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TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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SUNDAY.

One more week of care and labor
Has lazily crept away;
To the weary world rest and quiet
Are sent down from Heaven to-day.

The sun shines with holy splendor,
The wind is little and mild,
The trees too and fro heave as gently
As the breast of a sleeping child.

Scattered clouds are pacing slowly
Over glittering fields of blue.
And often they seem to turn and wait,
As church going people do.

The bells are at morning service
In the churches all around;
They ring not their week day clamor,
But e softened, Sunday sound.

Ah, ring they sadly or merrily,
Ring they loud or ever so low,
They cannot still the struggle
That the living spirits must know.

In sunshine and stormy weather
By night as well as by day,
The soul must still be striving,
Striving, laboring alway!
Never feel the noisy passions
The peace of a Sabbath day.

Yet shall there come in the future
A Sabbath for the soul;
The bells shall not ring in its morning,
Slowly, sadly shall they toll.
In the grave so dark and silent,
Is the Sabbath of the soul.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.—'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate, and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow, in the days of boyhood, had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine.—The clanking of the chairs sounded like a death-knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of bygone days, the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the place and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood; and, though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt she should still cling to him when an others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell! The door swung upon its heavy hinges and they parted forever. No, not forever; is there not a heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously, a martyr to his country and to liberty.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded, 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy. What a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die far from her home in this beautiful land where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star has set; the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on *earth*—close burning ties—"what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirits than to find, at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing flowret." Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breathe their fragrance over the grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.—Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all ill-temper or rudeness, how thoughtful they are for you comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it if possible.—You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says:

Be kind to your sisters—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love:
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

WESTWARD, HO!—It is said that a large company of Bostonians, including Gov. Gardner, have purchased a township of land (640 acres) on the Iowa river, in Fillmore county, Minnesota. The same company have founded another town in Kansas, which has been called Gardner. Among the recent purchase of lands in Southern Illinois, one was made by a Vermont colony in Washington county. Another, comprising mechanics and farmers, from Troy, New York, are negotiating for lands in and near Vandalia. A number of Pennsylvanians and Ohioans have also recently bought lands in Lawrence county.

THE AFFIDAVIT OF THE WORLD.—It was a saying of the first Napaleon that there was no such word as impossible in the vocabulary of a great man. Difficulties which appal a mediocre intellect only stimulate the energies of a powerful mind. Newton conceived the idea of mapping the skies, and measuring the distance from planet to planet, from system to system, and he executed it. The godlike Washington, determined in the name of Liberty and Justice, to resist the mightiest and the wealthiest government in the world—and we are free. Others have made successful war on the common enemy, *Desease*, and in the foremost rank of these champions of humanity we place Professor *Holloway*.—Happily we live in an age which does not delegate to posterity the duty of appreciating and rewarding its master minds. They carry with them the applause and gratitude of millions. So it has been with this extraordinary man. He has heard with his own ears the voice of approval which is to vibrate through the future. He has been the architect of his own fame, as well as future, and has seen with his own eyes the fabric which is to be his monument.

No remedies for the various disorders which afflict mankind have been so extensively used so universally popular as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. It may, perhaps be said that the newspaper press of the day affords vast facilities for giving publicity to new inventions and discoveries. We admit it, but it must be also remembered that the same medium which affords the opportunities to the discoverer and inventor is open to all who may challenge the correctness of his theory or impugn the value of its practical results. *Holloway's remedies for external and internal diseases stand before the world unassailable.* But this is not all. Their efficacy is not merely undenied, it is conceded by men of science, by incorporated institutions jealous of all innovations upon old rules and precedents, by governments watchful of the public interests and conservators of the public health. Even this is not the strongest evidence in favor. The press may err, men of science may be mistaken, institutions may be deceived, governments may act hastily, but universal experiment is infallible.

