PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. W. H. Councell—Printer.

TERMS.

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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1857. No. 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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

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

ALFRED P. JUMP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Easton, Md.,

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

☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office.

sep 27—tf

A. B. PRITCHETT,

CABINET MAKER,

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

may 12-y A. B. P.

FASHIONABLE

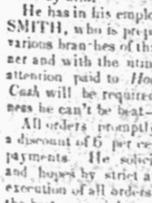
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

JOHN R. MORTIMER begs leave to inform the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the latest and most approved Rules of Cutting, and having fitted up his establishment, immediately opposite Campbell's Drug Store, he is now prepared to execute, in the neatest style, all orders committed to him.

He earnestly solicits his friends and the public to give him a trial. sep 27—tf

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



THE subscriber has just returned home with a first rate assortment of

Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings

of all styles and grades, such as handsome Black & Fancy Cloths. Also, Cassimeres of all colors and quality, and Vestings to match.

My Overcoating is also of first rate quality, suitable for young and old.—Come and see for yourself at my old stand, No. 1, Smith's Row. JOHN SATTERFIELD.

oct 18

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

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

JOS. NEAVNAM.
JAS. R. WRIGHT.

August 18, 1856. [aug 23-tf

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

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

sep 6-tf JAMES HARRISON, Jr.

WHEELWRIGHTING

—AND—

BLACKSMITHING.

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

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

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

jan 19-1y JAMES AUSTIN.

COACH AND HARNESS

MAKING.

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

COACH-MAKING BUSINESS

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

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

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

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

may 29-y SAML B. HOPKINS.

TRIMMINGS! TRIMMINGS!!—We have just opened another lot of Velvet and Moire Antique trimmings of all widths, both plain and fancy

See G. GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

LIQUORS.—Pure Wines & Brandies for Medicinal purposes, also constantly on hand a large supply of *that famous* old Whiskey.

oct 11 H. C. MACKEY.

CIDER.—A few barrels of prime Caroline Cider, for sale by the gallon, at the store of

oct 6 J. BAER.

For the Easton Gazette.

THE SNOW.

JANUARY 1, 1857.

Come—look abroad with me, my friend,
The old year in the night
With busy fingers while we slept,
Outspread his robe of white!

O'er lordly hall and lowly roof
Wide stretched his snowy wing—
O'er hill—and valley, too, for oh!
He loved the meanest thing!

The fresh made mounds of gentle clay,
Within the churchyard ground,
He sought—and tuck (how tenderly!)
Each little grave around.

A pure memento, too, he left
In window-sill and door,
That all might think of him, at least
One day, if nevermore.

The hours are waning fast, my friend,
The skies are dark above,
But still the old year's gift remains,
A token of his love:

And thus I leave this friendly trace
To tell of long ago,
Though it may prove an idle task,
And fleeting as the snow.

I have but one last wish to add,
This solemn New Year's day;
Tis not that light may always flood,
Or flowers bestrew thy way—

Thank God! that unincumbered bliss
To few of earth are given,
For rosy paths and cloudless skies
Too rarely lead to Heaven!

But tis, as through life's chequered vale
Thy pilgrim footsteps go,
The heart, in every change, may be
As stainless as the snow! Iox.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

Somebody—I think a near relative of mine—has given a bit of advice to the unmarried ladies generally, including the small residue of creation. From his short sermon, I shall draw a few texts. These are his words:—

Take up with him whose bosom is
A mind of gold itself;
Whose heart s a "nugget," worth alone
A mountain mass of pelf,
With such you never can be poor—
Dire want you ne'er may dread,
Although he lacks the glittering ore,
And can't show "fairy red!"
"Prospecting" 'mid life's rugged scenes,
That color soon he'll see,
Which gladdens pocket, eyes and heart,
Amen—So mote it be!

MY HEARERS: If girls, here and elsewhere, only knew the actual worth, Troy weight, of many a young man (I may, on a tight venture, add widower,—never old bachelor) whom a vain, wicked world calls poor, if they could see how much pure, virgin gold is contained both upon the surface and in the deepest recesses of his nature—how many ounces, of the article, nay pounds, might be washed out of his apparent dirt in process of time—how his whole bosom is a perfect ledge of auriferous quartz—how, if he were carefully assayed and his true value ascertained, tho' no rich vein had yet been struck in his pockets, except in the pockets of his mind—I say if a girl did but have a proper appreciation of all this, she would know exactly how and where to make a strike.

