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

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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1857. No. 6.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Not exceeding one square, (12lines) 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 for the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.
Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.
All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

ALFRED P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Easton, Md.,
WILL practice in Talbot and adjoining counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care. CLAIMS of all kinds collected and payments promptly made over
☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office.
sep 27–tf

A. B. PRITCHETT,
CABINET MAKER,
HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. 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 also 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.

COACH AND HARNESS
MAKING.
THE subscriber (surviving partner of Anderson & Hopkins) takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has taken the shop, stock, &c., of the late firm, and will hereafter carry on the
COACH-MAKING BUSINESS
in his own name. From his long experience in the business he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction, and hopes by a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit a continuance of that favor and patronage which have heretofore been so liberally extended toward him.
He is prepared to manufacture Carriages of all kinds to order, in a very superior manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Repairing also executed with neatness and despatch.
He has now on hand and ready for sale a fine assortment of Carriages, Harness, &c., both new and second hand, of various patterns and finish, which he would respectfully invite the public to call and examine.
Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and all new work warranted for 12 months.
mar 29–y SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

H. F. BYRNE,
IS again manufacturing *Etherial Oil*, which he guarantees to burn clear and without smoke.—This Oil burns 25 per ct. longer than Baltimore Oil and has the advantage of being *manufactured fresh every day.* H. F. BYRNE,
dec 6 St. Michaels.

FOR CHRISTMAS—A beautiful assortment of Embroidered Collars, Handkerchiefs, Undersleeves and Sets of Undersleeves and Collars—very cheap—just the thing for useful Christmas presents, at
dec 13 J. H. GRACE'S.

Razors! Razors!!
Just received another lot of those excellent Razors at 25 cents, that have given such great satisfaction. We hope all those who have called and been disappointed in getting them will secure one without delay.
dec 20 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

PHILADELPHIA WATER CRACKERS—A fresh supply of these celebrated Family Crackers, just received. Also constantly on hand Soda and Sugar Crackers.
dec 6 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

TRIMMINGS! TRIMMINGS!!—We have just opened another lot of Velvet and Moire Antique trimmings of all widths, both plain and fancy
dec 6 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

LIQUORS—Pure Wines & Brandies for Medicinal purposes, also constantly on hand a large supply of *that famous* old Whiskey.
oct 11 H. C. MACKEY.

TOBACCO and Cigars, a very large and various stock of choice brands, just received.—Persons in want of a good article had better call on (dec 13) H. F. BYRNE.

THANK GOD FOR ALL.

Beside yon oak a rustic roof appears,
A cottage garden leads unto the door,
A few wild plants the lowly casement cheers,
And all around looks neat, though all is poor.
There Philip dwells, and takes a neighbor's part,
Though little be the means his help to test;
Yet still, though poor, he says, with grateful heart,
'Tis well to labor,—and that God knows best!

The hare flits by him with her dewey feet,
As blithe of heart he quits his cottage gate;
The golden village lane with dawn is sweet,
And Philip feels content, though low his state:
For labor unto him can joy impart,
'Tis independence to his honest breast;
And still, though poor, he says, with grateful heart,
'Tis well to labor—and that God knows best!

His wife beside the door waits his return
His children's voices meet him half the way,
And while the sun within the west doth burn,
And bird and brook sing sweet the close of day,
Philip forgets his toil, his chair to find,
By little arms and little lips carest;
And gazing round, exclaims, with grateful mind,
Thank God for all—thank God, who knoweth best!

To the Easton Gazette.

LETTER TO ADELE.

DEAR ADELE:—

It has been a long time since I have written to you, and I dare say you think I am frozen up, here in these cold northern regions. Well, so I am nearly, and so are we all.—I think King Frost must have marshalled forth his hosts, and poured upon us in a body; the window panes are covered with tracks of their silent feet. As for old Boreas he has performed his duty as trumpeter, during the last week—yes, every day of it, as if he had an addition to his salary. Our snowstorms, so far this winter have come on the wind, and lie in long winrows thro' the fields, and in huge banks over the fences. We have had none of those delicious snows that Brayant so beautifully describes in his matchless vase; and if Mr. Editor will be so kind as to allow me space, I will give it to you entire.

