PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858. No. 44.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 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, mill 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.

Stoves, Tinware & Spouting.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a **Tin and Stove Store**, on Washington street, opposite the Barber's Shop, where he is prepared to accommodate those who may need Stoves and Tin-ware on reasonable terms; and being practically acquainted with the business, is competent to make Boilers, Pipe and other Stove Fixings to suit purchasers. *Metal Roofing*, Spouting and Jobbing done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms

The pub's ob't serv't GEO. W. BECK.

☞ Having made arrangements with Mr. Sexton, of Baltimore, for so doing, I am prepared to furnish and put up, in the most substantial manner, the latest and most approved patterns of Fine hour and Latrobe Stoves. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited. (sep 11-6m) G. W. B.

HAND UP THE BRICKS AND MORTAR.

THE undersigned, thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him since his residence in Easton, respectfully informs the public that he still continues to "pile up the bricks" and all work entrusted to him will be faithfully executed at moderate prices. He will place *Grave Stones* in their proper position, and mend them in a durable manner when broken. Graves will be bricked up in any part of the county on reasonable terms. Whenever necessary a good workman will be employed to assist in the speedy execution of any Job he may undertake. For the satisfactory manner in which his work has been done he refers to the following gentlemen by whom he has been employed:

M. M. DAWSON,	E. M. DAWSON,
W. H. THOMPSON,	H. C. MACKEY,
JAMES H. GRACE,	L. DODSON,
P. GROOME,	COL. BARTLETT.

The public's obedient servant,

sep 11-tf JOSEPH NEWNAM.

THE NEW AND SWIFT

STEAMER KENT,

Capt. JOHN H. KIRWAN,

Having been put in Complete Order, will resume her Route to the Choptank River

ON and after SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1858, leaving Baltimore every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and Denton every Monday and Thursday Morning at 7 o'clock, touching at the following landings and none other:

Clara's Point,	Lloyd's Landing,
Hewell's Point,	Dover Bridge,
Cambridge,	West Providence,
Hughlett's Wharf,	Potter's Landing,
Cabin Creek Wharf,	Denton.
Medford's Wharf,	

☞ Connection is made with Stage Line at Cambridge and Denton to all parts of the Peninsula. Fare $2—Meals extra.

C. K. CANNON.

☞ Freight will be received at the Wharf and Office, No. 141 Light Street, foot of Barre St. by JAMES HOLLINGSHEAD,

feb 27 tf Shipping Clerk.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

OF THE EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S BOATS,

HUGH JENKINS, Capt. J. Tilghman.

CHAMPION, Capt. J. R. Griffith

ON and after Thursday, April 15th, the boats will run as follows:

The *Hugh Jenkins* will leave her wharf on Light street, Baltimore, every Thursday and Tuesday mornings, at 7 o'clock for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return by the same route on the following day.

The *Hugh Jenkins* will leave every Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, and return by the same route on Monday.

The *Champion* will leave her wharf every morning (excepting Wednesday and Sunday,) at 7 o'clock, for Chester River, touching at Kent Island, Queenstown, Corsica, Spencer's, Harrison's Landing and Centreville, returning the same day.

The *Champion* will leave every Wednesday morning, at the same hour, for St. Michael's and Miles' River Ferry, and return same day.

All freights by this line must be prepaid.

No freight received before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Passage to Annapolis,	$0 75
" Chester River & West River,	1 00
" St. Michaels & M. River Ferry,	1 50
" Cambridge, Oxford & Easton,	2 00

apr 17 G. CHESNUT, Agent.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!!

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of all in want of a GOOD STOVE, either for cooking or heating, to their large assortment, which comprises the best *COOKING STOVES and RANGES, Parlor, Dining Room, Store, Office, Church*, and other Stoves.

Among our Cooking Stoves we name as the very best in the market the GLOBE and LEHIGH for Coal, and the MEDALLION for Wood. We have also the Old Dominion, Cook's Favorite, and other excellent Cooking Stoves.

Our *Bay State Range* is decidedly the best and most handsome flat top cooking range in the market. It is of beautiful design and elegant workmanship—the castings are very heavy and substantial, besides which it has more oven room than any other Range.