Therefore, my dearly beloved creatures—you too are misers, as well as those heavy-shod, blue-shirted, and long-haired nondescripts, who search, dig and burrow in the mountains. Verily, thou diggest and washest but little, yet to prospecting thy heart is much inclined. But, oh! how often, to your sorrow and disappointment, my dear strivers after the evil root, do you set your affections unwittingly upon a salted claim! How quickly, my too confiding ones, have you made your pile of agony for long years by a few grains of "dust" designedly scattered upon the surface! Allured by the temptation, you strain your corsets and almost jump out of your hoops, to obtain the unknown wealth of this promising claim, so abounding in riches that its very sweat is glittering with gold. You get it, at last—you open it—you test it; and you finally become convinced that you are in possession of a small quanity of God's earth, worth, at a fair estimate, one half of just nothing at all; and what cost you, at least, five hundred pounds happiness sterling!

Of "salten claims," dear girls, beware!
Don't buy a salted claim;
Better to wed a grizzly bear
Than get a salted claim.

My enchantress: better dig into some rough, honest fellow's affections, that pay the least attention to the dazzling claims set up and offered for sale by the thousand and one speculators in female vanity, love and frailty, who strut the path of pretended wealth, rectitude and honor, with all the spreading, wing-craping pomposity of turkey-cocks in April. Try the pick-axe of your love upon the pliable heart of some sober, hard-working miner who makes no magnificent display of either words or watch-seals—whose animal appearance might even resemble that of a cross between a bison and the dog Cerberus—and you will peradventure hit upon the right sort of diggings, viz: an old boot abounding in *ore*, and a bosom stuffed as full of true love and tenderness as was ever a roast turkey with sage and onions.

Again, my darlings: be not infatuated with salted claims; rather prefer the solid claims of candor, integrity, industry, sobriety and a hard hand—a get that can knock a fortune out of poverty—a face that can stare starvation out of countenance, and a heart that never yields but to the noble impulses of humanity. With an hombre of this sort you have nothing to fear, though his purse be as lean as the ghost of a lizzard, and the future look as dark as the den of despair. Prosperity is peeping from its hole in the distance—his pile, that Providence has put by him, is safe; for it is watched over by a guardian angel, and not by the black dragon who ever keeps a cat's eye upon ill-gotten gains. Necessity spurs, while hope and ambition beckon him on.—He is bound to reach that pile, as sure as a dog that jumps for suspended pluck. He prospect, but nevertheless works—works like a barrel of new cider in the sun. At length with a magic rod, the spot is found, and he falls to digging, with all the ferocious energy of a terrier at a rat-hole. He digs—digs on—unceasingly digs, stopping only to take an occasional "smell"—at the beans boiling so savorly. "The substance of things hoped for" is found! He takes out his pile—he weighs it, and it turns out just as he expected: much larger than he ever supposed it would!

Girls! attach yourself to that kind of incarnate industry which breeds riches and happiness as naturally as does an old cistern mosquitoes in August, and turn your thoughts aside from those deceptive flare-ups of a day—those phosphorescent meteors of a night—those ornamental decorations of subterranean society, who, when time and matrimony shall have deprived them of their gilding, will prove to be "specimens"—worth their weight in brickbats.—So mote it be!—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

For the Easton Gazette.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

BY PIONEER.

We sojourned very pleasantly at Houston for a few days, spending our time very agreeably indeed, strolling about the place, and inspecting everything of any importance. This town bids fair, to be in a short time, a city of considerable note. The great flood of emigration, which is now flowing into this State, (the Baltimore American of Dec. 20th states, that the number of wagons crossing the Mississippi and going to Texas, are very great, crowding the ferries daily, going from the middle States and South) and the position it occupies, both by land and water, a line of steamboats connecting it with the seaport of Galveston, and a rail road already building running up from that city to this place, with roads shooting out from here, into the splendid back country, must tend in a very brief space, to build it up a considerable city. It is the great depot or market where a vast amount of merchandise, is constantly accumulating, to be distributed throughout this section of the State. You would be astonished to see the extensive mercantile establishments, equalling some of the largest in the city of Baltimore, showing the amount of business done.

