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SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription:—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

MERCANTILE.

CARPET WARE ROOM!

Thompson & Kersey's

CARPET WARE ROOM is now stored with the choicest stock of
Carpets, Oil Cloths,
Druggets, Mats,
Rugs, &c., &c.,
That has ever been offered to this community, and which they are prepared to sell at even less than city prices.

Then why should any one go or send to the city for an article which they can buy as good and as cheap at home? [oct 2

CHEAP
CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a full supply of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a large lot of family

GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE,
Woodware, Brooms and Rope Traces.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call. As I sell for cash only, I think I can sell them bargains.
oct 9 W. PHILIP MACKEY.

1858.
NEW FALL AND
WINTER GOODS.
CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the city with a handsome and well selected stock, viz:
Ladies' Dress Goods, of all the different styles and varieties: Gentlemens' Wear, of various styles and latest patterns; Children's wear, of different styles and latest fashions, together with a supply of *Domestic Goods*,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, &c.
which they invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine. [oct 16

TO THE LADIES.

IN addition to our usual assortment of EXTRACTS for the handkerchief we have just received a supply of
FRANGIPANNI and
MASS. BOUQUET SWEETPEA
the two most *fashionable* and *popular* odors.
Also German and American *Cologne, Pomades, Hair Oil, Soaps, &c.*, in great variety.
Head Brushes
of superior quality and modern styles.
Dressing Combs
of Shell, Buffalo, Gum and Horn.
Fine Tooth Combs
of Ivory, Buffalo and horn of *extra* quality, and various other articles necessary to a well regulated Toilet, and all at prices to suit the times.—Call and examine them at
oct 16 DAWSON & BRO'S.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS.

J. RASIN has just returned from the cities, and is now opening at the old stand, opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever before offered by him; such as Dress Goods for Ladies and
Gentlemen, Boys and Misses,
Heavy Goods for Servants' wear;
Also a large stock of Family Groceries,
Liquors of all kinds;
HARDWARE, CHINA, GLASS,
QUEENSWARE, TIN and
WOODWARE, &c.
Having paid particular attention to the selection of these Goods, with a view to sell them at prices suited to the times. I will be pleased to dispose of them on my usual accommodating terms.
Dry Goods generally on first floor.
Farming Implements on second floor.
Carpet Ware Rooms on third floor. [oct 9

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE subscriber is now opening in the town of St. Michaels, a large stock of Goods selected from the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore and adapted to the present and approaching seasons; having taken great pains in the selection of my Goods, I think that I can offer such inducements to purchasers as would insure advantage in giving me a call.

I have a very handsome selection of *LADIES' DRESS GOODS*, nice quality, at moderate prices. Also a large stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
3-4 and 6-4 Full'd Kersey's,
Satinetts, Tweeds, Flannels,
Oznaburg Prints,
Fancy Calicoes, twilled & plain Oznaburgs of the very best fabric. Also a very large stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, TINWARE,
Buckets, Brooms, Tubs, Horse Collars, Plows, Plow Castings and a great variety of goods too numerous to mention. To which an early call is solicited. JAMES D. MANSFIELD,
oct 9 St. Michaels.

1858.
NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, and now opening a full and complete stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
which have been bought on the very best terms and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

FOR THE LADIES—a beautiful stock of Dress Goods of all the new styles; a beautiful assortment of fine Shawls, entirely new; Embroideries of every kind; French Worked Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c

FOR THE GENTLEMEN—a very large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

Also a nice lot of Boys', Misses' and Childrens' goods, notions, &c.

A very large stock of extra nice FULLED KERSEYS for Servants, and every kind of heavy Domestic Goods, Cassinetts, Jeans, Brown and Bleached Muslin, &c.

Also a very large stock of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE,
TINWARE, &c.
To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.
oct 9 JAMES H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

ZEPHYR'S SIGHING.

BY ROSE.

Gently—gently
Through the vale,
Hear the dying
Zephyrs' wail.

Sighing—sighing
Thro' the trees,
Hear the whispers
In the breeze.