We have a beautiful assortment of *Parlor Stoves*, including a new and very handsome Fireplace Stove for heating two or more stories. Also Store, Office, Church and other Stoves, *all of which we warrant to work satisfactorily*

We would particularly call the attention of our *country friends* to a new and beautiful PARLOR FRANKLIN STOVE for wood, which is so arranged that it can be made an air tight stove. It is supplied with a crane (which can only be seen when in use) by which a kettle can be boiled as readily as in a fire place. The castings of this stove are extra heavy.

We are prepared to put up Furnaces and Heaters of the most approved patterns.

A large and excellent assortment of *TINWARE* always on hand

WM. H. STRAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges,
S. E. Corner Lombard and Light St.,
sep 18-4m Baltimore.

FULL'D KERSEYS.—300 yards Gray and Drab Cotton Warp Full'd Kerseys—just received from the justly celebrated mills. We are the Agents and will exchange Kersey for Wool, allowing 20 cents for unwashed and 30 cents for washed Wool

aug 14 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

BOOTS & SHOES—An additional supply of Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, which will be sold low.

aug 14 G. C. MACKEY.

FISH! FISH!!—We have constantly on hand a supply of Herrings and Mackerel which we are selling very cheap.

sep 18 A. DODD & SON.

LUCERNE SEED.—Prime Lucerne Seed, for fall sowing, on hand and for sale by

sep 11 DAWSON & BRO.

Extracts.

We fill the space this week, usually devoted to our poetical contributors, to one or two extracts from the poem of Dr. C. C. COX, entitled "Female Education," delivered before the Frederick Female Seminary, last July. The poem abounds with finer passages than those we have selected, though not better adapted four our purpose, which is to give those of our readers who have not yet had an opportunity to read the whole, an idea of its style and spirit. The latter cannot be too highly commended by those who take an enlightened view of the subject while the poetical glow of imagination, the musical flow of the rhythm, the arrangement of topics, and the light and airy grace of its execution justify the taste of the Trustees in publishing the poem:

"The pert young Miss just entering on her teens,
The admiration of the lesser weans,
Armed with two towels and a silver spoon,
A whiskered Frenchman teaches her to say
"Je ne sais pas," and "Parlez vous Francais;"
A moustached German trains the finger ends
For torturing keys to edify her friends;
A dancing master of the latest mode
Instructs in all the Terpsichorean code;
While Madame Paris makes the whole complete
By teaching how to walk upon the street;
Entrees to make with dignity and grace,
Ballooned in crinoline and flounced with lace!
It is indeed the little learned from France—
A bar of music—an exciting dance—
A wretched smattering of the books at school—
A nod, or smile, to be performed by rule—
Make up the important sum of human life,
And fit the girl for mother, maid or wife?
These cause the victim relt of brain and heart
To play the artist's, not the woman's part;
And are intended only to supply
The little interval that passes by
Between the happy time when school is done,
To that when housekeeping has just begun.
And where are the accomplishments to last
When this poor interval of time has past?
Where the remains of all the lessons conn'd
To fill the dreary vacancy beyond?
If education has the slightest worth
It is to temper down the cares of earth;
To teach the sick room's wasting pangs to bear;
Life's lonely hours to separate from care;
To spend in useful plans the lengthened years,
And start at Death with no unworthy fears;
Oh! who for such great objects would exchange
The joys of Fashion in their utmost range?
These are the fitful summer lights that blaze,
Those the pure stars that beam in after days.
What shall the ills of chequered life disarm
When early baubles lose the power to charm?
What is your mission? Not to waste away
In gross frivolities each passing day—
It is to guide, to soothe, to cheer, to bless,
To make man's home a scened happiness;
To feel a sympathy for other's woes;
Dispense the bounty that from goodness flows;
Look up the poor; watch by the fevered bed;
Soothe life's last hours; sustain the drooping head.
In former years how many a dungeon sigh
Vanished before the step of Mrs. FERY!
How many a soldier, 'mid the battle's hail,
Has blessed in dying, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!

