cultivation. When the picking season comes, which begins sometimes the last of July—in Texas, everything on the plantation is put at it, children that can pick from 50lbs upwards. Men practiced in the art, can pick from 250 to 300lbs and upwards.—The force on a place, generally gets during the season, from 10 to 15 bales to the hand, in the great cotton districts, (worth $50 per bale)—but where not so favorable, of course not so much—every where though, they generally make more than they can pick. I am not perfectly certain of Mr. Leaverton's average crop of cotton, but from what he told me, it is exceedingly profitable, more so than corn, for which, he generally realizes $1,00 per bushel, and makes generally between forty and fifty bushels per acre. His plantation is not located in the best cotton growing section, yet, you see from the above statement, he is doing exceedingly well.

I was much pleased with Mr. L. and his farming operations, although a stranger, he received me, and treated me with much kindness and friendship. His indefatagable industry, patience and perseverance, is highly commendable; he went there poor, but with a heart and mind that knew no fear, he persevered and conquered. He has partly reared a family, cleared up a large portion of his originally wooded tract, purchased more labor, built comfortable residences for himself and negroes, capacious outbuildings, and is now undoubtedly in affluent circumstances.—These facts are encouraging to others, to go and do likewise; there is a plenty of room.

In penning this hasty article, it is with no intention to electioneer for the south-west—but simply, as an acknowledgement of the kind attention shown me by this worthy planter from Maryland. Yet, if Missourians should go down, and look, and then return, sell out go back and purchase and settle and if Virginians, Kentuckians, and the whole long list should go and do likewise, it appears to me, laying aside my own information, that there must be strong inducements. Texas is not a Maryland, but twelve Marylands combined. Nor can a man expect to see this great State, by merely touching at and examining a few small points.

Near Trappe, June 11th, 1860.

A DEATH-BED CONFESSION OF MURDER.—Henry Harrington, an old resident of Beekman, Dutchess county, N. Y., died on Monday last, after a long illness. The Tribune says:

Before he expired he appeared in great agony, something apparently weighing upon his conscience, when he at last exclaimed that he could not die without making a confession. Five or six persons who were in the house at the time at once came around the bed of the dying man, when he commenced with the account of a terrible deed of blood.

He proceeded to state that, some eighteen or twenty years ago, he and another man (both then employed in the Beekman Iron Factory) were in the neighborhood [illegible], when a pedlar named Lee was seen coming in that direction, and it was at once agreed between them to waylay, murder, and then rob him, when they should bury him in the woods, and carefully remove all traces of the deed. This was accordingly done. [illegible] was trudging along with his pack upon his shoulder, and singing gaily, when the murderers rushed from their hiding place, struck him senseless to the ground, and then deliberately dragged out his brains. He was at once taken up and buried in the factory woods, when, after a search upon by them, all traces of the deed were carefully obliterated, after which they took the contents of his box and returned to the village.

[illegible] conscience-stricken wretch could not finish his confession, death sealed his lips, but enough had already been said by him, as to his associate in crime, and the place where Lee was buried, that but little more could have been added. The man whom Harrington accused as being implicated with him in the deed, left Beekman very suddenly eight or nine years since, and it is said that he has not been heard from of late. Lee, is remembered by many of the citizens, who also recollect of his mysterious disappearance.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE SLOOP SPRAY TRAGEDY—VISIT TO JACKALOW—INTERVIEW WITH THE ACCUSED, &c.

It has now been about two months since Jackalow, the supposed murderer of Captain Leete and his brother, of the oyster sloop *Spray*, was arrested. Immediately after his examination in Jersey city, he was taken in charge by one of the United States Deputy Marshals, and conveyed to the Newark Jail in Essex county, N. J., where he now remains.

When Jackalow was first incarcerated in prison, he occupied a cell on the fourth tier on the easterly side of the prison, where he remained for several weeks, after which he was taken and placed in the cell on the first floor of the hall.

The cell is ten feet by nine, clean and airy, with which Jackalow appears to be well satisfied. On either side of his cell, at the top, the walls are covered with cuts from the various weekly illustrated papers. At the head of the cell there is a large lithographic cut of the John Brown execution also, cuts of several prominent men.

