PUBLISHED EVERY
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.

VOL. XLIII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860. No. 9.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or 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, 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.

WANTED.

ANY quantity of Geese and Turkeys for which the most liberal price will be paid.
nov 19 W. T. HARDESTY.

Cedar Posts for Sale.

PERSONS in want of Cedar Posts can obtain them at a reduced price by applying to the editor of the Gazette. [jan 21-3t

BOOTS AND SHOES.

JUST received from the city a good assortment of Boots and Shoes which will be sold at a small advance for cash or country produce—please call and see for yourselves.
nov 19 W. T. HARDESTY.

NEW GOODS.

J. RASIN has just returned from the City and is now opening a large stock of New Winter Goods, consisting of fancy Cassimeres, Cloths and Vestings, Full'd Kerseys, Satinuets, Flannels, Blankets, bleached and brown Sheetings, bed Tickings, Irish Linen's, Carpetings and floor Oil Cloths; also a general assortment of Groceries, clarified, granulated, crushed and brown Sugars, Molasses, Coffee, Chocolate, Candles, Crackers, Teas, Cheese, &c., to which the public are respectfully invited to give me a call.
dec 24 JOS: RASIN.

GO AND BUY ONE OF THE
Liliputian Gas Burners.
Price only 75 cents!
One pint of oil burns twenty hours!
Gives one third more light than the ordinary two tube Lamps!
The light can be reduced to any size required!
Passing about with the Lamp does not affect its burning. It is the cheapest light known for an ordinary House Lamp—any lamp can be altered in ten minutes If you want a large clear white Gas light, equal to four ordinary two tube Lamps, buy one of our air pressure family Gas Lamps.—Address or apply to
jan 7 ED. H. ANDERSON, & CO.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.
A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases, and especially for the cure of diseases of the Sexual Organs.

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge.

Valuable reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. oct 30-1y

MANHOOD,
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope,

ON the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness and Involuntary Emissions, inducing Impotency and Mental and Physical Incapacity. By Robert J. Culverwell, M. D., Author of "The Green Book, &c."

The world renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self abuse may be effectually removed without Medicine and without dangerous Surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself *cheaply, privately and radically.* This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal to any address, *post paid*, on the receipt of two postage stamps, by addressing Dr. Ch. J. C. Kline, M. D., 480 first Avenue, New York, Post Box 4586.

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers intend to present the following petition to the Commissioners for Talbot county, for a new Public Road in the Chapel District.

To the Honorable Commissioners of Talbot Co.:

WHEREAS much ill convenience to a large portion of the inhabitants of Chapel district for the want of a public road in a remote part of said District. Therefore your humble petitioners solicits your honours to grant them a new road through said neighborhood, for the convenience of Mill, market and public Landing on Tuckahoe Creek, &c., &c. Beginning at a point at the public road leading from Hillsborough to Chapel on the three Bridges road, where said road runs, through James B. Love's land, nearly opposite his house, from thence through his land to Solomon Loves, then through his to Edward Y. Davis', then through his land with a division fence between Davis and Solomon Love to Dr. Durneys land, then through Durneys and other lands to intersect Public road leading from Skipton to Covey's landing to Tuckahoe Creek, &c.

Charles M. Jump,	Wm P Leaverton,
Edwin F. Jump,	Chas A Leaverton,
Ed. Y Davis,	Samuel S Yeo,
R J Collins,	Willian B Yoe,
Levi T Dukes,	James Callahan,
D Cowgill, Jr,	John Reese,
G W Merrick,	Samuel Sparklin,
Jas. H Brown,	Elijah C Bishop,
Thomas Covey,	Robt A Durney,
Jacob Morgan,	Edward Hardesty,
Samuel P Emory,	Sol M Love,
John L Fisher,	Jas B Love,
John P Jester,	Henry Warner,
Thos. Arringdale,	Richard Wilson,
Alfred M Davis,	John Christan,
A H Matthews,	James A Roe,
Robt E Morgan,	Hy B Leaverton,
John Smith,	Robt Covey.

feb 4-5w

VARIETIES.—Liquid Rennet, for making Slip, Whey, &c. Also, Quillai or Soap Bark, for Cleaning Silks, Carpets, and all kinds of woolen goods. Liquid Glue, Adhesive, Mucilage, &c. Jouven's Kid Glove Cleaner. Diamond Cement, &c. For sale by
dec 24 L. H. CAMPBELL.

