PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. H. Connectt—Printer.

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. XXXIX. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856. No. 52.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserted 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.

ALFRED P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Easton, Md.,

WILL practice in Talbot and adjoining counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care. CLAIMS of all kinds collected and payments promptly made over

☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office. sep 27-tf

CHEAP LUMBER.

50.000 feet White Pine and Hemlock Lumber will be received in a few days at the low rate of $15,00 per thousand. Also
30,000 Hart and sap shingles,
20,000 No. 1 Hart do.
20,000 Plastering laths,
15,000 ½ siding, good quality, on hand and for sale by (aug 23) R. THARP.

DENTISTRY.

DR. BAIRD, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Easton and the surrounding country, that he will be in Easton during the first weeks in *August, October and December*, and at such other times as his services may be called for.

☞ A line addressed to him at Cambridge will meet with prompt attention. [june 28-6m

A. B. PRITCHETT.
CABINET MAKER,

HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. Sam'l Patchett will receive prompt attention.

may 12-y A. B. P.

CO-PARTNERSHIP,

HAS this day been formed between the undersigned for the purpose of *Grave Bricking, Street-Paving, Repairing and putting up Chimneys*. They will keep constantly on hand Bricks of the best material for Graves, which they will furnish at moderate prices when called on so to do. They will execute with dispatch all work in their line of business at short notice and in the best manner. When not engaged in the country they can be found at their residence in Easton.

JOS. NEWNAM.
JAS. R. WRIGHT.
August 18, 1856. [aug 23-tf

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber informs the tax payers of Talbot county that he is prepared to receive their State and County Taxes for the year 1856. I hope they will be promptly paid, as I shall aim to close my collections within the time prescribed by law. The commissions paid for collecting the taxes are not sufficient to justify me in riding the county to make repeated calls on delinquents, therefore I shall expect tax payers to call on me at once, and settle their taxes. To enable persons to save the *four per cent* discount on their State tax, which they may do by paying their taxes during this month (September,) I shall be in Easton every Tuesday, at Trappe every other Saturday, beginning with to-day, and at St. Michaels when not on a cruise in other parts of the county. Mr. Charles Robinson, in Easton, will receive and receipt for taxes for me during any day in the week for the Easton, Trappe and Chapel Districts.

sep 6-tf JAMES HARRISON, Jr.

DISSOLUTION.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between David & Charles Keilholtz has this day (June 31) been dissolved by mutual consent. Charles Keilholtz is authorized to settle the business of the late firm, and all persons indebted for castings, plows, &c., are requested to make immediate payment to him. Those who do not pay up or settle their accounts by note before the 1st day of September next, will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection according to law.

DAVID & CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.
Easton, June 31, 1856.

N. B—The subscriber having purchased the interest of his brother in the foundry, will carry on the business as heretofore. He has on hand a large stock of castings and plows which he is selling at the usual rates. Farmers are respectfully requested to continue their custom. Strict attention will be paid to business.

jy 12 CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.

WHEELWRIGHTING
—AND—
BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the above business near Skipton. He has now on hand a lot of the best materials, and is prepared to put up new work in a manner that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction, and on terms as accommodating as the times will admit of. He will warrant all new work made by him.

He has in his employ an experienced BLACKSMITH, who is prepared to execute work in the various branches of that business in the best manner and with the utmost promptness. Particular attention paid to *Horse Shoeing*, for which the *Cash* will be required. In this line of his business he can't be beat—try him.

All orders promptly attended to in person, and a discount of 6 per cent. will be made on all cash payments. He solicits the business of farmers, and hopes by strict attention, by dispatch in the execution of all orders, and by the use of none but the best materials, to retain the public confidence and a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to him.

jan 19-1y JAMES AUSTIN.

COACH MAKING.

THE subscriber (surviving partner of Anderson & Hopkins) takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has taken the shop, stock, &c., of the late firm, and will hereafter carry on the

COACH-MAKING BUSINESS

in his own name. From his long experience in the business he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction, and hopes by a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit a continuance of that favor and patronage which have heretofore been so liberally extended toward him.