Jackalow will strongly protest his innocence, and tells the same story, "Me no kille Captain; he good man." Mr. Ritchie, the warden of the prison, says that Jackalow is the most harmless prisoner he ever had. Whenever he visits Jack, the latter is always glad, and has a great habit of placing his forefinger straight in front of his forehead, which, we understand, is a mark of respect.

Since his confinement he has evidently grown fat, upon which he prides himself. Every Saturday afternoon the warden allows Jack the privilege of walking the large hall of the prison for several hours for recreation.

His counsel, Wm. Voorhies, Esq., visits him frequently, and with him Jackalow is deeply interested.

His trial is set down for the next September term of the U. S. District Court at Trenton, on the capital charges of murder, piracy and robbery.

The Jail in which Jackalow is confined is situated in Newark. Attached to the main building are workshops and the cooking department.—Mr. Peter Hagden, of New York, has a contract with the Board of Freeholders, and the prisoners are obliged to enter the shops each day and perform their regular work. The principle articles manufactured are buckles of various sizes.

From the cooking department to the main hallway there is arranged a small sliding trough, on which is placed each prisoner's ration. At meal time, the required number of tin dishes is placed in this trough and passed through: when the prisoners, being drawn up in line, each takes his dish, and proceeds to a stationery table running the entire length of the spacious hall, where, at the sound of a whistle, they all sit down and partake of their food. The prisoners have fresh meat twice a week; hash in the morning and mush and milk at night. The greatest attention is paid to the rules and regulations of the prison.

There are now confined within this prison, 140 persons, 21 of whom are females, charged with various crimes. Among the number are "Italian Dave," and a shop-lifter well known to the New York police. The former was arrested a few days since in Jersey City, for breaking into and robbing a clothing store in Newark. Their trial will come off at the next term of the Oyer and Terminer.

Why is a young lady just from boarding-school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Country Gentleman.

OATS AND CARROTS TOGETHER.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I notice in the Co. Gent. of May 17, REPORTER wishes to learn the experience of those who have tried the experiment of raising oats and carrots together. As it is a rainy day I feel tempted to comply with the request, and give my experience upon the subject. It is some six years ago May 1, that, after sowing a piece of oats, I sowed about an eighth of an acre to carrots, by way of experiment. The ground was a sandy loam, in corn the year before and well manured. The oats were sowed broadcast by hand, and the carrot seed by a seed sower. The oats were very heavy, and some of them lodged. After harvesting the oats, the horse and small plow were passed twice between the rows, which were about the distance we usually plant corn. The carrots were then carefully hoed and weeded by hand, and a little home-made poudrette applied to each plant, and the poudrette covered with a little loose earth.—Little or nothing more was done to the carrots until harvest. Product 51 bushels.

I have not continued the practice, because I do not think oats a profitable crop for me to raise except where I wish to raise clover or other grass seed. I seldom fail to get good clover after oats, and I am pretty sure to get good herds of grass and red top after clover, unless it is some dry, sandy plain. Clover fails after being mowed one season. M. S. K.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS.

The following anecdote of Bakewell has been told before we believe, but never in better form, than in a lecture by Mr. John Beasly, just published at London:—

The late Mr. Bakewell of Dishley, was not only an eminent agriculturist and breeder of stock, but a very wise and shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit, for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time learning that he would recommend him what to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of 1000 acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and the eldest was about to be married; he highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged of him to spend the night with him, and promised the next morning to give him the result of his cogitations. Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said, "I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son in law one fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three fourths, and do not part with any portion of your capital and stock, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished." His friend followed his advice; but at the end of two or three years, the second daughter would be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend Bakewell for advice, under this new difficulty. Bakewell coolly said, he had watched his proceedings, and seen their results, he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The father seemed somewhat puzzled, but as the first experiment had succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and, in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity. "Well," said Bakewell, "tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having reduced your farm by one half?" The father acknowledged he thought it had not. "Then," said Bakewell, "you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep your house and the remaining 250 acres for yourself, and, to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital, and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever." Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the 250 acres as he had ever had upon the one thousand, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it. This may be a somewhat exaggerated statement, but of this I am sure; a small well-cultivated farm, will make a better return than a large ill cultivated one.