TO SPORTSMEN:

Double Guns, Rifles, game Bags, powder Flasks, shot Pouches, drinking Flasks, Springs, Hammers, Nipples, Triggers, &c., &c., at the Hardware Store of
T. C. NICOLS, JR.

OLD PEACH BRANDY—On hand and for sale. Warranted pure—from Sussex county, Del. (dec 24). W. T. HARDESTY.

A LOT of excellent cutting Axes for sale by (jan 21) PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

BROWN and bleached Muslins at all prices at (dec 10) C. W. KNOTT'S.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Have ye heard, have ye heard, of that sun-bright clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time.
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the heart is fire, and the eye is flame—
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water gushing there,
And beings of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are fix'd in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white—
Beings of beauty clothed in light—
And they dwell in their own immortal bowers
'Mid the countless hues of ten thousand flowers
That spring in that sunbright clime.

And there is the city, whose name is Light,
And the diamond's ray, and the ruby bright,
And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl
O'er walls of brass and gates of pearl,
That are found in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen
Its songs of joy, or its radiant sheen;
For its lamps of light, and its harps of gold,
And crowns of glory never wax old,
Nor fade in that sun-bright clime.

But far away is that sinless clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time;
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells—
Where the radiant Lord of Glory dwells—
Where, amid all things bright, there is given,
The Home of the Just, and its name is Heaven.
The name of the sun-bright clime.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE;
OR, THE SECRET PANEL.

BY A. E. GREY.

I had just returned from boarding-school to my native village of S——, in England, congratulating myself on the prospect of roaming once more beneath its shady trees, and resting under the time-worn roof of the old family mansion. My mother had died in my childhood, and I was left to the care of my father, who paid very little attention to me until my thirteenth year, when I was sent off to Mme. Lomond's school, some three hundred miles from home. It was very seldom that I heard from our village: indeed a letter was a strange thing to me, and if by chance I received one from my father, and opening it, expecting to realize a rich feast out of its contents, I found it filled up with such sentences as these: "Be a good girl and learn your lessons;" and "Be careful and not make a fool of yourself among the well educated girls who attend with you." Not one word of kindness or love

I never returned home during the holidays; so when I first caught sight of my birth-place, after leaving school, I was seventeen years of age; a fearless girl, possessing but little beauty, but, I must say, a good education.

O! how everything was changed at home! The old house had been partly torn down and rebuilt, and the old tree that used to stand by the side of the house, and shelter my little room from the glare of the sun, had been cut down, and either conveyed away or burnt for fire wood. The grounds had been renovated, and a lawn laid out before the house; and what was the cause of all this change? I soon found out; my father had married during my absence.

His second partner was a widow of some personal beauty, not quite past the meridian of life, possessing no property whatever.—She had come to the village some two years after I had left, bearing upon her person the credentials of widowhood in the shape of a black dress and shawl; also a bonnet and very long veil of the same sombre hue. I know nothing of the courtship or cause of my father uniting himself to a strange woman; but I do know that I found her installed within my father's house, and that I had a stepmother. She welcomed me very coldly, and I was not backward in following suit.

My father greeted me more cordially than I had expected He looked haggard and care-worn. "What was the matter? Had he failed in business?" I asked, with solicitude, (though I knew that the latter was almost impossible, as he was possessed of some means and never speculated.) Before he had time to answer, my stepmother spoke: "O! he has been very unwell, for some days, with a severe cold." After talking awhile longer I arose and went out upon the lawn. I walked a few steps down upon the shrubberies, where I observed an old man at work, whom I thought I recognised as a man of all work, who used to be about the place when I left home. I had not forgotten his name, so I called to him:

"Peter! Peter!" The old man turned slowly around. "Don't you know me? I am little Alice," said I. He gazed upon me for a few moments, and then he stretched out his brown and withered hands, and grasping mine, he said:

"Yes, indeed, thou art little Alice, who used to play around the grounds some four years ago, if I mistake me not. Thou art like thy mother." Here the tear-drop fell from the old man's eyes upon the grass.

"Did you ever see my mother?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; she was too good for this world; but yet her spirit does not rest."

"What do you mean!" questioned I.

The old man said not a word, but taking me by the hand, he led me around the side of the mansion which had been inhabited by my mother when alive, but which was now and had been shut up for some time, and pointing up to the windows, which were closed, he said, in a trembling voice:

"At those windows, every night, at eleven o'clock, a glimmering light appears at the middle window. Do you see it there?"

