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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, NOVEMBER 17, 1860. No. 45.

ADVETISEMENTS,

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.

Millinery Goods for Sale
IN THE TRAPPE.

THE subscriber intending to remove from the Trappe at the end of the year, she would sell her Millinery establishment on moderate terms. *Her* goods are new and saleable, and to any one that may have a desire to engage in the above business they can here get a bargain.—The stand is an excellent one.

sep 22 ELIZA J. GATTIN.

Last and Latest Arrival.

J. RASIN, has just returned from the city and is now opening a very large and handsome assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

of all the latest and newest styles, too numerous to name.

MEN'S & BOYS WEAR, &c.,

all of which I most respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

sep 29 J. RASIN.

SPICES, &c.

Nutmegs,	Black Pepper,
Mace,	Cayenne do.,
Cloves,	Long do.,
Allspice,	White do.,
Ginger,	White Mustard Seed,
Cinnamon,	Black do.,
Mustard,	Turmeric,

Ground and unground, fresh and pure, for sale by (sep 29) DAWSON & BRO.

NEW FALL GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his Stock of *NEW FALL GOODS,* of all descriptions which will be sold very cheap for cash, or on the usual time to punctual responsible customers. Orders promptly and faithfully attended to.

sep 29-S H. C. MACKEY.

NEW GOODS!
GRAND DISPLAY OF
Fall and Winter Clothing.

HAVING just returned from the Monumental city, with a large and varied assortment Gents' Ready-made Clothing, all of which coming from our manufactory, hence, we can safely say that we can sell any thing in the above mentioned line for less money than any other establishment in this town. Our stock is now complete in anything suitable for Men's wear, viz: Frock or Sack Coats, Overcoats, Pants, Vests and a general assortment of Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Perfumery, Cutlery, &c., all of which we are determined to sell for less money than the same goods can be purchased. In short

We invite you all,
Big and small,
Short and tall,
To give us a call,

before purchasing anywhere else and you may rest assured that we can sell you a greater bargain, give you a better fit, made in the latest style and of substantial material, at a lower figure than you ever bought them at before.—Thankful for past favors we desire a continuance of your custom.

LONG & TANNEBAUM,
L. SACKERMAN, Agent,
oct 6 Easton, Md.

NEW GOODS.
FALL 1860!
FIRST OF THE SEASON!
JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a very large and beautiful Stock of GOODS, the largest stock brought to this market since 1856—and at prices to suit the times—

For Ladies,
Misses,
Gentlemen
and Boys.

A complete stock of all kinds of wear—large and cheap assortment of black Silks, Morenoes, Cashmeres, DeLaines, Drusilas, Magenta, Rept's, black and black and white Alpaca, an entirely new article, plaid Jacard Challie, plaid Lastings, Corolen Satin, &c., &c., &c. Also an elegant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., for Gentlemen and Boys. Full Stock of Gents and Boy's Merino Shirts and Drawers.

Ladies and Misses Merino Vests and an unusually large stock of worked Collars, Swiss and Cambric Edging and Insertings, Infant's Bodies, Mourning Collars, &c., &c., &c. Also Ladies' and Misses' Hoops in large quantities and of every size and lower than ever seen in this market.

Also a complete assortment of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

TINWARE, STONE, &c., &c.

To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.

sep 22 JAS. H. GRACE.

JESSE HUGHES.
Bargains! Bargains!
IN
BOOTS & SHOES.

THE undersigned, having purchased the entire stock of G. C. Mackey, Esq., is prepared to sell all kinds of *Boots, Shoes Gaiters, &c.* as cheap, if not cheaper than they can be had at any establishment of the kind in Easton, or on the Shore. I have also just returned from the city with a large Stock of *Boots, Shoes, &c.*, of every description, to an inspection of which I invite my friends and the public generally. I think I can offer inducements to all who wish to buy. I am also prepared to manufacture work at short notice and in the best manner, having purchased an excellent stock of leather, and desire that a share of patronage may be bestowed upon me by those who have heretofore favored me, as one of the old firm of Elliott & Hughes. I shall also have repairing done in a neat and workman-like manner, and at very short notice. I have on hand a lot of *Hats, Caps, and Harness*, which I wish to close out at a low figure, to make room for other goods.

