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TERMS.

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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.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache, arising from disordered stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice,* and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

Dawson & Bro., Campbell & Goldsborough, Easton.
R. H. Kemp, Trappe.
Dr. Passapae, Greensborough.
J. B. Herritage, Denton.
Hopper & Wilmer, Centreville.
H. C. Dodson, St. Michaels, and by dealers everywhere. [ju 22-1y

CREW'S
ORANGE SHERBET SYRUP.

A NEW article, for making a delightful and refreshing Summer beverage, by simply mixing with cold water. For sale by
ju 22 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

GREAT BARGAINS.—From this date I intend offering my stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Lawns, Challies, Challie Berages, plain and fig'd Berages, French DeLaines, col'rd Silks and Summer Shawls generally without regard to cost. Call soon and get a great Bargain of
ju 22 S. T. KENNARD.

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!
At Reduced Prices!

BARGAINS are now offered in Ladies' Dress Goods, without regard to cost. Call early and secure a bargain at
ju 22 J. RASIN'S.

SELLING OFF AT COST.—The subscriber has a quantity of Jewelry on hand, such as Breast Pins and Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Gold Pencils, Gold Watch Keys, Gold Chains and Gold Watches, which he will sell at cost.
ju 8 CHARLES ROBINSON.

FISHING TACKLE.—The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Fishing Lines, Virginia and Chestertown Hooks; Floats, Sinkers and Snoods. Call and see me at the old stand. (ju 8) CHAS. ROBINSON.

A SURE cure for Toothache, Hall's Tooth Ache Drops. Why suffer the Tooth Ache? For sale by
apr 13 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

LAVELLA CLOTH—just received per Steamer, another supply of that same Lavella Cloth at 12½ cents, extra nice quality and pretty shades.
may 4 J. H. GRACE.

NEW UMBRELLAS and Parasols, just received and for sale by
may 23 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

BLACK TEA.—Just received a large supply of the best Black Tea ever sold in this market. (ju 29) J. H. GRACE.

The Drunkard's Death-bed.

BY MILAN MANNERS.

The victim of the cup lay dying! On his brow
The dews of death had gathered, and his eyes—
Those windows of the soul—were darkened now,
With curtains that one hand alone can draw.
In days gone by he walked the earth
Erect; a man of pride—a man of influence, too,
Who made his boast that he never would
Poison his young blood with hot and rebellious
liquors.

At last there came a time when he no longer
Could refuse the sparkling wine. When the
Bridal vows were spoken, and friends
Had gathered to swell the nuptial song,
'Twas then the goblet to his lips he pressed,
And drank the health of his young bride,
Wine became his idol, and the more he
Drank the more he sought.
Living but for this, he scarcely dared
To sacrifice a dime lest he should
Lose thereby a draught.

At last there came a time
When friends no longer could uphold his
Tottering steps, and here upon his bed
He laid down to die! But hark! that voice
Now cried aloud, "Oh, bring me wine!
Wine bring to me!" Poor man!
It was his god; 'tis fit that he
Should call upon it now.
He could not see; they thought he could taste,
and
So they placed the crystal water to his
Parched lips; but could they cheat the man
Who, to satiate the cursed appetite,
Had bartered Heaven, and all that Heaven
Could give of peace and happiness?
Smiling in scorn, he pushed the cup away,
And then again for "wine! wine!" he called.
They brought the old Catawba,
And in his hand the goblet placed,
It gave him comfort, to his soul brought peace,
The only peace that drunkard's soul could know!
Oh! ye who madly bow your souls in worship
At the shrine of Bacchus, to this
Death chamber come, and here,
Within the very courts of death, of your own
Souls this fearful question ask;
Is it all of death to die? Can this
Polluted spirit—this dissipated soul
Remain in Heaven without a reprimand!
It may be so; but Oh! let me a better portion seek!
Give me the Christian's hope; the sparkling wine
I'll leave to those who seek no higher good.

A Part of the Revolution not in the Programme.

