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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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Whip-saw do.	Brick-layers Trowels,
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Together with numerous articles too tedious to mention, and a very complete and nice assortment of all kinds of Locks.
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who are well known as the most successful and popular romancers of the age, constantly contribute their brilliant novelleties, for the mammoth pages of the Mercury. And each number also contains more complete original stories and sketches—to say nothing of an immense amount of news and general miscellany—than any other two newspapers in America, without exception. In short, the New York Mercury defies competition, invites the most searching comparison. Its immense superiority over the six by-nine mushroom publications of the day will be apparent at the first glance.

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*** Specimen copies sent free. [feb 27

IN store and for sale heavy twill'd Ozna burgs, Plain do, Plain Blue and Mixed Denimns, Muslins, striped Cottons, Plaid Domestics, Cotton Flannels, Farmers' Drills, Blue and Plaid Cottonades, by
ma 2 PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

For the Easton Gazette.

SLANDER!

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

"They say!" and thus the whisper'd slander flies,
With remorse pointed, aim'd by hate as fierce
As in the breasts of Hell's choice spirits burns;
And as it tortuous winding in its course
Glides on, from tongue to willing list'ning ears,
Its whispers louder, deeper, darker grow;
Gathering from countenance strength, until
With lofty crest and boldest front it stalks
Abroad, in guilt secure; its sinuous folds
And secret trail, its origin, all hid
From observation, by a woven veil
Of cunning, that o'ermasks its falsehoods, black
As are the shades of Erebus, or night
That once the Nile o'erspread with sable hue,
And Egypt veil'd in darkness.
Firm, unabash'd it shows its white front
In circles where its destin'd victim moves
The light, the ornament,—belov'd by all—
Nay, not by all, for Slander ever finds
Votaries and slaves, companions and allies,
Each class among, who, hiding base designs
Under an outward seeming, fair, but wait
The secret spoken rumor, to rehearse
The oft repeated tale of calumny;—
And like the fabled Upas, breathe around
A poisonous blast, on all who proudly dare
To brave their malice, to unmask their nature,—
Casting a withering blight on purest name,
Branding with infamy of crushing weight.
The hard earn'd fame of Earth's best noblest minds.
The mortal venom of the aspic bite,
Ne'er equall'd SLANDER's damning sting!
Firmest friendships, crumbling fall in ruins
Before its murderous blows well aimed
And love itself shrinks and trembles, trembling
Doubts, and doubting aids to swell the torrents
Of reproach and shame, that dash their billows
Dark with hellish virulence, and swollen
By the tide of petty malice, o'er all
Its many victims, doom'd to speedy sink
Beneath the enguiffing wave of envious hate!
Doubt ye the truth? Retrospect the dim past!
And mark the talent, intellect and fame,
At Moloch's altar sacrifice'd, t' appease
The wrath of minds ignoble, base and vile.
How many, stung by sharp ingratitude
Of fairest seeming friends, have drank the dregs
From out the cup of life, and nerveless sank
Beneath the Juggernautic wheels, to die,
The victims of a vil'ain's lie?
Then curse the ready tongue that propagates
The falsehood foul; wither the guilty lips
From whence the lying tale comes warm with hate,
That from the cesspool of the heart wells up
In stream continuous; perish that heart
That finds its chief delight in slaying those
By Rumor's secret shafts, whose open front
Ifdares not brave, but hidden spirits its venom
Upon their characters with blighting force!
Curs'd be the one whose heart conceives the lie—
Whose brain the texture weave, the truth to warp—
Whose tongue the falsehood utters secretly—
Whose breath to aid the slander parts the lips,
That move to give it utterance—that man
Be curs'd contemn'd, and shunn'd by all those, who
Have aught that's noble in their hearts.