* * * * * * *

Go forth—behold the undying truth and grace
Written in fadeless lines on nature's face—
From his high altars drink, and you will feel
A gentler influence o'er the bosom steal,
Soothing its sorrows, shedding holy rest
O'er all the angry passions of the breast;
Friends may desert and promise may fail,
But nature tells the same unchanging tale.
In spring she robes for thee the earth in light;
Sounds bless the ear, and pictures charm the sight;
Fair summer fills for thee the lengthened hours
With shade and sunshine and melody flowers;
Autumn in mellow fruits and ripened grain
Brings back for thee its ample stores again;
While winter with its frosts winds up the scene,
Dressing the landscape in its glittering sheen,
Spreading o'er tender plants a robe of snow,
Sheltering the crops that 'neath its mantle grow.
The flower, the passing cloud, the breeze, the tree,
Utter through nature's realm a voice for thee—
Whisper of hope the drooping soul to cheer;
And drop sweet tones to dry the mourner's tear.
As 'mid its Sabbath scenes thy footsteps wind
Ennobling thoughts and pure expand the mind;
The gentler virtues cluster o'er the ground;
Dreams of past scenes are floating round;
The loved and lost are whispering in the breeze.
Eyes gaze upon you from the stars and trees;
The world you live in may seem true and fair,
But no such voices ever linger there—
Voices that woo thee when thy steps have strayed
From virtue's path—whenever sorrows shade
The early prospects, sooth the troubled breast
The stormy waves of passion lull to rest."

MADERIA WINE—WHERE IT COMES FROM.—A travelling correspondent of the New Hampshire Patriot, writing of Maderia, says:

"Mr. March, United States Consul at Maderia, is a native of the fine agricultural town of Greenfand, New Hampshire, whose ample and cheerful hospitality amazed others as well as myself. It was absolutely princely, at the same time it was without ostentation and boast. Not only did he keep a free table, spread with all the delicacies of the island, his house out of town, but he kept an open house in the town, where ample rooms and chambers were at the disposal of our party, with attendants to do the waiting, and the servants, to provide our breakfasts. Indeed, we 'were lords of all we surveyed,' whether house, beds, servants, fruits, books or food. Mr. March has been for many years largely engaged in the wine trade, in which he has made a princely fortune. I wish that all the 'wine bibbers, publicans and sinners,' would remember the statement Mr. March communicated to me, that not five pipes of wine are made a year in all the Island of Maderia. And yet it is abundant in the United States, and as delicious as abundant. The American crop never fails, though blight and mildew have killed all the vines in Maderia. Strychnine does not fail either if the vine does."

A GOOD WITNESS.—'Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with a malice pretense?'

No sir; he knocked him down with a flat iron.'

'You misunderstood me, my friend; I want to know whether he attacked him with an evil intent.

'Oh, no, sir: it was outside of the tent.'

'No, no I wish you to tell me whether the attack was at all a preconcerted affair.'

'No, sir; it was not a free concert affair, it was a circus.'

ORIGINAL MATTER.

For the Easton Gazette.

Mr. Editor:—In compliance with my promise, I can now inform you with more certainty what will be the probable return of a kind Providence to the industrious husbandman who faithfully performs his duty.

The wheat which it is preferred should remain in the straw for seed, has been recently threshed which enables the proprietor to ascertain that his crop has produced this difficult season over an average of 12 bushels on medium quality land for one seed of pretty fair quality, and is now being shattered on mother earth for the next year's crop and covered with four cultivators, and so neatly done it may readily be taken for drill cultivation—on a very nicely prepared fallow-field, extending to Wye River.

The present system of cultivation is four fields, one in corn, the stalk fields of last year now being put in wheat, and one in clover, sowed in the spring on the fallow wheat, the fourth in pasture, with several small divisions.

The corn crop is a pretty fair one, when we take into consideration the many difficulties of the past season, here; it was the two extremes, first excessive wet, which greatly retarded the corn-planting and the early cultivation, followed by a sudden excessive degree of summer heat, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 92 degrees from 29th June, for a week, most of the twenty-four hours, drying up suddenly the whole surface moisture of the earth, and continued extremely dry for two months, during June and July, yet it is estimated the corn will give a yield of over two-thirds of a fair average crop, and both the product of wheat and corn may fairly be said to be attributable to the superior preparation and clearly after cultivation.

The long tried practice of what we call single and double listing in breaking land for corn and supposed by many, that the ground should be kept in corn lands, well ridged up at four to four and a half feet from the centre of one to the centre of the other ridge, as essential for the benefit of keeping dry our generally flat lands, and the succeeding crop improved by the deposit accumulating in the furrows, however beneficial, is altogether abandoned here and the practise of our best Eastern Shore farmers adopted, as pursued by the Mr. Emory's and others of the adjoining county, and some few in this, many years ago.