How fruitful are revolutions of marvels, and how little do most of us dream, as we go about our daily avocations, that almost every rising and setting sun may look down upon events which ages hence will be the theme for wonder to the historian, the statesman, and the scholar? But who—as the great Napoleon once said—will win his "page of history," it is hard to say. In other national tumults a good many kings have been deposed, led captive, put to death, with almost as little ceremony, when the blood of the people was up, as if there was really no such thing as the "Divine Right," once so potent in the eyes of the multitude, to 'hedge them round.' The pages of history are fruitful in instances of this kind; and in many of these cases even emperors, who we know assume to be somewhat above kings, have fared no better, as instance Nero of Rome, Paul of Russia, and even the great Soulouque himself! As to kings who have been overthrown—monarchs fenced all about with defenders—their name is legion; and we could perhaps fill a column with their mere names, from the days of Saul and him who, "sore wounded," was "staved up in his chariot," to die at the "setting of the sun," down to Charles II of England or Louis XVI of France. What we mean to affirm then is that even kings cannot enjoy immunity of power, or of person, upon occasion, and if they are not slain sometimes for their own faults, *they not unfrequently perish through the bad management of those who assume to be their especial defenders*, as instance, to recur, the case of that good natured lockmender, the Louis already adverted to. As for those who have "abdicated," run away, like that recent case, Bomba Junior, why the chronicles of the past are rife with them. But there is another monarch whose sway is wider and mightier than any of these, and we purpose showing that his sway is imperilled in this very revolution. Need we say that it is "King Cotton."

One of the most staunch of his numerous bodyguard, the *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Georgia, startled into a mood for inquiry by the signs of the times, challenges inquiry against His Majesty's leges by asking "*Is Cotton really King?*" Alarmed, anxious to give an affirmative answer to his own question, he proceeds to argue that, interwoven as this sway is with so many material interests of the outside world, it must needs have conceded to it imperial power. But, apparently, not quite satisfied still, he starts off with another paragraph, half conceding to his own fears. He soliloquizes: "*Cotton may be King, but many a rightful king has been deposed.*"

As Mr. Samuel Slick would say, "There's the rub." The *Chronicle* goes on to demonstrate that the way to make the great powers of the world *feel* the sway of King Cotton is to withhold his presence, except these powers consent to the "recognition and independence" of the "Confederate States." They have "passed a law prohibiting its export, except from Confederate seaports;" the policy now is to stop *all* exportation except on the terms named. Then—we give the substance of the plan—"the Government must buy the cotton, pay for it in Treasury notes, and thus give our people a good currency and prevent stagnation of business and distress. The Treasury notes will be good as long as the Government is, and when that fails their Treasury notes, bank notes, cotton, negroes, all tumble together into one common and awful ruin—ruin to us and to the world."

Here we behold "King Cotton's" staunch advocate himself saving political economists everywhere the trouble of portraying the climax inevitably to follow this damming up of the floods, and the result, possibly, of one battle by General Scott. The Great Napoleon on one occasion, when he wished to raise the price of the Government funds, which, under various depressing influences, had sunk unusually low, wrote to his Finance Minister that some battles he proposed to win would set all right again by restoring the credit of the Government.

But our editor goes on further: "A portion of the cotton crop—one-fourth or one-half—may be subscribed to the loan. But this is not a loan of the cotton itself, but only the proceeds thereof. "For instance, a man subscribes a hundred bales, and *when sold*, the money arising from the sale, less expenses, is turned over to the Government, and the planter gets bonds. The Government thus gets money or its representatives, the promises to pay of solvent banks; while the planter gets bonds, which may serve him to buy negroes, land, &c., if not disposed to keep the bonds, but cannot altogether supply the place of currency. Now, if cotton cannot be exported, who will buy it and give bank notes for it? What can the buyer do with it except hold it as a speculation, hoping the blockade is to be raised?"

Here we have "King Cotton" set up on a paper throne, so flimsy that it must excite the pity of his most hopeful adherents. Suppose this thing *could* be done—this programme carried out! We all know that cotton has gone as low down as five cents, and for poor qualities even lower, under a simple moneyed crisis. What would be its fate with two or three crops accumulating in the hands of bond-holders and planters, supposing the war should be prolonged? And if the Provisional Government of the Confederate States got hold of the *principal* part of the crop —which is not likely—and failed in their revolutionary purposes, how would it escape confiscation in the reconstruction to follow? As for a depreciation in price with accumulation of stocks, that is a thing inevitable, and if the Confederate bonds have already been so low as to be nearly worthless even in New Orleans, where would they go to in the disastrous complications of protracted civil war?