ST. MICHAELS, March 20th, 1858.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

One evening in the early part of the winter the door bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. A 'man' is one thing with a servant, a 'gentleman' another, a 'person' something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat, but plain and coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant; Everything about him seemed substantial but nothing gave a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was simply a man. When he spoke to me his address simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the furthest possible from a vulgar bluster. "Doctor," he said, "I wish you would go and see my child. We fear he is threatened with croup?" This case, which he described as we went along, was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of a mat lay at the door. (You will see in time why I give these particulars.) I entered the open door and was welcomed by a rather pretty, and remarkably tidy woman, who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned me.—"I am glad you have come so soon," she said in a soft, pure accent. "Little William seems so distressed that he can hardly breathe," and the next moment, as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croup sound, that justly carried such terror to the parents' hearts." "Is it the croup, Doctor?" asked the father with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child, a fine boy, three years of age. "It is certainly the croup," I said, "and a pretty violent attack. How long is it since you thought him sick!" "Not above an hour," was the calm reply. It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother, she was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak "Then there is probably but little danger," I said, "but we have something to do. Have you any water here?" The husband went to what seemed the closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with croton. This was beyond my hopes, but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattress, fit for a Prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him up in the bath tub, and made his father pour full upon his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed him briskly with my hands. He was wiped dry and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water and put it around his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets. The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eyes no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in the blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound slumber, and breathing freely. The danger was over—so rapid is this disease and so easily cured. Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There was no marks of high birth or superior breeding—not a shadow of decayed gentility about them. It is rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank to a higher. I looked around the room. It was the bed room. Everything in it was perfectly neat and orderly. The bed like the crib was excellent but not costly. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings yet how beautiful it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin; but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed. The bath with its snug folding doors, I know, had not cost, plumbers bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt was of pine, and cost half a dollar The pictures on the wall were beautifully tinted lithographs—better, far better, than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaires, yet they can be bought at Goupil's, or Williams', or Stevens,' for three to five shillings, and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet that matched everything, with its small neat figure, a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping, in all its parts as if an artist had designed it. Leaving the little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for a bath on his waking, we went into the other room which was differently, but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, (only it had a cooking stove,) for an artist's study, or a dining room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes; all such as a man of taste could select and buy cheap; but which, like good books are invaluable. And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney which a single glance assured me contained the very choicest treasures of the English tongue. The man went to the bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money. "What is your fee Doctor?" he asked, holding the bills close to select one to pay me. Now, I had made up my mind before I had got half way up the stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it; but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstance of the man, and graduate my prices accordingly. There he stood, ready to pay me, with money enough; yet it was evident that he was a working man, and far from wealthy; I had nothing left but to name the lowest fee. "One dollar does not seem enough," said he. "You have saved my child's life and have been at more trouble than to merely write a prescription."—"Do you work for your living?" I asked, hoping to solve the mystery. He smiled, and held out his hand, which showed the unquestionable marks of honest toil. "You are a mechanic?" I said, willing to know more of him. "Take that," said he, placing a two dollar note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air, "and I will gratify your curiosity; there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious? There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was irresistable. I put the note in my pocket, and the man going to the door, opened it into a little closet of modern size, and displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker." "You must be an extraordinary workman," said I, looking around the room, which seemed almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found it cost very little: No, nothing extra. I rarely manage to earn little over a dollar a day.