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The Easton Gazette.

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SOME SAY "THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE."

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Some say that absence conquers love,
And distance e'er will chilling prove
To the warm passions of the heart;
But such are cynics grave and old,
Whose souls have long e'er this grown cold,
And ne'er courted cupid's dart
Nor burned within their inner frame
With heat that brings both joy and pain.

I challenge proud philosophy
And numbers of sweet minstrelsy
To prove the truth of this assertion;
Ask those whose life is deeply blessed
By love's sweet smiles—who know the best
And they will give another version,
And say, while light beams from their eyes,
"Love's a passion that never dies."

No! absence conquers not my love,
But strong within my bosom move
The hopes, the joys, the growing bliss
That love of mine creates—and still
My love grows stronger, like the rill
That in its course doth loving kiss
The green bank, and onward rushes—
So in my heart the fire flushes.

St. Michaels, April 22d.

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

A THRILLING STORY.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man, Daniel Bryan, a lawyer by profession No one possessed the confidence of their friends more than he did, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he come in contact. Business poured in upon him and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven Bryan took to himself a wife from among the most favored one in the country. Mary Folton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be equally fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and Bryan possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length gave the whole body and soul to the demon.—For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sunk into the lowest pit of degradation; when at the age of thirty-five, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether—he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry a case through court. The only business he now had on hand was the collecting of some debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birth day, he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long amid the examples of those who were his constant companions, and he sank as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time, he was a miserable degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect, called at his house and inquired of his wife where he could be found, she would tell them he was away. Poor woman they could not bear to dispute with her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryan were prostrate upon his bed room floor.

One day Mr. Vinson went to see him. Vinson had left accounts to amount of several thousand dollars with Bryan, and he was anxious to see him. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband was away. "My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune and I appreciate your feelings: but I must see your husband. If I can see him for one minute I can learn all I wish to know.

Mary Bryan spoke not a word, but with tearful eye turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryan in a back room stretched at full length upon the floor with a jug of Medford rum at his side.—With much effort Vinson aroused the poor inebriate to a state of semiconsciousness, and asked him if he had done anything with the notes and accounts he had left him. "Yes," answered the lawyer, in a weak, hiccuping voice, "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my per centage and you will find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryan was called in, the key produced and Vinson found his money—four thousand and some hundred dollors—all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryan never used for himself a single penny held in trust.—Hundreds there were who worked hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect.—Years went by and he sank lower—yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer named Moses Fulton, often urged her to forsake her husband, offering her at the same time a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man be drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him.

All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offsprings of his jug

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why stay with such a brute!"

"Hush, Moses, speak not thus," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

"Ah Moses how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in since. Then as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said, in a strong emphasized tone.

Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, but mated with a demon. I have loved you. Daniel, as I never loved men before; you were noble, generous and kind, but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live in comfort, only she will not do it while you're alive; yet when you die she will come to me. This I do pray, God will soon give her joys to me keeping. Now Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my new home, may be that-you-are-dead!"

Bryan gazed upon the speaker some moments in silence. "Moses," he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy and not until then—so go on on. Fill your jug and—"

"Stop, Moses, I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die; sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus, shall not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eye flashed, and he drew himself proudly up. "Go," he said, with a tone of the old, powerfull sarcasm that had often electrified a jurk. "Go to Ohio, and I'll send you the news. Go, sir, and watch the post."

With these words' Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire place, and while yet a thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Moses bore his sister, who had fainted, to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

Four months Daniel moved over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system for long years had subsisted on almost nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal.

"You can surely take a gill and not take more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath. Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy or rum killed me! I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his own words."

He did live! An iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help, joyful playful help—Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington and Danial Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgrey. Felton started in surprise. Never before had Bryan looked so noble and commanding and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury and the youth was acquited.—The successful counsel turnd from the court room, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak.—When they reached a spot where others could not hear them, Bryan stopped. "Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back?—Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid.

"And what must the remainder of the payment be?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far, was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before; but Moses could read in both the countenance of his sister and her husband the gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives one of the most honored men in Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature, thrice in the Senate, and once in the National Congress, and he is yet an ornament to society, declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the office which he cares nothing for.

