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 subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858. No. 49.

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.

MERCANTILE.

CARPET WARE ROOM!

Thompson & Kersey's CARPET WARE ROOM is now stored with the choicest stock of *Carpets, Oil Cloths, Druggets, Mats, Rugs, &c., &c.,* that has ever been offered to this community, and which they are prepared to sell at even less than city prices.

Then why should any one go or send to the city for an article which they can buy as good and as cheap at home? [oct 2

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a full supply of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a large lot of family GROCERIES, *QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE, Woodware, Brooms and Rope Traces.*

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call. As I sell for cash only, I think I can sell them bargains.

oct 9 W. PHILIP MACKEY.

1858. NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS. CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the city with a handsome and well selected stock, viz: Ladies' Dress Goods, of all the different styles and varieties; Gentlemens' Wear, of various styles and latest patterns; Children's wear, of different styles and latest fashions, together with a supply of *Domestic Goods,* HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c. which they invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine. [oct 16

TO THE LADIES.

IN addition to our usual assortment of EXTRACTS for the handkerchief we have just received a supply of *FRANGHPANNI* and *JOCKEY CLUB* the two most *fashionable* and *popular* odors. Also German and American *Cologne, Pomades, Hair Oil, Soaps, &c.,* in great variety. *Head Brushes* of superior quality and modern styles. *Dressing Combs* of Shell, Buffalo, Gum and Horn. *Fine Tooth Combs* of Ivory, Buffalo and horn of *extra* quality, and various other articles necessary to a well regulated Toilet, and all at prices to suit the times.—Call and examine them at

oct 16 DAWSON & BRO'S.

LATEST ARRIVAL! NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

J. RASIN has just returned from the cities, and is now opening at the old stand, opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever before offered by him; such as Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Misses, Heavy Goods for Servants' wear; Also a large stock of Family Groceries, Liquors of all kinds; HARDWARE, CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE, TIN and WOODWARE, &c.

Having paid particular attention to the selection of these Goods, with a view to sell them at prices suited to the times. I will be pleased to dispose of them on my usual accommodating terms.

Dry Goods generally on first floor. Farming Implements on second floor. Carpet Ware Rooms on third floor. [oct 9

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE subscriber is now opening in the town of St. Michaels, a large stock of Goods selected from the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore and adapted to the present and approaching seasons; having taken great pains in the selection of my Goods, I think that I can offer such inducements to purchasers as would insure advantage in giving me a call.

I have a very handsome selection of *LADIES' DRESS GOODS,* nice quality, at moderate prices. Also a large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, 3-4 and 6-4 Full'd Kersey's, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Flannels, Oznaburg Prints, Fancy Calicoes, twilled & plain Oznaburgs of the very best fabric. Also a very large stock of *HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,* STONEWARE, TINWARE, Buckets, Brooms, Tubs, Horse Collars, Plows, Plow Castings and a great variety of goods too numerous to mention. To which an early call is solicited. JAMES D. MANSFIELD,

oct 9 St. Michaels.

1858. NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, and now opening a full and complete stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, which have been bought on the very best terms, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

FOR THE LADIES—a beautiful stock of Dress Goods of all the new styles; a beautiful assortment of fine Shawls, entirely new; Embroideries of every kind; French Worked Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c

FOR THE GENTLEMEN—a very large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

Also a nice lot of Boys', Misses' and Childrens' goods, notions, &c.

A very large stock of extra nice FULLED KERSEYS for Servants, and every kind of heavy Domestic Goods, Cassinetts, Jeans, Brown and Bleached Muslin, &c.

Also a very large stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE, &c.

To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.

oct 9 JAMES H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

LINES FOR MISS M. E. B.'S ALBUM.

BY HETTIE C. DIXON.

How sweet this pleasing task would be
Did I but know that in thy heart
Was one kind gentle thought of me—
Still cherished there when far apart.
But, oh! we met as strangers meet,
And we may never meet again,
Yet memory's song to me is sweet,
And ever dear her flowing chain.

Then listen lady dear, while I,
Try to fulfill my promise true,
And as the passing moments fly—
I'll give my every thought to you.
And yet, for thee, what can I trace,
For joys' ownself thou seem'st to be,
I read it in thy happy place,—
Oh! what then can I wish for thee!