He is prepared to manufacture Carriages of all kinds to order, in a very superior manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Repairing also executed with neatness and despatch.

He has now on hand and ready for sale a fine assortment of Carriages, Harness, &c., both new and second hand, of various patterns and finish, which he would respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and all new work warranted for 12 months.

mar 29-y SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

GLAUBER SALTS—Farmers in want of Glauber Salts for their Wheat this Fall, will please hand in their orders at once to prevent disappointment in getting their supplies.

sep 13 DAWSON & BRO.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home, how bright it beams,
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love and rest and comfort call.
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will list our name,
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies.
It is the light at home he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home, whene'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm;
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which then she shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss;
Around the light at home.

The light of home! how still and sweet,
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er.
Sad is the soul that does not know,
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart,
Around the light at home.

CURING A GRUMBLER;
OR,
THREE DAYS AT HOME.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

I.—FIRST DAY.

'There, my dear, I brought you home three quarts of berries,' said John Paley, the blacksmith, as he laid the basket down upon the table.

'What in the world did you bring three quarts for? I can't use more than two,' replied Mrs. Paley.

'Oh, well, now I think of it, Mrs. Thompson wants a quart, and wished me to get it for her, if the man came along to-day.'

'Humph! Now I think of it, I want them myself, and Mrs. Thompson cannot have them.

'Never mind; I left a quart at the shop for luncheon to-morrow; she can have them.'

'Do without them yourself?'

'Certainly; if she wants them she can have them.'

'You take good care of Mrs. Thompson,' added Mrs. Paley, with a slight sneer.

'Only take a quart of berries for her.'

'That is more than she would do for me.'

'Oh, no, I guess not.'

'I asked her to lend me her wash tub the other morning, and she wouldn't do it,' replied Mrs. Paley, rather spitefully.

'Wouldn't do it?'

'No.'

'Wouldn't lend you a wash-tub!'

John Paley was astonished and indignant. Mrs. Thompson was a widow, who lived in the next house, and he had frequently been called upon to perform sundry little choices for her, which her lonely condition required; and now to have her refuse to lend his wife a wash-tub, was the highest ingratitude, and he resolved on the spot that Mrs. Thompson should not have the berries.

'She isn't an angel,' added Mrs. Paley.

'I never supposed she was. Wouldn't lend you her wash-tub'

'No, she would not.'

'I am surprised, when was it?'

'Monday morning!

'Monday morning! You did not go to her for a tub on Monday morning, did you?'

'I did; at what other time could I want a tub?'

'Yes; and at what other time should I want a tub?'

'Well, I only asked her for it, and it was mean in her not to let me have it, after we have done so much for her."

We! John wanted to say that we, like the editorial singular, only mean himself. but we had no wish to stir up strife.

'She told me she had her clothes in it,' continued Mrs. Paley.

'Well?'

'She didn't seem willing to lend it to me, so when she offered to take them out, and let me have the tub, I told her she needn't trouble herself.'

'It was very wrong, Mary, for you to ask her to lend you her tub on Monday morning.'

'I suppose so; if any one was wrong, of course, I am the one,' pouted Mrs. Paley, disgusted by her husband's partiality and injustice.

'Never mind, Mary; is supper ready?'

'No; that wood you got last, is such miserable stuff, it won't burn at all.'

'It is the best that I could get, and the best there is, for that matter. I gave eight dollars a cord for it.'

'A fool and his money are soon parted.'

'A fool and her husband——' but John cut the sentence short, thinking it a little too wicked for the occasion.

'Just like you! If there is a fool anywhere about, and I am the one!'

'Never mind Mary. Let us have some supper as soon as you can. I am going to the caucus this evening.'

'You are? You never stay at home evenings now.'

'Why, my dear, I have not been out of the house of an evening but once for a month.'

'Why need you go at all?'

Because I am deeply interested in the election.'

'More than you are in your wife,' replied she, petulently, as she opened the stove-oven to see if the biscuit were ready. 'I declare! this is the meanest oven I ever saw. It will not bake worth a cent.'