FEMALE HEROISM.—Among the incidents of the late fire at Georgetown, we find the following related by the Star:—

"We understood that while the fire was raging, several individuals, representing themselves as firemen, insisted upon entering the dwelling of a respected clergyman situated in the same block as the burning buildings. The articles in the house having been prepared for removal by the family, it was not considered advisable to admit strangers, and a young daughter of the minister took her position at the front door, and gave the parties notice that they would not by allowed to enter. Previous to taking her stand, while packing up the various articles, a servant discovered a revolver in a bureau drawer, and for fear of accident, handed it to the young lady, who deposited it in her dress pocket for safety. Upon her arrival at the front door, the parties not satisfied with her refusal, signified their intention, in a rough rowdyish manner, to enter; when, as a last recourse, assured that everything depended upon her determination, the little heroine, stepping back, presented the revolver, and informed her uncouth visiters that "the first man that attempted to pass her would be a dead man." It is needless to say that the individuals retired. The weapon in question was purchased some years since by the reverend gentleman for self-preservation in a foreign land, and since his return has been lain aside *unloaded*.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is dark with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

The question "How shall we increase the employment for women," is one which has received much attention, and there is hardly one concerning our social system which deserves greater and more deliberate tho't. The last number of the North British Review contained a well written article upon this subject. The writer expects much can be done to alleviate the sufferings of working women, by opening a channel of communication between work seekers and work givers. Now the number who would be benefitted in this country by such a course, would be comparatively small. Generally those who wish work, find it, if there be any in market. Of course there are some exceptions, and among them are a class who, having been accustomed to better things, have, by some misfortune, been reduced, and their feelings forbid them seeking work by the ordinary method. The difficulty is not finding whatever work may be offered, but in the large numbers to which only a given amount of work is assigned. The demand exceeds the supply, and we must, by some method, open new avenues for female industry. Though the position of the working women is far better in our cities than in those of the older countries, still the amount of sugering among this class in our own city is fearfully great. They may not be compelled to labor, as are many in London, nineteen hours of the day to earn a mere subsistence; nor may they be driven in large numbers to walk the streets.

Yet their position is one which calls for an earnest attention from every one upon whom philanthropy has any claims. Among our own people there exists a foolish repugnance to domestic service. The daughter of a mechanic will almost starve ere she will enter a family as a servant. Such labor she regards as degrading, and as a species of slavery. Her republican ideas are shocked at the inequality which exists between master and servant, and, mindful of the dogma that all are born free and equal, she will submit to insult and imposition from the keeper of the slop-shop, rather than place herself in what she deems a false position. Until this absurd idea shall have been rooted up, many a girl will be driven to earn her living by disreputable means, and, in the meantime, housekeepers will suffer from the want of intelligent domestics.—The mere machines that are now so often found performing the duties of servants, are miserable substitutes for those who should occupy their places. Of late years many attempts have been made to substitute women for men waiters, in hotels and restaurents. This was undoubtedly a good movement, but in many cases it failed to prove successful. Women enough are found ready to accept the service, but they too frequently were wanting in the address and intelligence which are required in a good waiter; and those who possessed these qualities were too apt to assume airs which unfitted them for the position. There are numbers of girls among us who can perform this kind of work in the proper manner, could they but be induced to overcome a feeling of false pride.

Our shop-keepers must also be induced to substitute females for men clerks. They would not require as high wages, and their ability to perform the duties devolving upon them, few would deny A woman, certainly, can sell silk, ribbons, and other articles of the kind as readily as a man, and with a proper education she could also keep the accounts. In all Public Schools it will be found that the girls are generally quicker in apprehending the science of figures than are the boys. If, therefore, this branch of business be opened to females, a sufficient number of applicants would be found capable of performing their duties as readily as men, and often more faithfully. In all endeavors to ameliorate the condition of female labor, the earnest co-operation of woman is demanded. She must not forget the duty she owes to her sex and humanity, and temporary or imaginary inconveniences must not deter her from supporting changes whose influence must be beneficial. A man might be more polite and more attentive to a female customer than would a woman.—This would be the result of a deference which the one sex yields to the other; but when the system of employing female clerks had been generally adopted, the demand for situations would be such, that those who obtained them would soon perceive the necessity of rendering their services agreeable to all. Woman's nature is such that she can readily adapt herself to circumstances; especially when her interests require her to do so.