Dear Mary could my pen impart
The friendship that I now would send
To dwell forever in thy heart—
And ever claim thee as my FRIEND,
Oh! then the task would not be vain—
The happy wish that I would breathe
Would place one link in friendship's chain—
One flowret high for memory wreathe.

I wish for thee, yet stop to dream
What e'er thy future lot may be—
And trace it as a happy beam
Of dazzling sunlight on the sea:—
And pause to hope that coming years
May find thee still as thou art now,
With not a stain of sorrow's tears,
Or cloud of care upon thy brow.

Oh! may thy laughter be as bright,
Thy heart as ever glad and gay:
May disappointment never light,
Upon thy joyous happy way,—
When years have flown away so fast
And thy youthful dreams have perish'd,
Keep this memento of the past—
And the friends that thou hast cherish'd.

Oh! sometimes come with gentle eye,
And o'er these pages kindly bend,
For memory will give a sigh
To each belov'd departed friend.
My name will then reveal to thee,
Tho' posted in this world so wide—
And I may long forgotten be—
That once I tarried by thy side.

Oakland Springs, Tenn.

From the New York Mercury.

THAT CABLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKE WIFE."

I have a headache.

I very rarely have headaches—they are not common nuisances with me—they are few and far between, and when they *do* come, they are exceedingly *un*common.

In short, I have headaches from one cause only, and I am never at a loss to know whence they are derived.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable is successfully laid, and the messages of Queen Victoria and President Buchanan have been transmitted. Everybody knows that, and I, alas, among the rest, know it only too well!

I am writing this, Wednesday morning, August eighteenth, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, with my feet in hot water, my head wrapped in a wet towel, and a bottle of hartshorn on the table beside me.

And all because of That Cable!

Night before last, as I came up from my office, I saw intense excitement depicted upon the visages of several thousand highly respectable individuals, whom I met or overtook on the way. Knots of people were talking on the corners, and on door-steps, in an intemperate manner, and their conversation had only one burden—it was "That Cable"—"That Cable," from Dan to Beersheba—from Maine to California, and from the Battery to Union square.

Then came a crowd of newsboys with very ragged garments and dirty faces.—They cried extras of all the papers, with the Queen's message. The people bought them, and were sold. I purchased one, and found that it was the *Evening Post* of eighteen months ago, with the news of the election of James Buchanan.

I went home to supper, devoutly disbelieving the whole thing, but I heard everywhere that there was a rumor of the arrival of the Queen's message, and I could not rest. I was fidgetty. I smoked my cigar, but could not sit quietly on the back piazza, as is my custom after tea—I had to walk about, and my friends aver that I muttered strange sentences; in which the expression "That Cable" occurred frequently.

After I had smoked, I could not restrain my anticipations, and the emotions consequent thereupon. I think smoking is bad for the nerves.

I got my hat, cane, and gloves, and sallied forth, just to keep my mind occupied, when who should I meet but Bun.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked.

"No."

"There is a rumor that the Queen's Message has arrived."

"Oh, yes; I heard that."

"Suppose we go and have a drink to the success of the enterprise, and then take a walk down to the telegraph station, to see what the fact is?"

We had a drink and went to the station, but found the street blocked up for several rods about the door.

Finding that we could not get any news, by hook or by crook, we concluded to go and have another drink to the success of That Cable, and to keep cool until the news came.

We repaired to the nearest saloon, and had a variety of drinks, all to the health of Mr. Field and Professor Morse, and Queen Victoria, and James Buchanan, until I began to think that England and America were the two greatest powers on earth—especially America. I tried to make a short speech, embodying that sentiment, but Bun only laughed at me, and ordered some more drinks.

Just at this juncture, a newsboy rushed in, and in a wild state of mental excitement announced that the Queen's message was in operation, and the telegraph had arrived.

Everybody in the bar-room purchased extras, and read the messages aloud to his neighbor, producing a slight confusion of tongues, which would have thrown that of Babel far into the shade. Being more and more impressed with the immensity of the enterprise, and the greatness of the two nations, I immediately ordered two bottles of champagne, and insisted on drinking one to America, while Bun drank the other to England.

I don't exactly know how it was, but an individual in a Scotch cap now appeared on the scene, and insisted on our taking a glass of something in honor of the Queen. This we were very ready to do, and as near as I can remember, did do, several times.