Besides, who is to control the *planters* in this matter? Every commercial man in the nation knows that a more venturesome class never existed than the cotton planters, and this results from the very nature of the business in which they are engaged. In most cases the planter can put in a much larger crop than he can pick out, and he does it. The next move is an application to his commission merchant in New Orleans, or Mobile, if he has fifty or sixty negroes, for funds in advance, enough to purchase five or ten hands more, drawing his bills for the amount at sixty or ninety days, and so pledging the forthcoming crop. In this way they are nearly always—the bulk of them—behind hand, and in no situation to hold back their cotton, particularly when depending on the upper country for mules, corn, bacon, clothing, rope and bagging, all the machinery which is essential to the production of a cotton crop.

The idea, therefore, of *compelling* "recognition" by this means is the veriest nonsense; and the *Chronicle* gives up the question when it says in the last paragraph of the article from which we have quoted: "If the blockade is to continue the planter can find no sales except at ruinous prices to the speculator, who has faith to believe that the blockade will some day be raised, and who has the nerve thus to invent his money."

True enough except in one contingency, and that is that the Government—as now seems probably will "some day" open these ports, and so relieve loyal—and what will be the same thing in the commercial view of the case—the necessitous planters, who will not consent to utter ruin to oblige Mr. Jefferson Davis and other like aspirants for power and place.

Meantime, what will follow? The whole civilized world will be on the *qui vive* to find out, in the first place, how little cotton they can get along with, and in the second place, what other countries can be made to aid in the supply.—The unbounded arrogance of the Gulf States will stimulate all countries to the last limits in the endeavor; and the result may be that in the end the Cotton Confederacy may be remanded to indigo, rather than to the continued planting of cotton at prices that will not remunerate them. They *were* doing splendidly; they *did* have the world paying tribute to them; but they have defiantly thrown off from themselves the sympathies of all nations in attempting to set up "King Cotton" as the potentate of the civilized world. Over and over in the past, public spirited men there have attempted by various means, by some projected concert of action, by plans for establishing one or two agencies in Europe, to control the price of cotton; but the necessities or the independence of the planters have always at last thrown the crops into the markets of the world, and England has always had them at her mercy by means of the brokers at Liverpool.—No one need look for anything different hereafter. And so we say in conclusion, as we said at starting, the sway of King Cotton *is* imperilled by the projected revolution.—*Baltimore American.*

From the London Post, June 28.

A British Cotton Route through Mexico Recommended.

On the 21st of last month an act was passed by the Congress of the Southern States at Montgomery, prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the exportation of cotton or of cotton yarn, "except through the seaports of the said Confederate States." And this prohibition is to continue so long as any of the ports of the South are blockaded by the Government of the United States.—The object of this act clearly is to retaliate upon the Northern States, by preventing them from obtaining for their manufactures a supply of the raw material of that land. It would appear, therefore, that for the present all commerce in American cotton is effectually cut off. The blockade of the Southern ports by the navy of the North on the one hand, and the strict prohibition against the inland traffic on the other, must entirely shut up at least the ordinary channels of traffic. But there is a clause in the recent act passed by the Confederate States which indicates that a new outlet may be found in the present crisis for the great staple of the South. The provision to which we refer is in the following words:—"Nothing in this act shall be so construed as to prohibit exportation to Mexico through its conterminous frontier."

Now, as the Northern States are at peace with Mexico, they cannot of course interfere with any exports that may be shipped from that country. Still less can they blockade any Mexican port.—The question of the practicability of establishing a transit for cotton across the Mexican frontier is, *therefore, one of very great importance, and more especially to ourselves.* We may remember that during the Russian war a traffic of a similar kind was established with great success. Although all direct intercourse with Russia was prohibited, the produce of that country found its way overland to the ports of Prussia, and was thence shipped, without let or hindrance, to England. The land traffic had, no doubt, the effect both of raising the price and diminishing the quantity. But we deemed it better to submit to this inconvenience than to the still greater inconvenience of being deprived of Russian produce altogether. The truth is, the more commercial the world grows the more difficult does it become to enforce the laws of war regarding trade. The spirit of these laws is so essentially opposed to the spirit of commerce that we need not be surprised at this, nor at the various attempts which have been made of recent years by different commercial bodies, both in Europe and in America, to overturn the ancient doctrines upon this subject, *and to introduce an entirely new maritime code.*

Whether or not the contemplated cotton traffic through Mexico is likely to succeed we are not prepared to say. Tampico, we believe, is the nearest port to the American frontier, and the route from thence through Texas to the mouth of the Mississippi is long and difficult. But we know that in India, cotton is still brought from the interior of the country by the most primitive modes of conveyance; and in the event of a protracted struggle in America we have no doubt that a portion of the produce of the Southern States will find its way to Mexican ports, and from thence in neutral bottoms to Europe. It is astonishing to what channels commerce will adapt itself when its ordinary course is interrupted. Napoleon could march in triumph from the Tagus to the Vistula. He overthrew, as if by magic, the best appointed armies and the most ancient dynasties in Europe. He could make and unmake what laws he choose, excepting only one—the simple and eternal law of demand and supply.