Society has too long regarded woman as capable of filling a few situations only, and any attempt on her part to extend her sphere of labor, has been discouraged. Here she has been wronged. The rights in regard to which the strong-minded ones of the sex have made so much clamor, are very far from being those which any true-hearted female would wish to countenance, much less exercise. The employments for woman can be increased without compelling her to lay aside any of those qualities which belong to her nature, and without which she is no longer a help mate for man. Her spere is limited in certain respects, while in others it is very extended. We cannot wait for her to make the indication, but we must offer her the place, and rely upon her ability to fill it. As clerks, as copyists, and as assistants in various branches of manufacture, there are opportunities for employing females. Already their services are duly appreciated in many departments of the latter, but even here there are doubtless still more numerous avenues which will at some future time be opened to them. Should it be said by these methods the labor of men would be encroached upon, then on society must the blame be thrown, which has permitted or rather sought the services of men, when that of woman would have been just as appropriate. The field of man's exertion is so large a one that, in this country at least, that he who is sober and industrious can almost invariably find employment. For those whose position from various circumstances, compels them to seek work, while at the same time they do not wish the public to know it, there exists societies where their services can be employed—perhaps not a sufficient number of them, but if this be so, the remedy is easily applied. These socicieties if properly managed can do much good. They are adapted to a certain class, and to that class they should be restricted—otherwise they but serve to encourage a false idea of manual labor, and but increase the evils which have already been engrafted upon our social system.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

DISCOVERY OF LIGHTING BY GAS.—The first gas lights may be said to have discovered themselves. The miners were at work one day when a gust of air of powerful odor passed by them, and, catching fire at their lamps, blazed up with such brilliancy that the colliers took to their heels in fright. It was found, however, that the flame, large as it was, burnt quietly and without danger, and they returned to their work. A curious result then appeared. The flame was entirely put out, but immediately rekindled on the approach of fire, so that the only way to get rid of the gas was to conduct it to the top of the mine. A tube was fixed for this purpose, and the gas, being lighter than the air, ascended to the surface. As soon as it appeared there it burst out once more into a brilliant flame, and crowds of people assembled to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The application of gas to general purposes of illumination was first tried by a Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, in 1792. The first display of gas-works was made at Boulton and Watt's foundry, in Birmingham, on the occasion of the rejoicings for peace in 1802. Gas lights were first introduced into London in 1807: now the pipes in the city extend about 1,200 miles.

HOW THE BEAR CAME TO HAVE A SHORT TAIL.—A Norwegian table satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox who carried a load of fish, and who in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied, that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurt you a little (said the friendly adviser), for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a *bite*. The longer the time, the more the fish.—Nevertheless, when you have a good, strong bite be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

A MODEL HUSBAND.—In the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1761, we find the following "mental and personal qualifications of a husband:" Great good nature, good humor, and good sense. Lively, by all means.—Stupid, by no means. His person agreeable rather than handsome. No great objection to six feet, with an exact symmetry of parts. Always clean, but not foppish in his dress. Youth promises a duration of happiness therefore is agreeable. Well read in the classics, but no pedant. Experimentally acquainted with natural philosophy.—A tolerant ear for music, but no fiddler.—I must repeat it again, no fiddling husband. An easy and unaffected politeness. No dully: just as much courage as is necessary to defend his own and his wife's honor.—No traveller; no enthusiasm for the *vertu*. May fortune smile on the man of my wishes! A freethinker in everything, except in matters of religion.

"ABOUT AS DESTRUCTIVE."—A good thing occurred the other evening during the festivities of the dinner to Mr. Lake. "The army and our citizen soldiery" had just been toasted, and a response made by a distinguished officer present, when a gentleman at the south end of the table rose and said he saw no reason for neglecting another honorable profession represented there, and by way of supplying the omission he gave—'The medical profession—*about as destructive as the army and navy!*"

This brought the house *down*, and a distinguished member of the profession *up*, who made a very humorous and amusing response to the telling hit.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

COMETS.—Lieut. Maury informs the National Intelligencer that another telescopic comet, discovered by Dr. Bruhns at Berlin, March 18th, is now visible in the northwestern part of the heavens. It is supposed to be identique with the third comet of 1846, discovered by Brorsen—an eliptic orbit for which has been computed by Dr. Von Galen, by which it returns to its perihelion June 25th of the present year. The first comet is increasing its distance from the earth; the second is approaching, and will be visible during the whole of May.

MISSION TO FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.—There is a society in London the object of which is to send missionaries among the fugitive slaves in Canada. At a recent meeting the society was addressed by the Earl of shaftsbury, Hon. A. Kinnard and others, and it was resolved to form three ladies' committees in London to solicit subscriptions to aid in establishing several mixed schools (for whites and blacks) among the fugitive slaves in Canada. Such a school is now in existence at London, Canada West.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING.—Straw matting may be cleand with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt water, and then wiped dry; the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

For the Easton Gazette.

BAYSIDE, April 20, 1857.

THE SCANDAL MONGER.