I feel very thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon me in times past, and beg a continuance of the same, feeling confident I shall be able to please all who may thus favor me.—Also one or two setts of Furs, for sale at cost.

I remain, the public's obedient servant,

oct 6-1y JESSE HUGHES.

N. B.—There is no connection whatever between my establishment and any other, but each of the old firm acts solely for himself.

A CARD.

THE subscriber having located in the town of Trappe he takes this method of informing the citizens of that vicinity that he will carry on the carpenters business in all its branches. He also wishes to inform his friends and old customers in Easton that he will still undertake jobs of work there when desired. He will be in Easton frequently on public days and orders for work will be promptly attended to in Easton as well as in Trappe District.

dec 3-1y CHAS. E. GATTIN.

WHEELWRIGHT
AND
Farming Implement Shop.

THE subscribers would most respectfully inform the citizens of Talbot and the public generally that their Shop is now complete, and that their experience in the above business enables them to give general satisfaction in all kinds of work pertaining to their business. They are at all times prepared to manufacture Carts, Wagons, and Farming Implements generally, and during the season, they will at short notice repair Wheat Cradles, newly wood or repair wheat Machines, Horse Powers, Threshers, &c. They can at all times, during working hours, be found at their Shop, adjoining Hugh S. Wrightson's Blacksmith Shop, on West street.

J. SWAINSCOTT,
aug 25-1y J. H. THOMPSON.

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

A lecture on the nature, treatment, and radical cure of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness and Involuntary Emissions, producing Impotency, Consumption and Mental and Physical Debility.—By Robert J. Culverwell, M. D.

The important fact that the awful consequences of self-abuse may be effectually removed without internal medicines or the dangerous applications of caustics, instruments, medicated bougies, and other empirical devises, is here clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the celebrated author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly, and at the least possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day.—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. Chas. J. C. Kline, 480 First Avenue, New York, Post Box 4,586.

READ! READ! READ!!

CARIO, *Illinois, July 20th*, 1860.

Messrs. John Wilcox & Co.: Your "Inpectine," or "Persian Fever Charm," has done wonders. I was wholly despondent and wretched when I applied it, and in five hours the chills were removed and no fever has ensued. It is the simplest cure imaginable, and a wonder of nature or art. I would not be without this "Inpectine" a single hour. By constantly wearing it I seem to be "ague proof."

Yours Very Truly,
E. M. STOUT.

MOBILE, *Alabama, July 23d*, 1860.

Gentlemen: I have been snatched from the grave by the application of your wonderful "Inpectine," or "Persian Fever Charm." For several years I have suffered every season from fever and ague. Last Spring my life was threatened, but your remedy has destroyed the disease, and I am rapidly gaining an appetite and strength. Respectfully, Yours,
D. N. BARRON.

This truly wonderful *preventive* and cure for Fever and Ague and Bilious Fevers will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of one dollar. Also for sale at all respectable Druggists and Country Stores.

Principal Depot and Manufactory, 188 Main St., Richmond, Va. Branch Office, Bank of Commerce Building, New York. Address

june 20-1y JOHN WILCOX & CO.

NOTICE TO THE CITIZENS OF TALBOT AND ADJACENT COUNTIES.—I will have the largest stock of Stores that ever was in Easton, by the 20th of August inst., which I will sell at ten per cent. advance on first cost, for cash. As I was the first one to keep a Stove house in Easton, I solicit a share of public patronage. My Stoves will be of the heaviest plate and latest style. Call and examine for yourselves and find out prices before purchasing elsewhere. Old Stoves taken in exchange for new ones. (aug 11) CHAS. KEILHOLTZ.

APPLE PAIRERS—a thing every housekeeper should have.
Tea Bells—a novel, beautiful and useful affair.
Tea Scales—no housekeeper should be without one.
Egg Beaters—will do the work in one minute, that the old fashioned affair would require half an hour to do.
Waiters and Trays—new and beautiful patterns.
Ask for anything in the Hardware line and if you do not find it at the Hardware Store, it is little use looking for it. THOS. C. NICOLS.