His famous Milan and Berlin decrees were more injurious to his subjects than to his enemies. British commerce found its way into the heart of his dominions in spite of every obstacle, *and American cotton will find its way across the Atlantic in spite of all the navies in the world.* But it is possible—nay, highly probable—that the demand for it will diminish in the event of a protracted contest. There are numerous instances in the history of commerce where the accident of war, or even the alteration of a law, has entirely destroyed some particular branch of trade. The present state of things has stimulated and must continue to stimulate the production of cotton, not in one but many countries. Who can tell that the misfortunes of America may not prove the salvation of India? Revolutions in commerce far more remarkable have frequently occurred, though to the Southern mind such a contingency may at present seem beyond the bounds of possibility.

In the meantime the fortune of war seems to favor the Northern States. Instead of advancing upon the Capital, which, according to the public boast of Mr. Jefferson Davis' adherents, ought to have been in their possession a month ago, they have not only made a retrograde movement, but they have evacuated Harper's Ferry, a post of great importance, which they had taken all possible pains to fortify. It may be a wise thing of the Southern President to retreat under the circumstances, but it was unwise to boast of his intentions of taking Washington when he had not the means of doing so. General Scott has managed better. He has kept his plans entirely to himself, and he has for the present, at least, secured Washington from any attack. Americans have at length encountered Americans in deadly conflict, and although the loss of life has not been great, we fear it will prove sufficient to render a peaceful solution of the quarrel impossible. The strife must now go on; but how far and with what result he would be a bold man who would venture to predict.

"Sovereign States."

We are curious to know when it first became fashionable to speak of "States" in the Union and under the Constitution as "sovereign," or still more compactly, as "sovereignties." It would also be instructive to have a precise statement of the elements that constitute sovereignty according to the metaphysical politicians, who are wont studiously to deny this quality to the National Government in its relations, but who as studiously apply it to "States," which, under the Constitution, are stripped of nearly all the attributes regarded by other nations as typical of sovereignty; for a "State," according to the terms of that instrument, cannot lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships-of-war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign Power, or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay. It cannot enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque or reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold or silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, &c. It cannot regulate commerce with foreign nations or with other States, establish post-offices and post roads, punish piracies, or declare war. The judges in every State are bound by the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress, "anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." To the United States, and not to his own State, the citizens must look for protection whilst abroad. Though the State elects Senators, the Constitution of the United States prescribes their qualifications, and it delegates to Congress power to change or alter the times, places, and manner of choosing Representatives.

It would seem to be clear, therefore, to all plain minds, that this epithet "sovereign," if [illegible] all the generality implied by the word, is strangely applied to "political corporations"—we use the term employed by Mr. Madison—which on entering the Union expressly divested themselves of the most primary and essential constituents of "sovereignty."

But it is also equally obvious that under the arrangements of the Constitution the Governments of the Union and of the several States are mutual complements of each other, and that in their blended but harmonious spheres they are each independent, and, within their prescribed limits, equally sovereign, if such a term can be deemed strictly applicable at all to civil functions implying rather a relative than an absolute "sovereignty." Yet it cannot be doubted that the almost exclusive appropriation of this word to the power and functions of a "State," as conceived by a certain class of politicians, has had a large share in poisoning the sentiments of patriotic and comprehensive loyalty to the whole country, of which the Union is the national bond and the Constitution is the national symbol.—*National Intelligencer.*

Getting a Friend to Do the Courting.