THE SNOW STORM.

Stand here by my side, and turn I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang o'er it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist, the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty vail.
Some bower awhile in the air, and some
Rush forth from the sky like summer hail.
All dropping swiftly, or setting slow,
Meet, and still are in the depths below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That William by night the Milky Way;
Then broader and burlier the masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some as on tender wings they glide
From their chilling birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes, hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake,
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As myriads by myriads madly chased; [height.
They fling themselves from their shadowy
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear,
They turn to me in sorrowful thought:
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glistens a moment, and then are lost,
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide—
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies,
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen,
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

Is it not very beautiful? You have seen such—so have I. I have seen just such on the lake, around which my sweetest, wildest thoughts linger. Such snows make me wish to be a child again; and notwithstanding I am 'a great girl,' as mother used to say if I could get out of sight of 'the world'—out in the woods, or on the hills somewhere, I verily believe I would go down in the snow somewhere and have a "rough and tumble" romp with Ponto. I think he has imbibed a love for these light snows from his mistress, for he does revel in them; it is real fun to see him run along ploughing up the snow with his nose, and scattering the white flakes over his black shaggy coat; even an icy crust seems to be no hindrance to that kind of amusement, and indeed, one would think it gave a new zest to it, by the energetic way in which he thrusts his nose through it.

Well, there! I sat down fully intending to tell you about a lecture upon Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, &c., and so on, who has been here, but I have been tramping about in the snow, till I have reached the end of my sheet, so you must wait awhile for that. For an "adieu" please refer to Mr. Micawber.

Wallingford. MAUD.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

"Wall, squire, you must be a tarnel green hand to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plaguey fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this ar gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I was'nt honscriptuously sartin and determined to have her! Drive on with your business, and don't ax foolish questions."

EYES AND HAIR.—Black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous.—Blue-eyed, soulful and truthful, affectionate and confiding. Grey-eyed philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered, passionate, and fickle. Black hair, indicating same disposition as black eyes. Auburn and dark brown hair, same as blue eyes. Light—very light and red—passionate, or cold as ice; no medium—either hot or cold.

From Peterson's Magazine.

"IN LOVE OR NOT IN LOVE?"
THAT IS THE QUESTION.
BY E. W. DEWEES.

"The amount of it is," said handsome Henry Harvey to his friend Tom R———, at the end of a long and confidential conversation, "the amount of it is, I'm in a confounded scrape. I've gone a little too far, perhaps, in my attention; the girl's over head and ears in love with me, and I don't see how I'm to get out of it with honor. I don't like the idea of broken hearts, and all that sort of thing—but what is a fellow to do? I've no more thoughts of marrying than I have of turning preacher.—Come, give us your advice, old fellow!"

Tom eyed his friend with a merry twinkle in his eye. A sagacious and mischievous smile playing round the corner of his mouth.

"Nothing easier in life than to get out of the 'scrape,' as you call it, if you want to."

"How? how?" asked Harvey, eagerly.

"You say she's handsome witty, amiable, and accomplished?"

"Yes."

"Well then," knocking the ashes from his cigar, "she's just the wife I want, and I'll take her off your hands."

"Absurd!" cried Harvey, trying to run into a pleasant smile the frown which suddenly darkened his face. "Impossible, Tom." he continued, amiably, "it would never do. In the first, place, you would not suit each other in the least—there would be no congeniality of disposition, intellect," &c.

"Is she, then, so decidedly my inferior?" asked Tom.

"Inferior?" cried Harvey, firing up with sudden indignation. "I don't know the man she is inferior to. She's a glorious creature, I tell you."

"Well, where's your objection then?"

"Well, I meant, perhaps I'm not very civil to say so, Tom, but bnt the fact is, though you're the best fellow in the world, sometimes a little rough, and she's so censitive and refined, that—that—besides, as I told you, Tom—confound it—so I told you, she's in love with me, there's the rub—there's the rub," and he rubbed his hands together with returning spirit, as if he had hit the idea he had been vainly seeking, at last.