With a good team of mules and a flushing plough of sufficient weight to run study and turn a regular furrow of a medium depth, managed by a careful plowman, the operation of breaking the land is commenced usually in August on the side of a cut, the furrow thrown outward and the plowing continued around and around until the whole is broken up to the centre completely covering all kind of vegetation and taking care to square the plow well at each angle, not to leave a particle of ground unbroken, and this is the only plowing usually given to the land for a single crop, with very rare exceptions, the whole after cultivation for the corn crop being performed with a good Roller, Drag Harrow and cultivators. The land is worked level throughout the season, and it is decidedly the preferable mode of cultivation for the corn crop, the ground being kept always with a flat, light surface, the roots penetrate and collect nourishment in all directions never being turned up as with the plow, to take a spell, as if cooking the plant were the way to promote its growth. This season the advantages have been peculiarly striking, the corn retaining the vigorous green look throughout the extreme heat with very little piping, while that which was plowed by some of the neighbors was litterally roasted alive. I should like to be informed that any other mode of farming in the county has succeded better than that I have attempted to describe; it is by comparison, we can best procure practical results and gain information for the benefit of the whole community.

I promised you also an account of what is doing in the immediate neighborhood, but my confinement prevents me from reporting anything more than what I could collect in general conversation, beyond the limits of home. On the south side of the creek East of us, Mr. Stillwagon, the purchaser of Mrs. Mary Emory's farm, (if we may judge from the snow white mounds of Lime on the shore and being spread on the fields,) does not intend his wagons shall remain still, and we hear he will plant a division, which he has limed already, in *Peach trees* this fall, as the begining of a fruitery for the supply of foreign city markets. His quiet, peaceable neighbor over the water to the north is in the advance in the Peach trade, and beside the product of his own orchard, has been giving a fair price for fruit in its season, delivered to him. During the month of August he had employed fifty hands or upwards, preserving and canning Peaches for the New York market, and 200 dozen at a time might be seen thrown into the creek, *cooling* after being sealed, before packing in barrels for transportation and no doubt is a profitable business or he would not expend tons of sugar and convert his Pickle Oyster Warehouse into a preserving establishment, it it did not pay as well or better. His lands are greatly improved within my remembrance, fifty years ago, and are now producing very fair crops of grain, and the Preserves are brought in as an auxiliary and no doubt make a clever addition to his income; in fact he is known to the community as a very good citizen and a thriving man in every way. Now I should suppose from my intimate knowledge of almost every section of the county, there are hundreds of farmers, possessing like advantages in a greater or less degree, and could do likewise, had they the same energy of character.

The adjoining farm Westward, on the same side of the water, brings my discription to what used to be called the old Dunn property, where there were in days long passed by, famous for covers, which after a long chase, many an old *Renard* has reached and bewildered my faithful dog "Ringwood." This property is now owned and occupied by a very clever young man.—When a point of woods intervening, which intercepts the view, is divested of its foliage, I see his residence from the East window of my room; here too lime is being used, and with the aid of clover, will no doubt resuscitate the worn out land under easy cultivation and judicious tillage. I have not been able to visit our young friend, he has waved ceremony however, with an old man and visited me, and we frequently see him as it is a very short sail over the deep water, *particularly* when we have additional attractions sojourning with the family, and from what I hear of his hospitality, there is nothing wanting about his house, save a kind and affectionate help mate, and if he will excuse me for saying so, after forty long years Bachelor's experience, it would tend greatly to promote his wordly happiness.

I will notice the prosperity of our more resident to the North—our old friend W. R——, whose industry and home-staying habits has added greatly to his worldly prosperity and has become possessed of a large share of the "Old Hyndman" estate, cultivating extended fields as formerly cultivated into the more improving plan of small improved farms by liming and adding farm to farm and house to house to be occupied in the future, by his offspring. He now completely surrounds Wyeland, which I have not visited for years, and is too generally known to require notice by me.

One more and I am done. We are separated by a narrow skirt of evergreen woods to the South-west, the beautiful well known residence of Mr. Daniel Lloyd, "Wye Heights," which, though it embraces land enough for four or even six small farms, the whole is neatly and beautifully cultivated by an ample farmer and may justly be called one of the model farms of our favored county.

I hear that the Peabody Prolific Corn, which I have endeavored to bring to the notice of our farmers, is becoming quite fashionable in town, and is displayed along street to attract the farmer like the merchants' pretty goods to the notice of the Ladies.