Feeling anxious to be pushing for home, we took passage on board of a fine large steamer of the Mississippi pattern, three or four decks high, making it so delightful and airy. It was a very pleasant evening, charming and delightful, (in truth, we were blessed with good weather, nearly all the time we were in Texas) and we remained upon the upper deck, looking out upon the strange landscape, until night dropped its curtain, but the sun having sunk down behind the forest of Magnolia, a full bright moon, shed her soft light around, as the last rays of the day king faintly died away. The Byou, down which we were slowly steaming, is a singular stream of water. It has the appearance of a gigantic canal winding up into the country, in fact, it is a natural canal, assisting to drain the extensive plains above. Its sides are wonderfully and beautifully protected from the washing of the swells caused by the paddles and motion of the steamers, and the action of the tides, by peculiar knee roots of cypress tree, studding both banks, like spiles driven down, a happy disposition in this noble and stupendous species, to throng the yellow crumbling edges of the Byou, several feet above the water, with its roots, seeking the refreshing element, and at the same time, thoroughly protecting the banks, which, without them, would eventually fill up the stream, and make it unnavigable.

The noble forrest trees that crown this byou, and run back a considerable distance into the country, and a dense body of forest are grand and beautiful specimens indeed. The magnolia are the largest I have ever seen, tall as our largest oaks, and with dark ever-green foliage glittering in the sun-light and immense flowers of snowy purity, distilling and diffusing their delicious perfume, are surpassingly beautiful. The cypress, frequently, almost intertwine their gigantic boughs, over the bright surface of the narrow stream, forming an archway of rich foliage intermingled, charming and magnificent to contemplate, as we puff slowly and smoothly along. As we navigate this narrow, zigzag, serpentine byou, we, who are accustomed to broad rivers and bays, are much amused; we run down a pretty fair stretch, for a little way, when suddenly we come to an angle or twist in the stream, that you would think a rabbit could scarcely dodge around, without butting the opposite bank; but these pilots are so expert, that they will swing the great boat *around the corner*, with a sudden whirl at the helm, and a ring at the bell—indicating for but one wheel to turn—wonderful and beautiful to witness. I frequently stood and watched them, thinking they would give the opposite shore a thundering butt this time, yet they would invariably miss it.

From what we could see of the country, in journeying down the stream, we were rather favorably impressed, though the character of the soil is nothing like as pleasing, nor will it equal in fertility, the splendid lands, the hills and vales of the interior. Neither is the climate as pure and healthy, nor will the landscape compare with the Guadaloupe, Colorado or San Antonio valleys in beauty. About an hour before sun set, we passed close by the celebrated San Jacinto battle ground, where the Texan Independance was won—it is an extensive open ground, with a dense forest bordering one side, the deep byou another, and scattered over with giant growth of the live oak. Though not possessed of the eye of a field marshal, yet I should have selected it, as a splendid battle ground—the very spot to make the onslaught with cavalry, march on the steady columns of infantry, bristling with bayonets, to change the opposing ranks, and post the batteries, belching fire and death over the plain, or flying artillery moving rapidly about, to dead destruction and bloody horror around.

The Byou, before reaching Harrisburg, had widened considerably, reminding me very forcibly, of one of our beautiful creeks; the banks are low, gradually rising from the water, but a little way back, the country is tolerably high and undulating. I was more pleased with it than further up the stream. The little town above mentioned, is not as thriving as many others, though the times may change in its favor, a rail road runs from here into the country, and it is already linked by rail way to Galveston. It appears to be more of a lumber and wood depot, where a pretty extensive market of these important articles of consumption, is to be seen.