"Thank you, Harvey, for your complimentary hints," said Tom, as he watched the ascending smoke of his cigar; "but on the whole, notwithstanding my extreme diffidence, I believe I don't take quite so low an estimate of my character as you do. And as regards the being so desperately in love, and all that, I know how much that means. Trust me for that. Nothing for curing a girl of a fancy for one lover like the appearance of another. Why, if the odds were equal in other respects, the novelty gives the last comer such an incalculable advantage, that there is no doubt of his success. Besides, in this case, we will have the advantage of playing each other's hands. You have only to hold off a little at first to give me a chance. You play cold while I play warm, and I bet you a box of cigars I win the day 'as easy as kissing,' as the ladies say."

"I think you are entirely mistaken," said Harvey stiffly, in a tone of pique and annoyance.

"Well, shall I try, aye or no?" asked Tom.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, I should be much obliged of course," replied Harvey, whose manner presented the greatest contrast to his air of boastful security at the beginning of the conversation.

That same evening Tom accompanied Harvey to Miss Northwood's house.

He found her all, and more than all, Harvey had described. He was indeed charmed with her grace and beauty.

The conversation, after the first preliminary common places, fell on the works of art and the wondrous galleries of Europe. Tom had been an extensive and intelligent traveller, and was in his element on this subject. He had much of interest to say, and found much pleasure in answering Miss Northwood's discriminating questions.

Harvey, who had never traveled, was of necessity silent, and thrown quite into the shade.

From this subject the transition was easy and natural to music; and here too Tom was at home. In fact, music was his strong point. He was an accomplished musician, with all a musician's enthusiasm for the art. Soon he and Miss Northwood were settled at the piano singing, humming snathes of airs, admiring, comparing tastes, and ecstasizing as enthusiastic lovers of music will.

"Do you know this little air?" asked Tom, "I learned it in Venice and it is I think peculiarly beautiful. It seems to carry with it a perfume of Italian flowers, and the sound of rippling, moonlit water

"Fudge!" muttered Harvey, from the distant sofa, to which he had retired, from behind the book he was pretending to read.

Then followed the air referred to, sung in the most exquisite taste, with the richest of manly voices.

Miss Northwood admired warmly, and expressed what she felt.

"Coquette!" sneered Harvey, in an accent of concentrated rage

But all conscious of these muttered comments, the musicians lingered over their music. One favorite air suggested another, and there were scores to be looked over, and duetts to be sung, and Tom had so many anecdotes to tell of such and such musicians, and such delightful little histories of how such and such pieces of music came to be written, that time flew on swift and noiseless pinions.

Miss Northwood's eyes occasionally went in search of Harvey, but whenever she addressed a remark to him, with a view of drawing him into the conversation, he replied from further advance.

"Well!" cried Tom, as they emerged from the house late in the evening, "pretty well for a beginning, Harvey. So far so good. I consider the affair in most hopeful train. Miss Northwood more than satisfied my expectations, and I flatter myself I made an impression. Hey, Harvey?"

An unintelligible growl from Harvey was the only reply.

"I say, Harvey," continued Tom, in the highest spirits, "I don't see these unmistakable symptoms of being in love. in your fair lady, which I expected. May you not be deceived yourself on this point?"

Another growl, ominous this time, from Harvey.

Tom proceeded.

"You did very well to-night, Harvey.—I commend you. Keep your distance; that's right; no poaching on my grounds, you know."

"Your ground! you rascal!" burst forth Harvey, in a fit of ungovernable rage.—"I've a great mind to knock you down for your insufferable assurance, you—you—you puppy. And there, sir, is my card, if you want the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

Tom raised the card Harvey flung at him, as he left him, bursting with laughter as he did so.

"Tom my good fellow!" cried Harvey, as he burst into Tom's room the next day, with the most beaming of smiles on his face, "Tom I've got something pleasant to say to you. Wish me joy, my fine fellow! It's all settled. We're to be married this day three months. It's all fixed, and I am the luckiest dog! Why don't you congratulate me, old boy?;'

"Because you take my breath away. I can't believe you. Why, you told me yesterday you wanted me to take her off your hands——"

"Nonsense!"