—Mary helps me some. With the house work to do, and our boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average $8 a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see." All this comfort, this respectability, this almost luxury, for eight dollars a week!' I expressed my surprise. "I should be very sorry if we spent so much," said he. "We have not only managed to live on that, but we have something laid up in the Saving's Bank." "Will you have the goodness, just to explain to me how you do it?" "With pleasure," he replied; "for you may persuade others not better off than I am, to make the best of their situation." "My name," he said, "is William Carter. My father died when I was young, and I was bound out an apprentice to a shoemaker, with the usual provisions of schooling. I did as well as boys do generally at school, and as I was very fond of reading, I made the most of my spare time in the advantages of the Apprentices' Library. Probably the books that helped me most, were the sensible writings of William Cobbett. Following his example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some extent succeeded. But a man's education was a life long process, and the more I learn, the more I see before me. I was hardly out of my time when I fell in love with my Mary, there, whom some people think very pretty, but whom I know to be very good." Mary looked up with such a bright, loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notion. When I had been one year a journeyman, and laid up a few dollars, (for I had a strong motive to be saving,) we were married. I boarded at her fathers, and she bound shoes for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at home, but it was not our home—the home we wanted, so we determined to set up housekeeping. It was rather a small set-up, but we made it answer. I spent a week in househunting. Some were too dear, some too shabby. At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would do. I got it for fifty dollars a year—and though the rents all around advanced, our landlord is satisfied with that or takes it in preference to risking a worse tenant. The place was naked enough and we had little to put in it save ourselves; but we went cheerfully to work, earned all we could, and you see the result." "I see, but I confess I do not understand it," said I, willing to hear him explain the economies of their modest and beautiful home. "Well, it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession, with a table, two chairs, a cooking stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a hair mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war. "Now, Mary, my love," said I, "here we are. We have next to nothing, and we have every thing to get, and nobody but ourselves to help ourselves." We found that we could earn on an average eight dollars a week. We determined to live as cheaply as possible, save all we could and make us a home. Our rent was one dollar a week, our fuel, light, water-rent, and some little matters a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount for our clothing and by buying the best things, and keeping them carefully, we dress well enough for that. Even my wife is satisfied with her wardrobe, and finds that raw silk at six shillings a yard is cheaper, in the long run, than calico at one shilling.—That makes three dollars a week and we had still our living to pay for. That costs us, with three in our family, just one dollar a week more." "One dollar apiece?" "No—one dollar for all. You seem surprised, but we have reckoned it over and over. It cost more at first, but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fire, light, color, clothing and food. I do not count our luxuries, such as an evening at the theatre, at a concert, or a little treat to our friends when we give a party." I know a smile came over my face, he continued—"Yes, give a party, and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes we have a dozen guests, which is quite enough for comfort, and our treat of chocolate, cakes, blanc mange, etc., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. But of our surplus; which comes, you see, to two hundred dollars a year—we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank." "I see it all," said I, "all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars, to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live." "With pleasure. First of all then, I smoke no cigars and chew no tobacco, and Mary takes no snuff." Here the pleasant smile came in, but there was no interruption; for Mary seemed to think her husband knew what he was about, and could talk very well without aid. "I have not drank a glass of liquor since the day I was married, except a glass of wine about four times a year on Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, and William's birth day. The last is our especial holiday. I have read enough physiology to make up my mind that tea and coffee contained no nutriment, and were poisonous besides; and I tried a vegetable diet long enough to like it better than a mixed one, and I find that it agrees with me better; and as we have read and experimented together, of course Mary thinks as I do." "But what do you eat and drink?" I asked; curious to see how far this self-taught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health. "Come this way, and I will show you," he said, taking a light and leading the way into a capacious store room. Here, first of all is a mill which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain; gives me the freshest and most beautiful meal, and saves tolls and the profits. This is a barrel of wheat. I buy the best and am sure that it is clean and good. It costs less than three cents a pound; and a pouud of wheat a day you know is food enough for any man. We make it into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is homony Here is homony. Here are some beans, a box of tapoica, and macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in Fulton Market. Here is a box of sugar, and this is our butter jar. We take a quart of country milk a day; I buy the rest down town by the box or barrel, where I can get the best and cheapest. Making wheat—eaten as mush or bread, and all made coarse without bolting, and potatoes or homony, or rice, the staples; you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not ample, but allows of a healthy, and even luxurious variety. For the rest, we eat greens, vegetables, fruits and berries in their season, in the summer we have strawberries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get up a dinner from these materials at a cost of a shilling, better than the whole bill of fare at the Astor." I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligence, taste, and modest luxury, all enjoyed by an humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much useless complaining might be saved—how much evil and suffering might be prevented, if all the working men were as William Carter. I never shook a man or woman by the hand with more hearty respect than when I said good night to this happy couple, who in this expensive city are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker, a chair of practical philosophy.—*Condensed from the N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A wretched old bachelor says that a man marrying now-a-days marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone; eight coffee-bags; four baskets of novels; one poodle dog, and a system of weak nerves.