We stopped at Harrisburg but a few minutes, taking in some passengers, and recruiting our supply of provender, for our fiery, greedy, cinder belching "Leviathan" of the bay. But let us look now, around, upon our goodly "compagnion de voyageur," the vast saloon was filled almost to overflowing handsome women occupying the portion at the stern of the boat, pretty much out of the way of danger, my attention was drawn to one very pretty girl, whom I afterwards met at Galveston, at my boarding house. The men were very much of the same stamp who we generally meet with, throughout the Union, well dressed and personal appearance good, but more sociable and clever. There was one character that I was particularly struck with, a preacher, but of what persuasion, I will not pretend to say. He was dressed in an elegant suit of broadcloth, fine pumps and fancy hose, and a splendid white neck cloth, rather on the dandy order: he was a man of undoubted talent, in fact, brilliancy, but excessively vain, and too fond. I thought, (as a simple minister of the humble sufferer on the cross, our immortal Saviour,) to be making such a marked display of his smartness. The company of my friend Mr. D., of whom I have already spoken, made our time pass very agreeably, we took births together, in the same state-room, and in having him as a companion, to whom I could express my thoughts freely, I did not feel that loneliness that one experiences in journeying through this wild world. It was some time in the night, before we reached Galveston Bay, a fine, broad, noble sheet of water, like our Chesapeake; a "norther," which sprung up, just before we entered it, blew so violently that we were obliged to cast anchor, which I was not sorry for, as it gave us the opportunity the next morning, of witnessing the whole length of this splendid arm of the sea, filled with the most delicious oysters, fish and other luxuries of the briny wave.

The next morning, a most glorious one, ere the sun had lifted his bright disk in the far east, far, far away—ere the pelican had shaken the dew drop from his wing, or the sea gull left its crystal pillow, on the bosom of the magnificent bay—our fiery old Leviathan was consuming cords of fuel, getting up power to battle with the mighty element; the wind was still blowing pretty strong, like our north-westers, but the captain determined to try it, the anchor was weighed, and away we went, dashing nobly and sweetly along. The heavens and the fleecy clouds were tinged with a glory inconceivable, and presently the smiling face and golden rays of the morning sun, burst charmingly upon us. Millions of duck, with a prolonged roar, like the distant sound of thunder, left their turbulent roosts on the limped wave, as we advanced upon them, scattering in flocks of hundreds and thousand filling the air with the whir of their wings as they passed over and around us. Beautiful swan, swarm gracefully over the curling sea, or stretching their snowy pinions to the gale, were swiftly borne away. Several kinds of sea bird, which we have not, were curveting over the foaming waters, as if delighting in the wild uproar, now darting down, to bathe in the bursting snow cap, now gracefully mounting on buoyant wing, to face the howling blast.

Near mid-day, we had the beautiful city of Galveston in view, looming above the bright waters. The sight was a very agreeable one, it brought me back to the starting point, in first reaching the State, and I felt as if my tour was more than half accomplished, and as it I had but to make a few *giant strides*, and look upon dear old Maryland again, although I had experienced a vast amount of pleasure in witnessing the magnificent scenery in the interior; the extensive Prairies, dotted with clumps and groves of noble forest trees, of almost every variety, or large bodies of valuable and splendid timber; and the ever-green hills and valleys, carpeted with a sward, short, smooth and beautiful as an English lawn, and bespangled with millions of beautiful flowers or flowing shrubs—although I had tasted the exquisite delight of beholding noble rivers of crystal purity, meandering in the midst of a superb landscape, hastening to join their mother sea, the thrilling sensation of the sportsman in gazing upon herds of beautiful deer, &c., and innumerable flocks of wild fowl and other game, and partaken of the hospitality of warm friends and of a people universally kind and clever, yet I had now accomplished a very fatiguing journey, in stages, of some seven hundred miles, (it is true I came along very slowly, but from Austin to Houston, near about two hundred and fifty miles I came almost directly on,) and I felt relieved in knowing that the feat, though a pleasant one, was now performed.

We had considerable difficulty in making port; our steamer was so high above the water, and had such a tremendous amount of upper works, that the wind had great scope upon her, and coming right after us, it was with the greatest labor her head could be kept near the true point. Like a vast lumbering shell-fish, we had to crawl to the harbor, the best fashion we could.—These steamboats are admirable for the rivers and all narrow streams, but when they come upon a broad sheet of water, they will not generally answer, at least in stormy times. They are much more airy and pleasant than our boats of the Chesapeake, and their accommodations are much superior. On board of one of them, it is like living in a delightful Hotel,—with a magnificent panorama of nature's handi-work, slowly passing before you. We at length reached our wharf and made fast along-side, and I was very soon greeting kind friends from whom I had parted a few months back. I put up again at the same house and met with much kindness, at the hands of the proprietor, Mr. Hughes. I sojourned a Galveston several days before taking steamship for New Orleans, reviewing the handsome little city. I was struck with the great improvement, even in the short space of time that I had been away, fine blocks of buildings and hand-some residences in the suburbs, adding to the number of already costly palaces.