"And that you considered yourself in quite a fix, from which I good humoredly consented to help you."

"Fudge!" cried Harvey, a blush of vexation and shame coming into his face.

"And that Miss Northwood, poor thing was likely to die of a broken heart——"

"Come, come, Tom, no more of that, an thou lovest me!" The fact is Tom, and I may as well own it—a man does not know whether he is in love or not, sometimes, till a little jealousy, or something else, opens his eyes for him. But it's all right now."

"Oh! aye," said Tom, with affected gravity, you may think it's all right, but there is something yet to be settled which may stand in the way of your true love running so very smooth." As he spoke, he gravely drew forth Harvey's card from his pocket.

"I have ordered coffee and pistols for to-morrow morning, and who knows—I may stand a chance for Miss Northwood's hand yet."

Harvey snatched the card and sent it spinning in the air, as he burst into a merry laugh. Tom joined him heartily. Their hands met in a cordial grip, as they exclaimed—the one "You may thank me Harvey, for teaching you your own mind"—and the other, "I understood you, Tom, you're the best friend I ever had. See if I don't prove my gratitude, some of these days, by flirting with the lady you're in love with."

"You're welcome," cried Tom, "by the time I'm in love you'll be like the lion, sans teeth and claws—a married man, and no longer dangerous."

THE YANKEE WOMAN.

When a Yankee woman goes to ride with her children she considers it necessary to keep them from falling out—puts one foot on one child and the other foot on another—holds baby in one hand and carpet bag in the other.

Rises—budget in hand, and change in her mouth, two minutes before the cars come to stop.

Give her a morning call—she will peep through the side-light, at the ring of the door-bell; if you are a pedler she will make her appearance and give you an answer.—If you are a minister she will slip on a pretty dress and very cordially receive you into the parlor.

The Yankee woman bakes, brews and fries, in the forenoon; snatches half an hour after supper, for practicing on the piano; makes calls or attends lectures, in the evening.

Does up the summer sewing in the winter, for the chance of doing the winter sewing in the summer.

Spends a week in the mystery of pastry, salad and creams; and at the last minute, makes curls, draws on gloves, and appears as hostess for a brilliant party. Never mind the colored waiters—they are only hired for show—like the chandaliers—they never performed a bit of hard labor in this party, it was all done by the Yankee lady.

How do European ladies manage?

Don't know. I happen to be a Yankee.

In the midst of the multiplicity of roasting, baking, boiling, scrubbing and polishing, the Yankee woman always manages to send the children to school with clean faces and aprons.

When Tom rushes in, pantaloons torn, she puts him to bed till they are mended.

Makes her own bonnet, and leaves her neighbors to their conjectures whether it came from Upton's or Bigelow's—also whether the cost was five dollars or fifteen.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF IN DESTINY—THE MISSION OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.—Napoleon the Nephew, like Napoleon the Uncle, believes that he has a great mission to fulfil and that his life is in no peril until it is accomplished. But of how little importance to the world is the mission of an Emperor, when compared to that of a philanthropist like Holloway. He indeed without impropriety perhaps, might be supposed to be under the protection of a special providence, for his mission is to revive the sick, to soothe bodily anguish, to save human life; these are the deeds of beneficence and love and mercy. From all quarters we hear of the most astounding cures accomplished by his inestimable Pills and Ointment. To the former of these remedies all diseases of the skin, the muscles, and the glands, seem to yield like morning mists before the sun. The Pills put to the rout indigestion, liver complaint, and disorders of the bowels with equal certainty.—Our "national disease," dyspepsia, is in peril of annihilation, and we have seen enough to feel assured that whenever Holloway's Pills are universally administered for this distressing complaint, it will inevitably be "expelled from society." Every day confirms the opinion we have heretofore expressed, that Holloway's medicines are the only preparations in existence that operate directly upon the sources of disease, and we should be willing, in case of sickness, to throw away the pharmacopœia, forbid the doctor our presence, and trust to them and THEM ALONE.—*Boston Journal.*