OVENS, Spiders, Skillets, Pots, Pans, Buiscuit Bakers, Potato Steamers and all cooking utensils required in the fire place may be found in great variety at the Easton "Hardware" Store and *cheaper* than they can be bought elsewhere on the Eastern Shore. [aug 18

ORANGE SHERBET SYRUP, and pure Lemon Syrup—for making a delightful and refreshing summer Beverage, by simply mixing with cold water—for sale at the Drug Store of

june 9 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

FULLED KERSEY.

JUST opened a large lot of the best *Fulled Kersey* in the market and will be sold at a small advance.

sep 22 JAS. H. GRACE.

NEW WHEAT FLOUR—Just received per steamer of Thursday last a fresh supply of Gambrill's flour—all grades—new wheat—for sale at a small advance for the cash by

ju 21 S. T. KENNARD.

DO you want any good Hosiery, Hd'ks, Gloves, Combs, Brushes, Needles, Pins, Buttons, or any other article in the fancy line? Then go to the variety store of

(sep 8) J. P. BLAKE.

JUST RECEIVED—Fresh Lemons, Cocoanuts, Sardines, Guava Jelly, Currant Jelly, Maccaroni, Worcestershire Sauce, Liquid Rennet, &c., and for sale by

DAWSON & BRO.
(sep 1)

DRIED BEEF and Bologna Sausage, also Scotch Herrings, by the box or dozen just received and for sale by

ju 28 J. P. BLAKE.

NEW CIDER—A good article just received and for sale by (sep 1) J. P. BLAKE.

The Ball-Room Belle.

The moon and all her starry train
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flushed cheek, and tearful eye.

The plume that danced above her brow,
The gem that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won!
The reigning belle, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her suitors followed—all but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him!—Marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget.

The Plough and the Pen.

We love to associate the Plough and the Pen as representing two of the noblest callings that have ever been followed by mankind, agriculture and literature. The plough and the pen seem to be inseparable. As we look down the long vista of the classic ages, we see them side by side; and as we glance over the enlightened portions of mankind at the present day, we see them still the same. Wherever we go, together we find or miss them. The untutored savage prefers his venison to the choicest fruits of agriculture; and the unlettered nomadic tribes of Asia care naught for all else beside their flocks and herds. The plough and the pen are at once the prophecy and civilization of a people. Long may they continue to culture this favored land of ours.

Literature, in its broad sense, includes whatever relates to the propagation of thought. We often hear it stated, and truly stated, that the object of education is not so much to crowd the memory with particular facts as to educe, draw out, the latent powers of the mind and make them active. Following out this idea, literature may be divided into two classes, the literature of fact and the literature of power. The former class embraces such books as treat of mathematics, law and medicine; the latter, those works of philosophy, history, and poetry, that give a higher tone to character, and furnish us with motives to become better men and women. The literature of fact reveals; the literature of power inspires. Thought propagates thought. The thoughts expressed on the printed page are repeated in kindred thoughts of our own. The full, round thought of the writer becomes a central sun, around which circle a constellation of thoughts of the reader. The literature of fact is wheat stored away in the granary; the literature of power is seed thrown broadcast, and wherever sown, yielding harvests great or small in proportion to the care and culture of the reapers.—Many a poet has caught his inspiration from the pages of Shakspeare; many a philosopher his spirit of inquiry from the works of Bacon. Take up Carlyle or Emerson, and the suggestions of thought crowd almost every line. It is a trite and true saying that the greatest powers of nature are the stillest in their movements. This is especially true of whatever moves the mind.—We can form no adequate conception of the immense motive power of literature every day working in our midst, at our fire-sides. Silently and unseen, our thoughts, our sentiments, our characters, are moulded by what we read. Remove from our age and country literature as a power giving form and culture to character, and we should relapse into a condition of barbarism.—We doubt whether Washington, Jackson, and Taylor, as warriors, did more in building up and sustaining American institutions than those intellectual giants known the world over for their state papers, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Webster.

