PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
BY ALFRED P. JUMP.
(EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.)
W. H. Goldsmith, Printer.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within the 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. XXXIX. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856. No. 49.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Not exceeding one square, (12 lines) inserte 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.

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.
aug 23–tf

CHEAP LUMBER.
50,000 feet White Pine and Hemlock Lumber will be received in a few days at the low rate of $15.00 per thousand. Also
30,000 Hart and sap shingles,
20,000 No. 1 Hart do.
20,000 Plastering laths,
15,000 I siding, good quality, on hand and for sale by (aug 23) R. Tolley.

DENTISTRY.
DR. BAIRD, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Easton and the surrounding country, that he will be in Easton during the first weeks in *August, October and December*, and at such other times as his services may be called for.
☞ A line addressed to him at Cambridge will ment with prompt attention. [june 28–6m

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. Sam'l Potchett will receive prompt attention.
may 12–y A. B. P.

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 to do. They will execute with dispatch 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. NEWNAM.
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.

DISSOLUTION.
THE co-partnership heretofore existing between David & Charles Keilholtz has this day (June 31) been dissolved by mutual consent. Charles Keilholtz is authorized to settle the business of the late firm, and all persons indebted for castings, plows, &c., are requested to make immediate payment to him. Those who do not pay up or settle their accounts by note before the 1st day of September next, will find their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection according to law.
DAVID & CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.
Easton, June 31, 1856.

N. B—The subscriber having purchased the interest of his brother in the foundry, will carry on the business as heretofore. He has on hand a large stock of castings and plows which he is selling at the usual rates. Farmers are respectfully requested to continue their custom. Strict attention will be paid to business.
jy 12 CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.

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 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.
mar 29–y SAMPL B. HOPKINS.

GLAUBER SALTS—Farmers in want of Glauber Salts for their Wheat this Fall, will please hand in their orders at once to prevent disappointment in getting their supplies.
sep 13 Dawson & Bro.

For the Easton Gazette.

EVER ONWARD!

I.
Ever onward—ever on!
Be no laggard in the way—
To the loiterer longer grows
Both the journey and the day;
Mount and vale repeat thy song,
March thee cheerily along!

II.
Ever onward—ever on!
Bright reward beyond thee lies—
What if rocky steeps ascend,
Mountains pierce the fiery skies,
What if clouds above thee spread—
Forward stride with dauntless tread!

III.
Ever onward—ever on!
If thou travel far and fast,
Thou shalt reach the journey's end,
Find the traveller's bourne at last;
Fail not—on with throbbing breast!
Lo! the grave invites to rest!

IV.
Ever onward—ever on!
Through the world unhalting speed—
Summer, winter, bloom or blight,
Joy, or sorrow, never heed—
Life for one great end is given—
Wanderer, onward then to Heaven! Ion.

A BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

A celebrated wit once said he had found out a patent "slip button," so that when a bore laid hold of him, and was detaining him with a long story, he had only to slip the button, leaving it in the borer's fingers, and make his escape. The contrivance was an ingenious and valuable one, and had the inventor, as he threatened, taken out a patent, many would doubtless have adopted the useful article.

There are occasions, however, when a slip button is more necessary than in the case above referred; and, in illustration of my meaning, allow me to recite the following adventure:

Some years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss some day destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Town Hall of ——. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of it: not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion in hand, when ever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert: it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach flys and carriages, was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was most struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; being as my friends would say, in rather a *spooney* state, worked myself into a towering passion—*of love*. But, how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," as an over-candid friend once said: "God save the Queen," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve occasion," and the company were shoaling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert-room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of indentifying my idol; but, alas! the lights in the outer corridor were so few and far between, that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweeting.

"Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat-skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress, my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress: "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many hoops, as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task the more difficult, and instead of my undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop round the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face. Stars and gaiters! but it was the fair one, black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop; and, indeed, she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly. I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted some gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement?

"You hinder the people from going out, Amie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view in the darkness outside.

Cruel fate! That night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and what means I should employ to find her out. I knew little of the town, which was a large one, and to expect to learn the name of my fair one by a mere description was hopeless, there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within the "bills of mortality" there, as elsewhere. After breakfast next day I sallied forth from the hotel, and walked the town in hope of seeing her, but no trace of the lovely one could I find, though I started off in pursuit of many a "singular figure" in the streets, only to discover on my overtaking each object of my pursuit, she was not the one I longed to see.

My love fit grew more violent in the course of the day; but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress-coat from my portmanteau to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long. It was with no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye; a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color—and stooped gently to disentangle it from the bit of brass as gently as tho' it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinched in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained me with my lady's fan." I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally fell into the coat-skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an antic-heroic position to find oneself in, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight, and to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave, remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright thought struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper laying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter when the local paper was published. "Tomorrow, sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words:—

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call or send to the Arch's Head Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the waiter, and five shillings to pay for its insertion in the Sentinel—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the facts must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room damp from the press, and then I read, in the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column. I only wonder my hair did not stand on an end as I read as follows:

"£2 REWARD.