Great heavens, it was the very room in which my mother breathed her last; I had often thought of its gloomy hangings and the large panels set within the walls, for our house was of ancient build. Evening was drawing to a close, so I bade the old man good night, with my mind made up but to one purpose, which was to spend the night in the room where my mother died.

I was a bold girl, unlike many others of my sex, I had never known fear, at least the fear of ghosts, spectre lights, &c., &c. In fact, I considered these things an egregious humbug.

I crossed the lawn and entered the house, and was soon seated at the tea table, where I broached the subject, and asked them to prepare the room; my stepmother demurred a little, but at last seeing that I was bent upon having my own way, she consented. My father said nothing, which did not surprise me, as he was always taciturn. Bed time came, I took in my hand a candle and proceeded slowly up stairs and entered the "room;" a bright fire was burning in the grate, and as it cast its bright rays upon the black hangings of the bed and furniture, it would seem to a disordered imagination, as if a thousand demons were dancing within the chamber.

I laid down upon the bed without disrobing, and before I knew it, I was locked in slumber.

I was awakened by the noise of footsteps in the room; I lay as still as death; could it be possible, I thought to myself can it be true? does the spirit of my dear mother visit the earth? A faintness came over me, but with an effort I conquered it, and looked out upon the room. There! yes there before an open space, which had been once covered by a panel, stood a figure clothed "unlike modern ghosts, in a heavy black dress. I was horror-struck. All at once the figure turned its head. Great Heavens! it was my step mother! There she stood, staring me full in the face, her eyes wide open. She was a somnambulist; but what could have brought her here.—Again she turned her head, but it was to gaze on the recess. Angels defend me, it was packed for a space of six inches from the bottom, gold coin, which glistened in the last rays of my fast expiring candle.

It was a moment of excitement for me, I knew all. I arose softly from the bed, and went out of the chamber, the door of which I locked, leaving the key within. I then found my way to my father's chamber and aroused him, and hastily explained what was going on within my mother's chamber. He was all excitement; he led the way up to the chamber and unlocked the door, we entered. She still stood by the open panel, gazing upon the treasure. My father and I advanced, and before I could stay his arm, he had grasped her by the shoulder; she awoke, gave one look at me and then fell to the floor. At this moment the candle shot out its last glare of light, and we were in the dark, the fire having gone out for want of fuel when I was asleep.

A few moments sufficed to rouse Peter, who slept in the house, and we procured a candle; I stooped down and examined my stepmother, she was dead. From the bosom of her dress a white paper had fallen out upon the floor. It was a letter; I picked it up and opened it. This was its contents:

"JUNE the 4th, 1819.

"DEAR BOB:

I have succeeded in getting about a thousand pounds out of the old boy's cash box, which I have in a safe place, until I can with safety fly with you to America. I have found his wife's jewels, but I do not know what they are worth; are you still at De—: here was a blot.

No more at present from your wife,
EMMA BARTLETT,

For a short time, EMELIA JEROME."

P. S.—It is well to play the widow sometimes; I know it is profitable for two years at least. E. B.

This then explained all; she was a thief, and to aid her first husband (if he was such) she had married my father as a widow.—Sums of money had been missed time by time by my father from his cash box, and part of it lay there within that recess; but my mother's jewels we could not find. We stood there within that room, my father and I; his arm clasped me fondly to his bosom; his heart had been softened. Old Peter murmured to himself, "thank God that the ghost has been discovered." We involuntarily fell upon our knees within that chamber, and thanked God for delivering us from our enemies, and we prayed that he might forgive the poor weak woman who had given up her soul to gratify the thirst of man for his idol—gold!

DANGEROUS POSITION.—The Mount Clemens (Mich.) *Advocate* relates the following incident of danger, occurring last week in that vicinity:

"Last week an occurrence took place which is deserving of record, as, from the singular circumstance, it is, perhaps, without a parallel. Our friend Narcisse Robert Jean, noted as being one of the tallest of all the descendants of the "oldest inhabitants," was on his way home on the ice of Lake St. Clair from Detroit, in the night time, and had with him his wife and three small children. The night was dark. Narcisse was driving at something under 2.40, but at a good gait, dreaming of no harm, when all at once horse, sleigh, family, Narcisse and all tumbled into a hole where people had been cutting ice—a pretty dilemma, six feet of water—but our friend, instead of being frightened and getting drowned, simply straightened out; the water came to his chin; his wife, with the youngest child in her arms, was hanging to his neck; he got them out, caught another child, placed it on the ice, and just at that time the remaining little one came floating in the water between his legs.—He pulled it out, slung it on the ice, and then went to work to get out the horse and sleigh all right. All was over, except gathering up the scattered family. When they came to count up one of the little ones was missing. It was dark—horrible! Had it got into the water again? By and by they descovered a small bundle of something in the darkness. He had thrown it so far yet without injury, it was almost lost. All together again, they went home. Talk about your short men after that."