THE JAPANESE WITH SIGNOR BLITZ.

The visitors having witnessed Signor Blitz's display of magic at the Academy in Philadelphia, he determined to bring them into close quarters with his familiar spirit, and on Wednesday evening, in the presence of about ten of the cleverest of the Japanese, assembled in the upper parlor, performed a variety of his simplest feats.

The familiar trick of the cups and little balls, achieved under the very noses of the watchful audience, elicited a chorus of exclamations, and when full sized lemons were substituted for the cork pellets, they were astonished, and anxious to have the experiment repeated. The performances in ventriloquism are entirely new to them, and articulate sounds issuing from closets, half opened doors, up stairs and down stairs, amazed them greatly. They crouched in listening attitudes, and roared with laughter when the colloquies ceased. The tricks with cards were successful in completely mystifying the company. Each wonderful discovery of hidden pasteboard was the signal for an explosion of mirth. The Signor was overwhelmed with thanks and congratulations. Little gifts were produced and thrust graciously upon him. Although one, at least, of the Japanese present is an expert in legerdemain, he could not be tempted to make any display of his skill, and he seemed to entertain a sort of awe towards Blitz, hesitating to give him the trifling assistance that was asked.

THE JAPANESE A SHOPPING.—On Thursday morning a portion of the Embassy visited a large perfumery establishment on Chestnut street, and were shown through each department. They spent some time in examining the perfumes and fancy goods. The surgical instruments, which form a special feature in this establishment, were peculiarly attractive. After purchasing a varied assortment of articles, they withdrew, evidently pleased with the visit. Another company called at Peterson's bookstore, and thoroughly overhauled the stock. Colored pictures, illuminated title-pages, seemed to afford them the most pleasure. "Standard works" were passed by with the utmost indifference. Their chief purchases were dictionaries, guide-books, and views of American cities and scenery. They made a second call at an optician's and bought optical instruments of various kinds. Dropping into a tea-store, they inspected the models and pagodas with much gratification, and appeared to read the inscriptions on the tea chests without difficulty.

THEY THINK PHILADELPHIA A VILLAGE.—A Niphonese gentleman described Philadelphia as small, and Jeddo as large. He set down the population of the latter as *eight millions.*

A black republican, who imagines that the editor of the Harrisburg Telegraph has done him injustice, demands of the editor to 'do him justice.' The editor replies that he cannot, on account of the high price of hemp.

HUMOROUS.

A Great Union Speech.

The May number of the Knickerbocker Magazine has the following extract from a famous Union speech, reported by T. Hulbert Underwood:

During the exciting campaign of 185—, in Illinoise, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was done, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled himself "The Aforesaid M. D." was called for. He was lifted upon the platform; so "elevated" that he could not stand without holding on to something. He said:

Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union; you can't do it! Thar's that ar' flag a wavin' up thar' called the Star Spangled Banner; how'ye goin' to divide that, he!—Are ye goin' to give the stars to the Norf, and the stripes to the Souf? No sir-ree, the thing can't be did. (Cheers.)

And thar's that good old toon that the band's a playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle; how 'ye a goin' to divide *that*, eh? Are ye goin' to give the Yankee to the Norf, and the Doodle to the Souf? I say boldly; the thing can't be did!

And thar's that stream of water a runnin' down thar called "the father-o-waters;" how are ye a goin' to divide that? Are ye a goin' to dam it up with Mason and Dixon's line? I say ye can't do that thing? wal ye can't. (Cheers.)

And thar's the railroad lyin' out thar, how ye goin' to divide that, eh? Are yer goin' to tie it up with Mason and Dixon's line? You can't do it. (Cheers.)

And thar's all the fast Hosses standin' round here; how are ye goin' to divide them? old hosses! Are ye a goin' to run 'em North and run 'em East, and run 'em West? (Cheers.)