Moaning—moaning
To us hies,
Bringing hither
Angel's sighs.

Whisper—whisper
Music soft
Breathing gently 's
Borne aloft.

Softly—softly
Fades away,
All the dying
Zephyrs say.

A Revolutionary Legend.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD

IT was in the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near that rock which rose, like a huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with a dark brow and the darker grey eye flashing with a deadly light with muscular form clad in a blue hunting frock of the Revolution—is a continental named Warren. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli.

The other man, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. This is the murderer of the Paoli, named Dahaney.

They met there by accident and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the tory is down!—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light—that dark eye flashing death in his face!

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast; "spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in that tone of deadly hate; "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And as his hand was raised for the blow and his teeth was clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child—spare me!"

Then the continental with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow and those children orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

The proposal made by the continental in the mockery of hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the privilege of begging his life.

After a moment of serious thought the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth stone, sat the widow and children.—She sat there a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy, of some six years; on the other side a little girl, one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerated volume—lay open on the mother's knee. And then the pale faced tory flung himself on his knees, and confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said, in a cold icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look? the Bible is in my lap; I will; I will close that volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a wild and dark superstition of the olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in thought. Then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed to the great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart lean in his throat.

Then, in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from Old Testament. It was short yet terrible:

"*That man shall die!*"

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl that child of five years old, with golden hair, and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turns her laughing face away, and places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and the dark-haired boy are breathless. The little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"*Love your enemies!*"

Ah, that moment was sublime. Oh, awful book of God, in whose dread pages we see Moses talking face to face to Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of deep Galilee. Oh that awful book! shining to-night as I speak, the light of that widow's home, to the glory of the mechanic's shop—shining where the world comes not to look on the last night of the convict in his cells: lighting the way to good, even over the dread gibbet. Oh, book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe—of beauty that melts the heart with rapture, you never shone more strangely than there in the lonely cot of the Wissahicon when you saved the murderer's life.

For need I tell you that the murderer's life was saved; the widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence.

Now look you how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. The very night, as the widow sat by the lonely hearth, her orphans by her side—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eye-lids, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer in the wood-embowed cot of the Wissahicon.

LIFE OF AN OYSTER.

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gayly and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sowed its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities, and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well shaped and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts; if a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fasnion of an Egyptian King, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket.
—*Westminster Review.*

ONLY TIGHT.

"How flurrihed, how weak he is! What is the matter with him?"

"Only tight."

"Tight?"

"Only tight." Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect degraded; the only power that raises him from brute creation trodden down under the foot of a debasing appetite.

"Only tight," the mother stands with pale face and tear-dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the foreshadowing.

"Only tight," the gentle sister whose strongest love through life has been given to her talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot impure kiss he prints upon her cheek.

"Only tight," and his young bride stops in the glad dance she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the god of her idolatry.

"Only tight," and the father's face grows dark and sad as with a bitter sigh he stoops over the sleeping form of his first born.

He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with the brutes, he has tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood, to babbling idiocy, and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame him not, for he is "ONLY TIGHT."

HOW I COURTED SAL.

BY PETER SPORUM, ESQ.

"Well, you see arter the 'poker' scrape me and Sal got along midlin well, for sum time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, fur I loved her harder and harder every day an I had an idea that she had a sorter sneakin kindness for me, but how to do the thing up rite pestered me orful—I got sum luv book, and red how the fellers got down on their marrow bones and talked like polks, and how the gals wud gently fall inter the feller's arms, but some how or nuther, that way didn't sute my notion. I axed mam how dad corted her, but she sed it bad been so long, that she'd forgot all about it, (Uncle Jo alfers sed mam dun all the courtin.) At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this was fairly a consumin my innards, so I goes over to her daddy's (that's Sal's) and when I got thar I sot like a fool, thinkin how to begin. Sal seed sumthin was a trublin me and ses.

Ses she, "ain't sick Peter?"

She sed this mity soft like.

"Yes,—no" ses I, "that is—I ain't adzactly well—I thought I'd come over tu night," sez I.

