PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856. No. 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

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

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

ALFRED P. JUMP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Easton, Md.,

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

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

sep 27—tf

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 Patchett will receive prompt attention.

may 12—y A. B. P.

FASHIONABLE

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

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

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

LOOK

FOR YOURSELF.

THE subscriber hast just returned home with a first rate assortment of *Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings* of all styles and grades, such as handsome Black & Fancy Cloths. Also, Cassimeres of all colors and quality, and Vestings to match.

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

oct 18

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

HAS this day been formed between the undersigned for the purpose of *Grave Bricking, Street-Paving, Repairing and putting up Chimneys*. They will keep constantly on hand Bricks of the best material for Graves, which they will furnish at moderate prices when called on so to do. They will execute with 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.

WHEELWRIGHTING

—AND—

BLACKSMITHING.

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

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

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

jan 19—1y JAMES AUSTIN.

COACH AND HARNESS

MAKIMG.

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 SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

MERINO SHIRTS—A very large and cheap lot for sale by

nov 15 J. H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

CHRISTMAS COMES!

Merry, merry Christmas comes!
Cold December, bright December,
Gayest month of all the year,
Bids us now, the time remember,
When a new light had its birth,
When a bright "Star," dropped on earth.

Wise men, with an eager eye,
Journied westward night and day,
Guided by a wondrous Star,
Where the spotless infant lay,
Juda's "Star," the King of Kings!
Lord of Lords! above all things.

Precious jewels, brought these men,
Which they offered at his feet—
Myrrh and costly frankincense—
Worshipping, rejoiced to greet
Emanuel, the Gentiles friend,
Whom God in mercy deigned to send.

Shepherds, as by night they watched,
O'er their flock of snowy white,
Suddenly, beheld a form,
And a glare of heavenly light—
Prostrate, on the ground with fear,
Every one lay trembling near.

Lo! a wondrous Angel bright,
Close beside them sweetly told,
Of a mighty one on earth—
Of a "Shepherd," for the fold!
Of a Saviour, born to give
Ransome that mankind may live!

And a mighty host from God,
Anthems, heavenly anthems sing,
To the new-born child, the Christ,
To the Holy one, our King!
Mounting, as their music ceased,
To the haven of the blessed!

Trembling, these poor Shepherds sought,
Where the blessed lamb reposed—
In a manger, filled with hay,
Sweetly THERE, the infant dozed—
And the wondrous Star hung o'er,
Pointing to the humble door.

This is Christmas—this the day,
Hailed by princes, thrones and powers,
By the millions o'er the world,
Deemed the happiest of hours—
And all people, tongues proclaim
Emanuel! that blessed name.

Merry, merry Christmas comes!
Cold December, bright December,
Gayest month of all the year,
Whisper now, the time remember,
When a strange mysterious birth,
When a "Star" illumed the earth!

DEC. 13, 1856. NORMAN.

One's Meat Another's Poison.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"Our folks are going to have a splendid picnic down to Swaan's Grove, on the 4th of July, Charles, and we are invited," said Mrs. Ellenwood to her husband, as he returned from business one evening.

"A picnic?" replied Charles, with the slightest perceptible curl in the lower muscle of the organ.

"Yes, Charles, a picnic," added the young wife, with quite as much enthusiasm as the important nature of the affair seem to demand.

"Picnics are a great bore," said Charles Ellenwood, giving expression to the sentence which the nasal curl had foreshadowed.

"Don't you like picnics?"

"No."

'Picnics are a nuisance,' continued Charles ocularly.

'I am sorry you don't like picnics.'

'Picnics are intolerable nuisances,' persisted the husband, taking it for granted that his opinion was the rule—and his wife's the exception.

'I'm sure they are very pleasant.'

'Pleasant?'

'I think so.'

'No body else does.'

'What do they have them for?'

'Sure enough! What do they have them for?' and Charles was a little nonplussed for a suitable reply for this query.

But his profound and far-reaching mind immediately divested the reason why they had picnics when they were a nuisance and nobody thought them pleasant.

'They are fashionable,' said he.

'Picnics fashionable!' exclaimed the lady in surprise. 'Did you ever hear of the Fitzherberts or the Arlingtons going to one?'

'Perhaps not; they are the fashion of another sphere in society.'

'I don't think so.'

'Don't you?' asked Mr. Ellenwood, with the air of one who intended to say, 'it's of little consequence what you think, provided I think so.'

'I had made up my mind to go.'

'Had you?'

'I have been looking forward all day to a time.'