And thar's all the handsome wimmin round here; how are ye a goin' to divide them? Are you goin' to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones the Souf? Wel you don't! If you go to thunder you can't do it! (Immense cheering.)

And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg nests, and the yaller legs and the Black legs; how are you goin' to divide them, eh? Are yer goin' to give the pullets to the Norf, and the cocks to the Souf? (Tremendous cheering.)

Our reporter could hear no more, for the roars of laughter which ensued as the "Doctor" caved in and fell from the platform.

JUDGE DOUGLAS ON HORSEBACK.

The present condition of Mr. Douglas as a candidate for the Presidency, and the pertinacity with which he demands a nomination, without regard to the consequences to himself or his party, recall an incident which occurred at the dinner table of the late Secretary Marcy, and had a run among the good things of that day. It was in the year 1856, after the return of Mr. Buchanan from London, and before the Cincinnati Convention. Secretary Marcy gave what he humorously called "a dinner to the candidates." All those whose names had been spoken of in connection with the nomination [illegible] were present, and prominent among them were Mr. Douglas and Mr. Buchanan.

Governor Marcy, at intervals in the conversation at the table, and in the vein of quiet humor and occasional veiled satire, which was one of the charms of his social intercourse, took up the candidates, or those he chose to consider such *scriatim*, and very much to the entertainment of the party, except the anxious individual *sitting* at the moment for his portrait, proceeded to discuss the chances of each for a nomination. He appeared to have got through the list, and the "Little Giant" had not been noticed. Our informant, who was one of the guests, and who, having had the distinction to be classed with the aspirants, was, of course, a close observer of the scene, shrewdly suspected that this omission was wanton and wicked on the part of the Secretary and was purposely made with the conviction that Mr. Douglas would feel that he had been "neglected," and by reminding the Governor of the fact, would call the more marked attention of the other "candidates" to what he had in reserve.

And sure enough, the "Little Giant," after waiting impatiently for some one else to notice omission, was finally compelled to say, "Well, Governor, what do you think of *my* chances?" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Douglas, for the seeming, but certainly unintentional, neglect," said the Governor, "and I shall be obliged to tell a story to illustrate your chances. When I was a boy, in my native town in Massachusetts, standing one day by the roadside, talking with a neighbor, a horseman, riding at the top of his speed, his steed frothing at the mouth, and with flanks bloody with the rowel, suddenly stopped in the road before us, and hurriedly inquired the distance to the next town. "Ten miles," said my companion. "And how long do you think it will take me to get there?" demanded the excited horseman. "Why, look here, my good friend, if you ride any way decent, it will take you just about two hours, but if you go like h—l and d—n, you *never will get there.*"

Of course the pertinence of the Governor's story, which had been provoked by the over weening anxiety of the "Little Giant" to be noticed, set the table in a roar, and soon obtained familiar currency.

A year ago, Mr. Douglas stood very well *South* as well as North. But he was unwary and mounted the "Hague" hobby; and he has been riding it ever since, at a speed quite equal to that which was the point of Gov. Marcy's story, four years ago.—*New York Tribune.*

SIMPLE DIVISION.

A Southern planter named P——, pretty well to do in the world now, was some twenty years ago a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money. In the course of time P—— was of age, and thought it was about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and was introduced to the daughter of Judge B——. "Dang fine gal," said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the *elite*. "Very."

"How much might Judge B—— be worth?"

"About ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And how many children has he got?" continued P——.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes *three times and a third over*," mentally ciphered P——. Here was a chance, and he improved it too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge and all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cur as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered and they were married. The honeymoon passed off as all honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at so many names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were but three of you."

"So there are, but Pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, *no times and nearly over*," said the astonished P——, who had jumped up and kicked over a chair, and groaned in perfect agony. "I'm sold! and a sight cheaper than an old bell-wether, at that."

GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.—The Court in one of the frontier territories was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing.—After the clerk had read the indictment to him he put the question.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk; your honor." answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" asked the Judge half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted on the charge of stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and pleas—"

"He pleas guilty, but drunk."