Literature has its pleasures. There is one kind of pleasure in penning our own thoughts, and another in reading the thoughts of others.—Those only who are fully initiated can enjoy the former pleasure. The youth who for the first time sits down to blot a bit of paper with a few common-place thoughts would give a sorry tale of the pleasures of literary life. He must persevere in spite of a few head-aches and heart-aches; he must think long and earnestly; he must scribble here and blot out there; he must watch early and late, before he can even enter the vestibule of that temple where Homer and Dante and Milton feasted upon the ambrosia of their own great thoughts. And yet we all know somewhat of the pleasures of the author, for we all, at times, have enjoyed self-communings and musings. We all now and then have spent an hour in converse with ourselves. And pleasant hours too, they were. The pleasures arising from our memories and hopes and fancies are akin to the pleasures of the author as he writes out his thoughts and feelings. There are times when we all are dreamers. But the master writer is more than dreamer; he is creator. How intense must have been those thrillings of pleasure that ran through the frame of blind old Milton, as the norgeous scenes of "Paradise Lost," at imagination's bidding opened to his enraptured vision!

Again, there is that other and closely allied pleasure in poring over pages rich with the thoughts and fancies of others and of other days. That pleasure is now open to the common mass of minds. The school-boy knows what it is, when on a springs afternoon, with his Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he steals away to the sunny side of the house or barn, and reads on and on, and turns over leaf after leaf, till the shades of night close tick about him. The poetic amateur knows what it is, when with the works of Scott or Byron or Longfellow in his hand, out in the green field beside the clear running stream, under the branching elm, with the sweet notes of birds above him, and the incense of flowers borne upon every breeze, he reads those lyrics or lengthier poems which will ever be the pride of the English language. Yes! And the man of maturer years and riper judgment knows what it is, as he takes up some physical or metaphysical treatise, and dives deep into the mysteries of the world of nature about him, or attempts to explore the still more hidden laws of the mind. There he does not look for the rich vein of imagination and "the ornate style and rounded period." The bare facts are enough for every one of them is a pearl of priceless value. Thus from early manhood to mature old age, the flowers and prints of literature are strown thick along the path of life, and emit sweet odors to cheer the pilgrim on, as he journeys on'r the hills and through the vales of time. Sir John Herschel says: "Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

And now having considered the dignity of the pen, its power, and its subjective and objective pleasures, let us, in conclusion, inquire how we should use the pen, or, in other words, in what manner we can form a correct style of writing.

A would-be orator, who thinks he must fill his mind brimful of fire and fancy, says, that in the writings of Burke alone can be found the true essence of a model style. He accordingly imitates the faulty qualities of Burke, the excesses of unbridled passion and imagination, without the ability of following out the deep train of philosophic thought that made Burke what he was, and preserved him from reeling off the high precipice of sublimity (close to whose edge he was constantly treading) into the deep gulf of bombast. Another person, a votary of the muses, imagines that he can gain the summit of Parnassus only by a melodious flow of numbers, where the "liquids all glid pat in." This one chooses Pope for his model, and spends his inspired moments in tuning his ear, and not his soul, to heavenly melody. The result is, he writes excellent jingling nonsense, but has none of the sterling worth and rich fancy of Pope. A third person, young and inexperienced, tries his abilities for navigating safely upon the broad ocean of letters by dabbling in essays and reviews. He too must have his model, and he too solves for the world the hard problem who the lucky one is that possesses the secret of a model style. At length he declares that it is Macaulay or Whipple, or some other one whose disposition and train of thinking are congenial to his own. We thus perceive that in every department of literature there is found a model style in the writings, now of one and now of another, of its many votaries. And we also see that persons of different opinions and characters, and consequently of widely different styles of writing, are each brought forward by their admirers as most worthy of imitation.

Now we do not pretend to deny that Burke, Pope and others had each of them a style in some measure worthy of imitation; but we do say that not one of them had a model style for persons differently constituted. They may have used the most appropriate language that could have been employed to express their own thoughts;—doubtless they had studied much and well their own characters, dispositions, tastes and modes of thinking, and with prime reference to these, formed what we call style. And in the same manner, every one can do, should do, must do, who expects ever to acquire any well-grounded reputation as a writer.