IT is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

Remarkable Romance in Real Life.

Our city has just been the scene of the *denouement* of as strange a play as is often played upon the stage of the world, the incidents of the plot are as follows:

About seventeen years ago an intelligent and promising young man of Rochester, N. Y., became acquainted with a pleasing and accomplished German girl, of that city, and eventually married her. Shortly after his marriage he was suspected of having been the perpetrator of a forgery, his former connection with a company of fast young men giving some credence to the charge. This suspicion was so strong against him that he fled the city and wandered through foreign countries, spending most of his time in South America and in Sonora. Finally, after having amassed wealth he turned his steps towards his former home to learn tidings of the young and loved wife whom he had left behind. On his way to Rochester he reached and stopped at Cleveland about six weeks since.

Meantime, his wife had, about three months after his disappearance, given birth to a daughter, and when the mother died, some three years after, she gave this child to some German friends of her's, who subsequently removed to this city, bringing the girl with them. In a few years more the family returned to their native land, leaving the little girl with another German family, Kiengenheifer, with whom she grew up to a handsome young lady.

When the father arrived in this city, about six weeks ago, he became acquainted with Mr. Kingenheifer, and the latter having a brother in Sonora, with whom the stranger was acquainted, speedily formed a close acquaintance with him and invited him to his house. Here the young lady came upon the stage and she and the young stranger became so well pleased with each other that they agreed to marry, and the ceremony was set for Monday evening last.

We should have stated that the gentleman had learned that his wife had been dead for many years. His daughter had assumed the name of her foster-parents, while the father did not know he had a child living.

On Sunday evening last, the night before the wedding, the two were sitting in conversation when he asked her whose likeness she had in a locket which she always wore. She replied, her mothers, and opening it, showed it to him. What was his amazement to find that it was his own long dead wife's whom he had left seventeen years before. Mutual enquiries followed; there were tears of sorrow and of joy, and the father and daughter, so nearly married to each other, were welcomed to each other's hearts in their true relations On Tuesday afternoon they left the city for the West where they will take up their abode, not as husband and wife, as they proposed doing, but as father and daughter. Verily, 'man proposes, but God disposes'"—*Cleveland Leader, 2d.*

An Incident in the Cars.

On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents are not common, I think. This opinion I expressed to my friend Somers the other day. In reply to my remark he related a little adventure, which as it is apropos, and moreover involves a little love and sentiment, I give without apology, in his own words. It proves that in the most unlikely places, love and sentiment may be discovered.

I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte D——, to whom I was at that time quite devoted; we got into one of the crowded avenue cars, where Charlotte could scarce find room to spread her crinoline and arrange her voluminous flounces. I stood up near, there being no vacant seat.

After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl clung to her skirts. She looked tired and weak, but there was no vacant seat; to be sure Charlott might have condensed her flounces, but she did not. Beside her however, sat a lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying by moving down closer to others to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D—. At last she succeeded, and with the sweetest blush I ever saw she invited the poor burdened female to be seated. Charlotte D—— drew her drapery around her, and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all and she looked annoyed at the close proximity of the new comer; who was, clean and decently though thinly clad.

The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle round the small half-clad form, and put her muff over the half frozen little blue hands.

So great was the crowd that I alone seemed to observe her. The child shivered—the keen wind from the opened door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly draw from under the cloak a little crimson woolen shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the mother looking on in confused wonder. After a short time she rose to leave the car and would have removed the shawl. The unknown gently whispered, "No keep it on, keep it for her." The woman did not answer, the conductor hurried her out, and her eyes swam in tears, which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she descended to a basement, and I hastily marked the house.

Soon after, my unknown also arose to start. I was in despair for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not then leave Miss D———.

How glad, then was I, to see her bowing, as she passed out, to an acquaintance that stood near. From him ere many minutes, I had learned her name and address.

To shorten my story as much as possible that lady is now my wife. In the smallest incident that introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage, I showed her the blessed crimson shawl which I had redeemed from its owner, and shall always keep it as a momento.