The judge was now fully aroused. "Guilty but drunk—this is a most extraordinary plea.—Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterrett's."

"Did you get none any where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on this liquor, and afterwards stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecuter," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter in that man's case a nolle prosequi. The liquor at Sterrett's is enough to make a man do anything dirty; I got drunk on it myself the other day, and stole all Sterrett's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. Adjourn the Court!"

A MODEL GRAMMER CLASS.—"Did you ever study grammer?"

"I did, sir."

"What case is Mr. D.——?"

"He's an objective case."

"How so?"

"Because he's objected to pay his subscription that's been owing for over three years and a half."

"Right. What's a noun?"

"Don't know; but I know what a renown is."

"Well what is it?"

"Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent."

"Good. What is a conjunction?"

"A method of collecting outstanding subscriptions in conjunction with the constable—never employed by printers until the last extremity."

"That's right. Go to your seat and quit shooting paper wads at the girls."

A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE.—Judge H. of D——, although a celebrated in his profession, was noted among his acquaintance as being very dull of seeing a pun. One day, being at a dinner party, the following conundrum was given by one of the guests:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

"When she is a little sulky."

The Judge, like all the rest of the company, thought it first-rate. The next evening, paying a visit to Miss Belle C——, the Judge thought it would please her very well, and gave it as follows:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

Miss C——, having given it up, the Judge replied, to her amazement and amusement:—"When she is a little buggy!"

"One of the boys," about to jump into the honey-flowing river of matrimony, indites the following to his lady love:

"And when the reverend sir shall say,
 "My son take thou this daughter?"
I'll answer him in fearless tones,
 "I shan't do nothing shorter!"
"Will you my son support and nourish,
 This flower I give to thee?"
I'll give my new white kids a flourish,
 And answer, "yes sir-ee!"

LEAP YEAR SENTIMENT.—At a public "Tea Party," recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that Leap Year was upon them, by offering the following:

Three long weary years have I waited for this;
Now, if you'll pop the question I'll surely say yes.

To which a lady promptly responded as follows:

The man without courage to do his own wooing,
May do his own washing, and baking and sewing.

The bachelor looked despair.

☞The Baltimore Clipper contains the following:

AN AWFUL WARNING.—We heard yesterday, from an entirely reliable and responsible source, the particulars of an occurrence which can only be looked upon as an instance of Divine rebuke for taking the name of the Almighty in justification of a falsehood. We refrain from mentioning names through consideration of the parties, who are respectable persons, residing in the south western section of the city. It appears that a few days since the aunt of a young girl about eighteen years of age, accused her of having been guilty of some misconduct, which she positively denied, and on being accused, she called upon God to strike her blind if she was not telling the truth. In a moment after, according to her own statement, a film seemed to pass before her eyes, and in the course of five minutes she was totally blind, and has continued sightless ever since. The afflicted victim of her own impiety confessed that she had called upon her Maker to justify her in what was a falsehood. May not this be considered as a terrible instance of Divine wrath, and may not the thoughtless take warning?

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

MURDER OF MISSIONARIES IN PATAGONIA.

BUENOS AYRES, Tuesday, April 10, 1860.

One of the most deplorable events that may occur in an age, has just transpired in Patagonia. There is a cluster of islands to the eastward of Terra del Fuego, occupied and perhaps owned by Great Britain. There is found there all the political machinery of a colony. The islands are numerous and healthful. The Patagonian Missionary Society has taken one of these islands by a base, and they occupy it as their capital, while they endeavor to extend their influence gradually over the natives of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia. They have had at various times in the course of instruction at the Mission station a few of the natives, and, one or two have even been in England. One of them has been somewhat educated, but never lost wholly the offensive characteristics of the Indian.

A short time ago the mission ship was on the coast, and Capt. Fell, who was a Baptist preacher, and six of the crew being on shore for service, were attacked by about 200 indians, and all were cruelly killed with clubs and stones.

What were the first words Adam and Eve spoke? Nobody knows.