Other men than the hard headed puritan, Miles Standish, have made the same blunder *he* perpetrated in sending John Allen to do his courtship with the pretty Priscilla. Envoys extraordinary are sometimes extraordinary envoys, and we should not advise any ardent swain, unless he had no tongue and was incapable of making pot-hooks and trammels—to imitate Sam's proposal by proxy. Sam says:—

"I ups and I tells Mose all about it; and says I to Mose, says I: "Had you just as lieves ask her for me?" He said he had. So, to make a long story short, one bitter cold night Mose and I started for the house where Liddy lived. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood shed while Mose went in and sot matters right. Mose knocked at the door and went in, and I sot down on a chopping log to wait the issue. Mose thought he could fix things in about half an hour, and as it was eight o'clock when he went in, I calculated on being in Paradise about half arter; but there I sot, and sot, till I heard the clock strike nine; then I had to get up and stomp and thrash my hands to keep from freezing. Ten o'clock, then eleven struck—and still no Mose. At last, just about midnight, when I'd got to be little better'n a freezin' tater, out he comes. I rushed up to him, and with a sneakin vioce, 'M-M-Moses,' says I, 'wh-what does she say?'

"Sam," says he, "pon my soul, I forgot to ax her."

Just six weeks arter, Mose and Liddy, which were twain, were made one flesh.

A SWISS SUNDAY.—An American writing from Switzerland, says:—It seems to me that a Sunday is here considered sacred in proportion to the amount of amusement that can be crowded into it. The "American manner" of keeping the Sabbath is a matter of wonder to the Swiss. I have often heard them commiserate the American Minister, Theodore S. Fay, whose reputation is broadspread over the land as a consistent observer of the Sabbath, on his "mournful Sundays," as they are pleased to term it, "devoid of pleasure." Their sympathy, however, does not interfere with the profound respect with which they regard him, and his newly appointed successor must be very superior and winning person in order to fill his place in the heart of Switzerland.

Acts of Assembly.

Among the bills passed at the late session of the General Assembly of Maryland, the following important amendments to the Exemption and Stay Laws, were enacted:

AMENDMENT TO THE EXEMPTION LAW.

An Act to amend the 23d Article of the Code of Public General Laws, by adding thereto a section extending the list of articles exempted from distraint for rent.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the 531st Article of the Code of Public General Laws be amended by adding thereto the following section:

In addition to the property exempt from distress for rent, as provided for by the 17th section 531 article of the Code of Public General Laws, the following described property shall also be exempt from distress for rent, viz:—Necessary wearing apparel, bed and beding, provisions for the use of the tenant and his family, store, tools and implements of husbandry, not exceeding one hundred dollars in value, nor kept for sale.

SEC. 2. *Be it enacted*, This Act shall take effect from its passage.

AMENDMENT TO THE STAY LAW.

A Bill entitled an Act to amend the Act passed on the 10th of May 1861, entitled an act to repeal the 12th section of twenty-ninth Article of the Code of Public General Laws, and the proviso to the thirty third section of the 5th Article of the said Code, relating to stay of execution and to extend the time for enforcing the execution of judgments.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the provisions of the above entitled Act, of which this Act is amendatory, shall not apply to executions in the hands of Sheriffs and Constables at the time of the passage of said Act of which this is amendatory, unless the defendant or defendants in said executions shall give bond to the judgement creditor or creditors in the same manner as is provided by said original Act in the case of mortgages of personal property.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the said original Act, of which this Act is amendatory, shall not apply to the collections of officers fees, as before the passage of said original Act.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That all Sheriffs and Constables and other officers, whose term of office shall expire previous to the expiration of the stay provided for in said original act, of which this is amendatory, shall have power and they are hereby authorized and empowered to enforce; after the expiration of the stay provided for in said original Act, all executions that may be in their hands at the time of the expiration of their term of office.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of said original Act of which this Act is amendatory, shall not apply to distress for rent.

Two Ways.

There are two ways of dealing with our fellowmen, both of which may be considered honest. One is to give your neighbor his due, but not a cent more. In shovelling the snow from before his house, stop exactly at the line, and give him to understand that he must shovel his own snow. Pursue the same policy in everything, and let him know that he has a neighbor who will not suffer his rights to be trampled on. The result is natural. You stir up the same spirit in him. He looks out for his rights as jealously as you do for yours; and you soon find that you have got one of the least accommodating, one of the meanest and most obstinate of neighbors in the world; while he entertains precisely the same opinion of you.

The other way is to deal, not exactingly, but generously. Always be willing to pay all the things you purchase is worth; and show less anxiety about paying too much than about paying too little. Shovel the snow from before both houses, when convenient, and don't look as if you expected some grateful return for the favor. Feel that it is a pleasure to accommodate your neighbors in all things possible; and that, in matters of slight misunderstanding, it is always better magnanimously to surrender your rights than to indulge in a petty quarrel. You will soon find that also in this case you will stir up a similar spirit in those you deal with; and that, instead of jealousies and complaints of each other, which are the curse of a neighborhood, you and your friends will imitate each other in doing kind offices.