Why is it that we always look for beauty, truth, and nature to the old writers that created our early English literature, and breathed into it a living spirit—to Chaucer, Spenser, and Hooker? Because the light that shone forth from their productions, was no borrowed light. They looked not abroad, but within themselves for a model style. No imitators were they, but true to themselves. And the ages after have been and will be also true to them. In fact, imitators seldom succeed as writers, and if ever they do, it is in spite of their imitation, and by reason of some inherent qualities of their own, which can never be acquired by study, but must be originally implanted in the man. And then, whenever they examine the style of an author, they are too superficial. They only notice that which strikes them at first as being the peculiar forte of the author. For example, take the style of our own lamented Washington Irving. No one can read a single page of his writings and not be charmed with his easy flow of language and beauty of expression and poetic sentiments.—Without looking further, his many imitators think that they understand the secret of his mastery, and straightway glide down the gentle windings of smoothly-flowing sentences whose meaning is lost in the liquid music of language. Or take the style of the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." When his imitators undertake to steal his thunder, they find out too late that Gibbon has something else, without which all their literary efforts prove a mere rumbling of words. They can readily imitate his thunder, but never his lightning. Gibbon has something beside mere outside show, something that underlies and supports and binds together his magnificent temple of historic learning. His imitators overlooking, or rather not looking deep enough to perceive this all-sustaining, all-important something, shoot up their gaudy edifices to the skies, and then over-load with cumbrous ornaments their littleness." But the winds and storms of time are sure to come and sweep away their boastful pretentions to immortality. No one can become master of the style of Gibbon until he understands this half-concealed something. And he cannot fully comprehend this until he enters into the very spirit of his thoughts, feelings, and inspiration—until he becomes Gibbon himself in mind, soul, and body.

Let us away then with the vague idea of a model style, and servilely imitate no one. And yet we should examine as many authors as we can, the more the better. But while we do this, we should first and last look within ourselves and measure the capacities of our minds, and brood over our thoughts and weigh them well.—If our thoughts are light and airy, they should pass away on a "flippant tongue." If they are massive, ponderous thoughts, they should roll along in language that bespeaks force. If they are buoyed up with fancy, they should have beauty of expression. If they are seething with volcanic passion, they should stream forth in lava words. In fine, our language should breathe the same spirit that our thoughts do. We shall thus have, to say the least, or rather the most, a natural style; and nature, here as elsewhere, is strength. Facts, fancies and feelings are what we wish to bring out in prominent view.—Thought rides a king triumphant through the world, and language is simply the chariot. In view of this, we should make it our chief object to supply such language as will best express our thoughts. This is the one, the only way in which we can form, in the full meaning of the term a model style.—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

The Surviving Hero of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Ralf Farnham, the last surviver of the battle of Bunker Hill who has been on a visit to Boston, has returned to his home in Acton, Me.—He has published a letter, giving an account of his homeward journey, from which it appears he was received by enthusiastic crowds at all the towns along the route, and liberal contributions of money were spontaneously made to support him in his old age. From his letter we quote the following:

"Though I am in my 105th year I am not past all usefulness. I split my own kindling wood, and build my own fires. I am the first one up in the morning, and the first one in the bed at night. I never sleep or lay down in the daytime, but rise at five and retire at seven—and this I continue summer and winter. I have always been temperate, and for over thirty years past I have not tasted a drop of spirituous liquors, or even cider. I was never sick in my life so as to require the attendance of a physician. About twenty-five years ago I broke my thigh by falling on the ice, and had a doctor to set it, but this is only time a doctor ever attended me. I live on plain farmer's diet—drink tea and coffee, and eat a very light supper, never eating meat at supper. I have no doubt that it is owing to these abstemious and regular habits, and the avoidance of medicine at all little ailments, that my life has been so prolonged. I voted for Gen. Washington for President, and have voted at every presidential election since.

Metal finger nails, to protect the fingers from the soreness incident to corn husking, are among the last inventions chronicled.

Something about the Fungus Family.

The fungus is a kindly friend, a fearful foe.—We like him as a mushroom. We dread him as the dry-rot. He may be preying on your roses or eating through the corks of your claret. He may get into your cornfield. A fungus has eaten up the vine in Madeira, the potatoe in Ireland. A fungus may creep through your castle, and leave it dust. A fungus may banquet on your fleets, and bury the payment of its feast in lime. Fungi are most at home upon boles of old trees, logs of wood, naked walls, pestilential wastes, old damp carpets, and other such things as men cast out from their own homes.