That's a mity putty beginning any how thinks I, so I tried agin.

"Sal," sez I, and by this time I felt mity fainty and oneasy like about the squizorictum—

"Whot," sez Sal.

"Sal," sez I agin.

"Whot," sez she.

I'll git tu it arter a while at this lick, thinks I.

"Peter," sez she, "thar's sumthing a trublin you powerful, I know; "it's mity long fur you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorrer is a consumin fire.

She said this, she did, the deer sly creetter, she nosd what was the matter all the time mity well, and was just a tryin to fish it out, but I was so far gone I didn't see the pint. At last I sorter gulped down the lump as was risin in my throte and sez—

Ses I "Sal do you luv enny—enny body?"

Well, ses she "thar's dad—an mam—an (a countin on her fingers all the time, with her ise sorter shet like a feller shooting off a gun) "and thar's old Pide" (that wur an old cow uv hern) "and I can't think uv enny body else jist now," ses she.

Now this wur orful fur a feller ded in luv, so arter awhile I tries another shute.

"Ses I 'Sal, I'm powerful lonesum at home, and I sometimes think ef I only had a nice putty wife to luv and talk to and to move and hav my bein with, I wud be a tremendus feller.

With that she begins and names over all the gails in five miles uv thar an never wunst come nigh of naming uv herself, and sed I orter git wun uv them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched up my cheer up close to hern, and shet my ise and sed:

"Sal, you are the very gal I've been a hankerin after fur a long time; I luv you all over from the sole uv yore head to the foot uv yore crown, an I don't keer who nose it, and ef you say so, we'll be jined on together in the holy bons uv matrimony, e pluribus unum, world without end, amen' ses I, an I felt relieved—with that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter a while ses—

Ses she "Peter?"

"Whot Sally" ses I.

"Yes," ses she, a hiding uv her putty face behind her hans. You may depend upon it I felt good.

"Glory! Glory!" ses I. "I must holler Sal or I'll bust wide open. Hoorah fur Hooray—I kin jump over a ten rail fense I kin do any and everything that enny uther feller ever could, would, could or orter do." With that I sorter sloshed myself down bi her, and clinched her to seel the bargain with a kiss and such a kiss—talk about yore shugar—talk about yore merlases, talk about yore blackberry jam you couldn't a got me to cum a nigh, they wud all a tasted sour arter that.

Oh, these wimmin, how good and how bad, how hi and how lo, they kin make a feller feel, ef Sal's daddy hadn't hollered out, it wur time fur all onest folks to be in bed, I do believe I'd staid thar all nite.—You orter seed me when I got home, I pulled mam outer bed and I hugged her, I pulled aunt Jane outer bed and I hugged her, I roared, I snorted, I cavorted, I lafled and hollered, I crode like a rooster, I dashed about, and cut up more capers than you ever hern tell on, till dad thort I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with.

"Dad," ses I, "I'me a gwine to be married."

"Married!" bailed dad.

"Married!" squalled mam.

"Married!" squealed aunt Jane.

"Yes, married' says I, married all over, Marrid to be shore—marrid like a flash—jined in wedlock, hooked on fur wusser or fur better fur lite and fur death, to Sal I am that very think—me Peter Sporum, Esq.

With that I ups and tells em all about it from Alpher to Omeger. They was all mitely pleased, and mity willin, and I went too bed as proud as a young rooster with his fust spurs. Oh Jehosophat, but didn't I feel good, an keep a gitting that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink, but kept a rollin about an a thinkin tell I felt like my cup uv happiness wur chock full, pressed down, and running over. I'll tell yu sum uv these days about the weddin and all that, and how I dun, and how Sal she dun, and so forth and so on.

From the Frederick Herald.

DEMOCRATIC DIVISIONS.

As much as this harmonious and united party—this only national party in the country—have been divided upon all questions which enter into the composition of platforms, since the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, yet another division has sprung up in their ranks, which promises to be very serious in its consequences to them.