Preparations that have been tested by millions of people, civilized, semi-civilized and savage, in every quarter of the globe, and that have *never failed* to produce the promised results, have received the highest sanction which any invention is capable of receiving. In fact, it may almost be said of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, that they have been authenticated by the *affidavit of mankind.*—*N. Y. "Sunday Times."*

BOOKS AND PAPERS HAVE SOULS.—Thinking, speaking, acting, influential.—Parents, do you think of this, when you place a book or periodical on your centre table: do you consider its influence for good or evil?

Every book, every paper, has a soul, breathing a spirit good or bad. It is the soul of its author, and when spread over the pages of the book, that soul acts upon its reader, as truly as when acting directly. The person who touches the book comes in contact with the soul, and is, *nolens volens*, affected by it. And no contact with it is more influential. In reading an author's book you are conversing with him under circumstances very favorable to you becoming like him; for in the book everything is generally deeply thought out, in shape to convince, or carefully dressed up in a manner to bewitch. And all this only indicates the necessity of reading with care and caution.

Would you, when purchasing books or papers for your children, have their minds contaminated with vicious principles, let them read every thing that pours forth, like a torrent, from the press of the day. Remember, while extolling the value of the press, that it is powerful for evil as it is great for good.

Remember that the enemy of souls employs it to disseminate his destructive doctrines, and he has even more laborers, probably in his employ, than the Captain of our salvation.

Why should we be so careful in regard to the food with which our bodies are nourished, while we pay so little attention to mental pabulum which our minds receive. Remember, we can as easily plant the seeds of disease in the mind is eradicated with more difficulty than that of the body.

A book or a paper exerts an influence, not only in time, but as eternity rolls on! O, how infinitely, *momentously* important that a wise, judicious selection of reading be made for all, especially for the rising age.

A POCKET KNIFE SWALLOWED BY A CHILD.—In the family of Mr. John Hill, of Showhegan, some weeks since, a two bladed knife was missed, and no one could imagine its whereabouts. The members of the family being in their usual health, no one suspected of having "eaten a jack knife." Last week a little child, a little more than a year old, passed the veritable knife from its bowels, minus the bone handle, which had been digested. What is most singular, the child retained its general health, and without any apparent inconvenience passed the knife through all its intestinal passages with rivets bare and projecting. We have seen the knife and can assure our readers that we have the best vouchers for this "jack knife story."—*Showhegan Telegraph.*

GETTING FRIGHTENED BY THE COMET.—The Trenton State Gazette says that a woman residing in Ocean county, N. J., was frightened to death last week by the idea of the comet! At night she was immediately possessed with the idea that it was the comet, that the earth was on fire and about to be destroyed. Her alarm was so great that she was thrown into convulsions from the effects of which she died on the same night.

"PAYING OFF MOTHER."—"Mother," said a little black-eyed boy of six years "when you get old and want some one to read to you I will pay you off."

Little Alexander's mother had been in the habit of reading to him a great deal, and on this Sabbath day, she had read to him a long time out of the Bible and a Sabbath school book. The child was just able to read a little himself, and the progress he was making doubtless suggested to him how he might at some future time, return in kindness all his mother's care. "I will pay you off, mother," said he, looking into her face with childish satisfaction, and as if a new thought from heaven had been sent down to light up the little world of his soul. His mother pressed him to her heart with a delight that seemed to say, "My dear son, I am more than paid off already."

But, children, you can never pay off a mother. Her thoughts of love and acts of affection are more in number than the days of life. From the hour or birth, mother has been one with you. How often she nourished you, dressed you, rocked you on her knee and in the cradle, carried you in her tender arms, watched over you in sleep, guided your infant steps delighted in the dawning intelligence of your eye, and the winning affection of sweetly adjudged many appeal cases to her sympathy, corrected at times your misdemeanors, thought of you in absence, and guarded your life with the unvarying remembrance of a mother's solicitude and the free-will offerings of a mother's devontion? Ah, dear child you can never "pay off mother!"