In addition to such congenial places as these, we find fungi where no one would have expected them; as on our window panes and the lenses of microscopes, and even on smooth metallic surfaces. Not many years ago it was a decided saying, even amongst men of some pretension, that fungi could not grow upon healthy substances; it is, however, now sufficiently established that the most healthy tissues may be affected by them so as rapidly, under their influence, to become diseased. They are not uncommon on the dressings of amputated limbs, and have led to ill-grounded charges of chirurgical negligence; and it is singular that they are capable of growth in substances which are, in general, destructive of vegetables, such as tannin, and many species prefer spent tan to almost any other substance.—More than one species of fungus is developed on extracted opium, and the factories in India have greatly suffered from their presence.

Rapidity of growth as well as locality is very remarkable in certain species. Fungus mould will sometimes appear in the inside of bread a few hours after it has been baked, as was once notorious with the coarse "pain de munition" or barrack bread at Paris, in which a beautiful red mould appeared in an incredibly short time. It was found upon examination that the spores (reproductive cells) of certain fungi would endure moist heat equal to that of boiling water without parting with their power of germination. Perhaps the most curious habitat of a fungus was that discovered in America by Schweinitz, viz: a piece of iron which had been red hot only a few hours before.

No depth that man can descend to seems too deep for these plants, and we, ourselves, have discovered a luxuriant crop of them fifteen hundred feet under ground, in one of the deepest coal mines. No height that man can ascend to seems too high for them, and they appear in due and different orders in the hissing hot valleys towards the base of the Sikkim Himalayas, while higher up are sub-tropical species, and as you ascend, multitudes of species identical with, or closely allied to, northern European species, nor do they cease until they reach an altitude of 18,000 feet. The growth and extension of the too famous Dry-rot are known to everybody. In fir-built ships it is the species of fungus named Merulius lacrymans, while in oak built ships it is the Polyporus hybridus. Instances have occurred in which dry-rot has penetrated solid structures of brick. It is curious that the spawn of this fungus can often elude and defy the artifices and skill of the most sagacious human being. It can eat out the heart of his ships and the foundation of his houses. This almost intangible product of one of the lower orders of vegetation can silently render most fragile what was once most solid, can sap the very floor on which man stands, the very table round which he gathers his family and friends, and the very couch on which he reposes. While he sleeps it grows; while he rests it advances; while he is at peace with all the world it may be at war with him; and while his "wooden walls" are calmly riding at anchor, unless he has taken all due precautions, and employed approved preventatives, this despicable fungus will prove itself a secret foe, more formidable perhaps, than the open hostile array of a mighty nation.

A formidable host of funguous foes is known under the general names of Smut, Bunt, Mildew, Rust and Ergot, and the more particular designations of the Hop Mould, the Rose Mildew and the Vine Mildew. The cultivation of the vine has almost entirely ceased in Madeira from this cause, and it is everywhere precarious. Hundreds of similar foes attack hundreds of other plants, and not only plants but animals, so that a large treatise has been written by Robin illustrative of their effects upon the latter. Certain species of fungi are promoters of diseases, and although it is not probable that they actually originate disease, it is pretty certain that they frequently aggravate it. The influence of others in the promotion of certain cutaneous disorders is now placed beyond all doubt. Insects are probably more injured by particular fungi than other members of the animal kingdom. Some of them attack insects in the pupa or larva state, and as it is thought, while they are still living. One West Indian species is developed on a perfect wasp, which flies about with its vegetating burden until the latter grows too heavy for it, and weighs it down to death like an overburdened Sinbad. Our author believes this to be a fact, upon the authority of one who has had an opportunity of ascertaining the real state of the case. While this species has such a remarkable power of weighing down, others, as the common mushroom, have an equally remarkable power of lifting up, so that it is asserted that large flagstones have been raised by their irresistible increase.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the Church Almanac for 1860, the Episcopal Church in the United States contains thirty-three dioceses. The number of bishops, provisional bishops, and assistant bishops is forty-three; priests and deacons, two thousand and thirty; parishes, two thousand one hundred and ten. There were ordained during the year seventy deacons and ninety-three priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, two hundred and eighty-one; churches consecrated, sixty-nine. The baptisms were as follows: infants, thirty thousand four hundred and thirteen; adults, five thousand one hundred and twenty-one; not stated, four hundred and eighty-seven—total, forty thousand and twenty-three. Number of confirmations, fifteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six; communicants added, fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-four; present number, thirty-five thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven; marriages, seven thousand and fifty-nine; burials, twelve thousand four hundred and forty-two; Sunday school teachers, fourteen thousand and ninety-one; schools one hundred and eighteen thousand and sixty-nine. Amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes, $1,627,183 12.