A maiden lady answers that a woman marrying now-a-days must wed a dozen pair of rejected pants; a box of buttonless shirts; six bottles of hair oil; a little chest of patent medicines, with the labels in the French language, a mass of unpaid tailors' bills, a broken constitution; with a brain which considers business a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life.

A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprung towards him, exclaiming, "No, no, that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now!"

ELOPEMENTS.

The species of amusement known by the above name, has been, for the last year or two, and in fact, still is, extraordinary popular.

It seems as if the rising generation was fully convinced that marriage is something to be greatly ashamed of, or else the seed sown by romance-writers of the past age, is bearing a goodly portion of fruit. In former times if John wanted to wed with Mary, he went and told her so, like an honest youth. If she was willing she said, "Ask pa!" and pa settled the question. If John was industrious, temperate, and well-to-do, pa said, "All right!" and Mary became Mrs. John. If John was not, pa said "No!" and Mary got over it, and married some one else.

It must be confessed that this was not so romantic as an elopement. There was no surprise, and no scandal among the neighbors. But the Johns and Marys were very happy. They raised crops, and built houses, and spun cloth, and bore children, and fulfilled their simple destiny as well as it could be done.

"Now, however, "*nous avons chanse tout cela.*" Mary sees John from the boarding-school window, and sees that he makes eyes in passing. The next time he passes, she contrives that he shall see her again, and a little bit of eye-coquetry is the result.—Process repeated several times, when John, being, of course, in love, from his boot-heels up, finds out Mary's name, and indites her to a flowery epistle, saying:

"Meet me by moonlight alone!"

To this Mary replies, and meets him.—John squeezes Mary's hand, talks moonlight and Childe Harold and goes home feeling as if he had been living on honey and maple sap for a week. Mary goes home feeling ditto.

A correspondence ensues, on sweet-smelling pink paper, with gilt-edges, but in which all the words are spelled wrong, and the English grammer totally ignored. All of a sudden, some fine morning, Mary turns up missing, and John also. They are not heard of for a week, when they return, Mr and Mrs. John, and go down on their kneepans, to beg the old folks' forgiveness.

Being altogether too young and inexperienced to appreciate what they are about, ten chances in twelve they quarrel before the honeymoon is over. John finds the broomhandle scraping acquaintance with his head, and Mary, though a blonde, appears in public with black eyes. How much better is this, we should like to know than the old style of doing things.

Romance is a nice article—a very pretty article—but it may be purchased a little too dearly. A life time of misery is hardly atoned for by a fortnight of sugar sentiment, and it behooves young people to think twice, before they run their heads into a noose from which there is no escaping.

We would recommend those of our readers who contemplate any movement of this kind, to consult their parents on the subject. If the old folks agree to it, the young ones may elope as much as they like, and will be entirely justifiable therein.

There are cases, undoubtedly, where running away is quite right, but these are exceedingly rare, and require a most singular combination of circumstances. Generally, the mania proceeds from the effects of Silenus Gobb's romances, acting on a feeble brain, and should be treated accordingly.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—A cubic inch of platium weighs four-fifths of a pound

Hydrogen gas is the lightest substance known, being 300,000 times lighter than platinum.

Gold is the most malleable substance.

Iron or steel wire is more tenacious than that of any other metal.

The diamond is the hardest body in nature.

Oxygen is the most abundant substance known, and it is believed to constitute two-fifths of all the matter of the globe.

Gold is the best conductor of heat.

Alcohol has never been frozen.

The Earth is about 8,000,000 miles nearer the Sun in December than in June.

An eclipse of the moon can only happen at the time of full moon.

The Sun can only be eclipsed at the precise time of a new moon.

ARMY AND NAVY.—Assitant Surgeon Richard Potts, medical department, has been assigned temporary duty at Philadelphia, and will perform duties with which Surgeon G. A. Failly is now charged, during the absence of the latter as a member of the board instituted by special order No. 8 of January 22.

Captain Thomas J. Cram, Topographical Engineer, and 1st Lieutenant W. R. Terrill, 4th artilery, have been assigned to duty on the Coast Survey.