After the health of her most gracious majesty had been pretty well done up, the gentleman in the Scotch cap became enthusiastically patriotic, and dashed his glass upon the floor, boldly exclaiming that the goblet from which the Queen's health had been drank should never be profaned by other toasts; whereupon every person present smashed his glass with equal fervor.

Bun then mounted the table and declared his intention of offering a few remarks, and all the rest began talking at once, as if life depended upon it. Although I was the only listener, Bun seemed to think that he had a remarkably attentive audience, and made his oratorical effort something in this style:

"Friends and fellow-citizens of the United States, Great Britain, and the American possessions in England! This is an occasion to which—to which—to which I have long looked forward to! [Hear, hear, hear! from the gentleman in the Scotch cap.] Friends and countryman! this is the the proudest monument of my life! Long may it wave! The Atlantic Telegraph is, I may say, a sacred and time-honored institution, bought by the blood of our posterity, who sat peacefully under its shade. I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this memento of your respect, and gentlemanly behavior, and, in closing, would only ask you to join me in a social glass. Gentlemen, I will give you a toast. [Hear, hear!] Here is to the health and long life of the Telegraph, and many happy returns of the same! One American can lick three Englishmen!"

A very considerable confusion resulted from this last clause in Bun's speech, and the gentleman in the Scotch cap evinced a very strong desire to give the speaker a physical proof of its want of veracity.

It took sometime to settle the little difficulty, and the whole party was becoming decidedly belligerent, when somebody said that "God save the Queen" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" were about to be rung on Trinity chimes; so we formed a strong party to walk down Broadway and hear the ringing.

As we came out in the open air we distinctly heard the notes of those national anthems pealed forth from the bells, under the dexterous management of Mr. Ayliffe, and we immediately joined in with a vocal accompaniment, every man singing in a different key and forgeting the words.

We promenaded down a short distance, and every bar-room we came to, we went in, to drink once more to That Cable, so that, in a brief time, I became somewhat oblivious. The last thing I remember, that night, was that we had been having some oysters, and I endeavored to show the party a few of Professor Anderson's tricks of legerdemain. I stirred up a quantity of old crackers, oysters, shells, lemonpeel, vinegar, salt, oil, mustard, sugar, and shredded cabbage in my hat, and held it over the gas-jet until the crown was burned through, under the impression that a fine omelet would be the result; but it was unsuccessful, and I put the hat on my head again, without emptying out its rather miscellaneous contents.

After that, all conscience fled.

Yesterday, when I awoke, I found myself in bed, in a dark room I aroused myself, and got up with an idea of discovering my whereabouts, but was so weak that I was forced to grope my way around the chamber by the aid of the furniture.

I found the wall, and began searching for a door or a window creeping slowly about, in a state of entire ignorance as to where I was, how I came there, or what had happened. The last events I could call to mind, dated at least a week back, and I wondered if I wasn't dead and buried.

To save my soul, I couldn't find either door or a window, though I fancied that I made the circuit of the room a dozen times. It was dark as Egypt, and failing in any discovery which could throw light upon my situation. I returned to bed, in a strangely confused condition.

It seemed as if I lay there a month—I could form no idea of time—when a door suddenly opened, letting in a flood of light, and my betrothed, Miss Irene Amanda Buggins, entered.

I saw it at a glance. I had been very ill—dangerously so—of the yellow fever, or some such disease—and she, devoted girl, had been taking care of me! Now, the crisis had passed, I was once more conscious, and convalescence had commenced.

"Well, sir!" said Irene, rather sharply, on seeing me awake.

"My dearest Irene—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"If you have recovered your senses, sir, you had best drink this coffee, apologise, and go. You need not return, until you have command of yourself enough to act more like a reasonable being!"

This speech fell like a thunder-clap upon me. What did it mean? Had I been delirious, and raved of other women? I was nonplussed.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me how long I have been here?" I asked.

"Ever since five o'clock this morning, when your dissipated friend, Mr. Bun, brought you here in a carriage, insensible with drink. He must have been nearly as tipsy as you, to bring you here, but I could not leave you with him, lest you should both be taken to the Tombs!"

I began to realize that I had not been ill, but very drunk. Then I gradually remembered that I had been celebrating the laying of That Cable, and concluded that I had made a fool of myself.