A MONSTER PRESS.—The Scientific American thus describes a monster steam press, upon which Moses S. Beach, who has just retired from the New York Sun, is at work:

He is even now just completing the construction of a monster steam printing press, by which the sheets are cut from rolls, dampened, printed upon both sides, at the rate of forty thousand impressions an hour, folded up, counted and delivered from the machine, ready for the carrier and the mail. This machine is as high as a common two-story country dweiling house; and it will, when finished, if the expectations of its inventor are realized, constitute a most extraordinary specimen of mechanical skill and ingenuity.

[From the Knickerbockor for November.]

The Race.

We have been heard to laugh "some" at times, in our sanctum, we believe; but we doubt if a heartier guffaw ever came from it, than was awakened by the following "Race with a Bull," for which we have to thank a new correspondent in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. It almost eclipses "The Cock-Fight in Havana," which we published some time ago, in which an American sailor unbagged an uncouth "bird" in the "pit," which, after receiving unresistingly two or three powerful "digs" from "Black Sultan," his game antagonist, put one claw on the neck, and with the other—pulled his head off! He was an American Bald Eagle. Like the horse-racers below described, the Spanish "sportsmen" growled and grumbled; but they were compelled to submit to an "inglorious defeat."

"Some forty years ago the members of a race-course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "free four anything with four legs and hair on."

"A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times, on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

"On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horse-back—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judge's stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

"When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started.

"When the signal was given, they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling speed—the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of nonsense that had never been heard on a race-course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

"A general row ensued; but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull.—The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse; and if it had not been for Hay's horn and ox hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned as it did.

"Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses anyhow, and if they would put up one hundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave the tin-horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the singnal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with the spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses, remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of all the exertions of the riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.

Bully for the bull!

Too Green for Comfort.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following story: "Day before yesterday a trio of newly wedded couples from the interior of Kentucky, arrived at the Burnett House and took apartments for the night at that well ordered hotel.—It was quite evident that the whole party were unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The rooms, corridors, marble floor, gorgeous drawing room and well spread table of the hotel, drew from them the most ingenious remarks of surprise.—In the evening they visited the opera house and were so astonished by its magnificence, that even Mrs. Waller's wonderful impersonation of "Meg Merlies" almost failed to interest them.—Nothing more was thought of the verdant trio till about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, at which time the boot black of the Burnett House, in making his customary rounds, observed one of the bucolic Benedicks seated in the hall near the door of his room. He naively asked the polisher of the understandings if he was the clerk.—Receiving a negative answer, he informed the boot black that he should like to see that individual. In a few moments one of the attentive office men was at his side and politely asked what was needed.

"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" cried the disconsolate individual.

"In the parlor," echoed the clerk, "I am afraid not."

"Wall, I would like to have one spread down somewheres."

"Why don't you go into your own room?"—asked the clerk.

"I don't like to," said the bashful young man.

"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk. "Has your wife turned you out of your room?"

"No," said he, drawling, "but you see I've never been married before, and so I don't much like to go in, particularly in a strange place."

"O, go right in," said the clerk, "she won't think it at all wrong."

Here the door of his room opened about an inch, and through the aperature came a voice, coaxingly saying: "Do come in, John. I won't hurt you. I know'd they'd think strange of yer standing out there. Come in now, won't yer? I've blowed out the gas and its all dark in here."

The odor of the room assured the clerk that she had indeed "blow'd out the gas," so pushing open the door he stopped the flow, raised a window and returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All arguments were fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room from that his wife was in for that night.

A VESSEL A THOUSAND FEET LONG.—An official report has been published in England of a river steam vessel belonging to the Oriental Inland Steam Company, and intended to navigate the shallow rivers of the East, which possesses peculiar scientific interest from the fact of this composite vessel being the largest vessel ever yet constructed, being nearly half as long again as the Great Eastern.