Mother has taught you to read and to pray. She has patiently sat by you and taught you the letters of the alphabet; and then she helped you to put them together and to spell words of thought. She taught you to spell God. And before you could read, she taught you to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Mother has trained you with lessons, and hymns, and prayers, to come to Christ, to whom you have been dedicated in baptism. She has prayed for you when none but God knew it, and has prayed with you when your wondering eyes understood not the meaning of her grave and imploring looks. She has taken you on the Sabbath to church, and showed you how to behave in the sanctuary, and, by her example, she has pointed you to heaven, and "led the way." Dear child, you can never "pay off mother."

Yes, there is one way—there is one way in which you can more than pay off mother. It is by loving Jesus Christ and his commandments, and by preparing for heaven. Mother is going there. She is getting ready for that blessed abode, where the parents and children may meet together around the throne of God and the Lamb.—There Jesus dwells in glory, which he communicates to the saints of all generations—that same Jesus, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for such is the kingdom of heaven."—Come, little children, come to Jesus Christ! Come, Alexander and pay off mother by praising God with her in heaven!

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—The character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young woman. If the latter are piously cultivated, intelligent and accomplished, the young man will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, gentlemenly and refined; but if their female friends are vain, frivolous and silly, the young men will be found to be dissipated and worthless. But remember, always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of a faith in woman's purity. As a daughter, she is the true light of the home. The joy of the father is oftenest centered on his daughter. She should, therefore, be the sum and substance of all.

Happy are they
To whom the will and power are given,
Of showing sinful men the way
Which leads to holiness and heaven;
Happy are they!

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony is over, the present ruins of that we loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness. Who would root sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom? Yet who would exchange it for even the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH BLOWN UP.—Happening to be in Coldwater last Saturday night, we were awakened about 2, A. M., by a loud explosion like that of thunder which proved to have been occasioned by the blowing up of the Catholic Church.—Some desperate wretches had placed two or three kegs of powder under the building, and fired them with a slow match. The building was completely shattered by the explosion, causing the roof to fall in, the ends to fall out, and scattering floors, ceilings, and siding in all directions.—*Marshall (Mich.) Expounder, of June 11.*

AN ENORMOUS MASS OF COPPER.—A late number of the Lake Superior Miner says that the cutting up of the huge mass of copper at the Minnesota mine is still going on. Eight masses were taken off in April, weighing in the aggregate 57,911 lbs., or nearly 29 tons. The total amount taked from it in every form up to May, is 70 tons and 592 pounds. It will probably require one year more to get the great thing cut entirely up, and in the meantime its yield of copper will entitle it to rank as the third mine on the lake.

For the Easton Gazette.

COLLEGE YARNS, No. 7.

THE SHOWER BATH AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Honi soit qui mal'y pense.

I made my debut at D—; a 'stranger in a strange land,' as I thought, and was no less surprised than gratified, when on the morning of my arrival a gentlemanly looking youth, a genuine six footer and something over, walked, unannounced by any 'raps,' into my sanctum, and with genuine Virginia impulsiveness grasped my hand, giving it a squeeze that almost caused the blood to spout from my fingers ends, at the same time asking me if I had forgotten Wm. W—, my old playmate when I was at the interesting age of five years old, and lived 'way down in old Virginny! I was compelled to acknowledge that in the giant specimen of the genus homo standing before me, I could not see the slightest resemblance to my old companion in infancy, but was none the less pleased to find that he like myself, still, though form and features all were changed, cherished in his heart a fond remembrance of 'auld lang syne,' and was happy to meet in the halls of alma mater, his boy-boyhood's companion and friend.

Our acquaintance was thus renewed, and in a short hour we were as familiar as if we had never been separated since we—

"Chased the butterfly over the plain
And wondered who did paint it so."

We remained in company all day, he showing me the 'lions' of the place, and when having eaten our suppers and lighting regalias for an evening's stroll we lounged in the campus—'must stay with him that night' as his chum, a Baltimorean had not yet come on, and we would talk over old times and have some fun of some description.

We accordingly proceeded to his room in East College. Arrived there, Bill soon produced a suspicious looking, cob web covered, dusty, tighly sealed, long necked bottle, and a couple of long stemmed glasses, and in lieu of a cork-screw struck the neck from the bottle with a knife, filling the two glasses which were speedily drained to by-gone days, then refilled and emptied again to the prospects of the future. We smoked and chatted for some time when the door of the room opposite slammed to and the occupant went down the hall whistling, 'Pop goes the weasel.'