'At a picnic?'

'Certainly, Charles. Our folks are all going."

'The more fools they.'

'I know it will be very pleasant.'

'What will it be, my dear, but a kind of gossip party, at which the vinegar-faced ladies will traduce the characters of their neighbors?'

'There are to be no such ladies there.'

'Always are.'

'But, Charles, you will go to please me.'

'I couldn't think of going on any account.'

'Not to please me?'

'I would do anything to please you, my dear; but going to a picnic is really asking too much of me.'

'Don't be odd, Charles.'

'I'm as even as the sky in a summer's day.'

'What will the folks think?'

'They can suit themselves in that respect. I have no desire to control their thoughts.'

'But it will look so strange. They depend upon having you there.'

'The best calculations fail at times,' replied Charles, indifferently.

'I am so disappointed.'

Charles whispered an opera air. When people begin to whistle in the house after a controversey, the presumption is that they do not feel all right.

During the week preceding the 4th of July, the disappointed wife tried in vain to persuade her husband to attend the picnic. Charles was obstinate. It was asking too much of him to attend a picnic, and he got ill-natured as she continued to importune him.

'It is wrong in you, Mary Ann, to wish me to go to a place of which I have a decided abhorrence..'

'Isn't it selfish of you to refuse to go to a place where I wish to go so much?'

'That will do; don't let me hear any more about picnics. If I do I will quit the house.'

The young and loving wife wept. They had been married only about two years, and she had not yet learned to submit to all her husband's caprices.

'Don't buy that horse, Charles,' said Mary Ann Ellenwood to her husband.

It was a year after the event of our first chapter. Somehow during that year there had been frequent disagreements between them. It was unfortunate that the young wife had a will of her own.

'Why not?' asked Charles, rather coldly.

'I should never be easy for a moment if you had that horse. He's so skittish and ugly.'

'You think so.'

He meant, but did not say—'That does not make it so.'

'Everybody thinks so.'

'Everybody is a fool, then.'

'But he ran away with Farmer May's son, threw him off, almost killed him.'

'Farmer May's son did not know how to manage him.'

'Can you manage him any better?' asked his wife; but conscious it was a daring query, she put in a very different tone.

'Of course I can.'

Charles did not deem any argument necessary upon so plain a question. He understood a horse; knew how to break a horse, could manage a fractious horse which no one else could manage; in short, he was a regular Disbrow—in his own estimation.

It is true, he had never had much experience with horses, and especially not with fractious horses; but then it was an easy matter. He was fond of horses, delighted to ride after a spirited animal, and had manufactured a little equestrian theory of his own. If the horse attempted to run, he would do so and so; if he reared and plunged, he would do so and so; and if the rein should happen to break, he would leap out upon his back and take him by the ears.

The horse in question was a splendid animal, but a mere colt. People said he would bring five hundred dollars, if well broken, and Squire Epson had actually offered three hundred and fifty dollars, before the accident by which Jim May had his leg broken, and his wrist sprained.

Then it was decided that the horse was vicious and Farmer May would not keep him. He offered to sell him to Squire Epson for two hundred dollars; but the Squire wouldn't have him as a gift. Then the owner offered to sell him for fifty dollars. Nobody seemed disposed to have him even at this rate.

Charles Ellenwood wanted a horse, but he could hardly afford to buy and keep one. The cheapness of the splendid animal tempted him, and he talked of buying him.—His wife was alarmed. In spite of his vaunted skill in the management of horse-flesh, she had little confidence in him.

'I shall never enjoy a moment's peace if you buy that horse.'

'I suppose not.'

'He will certainly kill you.'

'I am surprised, Mary Ann, that you have so little confidence in your husband. A trusting, confiding wife, it seems to me, ought to distrust the judgment and ability of her husband.'

'Can't help it, Charles; the horse is very ugly; don't buy him. If you love me, Charles, don't.

For a week the wife coutinued her opposition to the fractious horse. Although she based her opposition on the ground of danger her husband would incur, it was quite probable that she had, by this time, come to some interest in carrying her point. She wished to prevent her husband from buying the horse, and it is human nature to make success an object, independent of any good which that success might produce.

Charles Ellenwood looked upon her as desiring only to carry her point. He argued that she wished to rule him, to control his action; in fine, to subject him to "petticoat government." He resolved to resist, and the next time he saw Farmer May, he bought the horse.

Mary Ann was astonished and indignant when her husband rode the horse into the yard. She had hoped she possessed influence with him to prevent the purchase.