THE SABBATH.—There is no land where—all religious obligations aside—the Sabbath is so necessary as in this country.—We should become barbarians without it—Already the lust of money and distinction, acting upon natures lashed by our peculiar institutions into the most vehement emulation, wrinkles almost every brow, and makes anxiety a constant presence and power at which strangers gaze and wonder. Our very pleasures have this dash of impatience about them; and our days and hours hurried on in the whirl of constant excitement, lose their distinctness, and mingle in a misty mass, in which the better reasoning faculty can distinguish little that accords with the natural purposes of life. Were this hurried way of life, this eager hunt of gold or rank uninterrupted, it would soon sweep away before it all that elevates and purifies human nature, or gives the grace and goodness of life.

The Sabbath stays the severer pulse of society, opens the low and dark clouds that gather round the heart, and lets in the light of better thoughts and loftier feelings. To lose this securing dispensation from the curse of the impetuous life-struggle, would be to render our destiny that of the dungeon slave. While therefore, we regard the desecration of the Sabbath as primarily offensive as a violation of a divine law, we condemn it as a wrong done to the heavy laden—as a step taken onwards to barbarism.

We see, with great regret, a constant tendency to the loss of the Sabbath. This is the greatest in those communities where the pulse of society is most rapid and unintermittent, and where the worship of mammon, or of pleasure, is as perpetual as it is absorbing. This hostility to the Sabbath is manifested in the success of the Sunday papers devoted to business and pleasure and the devotion of the day to idle entertainment.

They who invade the day of rest, do a wrong to the race at large, and aid in weakening a divine institution given in mercy, and inseparable from the interest of civilization.—*North American.*

APHORISMS.—The law ruins men, and fashion women.

There is a fitness in all things, excepting cheap clothes.

It's a bad plan not to grumble—the wheel isn't oiled till it creaks.

Prosperity shines on different persons, much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

A miser is but a humane version of the turnspit dog that toiled every day to roast meat for other persons eating.

Hail a cab in bad weather and it may come to your assistance; but hail a friend in adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.

Life is a romance which most young ladies like to begin by reading the third volume first—as it is the one that generally contains the marriage.

OUT AT LAST.—An old man named Gregg, who has been confined in Fauquier county jail since the first of October, 1846, for debt, under the old law, was released on Christmas day, by jailor Cross, there being nothing left in the hands of the law to pay his jail expenses. We learn that this man had property enough to pay the debt against him, but that he preferred spending his weary hours within the gloomy walls of the county prison to paying the debt which he owed. The person who had him confined has been dead some years, but we learn put a provision in his will appropriating a sufficient amount to keep him in limbo as long as he lived. Some how or other this stipulation has given out, and, of course, Gregg becomes free again.—*Warrenton (Va.,) Whig.*

WATER.—How beautiful, how sublime, how terrible is water! Smiling in the rainbows which dance in the sunshine; bubbling over the white pebbles in the mountain rill; gushing at the fountain; rushing in the river; dashing and flashing and roaring in the sea—sweet, healthsome, refreshing—salt, sickening, poisonnus—giving life to myriads of creatures; sustaining commerce and aiding civilization; cooling the fevered brow of care, and the parched lips of disease; fructifying the plant and refreshing the flower.

Kentucky is the most gallant and chivalric of States. There alone in this country or the world is the right of suffrage expressly conceded to woman. By the Revised Stature any woman having a child between the age of six and eighteen years may vote for school trustee. The right was exercised a year ago by several widows in the northern part of the State.

ANALYSIS OF A FOP.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is a son of a tailor's goose.

AGRICULTURAL.