There are sometimes pleasant things to be found even in unexpected places—certainly I may be said to have picked out a wife in the cars.—*Home Journal.*

A Negro runs away with a White Girl in Michigan.

A case transpired yesterday morning which rivals in its prominent feature the notorious Judson elopement affair, and promises like that, to afford some beautiful illustrations of practical Abolitionism. A runaway pair, consisting of a big negro, as black as tar, and a white girl about seventeen years old, crossed the river on the first ferry boat, and took lodgings in Windsor, with the intention of proceeding onwards to that paradise of amalgamationism, Chatham, where they intended to locate. The girl was an intelligent appearing female and refused to reveal her name, but stated to several persons that she was the daughter of a farmer living somewhere in Wayne county. She said that the negro whose name is Smith, had worked on her father's farm for some time, and that she had left home at his persuasion, having been induced to return the tender passion (!) which he professed for her. A gentleman who was crossing on the same boat, and who appeared to be a traveller, questioned her in regard to the matter, and took a great interest in her welfare. He endeavored to persuade her to leave the negro and return home, and offered to give her money to pay her expenses if she would do so. She declined the offer, but seemed to regret the step she had taken. She stated that her father was an Abolitionist of the unadulterated stripe, and that her intimacy with the negro was in consequence of his peculiar teachings which held that an African was as good as a white man, if not better, and at any and all times a fit companion for his children, and a proper person to fill a seat at his table. There are no means of knowing that her statements are strictly true, although there is no reason to doubt them. If they are true, her relatives will soon be in pursuit of her, and if they are not, the fact remains that the relations of the parties exist as we have described them. It is not known that they were married, although such was understood to be their intention as soon as they reached Canada, where such unions are legal. The girl had the appearance of a country girl, and was evidently fresh from farm life, as she averred. The negro is an old darkey who has lived in Windsor before, and was at one time employed on the ferry boat Argo as a deck hand. We are compelled to acknowledge that for the refinement of depravity we must henceforth look to the growing results of practical amalgamation. We know of nothing so disgusting or so utterly unnatural, yet it is useless to deny that it is fast increasing upon us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sabbath Schools.

The importance of this branch of education in a Christian country, is fast coming to be acknowledged, and we trust, acted up to. The day schools, of course, are of vital importance in their sphere; but there is another want, which neither the day school, nor the church supplies—a want of moral, social, religious instruction. Not that course of indoctrinating, which amounts to sectarianism, and disgusts even children.—But, a free liberal examination of the Scriptures, dwelling upon the historical sketches in which they abound, and impressing those moral images upon the heart, that shall mould its action.

The Sabbath School should be eminently a social institution, a school of happiness, where all the children of the neighborhood, however high, or lowly their position, could meet on one common platform, under the care of one kind shepherd, at the feet of a common Father. It should not be a place for long faces and tears, but a place for smiles and joys. Its principle object is to dispel sorrows, and clothe the truths of religion, in the habiliments of beauty and love. How many superintendents do this work? How many schools are carried out on this principle of attractiveness? so that they have a hold upon their scholars, even up to adult years? We fear too few indeed. Are not scores of interesting youths and misses, driven away from our schools, by the continual hammering away on theoretical points in theology, where they might have been held interested for years, by a more rational course? These are all important questions for consideration. Our own opinion is, that parents should more highly value the Sabbath School; and enable and dignify it by their presence more frequently, rendering it the most attractive, social gathering of their circle from which no child or youth would willingly stay away.—*N. Y. Waverly.*

A HOUSE REMEDY FOR SCARLET FEVER.—Parents should be very careful about their children when this devouring plague seizes them, and every good mother should be prepared for it with the following simple remedies:

1st. When a child is taken with the fever give it a dose of castor oil; if the body shows a flush color have a pot of saffron tea made and give it to the child to drink. This will drive the eruption out.

2d. Have warm baths for their feet, keep it warm, and the room under a proper temperature.

3d. When the eruption is out grease the whole body with bacon fat, and keep the body open. Then call for a doctor if the throat should get sore. [Better *begin* by calling in the doctor.]

"I DIDN'T say, your honor, that the defendant was intoxicated—no, not by any means! But this I will say, when last I saw him he was washing his face in a mud-puddle and drying it on the door mat."

A good many of the Locofoco papers are really in an offal condition.

Agricultural.

[From the American Farmer.]

March.