Not to be outdone by others I send you by my friend Mr. E. Tilghman, the product of another grain as nature formed it, only divested of the fodder, and request you will also place it in a conspicuous place;—it has two off-etts to the main stalk, being planted too early as the season turned out, you will find the best ears attached to the first offset, the extreme heat seemed to have destroyed the graining of the main stalk after the wonderful effort of forming a crown of seven shoots, two good ears and a silk on the first offset and four silks on the second, making actually fourteen shoots from one grain. Who can beat it. Yours,

HORTON, Oct. 15. WM. H. TILGHMAN.

P. S.—This plant was grown alone in the Garden, near my window, and was worked but seldom with a small hoe and rake, only.

Reply to "Faust's" DYING DEFENSE.

Mr. Editor:—I have just finished reading the last communication of our" *old* "friend" *Faust*, "and I assure you I do not know which to admire most," the consistency of the article with *truth*, or the *last, lingering, dying, gasping groans* of a wounded '*Squire*.' It appears *Faust* is in a quondary which to admire, the length of my article, "or the pompous, vain, glorious style in which it was written." Most assuredly, the *pompous, vain, glorious* style in which it was written, since it approximates nearest his own style, and concords more with his own disposition.

I must say, sir, I *exceedingly* admire the *noble* spirit in which *Faust* "*gives up the Ghost*." How agonizing are his cries for mercy. How they pierce my heart, and bring sorrow upon my head and tears into my eyes. Poor fellow; he deserves to be pitied. Although, I was pretty certain that by with-holding all compliments from *Faust* and bestowing them upon *Ego*, his more gifted "*Knight*," I should wound him in his most tender and susceptible part, yet I had no idea it would be so *awful*, or I should have relented. But now, alas! it is too late. Vain are regrets. "He is mute." His glorious and exalted opinion of self, *his most cherished and petted Idol*, I have destroyed, and with it *he* has passed away. I have unintentionally broken the goblet of his hopes and dearest aspirations. His anticipated fame as an *Addison* has fled like dew before the morning sun, and he is consigned without hope to the tomb of forgetfulness.

When he perused the article in the *Monitor*, to which he *first* replied, thinks he to himself, "now is the time to retrieve my dying reputation. Thrice *ingloriously* have I been defeated upon my own battle-ground, and forced to hide my blushing countenance in the presence of my lady-love.—The "*Muse*" has turned an unconscious ear to my *suit*, and another Knight has snatched the laurel from my brow. *Bitter, relentless fate!* But now is the time. I will attack this young and unsuspecting writer so calmly and pleasantly resting upon his oars, floating down the stream of imagination. I will dodge my enemies, and like a *coward* pounce down upon *him*, and making shipwreck of his hopes and fortunes, build up my own." *False Hope! Deluded Fanatic! An "Ignis Fatuus."*

I received his *cowardly* assault upon my good shield of conscious rectitude and truth, and his shaft has fallen, splintered, by his side. And in his desolation and despair, desponding of ever rising to any future greatness or of retrieving his losses he has sank into premature decay, and sought an ignominious death. It gives me pain to see a young man thus stripped of all his glory, shorn of all his strength, in the pride and beauty of youth falling a victim to vain hopes and aspirations.

In regard to "pomp and vanity," I will remind *Faust* that he has forgotten the old adage, "those that live in glass houses should not throw stones," and if in my piece any *pomp and vanity* can be perceived, I charge it to the indebtedness of *Faust*. I have imbibed it from his association, "Evil communication corrupts good morals."

I generally suit my remarks to the character of the person for whose benefit they were intended, and if I indulge in "petty pleasantries and personalities" you may rest satisfied he is a *petty* individual of a *petty* mind. I desire always to be comprehended by my opponents, and hence I suit myself to their calibre. But he condescends to say that he will not *dignify* them by his notice. *Ha!—Ha—Ha! Good!*—I expect I ought to weep, and dress in sackcloth and ashes, to think that I have lost so opportune a moment of being *noticed* by such a *distinguished* gentleman. I do not, however, feel much like weeping, but rather *rejoicing* because I consider the *greater dignity* was manifested in his refusal to notice them. *His* dignity would *undignify*, and confer disgrace instead of honor.

Permit me now, sir, to point out to you the *glaring*, (and seemingly intentional,) misrepresentations to be observed in his article, because he could not easily mistake his own propositions.