I know no better sequence to "Curiosity" than the scandal monger, the one as applicable here as is the other. The following article was written for the New York Spirit of the Times And many will say "Falconer" had felt keenly the sting of the serpent:

——Curse the tongue
Whe'er slanderous rumor like adders drop
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favor—
* * * * * *
Who steals my name would stab my person too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.

Of all the creatures comprising the integral portion of what is termed society, the *scandal-monger* is pre-eminently the lowest. A creature whose most exalted ambition is to revel in the wreck of blackened and defamed character, a species of *animal* who fattens on the green slime of slander's filthy and stagnant pool—without feeling, without heart, with none of the noble impulses incident to human nature, they slowly and noiselessly drag their tortuous forms through the various labyrinths of the social creation, wounding and destroying all who may be so unfortunate as to come in contact with them, or like the dead Upas tree, withering all within their shade.

Their friendship is a lurking snare;
Their honor but an idle breath;
Their smile—the smile that traitors wear,
Their love is hate, their life is death.

No family circle is inaccessible to their attempts, no fire-side too sacred for their malice, even the sacred precincts of the grave is frequently invaded by their unholy steps and the sheeted dead dragged from their quiet resting place to gratify their malevolent propensities. Ever on the alert to breathe "the air which blows nobody good," they are constantly accumulating "envy, hatred and malice," and when opportunity offers, serpent-like, to entwine their slimy forms around the hearts of unsuspecting innocence, they fill it with their base born attentions, thereby blasting the bud of confidence, and bursting the bonds of affection which heretofore had seemed sufficiently strong to resist every influence but the hellish attempts of a *scandal-monger's* tongue.

These are the creatures who, lost to every sense of honor and generous impulse themselves, see nought in others but the basest motives for the purest deeds. Creatures who, from their malevolent propensities and inate wickedness, are unable to soar above the low and feted stratum of the social atmosphere—they would fain bring down to their own level all such as by nature or education exist in a more elevated medium.

The ignoble mind
Loves to assail with secret blow
The loftier, purer beings of their kind.

Mark the assiduity which they labor to defame and mutilate a character strictly elevated upon its own merits, or view the untiring efforts exerted to sever the bonds of friendship, the sincerity of which is beyond their base conception. Speculations, hints, and hell-born suspicions, are stealthily poured into some willing or unsuspecting ear—fancies that could exist but in the minds of a devil, are nursed and cultivated until they assume the importance of reality—the friend who heretofore basked in the sunshine of reciprocal friendship, esteeming it a duty as well as a priviledge to contribute to the happiness of another as shield that friend from the chilling blasts of a cold and selfish world, is suddenly transferred by the calumniator's magic breath into the shape of a friend, a monster in human form, one whose only propensities are extensively and extremely wicked; and this too, from a source so poluted and corrupted with guilt as to reflect only the vices and crimes of dissipated life. What a pity it is that the law which condemns to the gallows him who takes his fellow-being's life did not consign to an ignominious death the destroyer of his neighbor's fair fame! Were this the case, how often would the fatal drop within the jail yard in Easton be heard ere this year passes away. Why should he who blackens, defames, and utterly destroys that which may be said to be akin to life-character, be almost entirely exempt from punishment, while he who, in one fell blow, severs the subtle thread of life, expiates his offence by an ignominious death? It may be law, but it is not in accordance with the principles of sinple justice.

Oh! if there is any class of beings beyond the reach of contempt, it is those who, Judas like, will meet you with a frowning smile and a pleasant word, while with malice prepense their black hearts are struggling to wither your good name—to undermine and finally break down a fabric which perhaps has cost you years of toil and self-sacrifice. Who has not suffered from the sting of the scandal-monger—not him who deals in mere idle gossip, or he who meets out open and retributive justice to his avowed enemy, but him who prefaces his base attack with a forced and unwilling acknowledgment of pretended admiration, which only serves to pave the way for the better engine of destruction which follows in close proximity; he whose mendacity is only equalled by his cowardice? It has been mine, dear reader, as perhaps it has been yours, to lose many a dear and valued friend through the machinations of these vicegerents of Satan on earth. The retrospection of many a warm friendship now grown cold only serves to render more poignant the shaft which, while it wounds anew, adds another and another to that list now faintly discernable amid the wreck of early and loved attachments, which had it not been for the wickedness of the slanderer's withering breath, might have existed with us until time should be no more. They are gone! gone perhaps forever; but still there remains above, on that book of records which the recording angel ever keeps, a record "deep and dark;" records of crime which, though the evil or criminal law here may not have taken cognizance of, will one day be brought forward to be responded to before a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and before which the destroyer of life will also meet the destroyer of character; and where *truth* and *justice* will preside.