The following assignment to duty of officers of the corps of Engineers have been directed by the Secretary of War.

1. Capt. George W. Cullum to the charge of the construction of the fortifications New Bedford harbor, Mass.

2. Capt. Henry W. Benham to the charge of the operations at Sandy Hook, N. J.

3. First Lieut. and Brevet Capt. John G. Foster to the charge of the operations in Charleston harbor, S. C.

On their mutual application, First Lieuts. St. Clair Dearing and Thomas E. Turner have been transferred, the former from the 4th infantry to the 2d artillery, to take place on the Army Register next below Second Lieut. P. O. Craig, and the latter from the 2d artillery to the 4th infantry, to take place on the Army Register next below Second Lieut. R. N. Scott.

First Lieut. Julian McAllister, Ordinance department, has been assigned to duty at Renicia Arsenal, Cal., and First Lieut. J. W. Sill, of same department, to the duty of superintending the erection of the arsenal at Vancouver, Washington Territory.—These officers will proceed to their respective stations, under instructions from the Colonel of Ordinance.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Somebody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by everybody: "Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, even in a stage-coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful than books for the purpose of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their perticular persuits.

"Hugh Miller the famous Scotch geologist owes not a little to the fame of observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and worked in a quarry.—Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and but one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never dispise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first person you meet."

☞ A country gentleman was obliged to visit the city on business a few weeks ago. He took quarters at a boarding house, and his rustic dress and appearance exposed him to the observation and remark of a smart young lady, who sat opposite to him at the dinner table. Taking him for a verdant son of the soil, she proceeded to quiz him at her leisure. The gentleman perceived the drift, and he humored the joke. In the course of her inquiries she asked—

"Did you ever visit our city before?"

"Yes ma'am, I did, several years since?"

Did you come by railroad or steamboat in those days?"

Neither of them things were in use when I came to town."

"You must have come by stage;"

"Not exactly that way neither."

"In a wheelbarrow, perhaps;"

"No, not that way neither."

"You must have come on foot;"

"Not exactly so ma'am."

"Well, how then did you come—do tell us."

"Well, if you must know, I was born here, June 24, 1814, at No 40 Walker street near the Bowery."

The young lady dropped the conversation, her napkin, and finished her dinner another time, having learned a lesson to mind her own business—*Harper's Magazine.*

NEVER DO THESE THINGS.—Never inquire thou of the editor for the news; for, behold, it is his duty at the time appointed to give it unto thee without asking.

When thou dost write for his paper, never ask of him "What thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth would offend thee.

It is not fit that thou shouldst ask of him, who is the author of an article upon public concernment, for duty requires that he should keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter into the printing office have a care unto thyself that thou do not touch the type, for thou mayest cause the printer much trouble thereby.

Look thou not at the copy which is in the hands of the compositors; for it is not meet in the sight of the printer, and he might knock you down.

Neither examine the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand it.

"Boy," where is the state of matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other side. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics of housekeeping. Then squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as a cucumber. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

☞ Lord Brougham's son who is yet a minor, and, consequently, dependent upon his father for his support, has been noted somewhat for his attention to a young actress in the French theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle:

"If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance."

To which the son replied:

"If you do not double it, I'll marry her."

This son will enjoy a seat in Parliment when he becomes of age.

"I say, squire, what'll you take for that ere dog o' your'n?" said a yankee pedler to an old Dutch farmer. "Two dollars," said the Dutchman; "but dere's one t'ing about dat dog I gan't sell." "Oh! take off his collar, I don't want that," said the pedlar.—"Tain't dat," replied Mynheer; "he's a boor dog, but I gan't sell the wag ob his tail ven I comes home."

FRUIT CULTURE.—Would that we could induce our farmers to pay more attention to the culture of fruit. All table varieties, in season, are not only profitable but healthful, and will repay the care bestowed on them. Every farm should be well-stocked with apples, pears, peaches, cherries, grapes strawberries, raspberries, &c.

Difficulty of attainment is commonly proportioned to excellency of object.

Let your actions show the heart's every thought.