First—He charges me with having accused him of "*willfully misrepresenting*" the Christian Association. (*False No. 1.*)

Secondly—He says "I told him that the "*Spread Eagle of Oratory*" engrossed too much of his (my) attention." (*False No. 2.*)

Thirdly—He says I "pounced down upon him as a devoted *Lamb for the slaughter*." (*False No. 3.*)

Fourthly—He repeats "I said that the '*Spread Eagle of Oratory*' (i. e. vapid declamation) engrossed too much of his (my) attention." (*False No. 4.*)

Fifthly and lastly—He says that I replied to him 'by an array of half a *dozen* columns.' (*False No. 5.*)

Now, sir, not one of the above statements can be found in any of my articles, or in any of his own, except the last.—They were hatched in the brain of *Faust*. Of the first one, it will be seen by a re-perusal of my article, I acquitted him. The second he never uttered, nor can it be found. He individualized no person, but spoke generally of the members of the Association. The third, I deny of ever having had *even* such an intention, for although he is sufficiently *woolly* to be taken for a "*black sheep*" yet his head is too large.—The fourth agrees with the second, and shares the same fate. And the fifth—*gracious*—it is too *abominable* to be reuttered. I was about to say that it was sufficient to choke a man not used to such things, but it came out, I have no doubt, quite naturally. A person, who has no more regard for truth, than to make such an assertion in the face of facts, and of the community coguizant of those facts, is in a most deplorable state and should be taken in hand.

But he is very much wounded at the idea that I considered him the "*Rubbish*," and he thinks that I acted very "*refined and gentlemanly*" in stating it. I agree with him. It is surely both *refined and gentlemanly* to speak the *truth*, but very *unrefined and ungentlemanly* to *misrepresent*.—His piece did but serve to confuse and dis arrange the mind of the reader and give occasion for the inquiry, is the fellow crazed? What is he after? But he *honors* me by saying that he "will not imitate my courtesy." Really I am *very* glad and much indebted to him for his kindness, because if *he had* I should have been compelled to disown it.

But *Faust* has made a useful and promising discovery in Orthography. He has made an inroad upon Webster and invented a new word, viz: "*The Spread Eagle of Oratory*" defines "vapid declamation and insane gesticulation."

The expression is in itself sufficient to betoken its origin as it savours peculiarly of its author, a man of more words than ideas, and hence as "familiarity breeds contempt," he sought refuge in his own unfathomable genius to supply the deficiency of Webster. If "vapid declamation and insane gesticulation" is defined by the "*Spread Eagle of Oratory*" *Faust perfectly* and very *naturally* takes the character, and feeling interested in his welfare, I shall recommend *what remains of him* to the first Insane Asylum that desires a Professor of *Rhetoric* But he prefers '*proof to assertion*," and what does he prove? Why, that he is a mere passing vapour obstructing our pathway for a moment and then vanishes. I am sincerely thankful to him for his advice, that I should "*turn stump Orator*," and would possibly follow it did I not fear that he might follow my example. For while he has too much of the *Stump* he has too little of the *Orator*, and although he has been sufficiently *stumped* to know all about it, yet he lacks the power to *stump* others. He informs me that I have been "*barking* up the wrong tree;" well, *Apes* will climb trees, and if the gentleman takes to that manner of living I will not be answerable for the consequences.

Faust has, however, enjoyed a temporary resurrection. In all the pride and strength of his mighty genius he has come forth from oblivion and darkness, and with the power of a giant he has shaken me from him. A faint ray of returning reason penetrated his dark abode and lighted him out of the sedge-field into the broad light of day, when behold!—What a sight! *Monster!* 1—2—3—4 "*Spread Eagles*" about to bury their talons in his defenceless body, and he is compelled to flee again, and taking refuge in a canoe sails out upon the ocean of unconsciousness, becomes befogged, a storm of lunacy hurls its fearful vengeance upon him, wrecking his (heretofore) *majestic intellect*, and he sinks to rise no more. "He is mute." He has found a *watery* grave. The "*Spread Eagles*" flap their wings over him as he disappears, and with a shriek of triumph they leave him to his mournful fate. "*How are the Mighty Fallen*" becomes very appropriate. Pause awhile, while we shed a tear over his untimely death. Thirty days the community are ordered to wear crepe upon their arm, and shed tears. One of the "*Patriarchs*" has fallen. Let all the "earth keep silence" while we open his last will and testament. *Hist—List* ye! while we read. "I give and bequeath to the inhabitants of the town of Easton my only legacy" (how noble,) "my glorious and *immortal* reputation, and implore them not to forget the wholesome truths I taught whilst I was yet among them." Peace to his ashes. Poor fellow. Let his memory be precious. He has performed many noble deeds, not the least of which was to "*skin*."