'You have bought him, have you Charles?' she asked.

'I have, he replied coldly, for he saw the storm that was brewing.

'Oh, Charles!'

'Come. now, I don't want a 'scene.'

'How could you buy that horse, when you knew I didn't wish you to do so?' sobbed Mary Ann.

'I was not aware that your word was to be law to me, yet..

'I shall never have another moment's peace.'

'You can if you wish.'

The poor wife wept as though her heart would break. Charles was disgusted.—Such scenes as we have described had become quite frequent. She, fearing that her influence was gone, was very unhappy; and he, satisfied that his wife wished to control him, was indignant, and quite as miserable as she was. He deemed himself a martyr, and was ready to take any decided step which the circumstances seem to require.

Mary Ann wept incessantly for an hour, and said a great many bitter things. Charles got out of patience, and bolted out of the house. Scarcely knowing what he did, in the excitement of the moment, he went to the barn, and saddled the horse which had been the cause of all the trouble. Mounting him, he rode furiously down the road.

The wife retired to her chamber, and finished the day in weeping over the coldness and indifference of her husband. She was conscious that she had done nothing that could reasonably offend her husband. The night darkened upon her, and Charles did not come. One by one, the hours struck through the long, long night, and he came not.

Day dawned, and hour by hour sped by, but Charles did not come. She was alarmed for her safety. He had left the house in a fit of anger. He was angry with her—angry because she had sought to have her own way.

Perhaps she was wrong. Yet he had never yielded to her. Her wishes were heeded, and she could not reconcile the idea that she was never to have any influence with her husband. She asked herself—if she had ever been imperious and unreasonable. She felt that she had never desired to exercise an undue influence over her husband. Her conscience did not reproach her.

It was possible that Charles had met with an accident. Perhaps the unruly horse had injured him. It might be that he was dead.

Her heart beat quickly as she thought of these things. What should she do? She could not expose her unhappy domestic relations, and yet she must. While she was deliberating in terrible suspense, her brother-in-law, Henry Raymond, called to see her husband.

She could only tell him that Charles had gone off on horseback the evening before. He was surprised, mystified; and Mary Ann was obliged to tell him the whole story before he would be satisfied.

Henry understood the character of Charles and was ready at once to place himself on her side of the question.

'Mary Ann,' said he, 'you must go to my house and stay with your sister for a few days.'

'And Charles asked the poor wife, her eyes filling with tears

'Has he not left you?'

'But he will come back.'

'We will bring him to his senses first. No one shall know anything about it but your sister and myself.'

She complied, and Henry procured a conveyance to hunt up the fugitive. By constantly inquiring at the places he passed through, he succeeded in tracing Charles to a village about twenty miles from his residence. There he learned that a man had beed thrown from his horse that morning, and was at the tavern in a state of insensibility. The horse, after throwing him, had leaped over a fence down a steap embankment, and broken his neck.

Henry sought out the wounded man, and, as he had suspected, found his brother-in-law was the stranger. He took such steps as were required for the recovery of the injured man. In the course of the night he came to his senses. He faintly whispered the name of his wife, with the first beam of consciousness.

In the morning the physician pronounced his case a hopeful one. He was seriously injured, and it would require two or three weeks to restore him.

'My wife,' faintly murmured the sick man.

'You have deserted her, have you not?' said Henry rather imprudently.

'God forgive me!' groaned Charles. 'I was wrong and unreasonable.'

'You were.'

'Can I not see her?'

'She will forgive me! I will go down upon my knees before her. Only let her stand by my bedside.'

'You have chosen for yourself.'

'God forgive me!'

Henry relented at last, and promised that he should see his wife. On the following day Mary Ann was at his bedside. With streaming eyes he begged her forgiveness, which was readily granted.

'I am ready to yield my will, Charles,' replied she, as she kissed the pale cheek of the sick man.

'I shall be willing to yield mine in the future, my dear wife. If I had listened to you, this thing would not have happened.'

'I will not reproach you Charles. What is one's meat is another's poison.

'I thought you were trying to rule me, Mary Ann. I was wrong.'

What is one's meat is another's poison. Husband must yield, wife must yield.—What one likes the other will not like. It will not do for me to insist with arbitrary will upon a given point. Compromise, which sacrifices no principle, is necessary to the peace of the household.