As a general thing, whatever heretofore may have been their differences of opinion upon principles and measures of policy, by some kind of ledgerdemain, unknown beyond their secret councils, they have been able at times of election, to concentrate and consolidate their forces.

This we think they cannot do now, for the disagreement between the different parties and sections are too vital and fundamental, and the people are too well acquainted with them.

When the question of the admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution, was before Congress, at its last session, our readers are aware, that Stephen A. Douglas, by far the ablest and most influential man at this time in the Democratic ranks, separated from the Administration, upon the interpretation of the popular sovereignty principle of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, of which it was the author.

He contended that the Constitution framed under authority, conferred by that bill upon the people of the Territory of Kansas, and under which it was pretended that they were asking admission into the Union, had not been fairly submitted to them, and that the people had the unalienabl right to pass directly upon every part and parcel of their organic law. The whole South, with the assistance of the power and patronage of the general Government, resisted this because the Lecompton Constitution held out the slender hope of making Kansas a slave State, and this they were willing to do, though it scattered their boasted doctrine of popular sovereignty to the winds.

Our readers are aware how this long and angry struggle ended—in which the very pillars of the temple seemed to shake to their very foundations. The English Compromise was passed, which submitted the choice of the people of Kansas, to come into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, or to stay out until they had population enough to entitle them to a representative in Congress. The people by a very large majority rejected both the bribe and the threat offered them by the English compromise bill. And now the question has been mooted as to the binding power of the bill, which requires Kansas to stay out of the Union until its population reaches the present ratio of representation. Mr. Buchanan and his friends contend that she ought not now to be admitted, until she is entitled by population according to the provisions of the English bill, and Mr. Douglas and his friends declare, that to keep her out, if she should demand admission under a constitution framed in accordance with the wishes of her people, fairly expressed, would be unjust discrimination in favor of slavery, as they were willing to admit her with the fraud begotten Constitution of Lecompton.

This is a quarrel in a family in which we can have no especial interest, save as their quarrels may terminate in its entire destruction and overthrow, and therefore it is not our business to express an opinion as to its merits, or to give any suggestions of ours as to which side has the advantage in this particular contest.

We allude to this matter simply to show the peculiar claims of the precious Democratic party to the support of the conservative portion of the people of the United States, on account of the union, harmony, and all comprehensive nationality, which they boast of, as being the distinguishing characteristics of their policy.

It is thus upon every question which is submitted in our political contests to the arbitrament of the people. They claim and obtain their support as the *united* party, yet the divisions between the different factions and sections which make up the Democratic platforms, are quite as material and as irreconcilable to reason or to combined action, as those which separate them from their opponents.

The difference is, the jingle of the public gold has more power over the one than the other, and produces upon the elements of Democracy a more *oblivious* effect.

We are inclined to think now, however, that even this charming music will be lost and overwhelmed in the roar of the contest which is going on, and will increase in intensity and fury until its culmination in 1860. A deep interest has reached a class of people who are not to be bought with gold—aye, the whole people, warned by the danger which threatens their glorious institutions, will be stirred to the deepest depths of emotion and patriotism, and will move in a compact mass to the protection of their sacred rights, and that party which has deceived them so long, and which has brought them to the brink of ruin will be swept away forever in a storm of indignation, from the seats of their illgotten power.

WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.—In answer to the question "what is the weight of a million of dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint calculates as follows:—The weight of one million of dollars of United States currency in gold, is 53,750 troy ounces. This makes 4479 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2000 lbs. only to each ton. As weighty as this is, we have no doubt that, if the amount were offered to anybody who would lift it, there would be enough persons ready to break their necks in the vain attempt.

CAUSES OF HAIL STORMS.