'Have you just found that out?'

'It never was good for anything.'

And so Mrs. Paley went on from one thing to another, regularly and systematically condemning to which she put her hands. She was not suited. Everything and everybody were out of joint. Nothing went right, nobody could do anything to suit her.

John Paley was not particularly happy in his domestic relations. The porcupine temper of his wife, was a continual annoyance to him. It was very hard to use his best endeavors to please her and then fail. He had tried to study her wishes, but they were mere caprices, and in despair he gave up his attempts. Nothing that he could do would please her, nothing but she found fault with him.

II.—SECOND DAY.

John Paley was of an easy temper. He was disposed to make the best of things as he found them; but there was no such thing as compromising with incessant grumbling. Unlike many others, he could not be driven to the dram shop, or even to the usual haunts of loafers in country places. He was obstinately bent on staying at home in the evening. He was fond of reading and home was the centre of his thoughts. Even the perversity of his wife could not eradicate his deeply seated love of home.

Still home was not a pleasant place to him—at least not half as pleasant as it might be. Mary loved him—he could not doubt that. During a long illness the winter before, she had been unremitting in her devotion. A piece of red hot iron flew into his eye so that the ball of it had nearly run out. He had suffered the most intense agony, she watched by him, nor slept nor slumbered for a week. His pain was her's and while he suffered, she never complained of the watching and privation that his illness had occasioned, she never used an ungentle word, even when, worn with suffering, he became testy and impatient.

She loved him; she could sacrifice all her comforts to him; and why should he not bear with her infirmity? Should he, who had been so tenderly watched over, who had been nursed and cherished so devotedly by her, cast her out—should his affections be alienated from her?

It is true, her failing was a grievous one. It gave him a continued uneasiness. It almost embittered his very existence.

'It will cure her,' said John, while he was going home one day, as a new idea penetrated his brain. "She will find fault with me when I carry this leg of veal home. It will be either too large or too small, too fat or too lean, too good or too bad. I will cure her.

Mary did find fault with the veal—it was too fat and too large, and too good for persons in their circumstances. But John held his peace and sat down to supper.

'What sort of tea is this?' said he, as he pushed the cup petulently from him.

'What is the matter with it?' asked his wife astonished at such a display of 'spunk' on his part.

'It is too strong of hot water.' I should like to get a decent cup of tea once in my life.

'Why. John!'

'It is nothing but dish water.'

'I am sorry it don't suit you.'

'It never suits me,' he added as he broke open a hot biscuit.

'Never suits you?'

'No;' and at the same moment he threw the broken biscuit back upon the plate.—'Saleratus' again.

'What is the matter with the biscuit, John?' asked Mrs. Paley, amazed at the singular conduct of her husband.

'There are great junks of saleratus in it.' If there is anything I detest it is the taste of saleratus in bread.

Mary took the broken biscuit and examined it. There is only a single yellow speck to be seen in it.

'There is one little place; I will cut it out. Pray take another John?'

John did take another, and broke it open; but perceived another speck of the offensive substance scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.

'Haven't you any cold bread?' he asked as he threw it back upon the plate.

'There is none in the house,' replied poor Mary, ready to burst into tears with grief and vexation.

'Give me a piece of pie, then.'

Mary give him a piece.

'Sour as swill!' exclaimed he, as he pushed his plate from him.

Mary brought a mince pie.

'Strong enough of cloves to strangle a fellow, said he. Strange that I cannot get anything that is fit to eat.'

The poor wife could bear no more. Her eyes filled with tears and she sobbed aloud. John was not disposed to carry the lesson any farther. Mary, as much as she found fault herself, was extremely sensitive, and she could not endure the slightest censure.

'Mary, my dear, do not weep,' said he, going to her, and imprinting a kiss on her cheek.

'What is the matter with you. John—you never behaved like this before?'

'I was only holding up a mirror to you—you can tell how I feel, when you find fault with everything I do.'

'I never will again.'