HINT FOR THE HOME CIRCLE—SOLACE FOR THE SICK.—Science would lack the grand charm that sheds a halo over its labors, if the gentler sex were not made participants of the benefits it imparts. To that sex the medical discoveries of the distinguished philanthropist, Professor Holloway, have been singularly beneficial. For the complaints peculiar to the female organization, and which are borne with a fortitude rarely exhibited by man, Holloway's Pills have been for twenty years administered with wonderful success. In those crises of woman's life the dawn of womanhood and the commencement of old age, as well as in the innumerable cases requiring medical assistance which occur between these two important epochs, the mild and restorative action of this great remedy is attested by the strongest vouches. Nor is the Ointment less highly appreciated as a remedy for the eruptions and other external disfigurements which sometimes cloud the beauty of woman.

It is a terrible thing to see a beloved wife or daughter languishing under the attack of disease; the lustre fading from her eyes, the rose from her cheek, and premature decrepitude prostrating her energies in the morning or the prime of life. Perhaps the innate sensitiveness and delicacy of her nature forbid her to disclose the cause of the difficulty, or if she seeks medical aid she finds little or no relief from stereotyped prescriptions. Furnished with Holloway's remedies she needs no professional adviser. The directions acquaint her with the manner of their use. In the quiet seclusion of her own chamber she can be physician to herself, and will soon learn, as millions have already learned, that she has found the true *elixer vitæ*. As the glow of health returns to her dimmed eyes, elasticity to her step, and cheerfulness to her heart, she will realize in her own feeling all that has been published of the experience of others, who suffered as she suffered and have been restored by the same means.

The subject is one on which it is difficult to be explicit, without trenching upon what are called the proprieties of life; but a sense of duty has impelled us to glance at one of the most valuable peculiarities of Holloway's remedies, and we feel assured that our motives will be appreciated.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

A CASE OF HORRIBLE DESTITUTION—A FAMILY LIVING UNDER THE PAVEMENT.—On our way to dinner yesterday, we found collected near the corner of Randolph and Dearborn streets, a crowd of persons, whose excited gestures, and eager language betokened a scene of unusual excitement. On hastening to the spot, which our readers will recognize as the recent site of Doan's fruit store now removed, and where workmen are engaged in making excavation for the foundation of a new and splendid block of buildings, the cause of the excitement became at once evident.

The workman, in the progress of their task had removed some dozen of the planks of the side-walk, and in so doing removed the roof of what proved to be a subterranean apartment. The sight thus suddenly presented to the view of the spectators would have moved a heart of stone. Three infants, who could not have been more than a few weeks old, were lying, without a particle of clothing, upon a rude bed which was found to be made of dried husks of corn. There was not another single article of furniture in the apartment, and the roof being now removed, its helpless inmates were exposed to the cold November Winds, and made the air resound with their plaintive cries.

Where were the unnatural parents? No one could answer this question, and we passed on to dinner. The infants were retained, we understood by one of the workmen.—*Chicago Times, 7th inst.*

A SAD EVENT.—The New York Mirror of Saturday relates the following pathetic account of the death of a young lady:

Miss Anna M. Lachaise, daughter of James M. Lachaise, of this city, died on board the Arago on the 3d instant, after a short illness from brain fever, aged 19 years. This young lady was engaged to be married to a gentleman of this city, immediately on her arrival, and the bridal wreath was bespoken. To-day, the flowers that were to have adorned her nuptials are strewn upon the bridal bed of death! She was buried in her wedding robes this morning.

The delay in the arrival of the steamer caused some anxiety among those who had friends on board; and there was one who watched at the wharf until midnight on Friday; and when the good news was telegraphed—"the Arago is below"—he went home to his friends inexpressibly happy.—The next morning, on going early to the ship to welcome the bride of his heart, he found that "the soul of his soul's idol" had just departed. The cold casket was there, but the beautiful jewel was gone. It is a sad thing, at best, to fix one's affections on these lovely, yet perishable beings, whose brittle hold on life—

"Is like the spider's thread,
That breaks at every breeze."

A DELICIOUS TEMPERANCE TEST.—Who would not live in almost any place where the young ladies are addicted to the delious custom, which is set forth by an exchange, as follows:

Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men, to see if they have been tampering with liquor.—Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching your young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: Mr. Ike P., the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing? you must acquiesce. She steps gently up to you, lays her soft arms around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon her tiptoe; and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, placed her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, strawberry, honeysuckle, sunflower, rose-bud, nectar lips against yours and (Oh Jerusalem! hold us!) busses you by crackey!! Hurrah! for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition.