INTELLIGENT FARMING.—No business occupation affords better facilities for making practical application of scientific knowledge and experience than agriculture. No more honorable way of making money by application of that knowledge, and no surer way comes within the range of laudable enterprise. Could the immense losses, sustained every year by misapplied farming labor in any one of our fine agricultural districts, be fully disclosed to those interested, that disclosure would effect a revolution. But we have no available statistics from which to make such disclosures. But give to our farmers' sons the means of acquiring a knowledge of those branches of science intimately connected with the comforts of home and the productiveness of the soil; give to the youthful mind the elements on which to feed its powers and interest its energies in the field of the homestead; give to your youth in the country, a real agricultural literature, then compare the present with the tenth year from this, and the statistics will be in your possession.—*W. R. Chronicle.*

HINTS TO THE MANAGEMENT OF FARM STOCK.—Use similar means to make your cattle, &c., understand you, to those you would employ towards a person, who does not understand your language. Speak pleasantly to them at all times: observing always that you use nearly the same words, in all similar situations. For instance: your cow enters the barn floor, say to her *go out;* these sounds she will retain, if not frightened out of them by a kick or a blow.—When next she enters a forbidden enclosure, say to her *go out;* she will soon understand the meaning of these sounds, and you will soon notice with pleasure how readily she will obey you, if you say to her *go out.* By a similar course Buck and Bright, if not previously ruined by mismanagement, will soon learn to use their utmost strength by your simply saying to them, *you must pull hard here.* We once knew a truckman who used the same language to his horse, that he would use to a boat's crew in the pursuit of a whale; "pull ahead, pull starboard, pull larboard, astern all," &c., &c., and he was as readily obeyed by the horse, as he would have been by a boat's crew.' We once had an opportunity to try this system, upon a heavily loaded team of three horses that were set at the foot of a sand hill.—We were within sight, and witnessed for half an hour or more, the usual whipping and swearing practised by many great teamsters. Although the horses were nearly exhausted, and we had previously been told the leader was a perfect vixen, and dangerous to approach when excited; determined to try *our* system. All know the fix a sandy road will be in, after a team has been set for half an hour, and that it requires a much greater amount of force.—We spent less than five minutes in wiping the foam off, soothing, and forming an acquaintance with them, before we asked them to start. No whip or spur was used, or loud command given. Each horse did his utmost, the deeply imbedded wheels turned on their axels, nor did they stop again while in sight.

Accustom your cattle, poultry, &c., to come to you, by a peculiar whistle, for each particular kind. You will soon see the advantage that this is to you, in a saving of both time and labor. If your cattle are going astray, a whistle brings them back: if astray, whistle, and if within hearing, they will soon find you. Your ducks or geese are upon the lake or river, sound *their* call, and they will immediately answer and return; so with your other fowls. You will soon find this course to save you much vexation, and materially add to the pleasures of life. All, however, cannot be accomplished by simply speaking midly, treating kindly or whistling. Each kind of stock should be constantly under the particular care of one person only; or, if left at any time to another, should be left with one, who fully understands the system practised, and who would not be likely to make any alteration in it.

While your stock are being trained to this course, always when they obey you, give them some reward. An apple or two, or a little of anything they highly relish: together with a few kind words and caresses, that they understand that they have done right. They will soon form a good opinion of you: acquire a tolerable knowledge of your language and become much attached to their homes.—*Farm Journal.*

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The National Agricultural Society met in Washington on the 14th inst., at ten o'clock, there being a larger attendance than on any previous meeting. Twenty-eight State and Territorial agricultural boards and societies were represented. Among the audience were President Pierce, Secretary Guthrie, and many Senators and Representatives.

The President, Hon. M. P. Wilder, read his annual address, containing many practical suggestions and showing the Society to be in a flourishing condition.

Charles Calvert, Esq., of Maryland addressed the society, objecting to the monstrous expenses attending the last exhibition of the society. He characterized the show of animals at that exhibition as miserable, not exceeding those of a State Society exhibition. He objected to swallowing up the members' fees in exhibitions. He advocated the appointment of a permanent secretary, with a good salary.

Mr. Harrison, of Philad., B. B. French, and others followed in reply, and a somewhat animated discussion followed.

Invitations were presented on the part of the State of Maryland and Kentucky to hold the next meeting in these States.

On motion of Colonel Kimmell, of Maryland, George Peabody was made an honorary member of the society.

Various business committees were appointed, after which several interesting debates occupied the morning.