"Now winter's storms which chilled the sky,
Before the tepid breezes fly;
Smiling advance the rosy hours
Strewing around their purple flowers;
Brown earth is crowned with herbage green
And decked with bloom each twig is seen."

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth," said the Lord of life, and at his word she who, to human view, lay cold in death, received new life. It was called a miracle. Yet from the beginning, when the morning stars sang together over the new creation, year by year, the wonder has been repeated, and we call it "the course of Nature." The earth lies cold and stiff, her life currents cease to flow, her beautiful raiment is laid aside, her garlands of leaf and flower are withered. But the same Lord, who took the gentle maiden by the hand and led her back to life, breathes now upon the earth, and behold the miracle! Her winding sheet falls away, her life streams flow again. She arrays herself in a mantle of green, and decks herself anew, with leaf and blossom, with lily and rose.

With the new season the husbandman goes forth with fresh spirit for his labours. He has a ministration in this grand work of renewal, this bringing of life from death that is going on all around him. Let him realise his noble office and devote himself, not grudgingly as an hireling, but cheerfully as a son, to the duty that is set before him.

WORK ON THE FARM.

CORN CROP.—Get an early start in the preparation for this crop and provide such manures as you may need. We advise the application of fertilizers for this crop at the earliest practicable period after the first ploughing, to get the full benefit of the spring rains upon them. Put all manures, long or short, *on the surface after ploughing*, spreading from the cart.

OATS.—This crop is always better for being seeded early. Ten days of time in seeding, is equal often to a good manuring. If clover seed is to be sown with the crop, there is the more necessity for seeding early.

CARE OF STOCK.—At no season is there more necessity for careful attention to the health of Stock of all sorts, than during this month. Milch cows, ewes and sows need especially to be looked after, and prudently and judiciously fed, as the time of having their young approaches.

MANURES.—Provide promptly such fertilizers as are wanted for spring crops.—If composts are to be prepared for spring or summer use, the sooner the materials are thrown together the better.

FENCES.—There should be no delay in having all the fences of the farm put in thorough repair and gates got in order.

GRASS SEEDS.—The sowing of grass seeds should be completed this month.—Run a good harrow over the wheat when the ground is in proper condition, neither too wet nor baked with drying winds.—When the seeds are sown, follow with roller. Do not sow less than half a peck of clover seed to the acre. Six quarts will not be too much if you wish to insure a good set. Sow a bushel of orchard grass, if sown with clover—two bushels if alone. A great deal of costly grass seed is wasted upon lands not in proper condition.—Thorough preparation by previous cultivation and by ample manuring are requisite for their successful culture. The seeds once well set upon the ground, a great deal can be done by top-dressing.

ROOT CROPS.—In the allotment of ground for crops do not fail to provide for a crop of roots in some proportion to the needs of your stock during the winter and early spring. The sugar beet or mangold wurtzel and ruta baga are the most productive and most easily grown. They need deep and thorough preparation of the ground and abundant manuring, but will yield very abundant crops.

PLOUGHING.—The success of the whole year's operations will depend very much upon the manner in which the first ploughing is done. It is hardly necessary to remind you of the very great importance of having a good team to do the work, a good plough to work with, and of closely supervising the whole operation. Ordinarily, this ploughing should be so completely inverted as to insure the destruction of grass and the decomposition of the turf.

PLAISTER.—Get your supply of Plaister early, and be ready to sow on last spring's clover as soon as the young leaves begin to spring freely. Diess both last and this year's crop liberally.

A MINISTER OFFERING HIMSELF AS A SACRIFICE.—It is said that a certain Minister of this city, who is radical on the slavery question actually wrote a letter to Governor Wise, soon after the Conviction of John Brown, begging the privilege of taking Brown's place on the gallows. He set forth that Brown was a hero, and his life should be spared for future brave deeds. If that could be done, he (the Minister) was ready to sacrifice himself, and would gladly die the ignominious death. The answer of Gov. Wise was to the effect that it was out of his power to save the life of John Brown, but if the Minister was very anxious to be hanged, and would come to Virginia, the Governor would try to have him accommodated!—*Cin. Times.*

AN ANSWER.—The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, passing up Broadway, stopped to read a theatrical placard, which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him:

"Good morning, sir—do ministers of the gospel read such things?"

"Why not, sir," said the Doctor; "ministers of the gospel have a right to know what the devil is about, as well as other folks."

The Democratic organs are fighting among themselves. They are all organs of combativeness.