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our buisness to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth: so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendship and to incur enmities. To model our principles to our duties and situation. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious: and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy than to loiter out our days without blame and without use. He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.—*Burke.*

Here is a last "good thing" about the hoops:

Little Boy—"Ma, what is hush?"

Mother—"Why my dear? why do you ask?"

Little Boy—"Because I asked sister Jane yesterday what made her stick out so and she said "hush!"

SORES ON HORSE AND CATTLE.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, in reply to an inquiry by another correspondent for a cure of a bad sore on a horse's shoulder, gives the following prescription:

Lime and lard are the best application to old, bad sores, of any kind that I know, especially if the bone is any affected.

Take good stone lime, slake dry, and sift through a fine sieve. Put the flour in a bottle, cork tight, and keep it in a dark place from the light and air, and it will keed good for years. Take one part of lime to three parts of lard, in bulk, and mix them well, cold, and apply a proper quantity to the sore twice a day and cleanse well each time with soap suds. If the sore descends below the outward opening it must be opened to the bottom, or it will not heal sound. If the bone be affected, the sore probably will not heal, and ought not to till the bone shall be healed.—Sores healed under this treatment always heal sound. If fungus be in the sore, this ointment will clear it all out, and keep it out.

The above proportions are about right, but the applicant will soon learn to vary them if necessary. Some allowance will be necessary for the different strength of the lime.

MANURING THE ORCHARD.—In connection with the subject of transplanting young trees in autumn, is another which, in justice to old trees, we would beg leave to urge upon your attention. It is that of giving your old trees in the orchard, a good dressing of some kind of fertilizer, to renew their strength and energy, and rouse them up to action another season. The fall is a good time to do this. You cannot expend time, money and labor in a more useful manner than by taking your man and team and yourself a day or two, and put round each tree a load or two of barn-yard manure or musk, or, if you do not have either of those to spare, some chip dirt, or loam from the road-side, or leaves, and scraping of woods or swamps. It will pay. You cannot expect that your trees will support you, year after year with fruit, and the soil in which they are placed never become exhausted. If you would have continued heat from the fire, you must add fuel. If you would have continued fruit from your trees, you must add manure to them.—*Maine Farmer.*

HOW TO SAVE CARROTS.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—

"I have had some experience in saving carrots for spring feeding. After they are pulled and topped, I make a smooth place in the field, and dig a trench, say two feet wide, six or eight inches deep, and then lay in two rails—leaving a space of eight inches between the rails—then lay carrots over these rails so as to leave the space open; then pile on the carrots, say three feet high and four wide. In this way you can make your pit any desred length; cover it with a coat of straw and about four inches of dirt; but be sure that the ends of the rails be left open so that the air will pass through from one end to the other, and they will not rot or freeze to injure. In this way I have kept mine for a number of years in good order."

A PHILANTHROPIC GENTLEMAN.—Lists of missent letters sometimes appears in the papers that should have gone to houses in New York, Boston, Baltimore, &c. The New York News says that this list is made by Mr. Walter B. Dick, of Philadelphia, a retired merchant, who, for sake of the occupation, takes the published list of letters in the several cities, and going over all the names separates, by his extraordinary memory, the letters that lie misdirected in different offices. Mr. Dick knows all the firms and directions in other cities as well as in his own. Thousands of dollars have thus been sent to their owners that would have else gone to the "dead letter" office.

HORRIBLE CASE OF CHILD MURDER.—The St. Louis Republican of Thursday last, gives the following account of the discovery of the body of a murdered infant in that city:

The coroner yesterday found a small coffin of walnut with a silver cross on the top. It was buried in a dirt heap, where a pond was being filled up, near the corner of O'Fallon and Fifteenth streets. On opening it, the body of a young child was found, brutally murdered. Its head was so thoroughly crushed, that, to keep it together, it had been bound round with a cloth. On one side a hole was made, evidently by blows with a hammer. The orifice was found stuffed with old rags.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE.—Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain the further you can hear them.

Women are like tulips—the more modest and retired they appear, the better you love them.

Printers are like patient wives with dissipated husbands—they are used to setting up.

Not long since a youth older in wits than years after being catechised concerning the power of God, replied, "Ma, there is one thing God can't do."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother."

God can't make Bill Jones's mouth any biger without seting his ears back."

An exchange paper very gravely informs us that a young man who was recently bathing in the Mississippi river seeing a number of ladies approach drowned him self from motives of delicacy.

Hon. John Berry, a member of the Arkansas, Senate died a few days ago from the bite of a spider.

The lady who *burst* with laughter was immediately *hooped* up