A careful reader of the newspapers cannot have failed to observe a great increase in the number and violence of the hail storms which occur from year to year in this country. In France, many years ago, an opinion prevailed among meteorologists that hail storms were caused by the influence of electricity in the atmosphere, and it was imagined that by drawing down the electricity by lightning rods, placed in elevated positions, the frequency of hail storms might be diminished, and great saving of the crops from destruction be made, by the descent of vast quantities of hail, in particular localities. It was imagined that great good was effected in this way; damage by hail in certain districts was thought to be greatly diminished. It is now strongly doubted whether any such effect was ever produced. It now seems more likely that the savans of France mistook the cause for the effect. It now seems more probable that thunder and lightning are produced by clouds instead of clouds being produced by electricity. The discoveries of Espey, our own countryman, have thrown a flood of light on this subject. In passing, we may say that the merits of this American meteorologist have never been fully appreciated by his countrymen. In the estimation of some of the best judges he stands, in this department of natural philosophy, second only to Franklin himself.

The French philosophers never gave any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon that hail-storms ran in veins. These veins were often very narrow—not more than half a mile in width. What had electricity to do with this phenomenon? Espey explained it. He demonstrated by a series of successful experiments, made by himself and an association of gentlemen in Philadelphia, that every isolated summer cloud has a strong current of air running into it from below its base. This was ascertained by sending up a kite to the neighborhood of the cloud, when it was immediately drawn under it, and sucked up by a force sufficient to break any thing that could be used. This, of course, demonstrated that all those tall summer clouds which we see in a warm afternoon, towering up into the blue heavens, assume their peculiar form of development by the rush of air saturated with vapor under their base.

Espy, moreover, discovered that all the clouds of dark bases and rounded cauliflower-shaped tops were at the same height on the same hours on any given day. When these clouds arrive at a certain size, vivid lightnings are seen to play from them, showing plainly that the cloud is the cause of lightning and not the lightning of the cloud. And the probability seems to be, that as electricity is developed by the great majority of chemical changes, so the conversion of vapor into the cloud, which takes place as fast as the air passes the level of the base of the cloud, is accompanied by the development of electricity, and thus a vast cloud becomes super-saturated with it.

What then creates the hail? The former theory was that it was the sudden withdrawal of electricity. It left the drops of rain so cold that they suddenly congealed. This was plausible enough, but it left some phenomena unexplained. Why did the hail stones fall so large, if they were composed of single drops? This fact the philsophers of France were wholly unable to unriddle, and it was left to our ingenious countryman to furnish the explanation. At a certain point over our heads in the hottest day of summer there is a point of perpetual congelation, and a man in a balloon ascending vertically upwards would find his clothes, if wet, when he reached this point beginning to freeze. In very hot weather, when the atmosphere is very full of vapor, the current running into the base of a tall cloud becomes exceeding strong, so as to arrest the falling drops of water and carry them upward. This current, of course, extends to the top of the cloud, the cloud rises higher and higher in proportion to the degree of heat and moisture, till at last, in some cases, the apex penetrates the region of perpetual congelation. The drops carried upward by the current within the cloud of course begin to freeze. *But they do not fall.* They are borne about as we see lighter things near the surface of the earth upborne by a weaker current. While thus suspended, other drops rise in the upward current, strike against them and are frozen on. And so, when the hail-stone arrives at a sufficient size and weight, it overcomes the resistance of the air and falls to the earth. Hence the size of hail-stones varies with the heat and moisture of the atmosphere.

Hence too, do all hail-storms go in veins, and sometimes very narrow ones. The reason is, that the apex of a thunder cloud is always small, being confined to the central portion which is directly over the central current.

The magnitude of these hail clouds depends on the amount of evaporation which takes place in any region of country over which they appear. As the cleared and plowed land increases and the sun's rays play upon the naked soil, this evaporation becomes more rapid and copious, and hail-storms may be expected to become more frequent in their occurrence and more violent in their effects. A great hail-storm could hardly occur in an unbroken wilderness. That the thunder clouds of summer are produced by immediate evaporation from the soil appears from the fact that they do not rise over the sea. The bays and headlands of a coast on a clear day in summer are as fairly pefined in the heavens above as in the earth beneath, and we have never read or heard of a hail-storm far out on the ocean.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The most beautiful sight in nature Dobb says, was a woman he met yesterday.—"Grace was in her steps, Heaven in her eyes, and in her arms a baby." A rose-bush with a bud clinging to it, was nothing to the heavenly loveliness.