"Lost, or stolen, on the night of the concert, at the Town Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall.

"Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward, on applying to 7 Cambridge Parade."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of

"Loving, not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to 7 Cambridge Parade.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said—"Is Miss A——in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant-woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket, with gentlemanly address, and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one,
With all that's best of dark and bright,
Meeting in aspect and in eyes,
but a stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss A——'s property; and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, and brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out the purse.

"No," I replied, "for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be sure I accepted his invitation. Need I go further with the story.—The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket herself, and received the reward, such reward being the said pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fireplace, the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife, as a pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address." When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damages for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON."

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.—In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full but against a man running in the opposite direction.

"Run for your life! back! back!" cries the person.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked ked the stranger.

"I've seen the Evil Spirit himself! run, run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him that he, if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the parson, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."

"Oh, goodness! well, she is yours, then! Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, if capital be got for it."

"Indeed, indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service: a mechanical engineer, superintending the erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts."

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mancraft; a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless except when it run away; and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on roads by steam.—*Railroad Advocate.*

ANOTHER BLOW AT THE HOOPS.—A few days since, as a Roxbury friend, at the close of his labors for the day, was enjoying a comfortable ride home from his office in this city, an omnibus partly filled with ladies, a gentleman upon the sidewalk signalled the driver to stop, and throwing open the door, sprang into the vehicle. His first step towards a seat, unfortunately, influenced somewhat by the sudden motion of the coach, brought his right foot in contact with a lady's dress; and as, with a hasty expression, he strove to extricate it from the embraces of the hoop, he was suddenly plunged forward, and in a twinkling found his left foot in the same unfortunate connection with a hoop on the other side.—This was more than our hero had bargained for. For a moment he seemed fairly nonplussed: "Good Heavens, madam!" said he, and then nervously pulling the strap, he cried: "Stop, driver! stop! *stop!* STOP! I thought I was getting into an omnibus: *but I find it's a cooper's shop!*"—*Portfolio.*

A COURAGEOUS EDITOR.—The Lynchburg Virginian notices the marriage of Samuel T. Walker, Esq., editor of the Valley Democrat, to Miss Mary R. Sommers—all of Shenandoah county, and adds:—We knew Mr. Walker a year or two ago, as a mild, modest and prudent man; and never, for once supposed him to be possessed of the daring and recklessness of spirit necessary to induce him to seek an induction into the interminable and labyrinthian intricacies and mysteries of fashionable crinolines and modern hoops. But editors are brave—it is an essential requisite in their qualifications to be so; and it is not their custom to waver in the discharge of duty or falter in the face of danger. We wish our adventurous colemporary a safe and pleasant time in his perilous enterprise and the realization of all the glittering hopes and anticipations that lured him to the marriage state.

PRAY, Miss said a Composer of music to a young lady whom he was courting, 'what time do you prefer?'

Oh, she replied, carelessly: 'any little will do but the quicker the better.'

The gentleman took the hint, and a wedding in quick time was the consequence.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

A KENTUCKY ELOPEMENT—TEARS VERSUS PISTOLS.—About a week ago a very respectable citizen of our neighboring burgh of Newport, named Mickelwaite, was applied to by a gentleman for board, and an apartment for himself and lady. Mr. M. at first objected, but the stranger was importunate, alleging that his wife was of so retireing a disposition that she could not endure the gaze of the inmates of a public hotel, for which reason he was more anxious to be accommodated. At length Mr. Mickelwaite consented to the arrangment, and having prepared a very cozy little room for their reception, the lady, a very magnificent specimen of feminine loveliness, was duly inducted into her bower.

It was a matter of admiration to the host and hostess, the love and devotion which seemed to pervade the newly-arrivde couple; it was evident that the honey moon was at the full, and that "two hearts that beat as one" inhabited the little snuggery up stairs, which, however, to the loving pair was a whole world, an universe strewn with golden dreams and rosy flowers. But an old bard—not Shakspeare—either wrote or said:

"Life's a swindle and a dream,
Things aint always what they seem;"

and so it turned out with our turtle doves, who it seems—

"Loved not wisely but too Well."

On Wednesday last, shortly after the arrival of the Lexington train, a gentleman called upon Mr. M., and required to know if such a couple, describing the pair in question, were in the house. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to be conducted to their apartment, which being shown him he flung open the door and there, seated upon one chair, his legs luxuriously resting upon another, sat the gentleman while the lady bending over him was daintily arranging his wavy hair.

At sight of the apparition which thus burst upon their view, the pair started, and looked against, but as the intruder drew from his breats a revolver, the landlord placed himself between the parties and demanded an explanation. The story was soon told: the lady was the wife of the recent arrival, and eloped about a week previous, from her home in Lexington, Ky., whence her husband had traced her to her present quarters, with the intention of avenging his wounded honor.