"Harry," said Bill, "lets have some sport before we court the embraces of morpheus."

"Agreed!" I'm on hand like the cholera. Ready for anything that will be productive of amusement."

"Well get one of these chairs and come out in the hall," answered he, at the same time catching up the slop bucket which stood at the side of the toilet stand; the contents of which according to my judgment, were dirty water, tobacco-juice, cigar stumps, apple parings and small pieces of paper in nearly equal proportions.

In the hall I placed the chair down near the door already mentioned, while Bill mounting on it carefully moved the door a-jar until it would support the bucket with one side leaning against the wall over it; we then retired into Bill's den, when in a little while the fellows in the room next on the same side of the hall, concluded they'd go down and take an ice. Bill's inventive genus was at work, and calling me we walked out through the back campus to a lot where grew an endless, never failing supply of thistles; of which useful article we gathered a quantity, severely pricking our fingers, but then it was in a good cause to us at last. Going into the other bed room we pulled away the bed covering and deposited the stinging nuisances in proper order under the second sheet, then replacing things as we found them we departed in peace.

"S—h," sibillated Bill; "here comes B—k. I wonder how he'll like his impromptu shower bath? He ought to be extremely obliged to us as the weather is very hot, and the air close and sultry; but then men are so ungrateful."

Our victim came noisely up the hall singing, "a life on the ocean wave," as we thot' rather apropos. Suddenly a rush of water, a heavy crash, smothered muttering, increasing rapidly in force until everything rung again, and the shower bath was taken.

"D—n that cowardly trick, and the author ditto! I just wish I knew who did it; I'd thrash him so his mother wouldn't recognize her precious child. It smells worse than a skunk. I believe W—m had a hand in it, mind I'll pay him. We'll see if too can't play at that game. Ruined these clothes by G—d, and they too just home from the tailors."

Just then I suppose he heard us laughing, for we couldn't hold in, and we heard him exclaiming—

"Ah ha! Bill its you is it. Well I'll be even with you, here goes your bucket out of the window." And sure enough, crash went the bucket down on the pavement making a complete smash of it. Finally B—k went to bed still cursing Bill, swearing to be even with him and chuckling over how he had served the bucket.

"I say Bill, here come those other fellows up the hall. Look out for great guns now," said I."

"Very well, lets go to bed and we can enjoy our laugh all the better," answered Bill.

The two soon got ready for retiring, but not before we had snugly rolled ourselves into Bills bed on the qui vive for the fun.

"I hope those infernal bed-bugs won't disturb me to-night," remarked one of them as the other got in bed.

"Well they've commenced at me already," answered the other as one of the thistles more forward than the rest, slightly disturbed him.

"Well, I hope they may feast on you to-night, as they made me their 'provision store' last night,' answered the first, jumping into bed; but with a loud oath he tumbled out on the floor, swearing that his bed must be a "solid mass of the d—d things, from the way they bit." However he concluded to try it again and was just jumping in when his chum having rolled heavily over to the side of the bed, emulated his praiseworthy example by rolling out porpoise fashion on the floor, swearing, scratching and grumbling about the devlish 'chinches' being so deuced sharp set. They at last concluded to make the trial again, both at the same time, and in they went, but both bounded out yelling, cursing, stamping, scratching and dancing around the room in a perfect frenzy. At last when we were almost collapsed one of them exclaimed—

"Dash me, if I thought bed-bugs could bite so devlish sharp," "nor I; they're regular suckers, sharp as a briar," answered his chum. Nothing else was needed to cause us to explode, and long and loud and hearty we laughed." The occupants of the next room immediately 'smelt a rat,' and striking a light, commenced an investigation, and soon succeeded in finding, not the 'rat' but the thistles—the "infernal bed-bugs."