'My own Mary! Forgive me if I caused you pain.'

'You are too bad, John.'

'But no worse than you are almost every day.'

Mary thought a great deal that night.

III.—THIRD DAY.

The battle had been fought, and the victory won. Mrs. Paley's heart was full of tenderness and sympathy. She could not have realized the pain her ceaseless and useless grumbling caused her affectionate husband, or she never would have indulged the habit. She would not make him unhappy for the world, and now, when the lesson had opened her eyes she set a guard upon her tongue.

Almost always a habitual grumbler is an indolent person. A man or woman whose mind is occupied, has no time to be discontented. But Mrs. Paley's was a kind of moral indolence. She permitted her noble faculties to sleep for the time, and discontent stole in while the sentinel was off guard. She had chosen a new course of action, but she had to watch with ceaseless vigilance just to curb the disposition to complain.—To be indolent was to lose the battle, and to lose the battle was perhaps to alienate the affections of her husband.

But her best efforts were wholly unsuccessful. She would forget herself, and grumble before she thought; but John persevered in his attempt to effect the cure.

'There, my dear, I have bought you a nice pair of chickens,' said John, one night just before Thanksgiving, when he came home from his daily labor.

'There are two—they are very nice ones,' replied she. 'But do you think we can afford to have chickens—that is, of course you know best what we can afford.'

'Once in a while, my dear; we haven't had any this year.'

'They are very nice,'

'And cost me only ten cents a pound.'

'Very cheap.'

John sat down to tea. Unfortunately her biscuit were diseased with saleratus; indeed they were as yellow as saffron,

'That saleratus you got yesterday is miserable stuff. It is not fit to put into bread.'

'Humph! you put in four times as much as was necessary,' replied John, resorting to his former tactics. 'Your tea, too, is as flat as dishwater, and the—

'Forgive me, John.'

'I won't say another word, my dear,' added John with a smile that turned it all into sunshine.

'I was careless about the biscuit.'

'Never mind, Mary; we can make it do very well. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.'

'Shall I put some more tea in the teapot?'

'No, I only said that; the tea is very good.'

'Ah! I see what you mean.'

'It is all right; you have done nobly, my dear, and by-and by you will forget how to complain.'

"I hope so, John, for your sake."

And eventually Mary did overcome the habit. She had all that the heart of woman needed to make her happy—a good home, a good and kind husband—so that her life might have been perpetual sunshine, if she chose to have it so.

Patience and perseverance overcome all things, and they will overcome the vilest habit that ever clung to a sinning mortal. With her the palm of victory was disputed inch by inch, and occasionally the husband had to tell her the tea was dishwater, that the cakes tasted of saleratus, or something of this kind; but the cure at last was completed. She learned to look on the bright side and to ignore the dark side.

To John Paley belonged the credit of the cure. Another might have become disgusted with matrimony, pronounced the whole thing a humbug, and gone from his home to seek solace in the company of the abandoned and the dissolute. To him the remembrance of his wife,s devotion in sickness was like an oasis in the desert. It is true, it was her duty to take care of him in sickness; but her devotion was not bounded by the mandate of duty, it was the offsprings of love. It was the heart's tribute, and her husband saw that her grumbling was only a dark shadow that obscured the brightness of her character, and he chased the cloud away.

JUST IN TIME.—A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursurer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbour without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner.

Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horses' hoofs were thundering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushing from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said, "How luckey, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident constitute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

A California jury, in a suicide case lately found the following verdict:—"We the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

For the Easton Gazette.

COLPORTEUR CONVENTION AT GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C.

My duty recently called me to Goldsborough, N. C., to attend a Convention of some of the Colporteurs of the *American Tract Society*.

The town is named in honor of M. Tilghman Goldsborough, who, when acting as Engineer on the Seaboard and Roanoke Rail Road was so favorably known and esteemed among the people that they determined to call their town in honor of him, and though at that time it was a very small town it is now larger perhaps than Easton, with a population equally intelligent and refined. It is now the county seat of Wayne county. It has a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Church. Male and female College. Five large Hotels, Court House, &c., and is improving more rapidly perhaps, than any other town in North Carolina.