QUIS HOC SCRIPSIT.

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

ANOTHER ABDUCTION CASE.

A married man runs off with a young boarding School Miss—Pursuit by the father—Discovered at a hotel—The deceiver arrested and put in limbo—The influence of the comet.

What in the deuce is the matter with the men? Scarcely had we finished the account of one abduction case, before another developed itself. What is the cause of all this? Is it the comet, with its firey tail, that has imparted to mankind some of its ardent and impetuous character, to blaze away and cut up shindies that make them open their eyes in wonder? That *must* be the reason. For want of a better, and because it is a consolation to always blame *something* for our vices, we shall set it down as a fixed fact, that the cause of these "accidents" of "loving not wisely, but too well," is owing to the appearance of the celestial stranger in the heavens.

The particulars of this case are as follows:—Some time since, an individual, rejoicing in the respectable cognomen of 'Doctor Wright," representing himself as a Southern planter, appeared in Philadelphia, with his wife, a highly accomplished and attractive lady, and engaged boarding at one of our first-class hotels. For a while every thing went on 'as merry as a marriage bell,' till the landlord began to remind his guests that it was time they had paid their board bill. The indignant manner in which the delicate little hint was received by the 'Doctor,' convinced the landlord that the so-called Southern nabob was not exactly 'all *right*,' at least so far as the board is concerned. Landlord set about in earnest to get his money—when presto!—to his amazement, he was arrested and held to bail, charged, by the 'Doctor,' with criminal intimacy with his wife! The particulars of this affair were given a few weeks ago in our city papers, under the caption of 'A New Way to Pay a Hotel Bill.' Suffice it to say, the whole charge was a sham, intended not only to get the landlord to let him clear of the board-bill, but to 'bleed' a little besides. The lady, it is but just to say, was not a party in the transaction, for, as soon as she discovered the turn matters were taking she went home in disgust to her parents in New York.

The 'doctor,' finding he could make nothing out of the affair, 'vamosed,' and finally, like Mr. Micawber, 'turned up' in Wilmington, Del., where he made the acquaintance of a highly respectable and wealthy gentleman, who had a daughter some seventeen years of age. Being of prepossessing appearance and manners, the 'Doctor' fully established himself in the confidence of the gentleman and his daughter. The young lady was attending a female seminary in that city. The 'Doctor,' pretending to be unmarried, paid attentions to her in true lover's style. About four weeks ago he persuaded her to leave her home, get married, and come to the city to live. Accordingly they became wedded (at least she thinks so) and arrived in Philadelphia, at which place they put up at a boarding house. She then returned home to her parents, and in a day or so after together with a female attendant, of the same age, she left the parental domicil, and arrived in Philadelphia again. They took boarding at the Union Hotel, Arch street, and registered their names as 'Doctor Jones, lady and servant. Her father becoming alarmed at her absence, came to this city and lodged information with Recorder Eneu, leaving a description of the parties. Officer Taggart was entrusted with the matter, and on Thursday week, while standing near fifth and Chesnut streets, he saw two young girls sauntering along, who answered the description of the abducted girl and her servant. He accosted her, and asked if she was not 'Miss ——, of Wilmington.

She replied with childish simplicity 'yes,' and told where she was stopping. The officer accompanied her to the hotel, and in a short time who should make his appearance but the inevitable 'Doctor Jones,' *alias* 'Doctor Frank Wright,' the hero of the hotel transaction above alluded to. He was at once arrested and taken before Recorder Eneu, who, after hearing the case, committed him to the County Prison, where he now remains, being unable to find bail in the sum of $1,500. The young girl was present at the hearing, and her conduct showed that her innocent and simple mind had been corrupted by reading 'yellow colored novels' too frequently familiar with boarding school misses. She did not seem to have a conception of the disgrace and shame she had brought upon herself, but appeared to look upon her betrayer as some knight-errant to whom she should cling for safety and protection. What a spectacle. Her father took her home in the first train and appeared determined to prosecute the rascally abducter and seducer of his simple' minded child.

A woman in Ohio put her baby into a wash-tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried, when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

When does a man rob his wife? When he books her dress.