If human maledictions could have condemned us, or had they pressed the slightest weight, we should have fallen exhausted under the burden, but fortunately for us they were but "as the idle wind that bloweth and we respected not."

The next morning, having no studies to attend to, I passed with Bill, and B—k coming in, Bill produced a bottle of prime old peach, and we drank away the remembrance of last night. After dinner Bill and myself returned to his room, and concluded we would '*Peach*,' and were just going to fill our glasses when I noticed a white sediment in the bottom of the decanter, and showed it to Bill, who at once 'guessed B—k had put an emetic in the liquor.'—He then poured it into another bottle, and called B—k who obeyed the summons with a grin on his phiz.

"Well, we didn't drink that physic, but as we deserved it why take a glass of this stuff and we'll play quits," at the same time raising his glass, which with mine had been filled from another source. He filled and drank off his glass unsuspectingly, and we prevailed on him to sit a while. In a short time he became deathly pale and deadly sick, and Bill placing a large basin before him, encouraged him by saying

"Heave away old fel! It will do you good. No Doctor ought to grumble at taking his own prescriptions!"

He was soon relieved, and with a frowning brow and feeble step he left the room, followed by peals of laughter. In the afternoon late, Bill and myself strolled down town, and I called in at one of the numerous 'toy shops' and purchased one of these artificial snakes which so delight juveniles. Returning to Bill's room we waited until we heard B—k go out, and then payed his room a call, sans ceremonie. Hunting around, we found what we were after—a bottle of cherry brandy that B—k had told us he wished us to help him drink. Drawing the cork we succeeded in shoving another cork about half way down the long neck and pressing the 'reptile' down on it, replaced the original cork and left the room

In a short time B—k returned, having one or two other fellows in company with him and calling Bill and myself across produced the 'bitters' and drew the cork, when out sprang the snake, its body quivering and glittering like reality, frightening B—k out of his wits, causing him to drop the bottle, which broke, letting the nectar run riot over the floor, while he exclaimed—

"My God what was that?"

"There's a serpent lurketh in the bowl," said I.

The scriptures say that *it* 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' "but this is the first literally practical illustration I have ever seen," remarked Bill.

"Ah boys," answered B—k, "I'll give up after this." 'But,' continued he, "I have got something off of you—that bucket."

"Oh! I borrowed that of your chum yesterday afternoon," responded Bill, "and he told me it was yours."

"True! say nothing more about it, and I'll stand the cream, come what say you? let's go and get it.

We went, got our cream, joked B—k most unmerciful, and played quits. But many a hearty laugh has the shower bath and its attendant results caused Bill and myself.

THE MOLOCH OF FASHION.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveler says:

"The doctors have declared that the present extraordinary invasion of colds, grippes and peritonital inflamation (which prove unusually fatal) are entirely owing to the bell petticoats, which expose the whole female person, from the waist down to the feet, to the weather. Ladies, after a promenade, return home shivering; the crinoline has given them a chill; and the first thing that we hear is that the family undertaker has been sent for. Is it not strange that ladies should never adopt any fashion which is not prejudicial to health? Corsets, thin shoes, microscopic bonnets and crinoline have murdered as many persons as Moloch himself."

ROBINSON CRUSOE A CANAL CAPTAIN.—A somewhat novel craft came down the canal on Saturday afternoon, and tied up at the dock. It was a scow built boat, about fifteen feet long and three feet wide; but the novelty consisted in the peculiar motive power—it being towed by dogs. The boat was accompanied by but one man—a cripple from infancy—having no use of his limbs below his knees. He is from Chicago, and says he is going to New York for medical treatment. His dogs, of which he has six large and powerful animals, tow his boat along at the rate of four miles an hour—he from the boat giving the directions. When they meet a boat they lay down close and let the tow line pass over them and thus take the inside. He has a wagon on board for overland journeys.—*Lockport Courier.*

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1857.