The Convention met on the evening of the 23d ult., and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Adkinson of Raleigh, from John 3, 15. God so loved the world &c.—Rev. O. Eastman, one of the corresponding secretaries, being present, was invited to preside, and the Rev. S. M. Sumner was elected Secretary.

The Colporteurs were called upon in alphabetical order to give a statement of their religious experience, and the circumstances that led them to engage in the Colporteur work; and also to state the destitutions of their various fields of labor, and the work they had accomplished. We will give a specimen of these statements.

Mr. A. said he was a native of Rowan county, was blest with religious parents, was early taught the importance of prayer and the house of God—received his education chiefly in the Sunday School. His mother was a tract distributer, and while she was spinning taught him to say—"Our Father who art in Heaven." He had been engaged in the Colporteur work for eight years.

Mr. B. was born in 1797 of Quaker parents—grew up without God. At the age of 22 opened public house—kept liquor, and drank it—soon became a drunkard—was not sober for six years—drank about a quart per day—had *delerium tremens*—was thot' to be dead—came to—found his children had no bread—was tempted to destroy himself—seemed to hear the voice of God say—"If the wicked man forsake his wicked way and return unto the Lord he will have mercy upon him." He cried mightily unto God and obtained forgiveness twenty-four years since—had been Colporteur for some time and loved the work. Said he, I love to go into the College of the poor and talk to the children and their parents about Jesus. Had been for some time in Davidson county—visited fourteen hundred families—two hundred and forty-two families had no book but the Bible. Sixty-nine without the Bible. One hundred and fifty-three families habitually neglect preaching—gathered three hundred and fifty children in Sunday Schools—sold 100 tracts to a female, she distributed them—soon a revival commenced in that neighborhood.

Mr. C. had pious parents—mother died when he was very young, father used to take him alone to pray *with and for him*, he could still seem to feel the pressure of that father's hand as it rested on his little head. A poor woman gave him 25 cents for the Society; in the next house found a whole family, parents and six children, not one of them could read; gave the man a tract *primer*, and tought him the alphabet; a few months after he came to the Colporteur, said he had learned to read, bought $5,00 worth of books and opened a Sabbath School; when the old lady that gave the 25 cents that *bought that primer* went to the Sabbath School and saw the good her little donation had effected could but cry for joy and praise God!

Thus they went through in Alphabetical order, each one relating the most thrilling and interesting facts.

The following report of Wayne county, N. C., is a specimen of statistical reports: Mr. H. was employed nine months; visited 1244 families; prayed with 922; neglect preaching habitually 170; without the Bible 250; destitute of religious books except Bibles and hymn books 534; $449,98 amount of books sold; $161,76 granted to the poor and destitute.

During the meetings of the Convention addresses were delivered to crowded audiences by Rev. O. Eastman, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. J. Cross; Rev. S. M. Sumner; Rev. G. W. Kennedy, General Agents, as to the origin, object and results of the Society.

Its object as made known in the Constitution is to spread a pure, elevated, evangelical literature all over our country and the world—*such as is approved by Christians of all evangelical denominations.* The Society has issued in 13 different languages the past year 10 millions of its publications. Its issues are about 50,000 per day—about 3000 of these bound volumes, the expenditures about $1200 per day. It employed the past year 662 Colporteurs to carry these precious publications from house to house, selling to those who are able to buy, and giving to the poor and destitute. Who shall go into all the palaces of the rich and all hovels of the poor and gather up and write out the history of all these precious volumes, tracts, and periodicals? Who shall estimate the good effected by the 213 million that have gone out from the tract house? *Eternity alone can reveal all the good they have done!*

What patriot, what philanthropist, what Christian does not feel ambitious to aid a cause thus blessing our country and the world.

This noble institution has *no permanent fund*, it is entirely dependent upon the voluntary contributions of its friends.

After the usual resolutions of thanks to the citizens of Goldsborough for their hospitality, the convention adjourned on Monday evening.