Many likely will ask if this is intended to apply to any body in particular, or is it merely general, to which I make answer that it does, and they who read it will know themselves for whom it was meant. There may be many others who will feel a pinch from it: to them I also say, if it seems personal and fits you wear it, otherwise pay no heed to it, men and women, and mind your own business. Have less talking and more thinking and studying.—Remember that walls some times can hear, and also speak. P.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

SAVE YOUR GRASS AND YOUR WHEAT BY ROLLING IT.—A good lawn or grass plot cannot be had without passing a roller over it, at this time of the year. Meadow lands seeded with timothy and clover, will yield one forth more per acre if a heavy roller is now passed over them.

An increase of two to five bushels per acre will be given to wheat fields by the use of a heavy roller at this time, and the sowing of two bushels of lime to each acre.

SHEEP SHOULD NOT BE KEPT TOO LONG IN A SMALL FIELD.—A Woodstock (Canada) farmer says sheep have a great relish for the sweetest and most fattening productions of the earth; an animal has a greater dislike to coarse, rank grass consequently they run over and tread it down in search of the best and sweetest food. This, however, is not all; sheep are a strong-scented animal, and wherever they huddle for any length of time, they spoil the grass, and do not thrive, which plainly shows that they require plenty of room. If the fields are small, change them often.

HOW TO PULL STUMPS.—Mr. A. T. Hubbard, of Cuyahoga Co., practises a very good and effective method of pulling stumps. He uses a lever 25 or 30 feet long, 14 or 15 inches in diameter at the butt, and six inches at the other end, and a chain with the links of 1¼ or 1½ inch iron. Dig under one of the main roots of the stump, pass the chain under, and lash the stump and lever securely together. Attach a strong team, say three yoke of oxen, and drive in a circle. By this means the stump will be wrenched from the ground. Twenty to fifty can be taken out by this method in a day, with three men. No patent covers this plan, and the stumps must come out if the lever, chain, and oxen are strong enough—*Ohio Farmer.*

VALUE OF ARTICHOKES.—The New York Tribune contends that the great value of artichokes has never been understood generally by American farmers. They will produce a thousand bushels per acre with little or no cultivation, upon a moist, rich soil, and the roots will keep undug through the winter, or they may be ploughed out and fed in the fall, and hogs turned in upon the ground in the pring, to root up the small roots, and this gives the land an excellent preparation for any crop. The same root has been long grown in all the New England States, in litile patches for the amusement of the pigs and pleasure of the boys, who are fond of digging and eating it raw in early spring. Sometimes they are used for pickles, but seldom cooked in the Northern states, while at the South they make a common dish upon many tables.

SHADE TREES.—We clip the following from the Utica Herald. It is applicable to any city:

"There is no single feature which more immediately arrests the eye of the stranger as he walks our streets in the summer season. A few of our streets present a sylvan aspect which will hardly suffer in comparison with any in the State or land. Many of the trees are very large and stately, and ample in their foliage. Long may these leafy sentinels stand to grace and ornament the town.

But the good work has not been half accomplished. Where there is one shade tree now, there ought to be three. Streets upon which there is hardly a leaf growing in the summer time, ought to be studded with healthful growing trees. We know of no better method for advertising real estate than by planting shade trees. Not only do they beautify, but they enhance the value. Rely upon it, that upon every graceful tree you plant, you will have more than seven per cent. in return. What man of taste would care to buy a naked mass of brick and mortar, when he can purchase a bit of forest besides, for a few dollars additional?

We trust a vigorous crop of shades will be set out the present spring. We are sure that if our property-holding citizens consult their own true interests, they will not fail to avail themselves of these cheap but invaluable ornaments. The man who plants a tree is a public benefactor. There will be lips to sound his name with reverence, and hearts to garner his memory with gratitude when he is gone. A more living testimonial than lofty columns, will be these leafy monument. *They* will wave in beauty when the hand that planted them is dust. They will prove a more eloquent bequest than groaning coffers or title deeds.

Blessed be he who invented shade trees, and thrice blessed be he who protects and nurtures them.

A HOAX—*Boston, April 27.*—A few days since the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, of this city, received a letter enclosing a check for $2000, purporting to be signed by Dr. David Jayne, of Philadelphia, which was represented as intended for a present to the reverend gentleman. The check turns out to be a forgery, and was evidently intended as a hoax, but was cashed by a gentleman in this city before it was known to be a forgery.