This has been a glorious week for suckers and loafers. We have had a grand series of dramatic entertainments in the vicinity of the city Hall, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, without much of the blood shed which usually follows in the path of man. The Sixth Warders are potent with shillalahs, and quite at home in a shower of brickbats, but bayonets and bullets are less to their taste. Our citizen soldiery had only to display themselves in the Park on Wednesday, and the troubled waters grew calm. As for the details of the week's operations, you have undoubtedly received a plethora through the New York papers. During a part of Wednesday half the business men in the lower part of the city left their stores and gathered around the city Hall, but after that the crowd was principally composed of the peripatetic rum-jugs who are alway abundant on such occasions. This whole affair was the unluckiest thing possible for Gen. Walker, though it did provide a ready made crowd for him on the evening of his advent. If he had come here last week he could have been lionized, but we can't do everything at once.

The weather is most extraordinary. It has been moist and fizzling all the week and to-day we have a hearty shower. Coal fires have been comfortable. All this has tended to check business, and the week has been extremely dull, though this is usual in the latter part of June. The South-western trade generally opens about the second week in July. Pyrotechnics are beginning to sell. The high price and small supply of fire crackers will probably induce the offering of some substitute. Nothing can be manufactured here generally which will compete with the wonderfully cheap products of chinese industry. Who in this country could produce a pack of fire crackers for two cents? Some goods manufactured here expressly for the Western trade have been sold very low, owing to the diminished demand from that quarter during the season. We have seen well made marseilles caps for spring wear, selling at one York shilling, at retal. Probably the producer got six pence.

The Burdell marriage case progresses slowly, with some hard swearing on one side or the other. Thus far the complexion of it is decidedly favorable to Mrs. Cunningham, and if this suit results in her favor, it may diminish the popular prejudice against her which still exists almost as strongly as before her acquittal. People have not yet started for the country, as the weather has not held out any inducements to such a course as yet. The number of fashionables preferring to make the town of Europe this summer is unusually large.—We are informed that the Trustees of Columbian College contemplate establishing in this city, a free university course, with lectures by men of known ability, designed particularly for the benefit of artisans, engineers, etc. When this shall have been completed, New York city will offer inducements to the student almost as great as those of any German city. We have had a few murders this week, but the public must have been too much excited to notice them. The weather is favorable to self-destruction; our almanac says, "expect suicides about these days."

RIVINGTON.

HOW RAILROADS ARE BUILT IN EGYPT.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writing from Cairo, describes the railroads from Alexandria to the Red Sea:

"A peculiarity is seen in the construction of this railroad. I observed no sleepers except near the depot, instead of which, as the country could not furnish the timber, strong, hollow iron apparatus is cast, much resembling the common culinary iron pot, which is firmly fastened in the earth by sinking the open end, while the rails rest upon notches cast in the exterior of the other end. These, with small iron bars crossing the track, keep the rails fast. The railroad is 130 miles long, and is being extended to Suez, on the Red Sea, all of which distance is completed, except forty miles next to Suez, and will be opened the entire distance before the close of the year. The whole was built by an English company, and then sold to the Viceroy, who receives an income from it exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the projectors. The electric telegraph is already extended to Suez, from whence it is proposed to convey it to India.

READY-MADE SHIRTS.—According to Humboldt, there is a tree in the South Sea Islands which produces ready-made shirts. The natives cut off pieces of the tree about two feet long, from which they draw off the fibrous bark as boys draw off the bark of chesnuts to make whistles. Each man selects a tree near his own diameter, so that the shirt may be a good fit. When the bark is off, they cut a hole in each to admit his arms. The shirts do not require any washing, starching and ironing, and a more convenient article for loafers could be imagined. The same country produces bread fruit, so that a fellow may get his board and clothes gratis.

Deficit in the State Treasury of Ohio.—W. H Gibson, State treasurer, has resigned, a deficit of over half a million dollars having been discovered in the treasury. Mr. Gibson says the deficit existed when he took the office, caused by defalcations of the former State treasurer. The Governor has appointed a committee of investigation. The July interest on the state debt will be paid notwithstanding the deficit.

The question asked by a hospital physician was, "How many deaths?" "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one would not take it."

EXPLANATION—Like Time, it gets a man up in many a [illegible]