In reaching the starting point of our Texan tour, dear reader, we have reached the end of these Sketches. It has been our object, in penning them, to give all the information we could collect and see of the country, to the emigrant, and nothing more.—We have not been hired to mi represent or overpaint. We have not been induced from variety or self conceit to publish these humble sketches, but in the purity and simplicity of the heart, to endeavor to be useful to our fellow man, in imparting the little knowledge we have gleaned of Texas, the finest section of the south-west. The bright future, which awaits this splendid State, hovering over and ready soon, to crown it with a prosperity unequalled by the rest of the great galaxy of stars, must naturally attract the inquiring, calculating mind. There is but little doubt that the Pacific rail road will be built very soon, and there is *no doubt* but what it will pass thro' Texas, the upper route being considered by the first engineer of the land, impracticable, from the fact of the great depth of snow a good portion of the year, in crossing the mountains. The State is actively engaged in rendering all the aid in her power, to web her fertile plains with rail ways and link her great towns and cities with this great Renovator of the age—the rail road—and place them by the sea-shore. She is free of debt with several millions (I think $10,000 000) expended or given for public schools, with many millions of acres of territory, yet to dispose of, of inexhaustible fertility, that can be purchased for a mere song.

January 1st, 1857.

THE JOYS OF MATERNITY.—Grace Greenwood, (Mrs. Lippincott,) in an address to mothers in the last number of The Little Pilgrim, thus writing: "Since I last addressed you, another year has passed over us—a peaceful and fortunate year to most of you, I trust, yet doubtless bringing to the happiest heart and homes something of change and sorrow. To me it has brought the most profound and sweet, the most solemn and sacred happiness of womanhood—no, within this year I have been joined to the great and noble army of *mothers*.—I am now *one of you*. Oh, if there is a time when woman may feel that she, like Mary of old, is 'blessed among women,' it is when she folds in her arms her first-born child; feels the touch of its tender little hand thrill on heart strings—feels upon her cheeks the first soft breath of life immortal—sees faintly twinkling in the misty depths of sleepy little eyes a love that shall yet brighten the world for her. This joy unspeakable, this holy triumph of maternity, is Heaven's abundant compensation for all that is suffered by woman—for all that is denied to her. With existence renewed and freshened by the inflowing of this pure rill from the divine fountain of life—with my heart made more tender and loving by the sweet mysterious influences by which babyhood, mighty in helplessness, and, without speech, most eloquent, comes to us—I feel like consecrating myself anew to the service of such as Jesus took in his arms and blessed—and of you, whom maternity makes kin to her once elected to the highest joy and deepest anguish of mortality—her whom he most loved and most tenderly remembered in his last hour."

KISSING A BACHELOR.—A correspondent relates the following incident:—"We have a friend—a bachelor friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident withal. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance who had recently taken to himself a wife, young and beautiful, and, as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife of a week, like all other wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business and always upon his return met him upon the threshold and smothered him with kisses. It so happened, when our friend called, that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his footfall upon the step, and supposing it to be her husband, rushed forth to meet him; and he had scarcely laid his hand upon the bell-pull before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheek—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his! Here was a trying situation for a diffident man, and our friend came near fainting on the spot; but, fortunately, the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholy event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive. The last we saw of him, he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodgings."

DECEIT.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings, but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No persons is obliged to tell all he thinks, but both duty and self-interest forbid him to make false pretences.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25, 1856.

May you, Mr. Editor, and your many kind patrons, be enabled to say, on glancing over these lines, that you have all spent a happy, joyous Christmas. In this goodly city the day appears to have been of general enjoyment, although the severity of the weather has somewhat marred the pleasure of out-door exercise. The churches were mostly all open in the morning for religious services—while in the evening the different places of amusement were absolutely beseiged by persons determined to wind up a day's holyday with innocent recreation. May our sorrows sit lightly when the sound of the next Christmas bells float upon the air.