In the meantime, the gay Lothario had sneaked out of the room, and left the house, leaving his guilty partner to bear the brunt of the storm alone. For awhile she tried those unfailing resources of woman, tears and hysterics, and then, while acknowledging her error, she palliated it by pleading coldness upon his part, which chilled her love, and impressed her with the belief that he had ceased to care for her, and how, in despair at the loss of his affection, she had imprudently and in a moment of reckless insanity listened to the seductive pleadings of his false friend: and then she fell upon her knees, and gazing upward through her tears, her large and lustrous eyes fixed mournfully upon his, implored him either to forgive or kill her.

Our Benedict was moved—he cast one took at the murderous implement he still held in his hand, and then glanced at the beautiful figure at his feet. It was a moment of anxious doubt to the host, who remained a motionless spectator; but "beauty in tears," and suppliant beauty at that—pshaw—the odds were all on one side—he threw the pistol from him—raising his worse-half to his bosom, and the next morning's train bore them back to the fair city of Lexington.

A STRONG-HANDED WOMAN.—There is said to be living upon Bate's Island in Casco Bay, off the coast of Maine, a woman of the most wonderful power of hardihood.—The island contains about five acres, the largest portion of which she has put under cultivation, raising handsome crops of potatoes and other vegetables yearly. The land never was ploughed, but has been thoroughly hoed over by her. The remaining portion she devotes to raising hay of a very superior quality, every crop of which she has mowed and cured with her own hand. The early part of the day she devotes to fishing, going through the breakers in a fragile skiff, rowing single-handed where many a strong man would quail and hesitate. The result of her day's fishing she exchanges for money and groceries with dealers who visit the island from Portland.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPRUDENCE.—Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow Police Court with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell st. After the charge had been proved, the principle ascuser addressed the magistrate: "Deed, sir Baillie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing of the barrel is naething to some of his tricks. He stole my sign board last week, and what does your Honor think he did wi't?" Magistrate—"That would be hard for me to say." "Weel, sir, I'll tell ye. He brought it into me own shop wi' my ain' name on't, and offered to sell me't and he said he thought it would be mair use to me than onybody else."

An author of a love story, in describing his heroine, says: "Innocence dwells in the cluster of her dark hair.,' A waggish editor suggests that a fine-tooth comb would bring it out.

When you get into a passion just walk out into the air, you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

People are all the slimmer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

Within six months, it is said, eleven postmasters have been arrested in Ohio for robbing the mails.

The imports of coffee into this country last year aggregated 191,478,657 pounds, valued at $16,030,460.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.—There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, and what seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion. Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic; but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor; and, after a hasty and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks, one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk until he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other cannot wait, but starts without capital, and within a limited experience, and brings up, after a few years, in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out with a fortune. That young lawyer who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a meddling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability, and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man, stick to your business. It may be you have mistaken your calling.—If so, find it out as quick as possible, and change it: but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest calling, and then stick to it; if you are sticking type, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously, and hopefully, and if there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than in any other calling; only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as quickly as possible, for the longer you stick to it, the worse it will "stick" to you.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

LOCUST TREES ON RAILROADS.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company have contracted for the planting of locust trees on each side of their road, for the distance of 120 miles. After the trees are set, with a little care in keeping weeds down and the earth mellow arround the roots for two or three years, they will require no more labor, and will have a tendency to cause the grass to grow, which will in a great degree, prevent much of the annoyance from dust, and at the end of twenty years the trees will afford timber large enough for ties for the use of the road. This is a most excellent plan, and should be adopted on every road that runs through land that will grow the locust. The laborers who repair the road can bestow the little cultivation necessary, which will cost but a trifle.

SUNKEN WAR VESSELS AT SEBASTOPOL TO BE RAISED BY AN AMERICAN.—John E. Gowen, Esq., of this city, who is now in Russia, has just entered into a contract with the Russian Government to raise the ships of war and other vessels, 52 in number, sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol at the time of the siege. It will be remembered that Mr. Gowen, under contract with our own Government, succeeded, after repeated efforts of British engineers had failed, in raising the wreck of the United States steamer Missouri, sunk in the harbor of Gibralter. Mr. Gowen will commence operation in the harbor of Sebastopol next spring.—*Boston Daily Times, Nov. 5.*

WRECKS DURING OCTOBER.—The Journal of Commerce gives the names of thirty-two American sea going vessels which were reported as totally lost during the months of October. The value of the vessels thus lost is stated at $304,900, and that that of the cargoes at $268,350. In four instances the wrecks were attended with loss of life. The Journal of Commerce thinks that "the value of the 'unknown' cargoes would probably bring the gross total up to $700,000." This is independent of the loss incurred by vessels merely going ashore, of which there were many during the month. There were also some very severe losses, both of life and property, on the lakes, which are not included.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked—"Why, b'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me, if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar—she's a tar-tar.