Or if this does not result, you will still be the gainer. You will gain a noble and serene spirit of toleration, which will be worth more to you than all the trifles there may be dispute about.—Your charity and generosity will be reflected back upon yourself; and the more liberally you treat those who use you ill, the longer and warmer your heart will become, and the sweeter and worthier your life.

FIFTY CENTS A GAME.—Last summer, at the State Fair, a genuine Yankee was strolling about the grounds, when he was accosted by a gambler, and asked to play a game of cards.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know much about cards, I don't."

"Well," said the gambler, "I'd like to play a game with you. What will you play with me for?"

"Well," said our friend, "I'll play a game with you for fifty cents."

Down they sat; the gambler put down fifty cents, and asked our friend if he begged.

"No," said he, "I've got a very good hand—I don't beg."

"Well," replied the other, "put your money down."

"What money?" asked Jonathan.

"Why, your fifty cents."

"I didn't say I'd put down fifty cents. You asked me what I'd play *for*, and I said fifty cents—and I'd play you all night for fifty cents a game."

ANECDOTE.—A little girl about five years old, who has a brother in one of the companies of the Troy regiment, and who has been taught by her mother to say her prayers on going to bed at night, was told she ought to remember her brother in her prayers on going to bed at night; but nothing further was suggested. The next night on retiring, the little one in her prayers said:—"Oh Lord, let brother Joe shoot the others, but don't let the others shoot Joe." A deal of human nature as well as patriotism in that prayer.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. When cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor.

A gentleman living in single blessedness, whose Christian name is William, (Bill) was asked by a single lady if he could give her bank bills for a ten dollar gold piece. He answered, "No." She then said, "A single bill will answer my purpose." He promptly replied, "Oh, yes, I can, and will be most happy to accommodate you. I myself am a *single* BILL entirely at your service."

Power of Imagination.

Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone from the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortunes by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the paseo. He had not proceeded far, when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then she stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.—The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest priest was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor exerted his skill to the utmost, but in vain; in less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleagured with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before?

"Predict it," replied the doctor, "why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half-a-dozen times."

"Blood! how did you know it was blood?"

"How! from the color; how else?"

"But every one spits red in Manilla."

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time, but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new medico had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction. His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.—*The Seven Sisters of Sleep.*

The Horse Shoe.

Pat Fegarty went all the way from Manchester to London to "thrash" Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse shoe." He was detected, and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court—Well, sir, you came here from Manchester, did you?

Pat—Your Honor has answered correct.

Court—You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat—Ain't your Honor after sayin' that a sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive)—I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head—you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?

Pat—The locomotive, your Honor.

Court (waxing warm)—Equivocating again, you scoundrel, (raising up the horse shoe and holding it before Pat,) do you see that horse shoe, sir?

Pat—Is it a horse shoe, your Honor?

Court—Don't you see it is, sir? are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horse shoe?

Pat—Begar! no, your Honor.

Court (angrily)—No?

Pat—No, yer Honor; but can yerself tell?

Court—Of course I can, you stupid Irishman.

Pat (soliloquizing aloud)—Oh! glory to goodness; see what education is, yer Honor. Sure a poor ignorant creature like meslf wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flowes, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient. He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

WEATHER-PROOF NAILS.—Everybody knows what a difficult thing it is to nail roof boards and weather boards so that they will hold for a good length of time. There are many other places in which it is nearly impossible to make nails do the office for which they are intended.

A remedy—and the only one I ever saw—I discovered a few years ago; it is very simple, and never fails.

Take ten-penny, malleable nails, and place the head in a vice; take a pair of pincers and grip the nail near the point, twist it half way round, minding to make the twist somewhat elongated. In driving, the nail becomes a screw, and neither sun nor hammer can withdraw it.—*Field Notes.*

WARLIKE WIT.—A good place for General Pillow—The bed of the Mississippi.
A good man to bring down secession game—Colonel Hunter.
The most prominent General down South—General Distress.
What's in a name?—Ask General Bragg.
An "appeal to arms"—a squalling baby.
A soldier's ray of hope—Good rations.
The rod for rebels—The ramrod.
A revolting subject—A secessionist.

What way of circumventing a man can be so easy and suitable as a period? The name should be enough to put us on our guard; the experience of every age is not.