Fire—that terror of terrors to the denizen of a large town or city—has been quite destructive here during the week. On Monday night about 10 o'clock a three story brick dwelling in the neighborhood of 10th and Locust-sts. was somewhat damaged by fire. This was the beginning of the night's excitement. At half past twelve the large manufacturing establishment, in Edward St., sixteenth ward, was discovered to be on fire, and was soon entirely destroyed with most of its contents. The building was leased out to differ nt persons, pursuing a variety of trades. Two dwellings adjoining, one on the east, the other on the west, were partially destroyed. Loss about $40,000, and some 200 persons thrown out of employment. About a quarter of 2 o'clock the old State house bell again sounded an alarm of fire, which proved to be in West Philadelphia, or the twenty-fourth ward.—The omnibus stables on Till street, near Market, occupying the best portion of a square in area, and crowded with animals and vehicles, was soon a mass of burning ruins. One hundred and thirty horses were burned to death thirty omnibusses destroyed, besides a large quantity of horses, hay, feed, etc. One of the partners of the firm, sleeping in an office attached to the structure, barely escaped with his life. Four frame buildings back of the stable were also consumed. The loss by this fire is also about $40 000. And yet another.—While the above fires were raging, a conflagration occurred in a large brick dwelling on Swanson street, above Washington, in the second ward. The building was used by a block and pump maker, a plaining mill, and packing box maker; and there being a large amount of stock on hand, the flames made short work of the matter.—This is the third or fourth time the same place has been destroyed. This, I believe, ends the chapter of fires.

We have had some tremendous "blows" here lately, the latest of which occurred on Tuesday evening. It commenced snowing on the afternoon of that day, but stopped about 7 P. M., when old Boreas got up an entertainment of his own, and played the deuce with rotten window shutters, awnings and decayed trees.

On the 11th of this month, there was a formal opening of the Delaware Rail Road from New Castle to Nanticoke city—(that is, it *will be* a city when the houses are built—which I have no doubt will be soon accomplished.) A party of some two hundred Philadelphians left this city on the morning of that day, by invitation of the managers of the road, and were landed in Nanticoke about 2 P. M., in the midst of as drenching a shower as any one need wish to be exposed to. The company had made ample arrangements for the accommodation of their guests, by erecting large plank houses in which they might solace the inner man after their journey, and to that end had prepared a sumptuous dinner. But somehow, man's plans

"Aft gang agley,"

and so in this case. For after the well dressed "cit," with his polished boots and shining tile, had left the comfortable cars, and waded through untold depths of mire to those plank houses, and succeeded in getting himself once more under cover, he found the foresters of Sussex three deep around the table, and scarce a vestige of the feast left. But if they lost their dinner, I tell you what there was fun there, and that of the genuine sort. "Look here stranger," said an old man, who looked as if he might have just arrived from Dismal Swamp—"I say stranger, buy you had any oey-sters yet?" "No sir," said the city chap—who, after his ducking, had the appearance of a decayed Jeremy Didler—"not an oyster." "Wall, dang it all, its too bad this ere feller should cum all the way from Filladelphy for his dinner, and miss it. You shall have some, stranger." Thereupon he dragged him up to a large fire, with an immense iron pot hanging over it, filled with boiling water and oysters in the shell. Handing him a knife, says he, "Know, stranger, dive in!" And I believe the stranger did dive—into the "oey-sters." After disposing of a few "city lots," by auction, the party started for the city, which they reached, about midnight, merrier, if not wiser men than they had left.

More anon, D.

A KANSAS JUSTICE.—A man was recently arrested in Kansas for stealing a cow and a bee gum. The jury, to facilitate matters, put both charges in one indictment, and convicted him of stealing the cow. He took an appeal. The Justice, in making up his docket, made out the following report of the case: The defendant in the case found guilty—he beat us on the bee gum, but we catch him on the cow.

NEWSPAPER READERS TURN OUT WELL.—We know a respectable gentleman in Monroe co. who many years ago sawed a cord of wood to pay, in advance, his first year's subscription for a newspaper. He is now, in his ripe and vigorous old age, worth a quarter of a million of dollars.—*Albany Journal.*

A gentleman of Newark, N. J., is said to have presented each of his three sons with $10,000 on New Year's Day.