The exercises of the Sabbath were particularly interesting, when about $400 was subscribed in aid of the Society.

Donations for the Society can be sent to the subscriber, and will be thankfully acknowledged. $20 constitutes a life member. $50 a life director, and $150 the salary of a Colporteur! Many Christians and patriots sustain a Colporteur! Who next?

Men of *stability* and *energy* of *purpose* of any evangelical denomination, coming recommended by one or more Clergyman for *piety* and other qualifications will receive employment as *Colporteur* by application to the Executive Committee, through

G. W. KENNEDY,
Gen. Agt. Amer. Tract Society.
Trappe, Talbot Co., Md.

POISONING FROM OPIUM.—It is of importance to the community to know that if artificial respiration can be kept up, in case of poisoning from opium, the patient may be saved; as the narcotic influence attaching the brain renders the person unconscious, and arrests the action of the respiratory muscles simultaneously; the action of the heart being immediately thereafter arrested from the effects of the opium and defect of respiratory power. Now, if respiration can be kept up, the heart will be sustained, hence the circulation will be kept up, and therefore, the narcotic poison which is contained in the blood, being continually passed through the lungs, is by this means thrown out of the system. The nervous system, having thus been relieved of its oppression, again resumes its power over the functions of life, and the patient is saved

In the treatment of such cases, electro-magnetism has been resorted to with great success. In the Medical Examiner of Philadelphia, for June, are two cases, reported by Prof. John G. Biddle, in which the effect of poisoning from opium were successfully counteracted, in one case by Dr. Biddle, in the other by Dr. Mutter. In both cases one pole was placed on the pit of the stomach. These were both adults. Another more triking case occurred within the last few days, in which a child of a year old, had a teaspoonful of laudanum administered to it in mistake for syrup of rhubarb. Less than six drops have caused death in a child of 14 months. In this case there were about 120 drops, and the patient was seen about 2½ hours after the accident by Dr. Gobrecht.

The most powerful emetics had no effect. The stomach pump was then applied, but the fluid removed gave little indication of the presence of opium, showing it must have been absorbed into the system. After ineffectual efforts to keep the child awake, and when it was found almost ceasing to breathe, the magnato-electric machine was brought into use, and kept applied for three successive hours, with the happiest effect. Artificial respiration and the heart's action were kept up till the system had been relieved of the poisonous drug. This happy sesult was produced by the assiduous attention of Dr. Gobrecht, who had the satisfaction to see the patient entirely recovered.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"—An anecdote is told of Finney, the "revivalist," and a canaler to the following effect:

He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him, and rather abruptly asked:

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The unsuspecting man, innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat "Jenny Sands."

"No, sir, you are not," continued Finney. "You are going to hell faster than a canal boat can carry you."

The boatman looked at him with astonishment for a moment, and then returned the question:

"Sir do you know where you are going?"

"I expect to go to Heaven."

"No, sir! you are *going right into the canal!*"

And suiting the action to the word, he took Finney into his arms and tossed him into the murky waters where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

NOTHING LIKE LATIN.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered:

"Tip'em a little Latin, General. They won't be satisfied without it."

The man of iron will, instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming—

"*E pluribus unum!—sine qua non!—ne plus ultra!—nullum in parto!*"

The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

CEMENT FOR JARS AND BOTTLES.—Take one-third beeswax and two-thirds rosin.—Pound the rosin fo' a fine powder, put it with the wax into a' stew-pan to melt.—When it is thoroughly liquid, take it off the fire, and stir in finely powdered brick dust, till the mixture becomes as thick as melted sealing wax. Then plaster it warm around the covers of preserve or pickle jars. If you use it for bottles, cork them tightly and then dip the top into the cement.—*Miss Leslie's New Receipt Book.*

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.—Many persons regard reputation, or what this world says of them, as more important than character, or what they are. Slander has driven many an innocent and honestly-meaning person to crime. Remember this in your neighbors, and remember it in your prayers for mercy.

Last week there were 25 scarlet fever deaths in Boston.