Accordingly, I made the best apologies I could, considering that I was hardly more sober then than the night before, and Miss Irene Amanda retired, leaving me to dress and drink the coffee she had brought me.

After this, I felt a little more collected, and remembered the occurrences of the previous evening, I saw Irene again, for a moment, to repeat my excuses, and to palliate my conduct, before leaving the house for my office, to commence my daily avocation.

As I reached Broadway, who should I meet but Bun, looking decidedly seedy about the eyes.

"Hello!" shouted he, "where have you been all day?"

"All day! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean what I say."

"How 'all day,' it is early yet, isn't it?"

"Yes, early for supper—it is just five in the afternoon!"

Here was a new discovery. I had slept all day at Miss Buggins' house, and here it was night again!

"Come," said Bun, "let us go and dine somewhere, and then stroll down to see the illumination and the fireworks. There is going to be a great time."

I felt as if a little dinner would do me good, so I went with Bun, and we had a nice spread of roast beef, and plenty of pickles.

"Here," said my friend, "this is a grand occasion, and we ought to celebrate it.—Waiter, bring a bottle of champagne!"

In vain I pleaded and refused; Bun insisted upon my drinking with him, and as my dissipation of the last night had not yet worn off enough to leave me a headache, the wine tasted rather refreshing—so much so, indeed, that I ordered another bottle, when the first was finished, and a brandy cocktail to follow.

It will not astonish the reader to learn, then, that when dinner was over, I felt remarkably well, and "all ready for another."

We found Broadway crowded with a human tide, setting toward the Park, and joining it, we were carried down with the current, until at Chambers street, the throng was so dense that we could go no further, so we turned into Delmonico's, to drink once more to That Cable.

The brandy proved so seductive, that we could not let it alone, and as Bun kept meeting a curiously large number of acquaintances, we soon began to find ourselves progressing on the same road that we had traversed the night before.

The crowd was too great to admit of our seeing the fireworks to any advantage, and we again turned our faces up town, with several of the friends we had met at Delmonico's.

Our march up street was signalized by various strange vagaries, and by numerous stoppages for more liquor. When we arrived at Bleecker street, we turned down toward my lodging-place, with a vague notion, that we had better go home quietly, as we had received several notes of warning from policemen on the road.

I invited Bun to take the spare bed in my room, and he agreed; but, as I was smoking a cigar, I desired to sit on the steps (an old trick of mine) until it was finished.

While sitting there, smoking, and endeavoring to explain the theory of the electric cable to Bun, I heard a window thrown up, and a female voice, shouting "thieves! murder! fire!" in lusty tones.

Springing up, I found that Bun had gone to sleep, with his head on the scraper, during my philosophical harangue. I aroused him, however, and telling him that no true American could see a woman in distress, without rushing to the rescue, I ran up the street, toward the house where the female voice issued.

A second story window was occupied by two heads in night-caps, and the owners thereof were giving vent to an incoherent catalogue of expressions, indicative of great alarm. A policeman stood in front of the house, beating the pavement with his mace, and two or three passers-by had stopped, to add their voice to the general din.

"Where are the thieves?" asked I.

"Thieves! murder! burglars!" shouted the women.

"Come down, can't you, and open the door!" answered I.

"No! we're afraid—thieves! murder! fire!"

"How can we catch the thieves, or put out the fire, if you won't let us in?"

"They're in the yard—oh, dear!—thieves! murder!"

"Come on," shouted I, to one of the three police officers, who had been attracted by the row—"let us go to the rescue of these females in distress," and I darted off, around the corner. The corner house had a high board fence in the rear of it, dividing its court-yard from the street, and over this fence I clambered, shinning up one of the posts, and letting myself drop gently down on the other side. The burglars were supposed to be in the fourth yard, but somehow, when I once got to going, I couldn't stop, and had passed about eight fences, before I knew what I was about.

I then started back, and reached the fourth yard, when I saw one of the policemen performing some curious antics, which led me to believe that he, too, had been celebrating the success of That Cable.

First, his feet appeared over the top of the fence, followed by the rest of his body. Then he gradually assumed a sitting posture, and after flourishing his mace in one hand, and his pistol in the other, for a few moments he sprang from the fence, still sitting, and came forcibly to the ground upon some flower-pots, which could hardly have made a very comfortable seat. At the same moment, his pistol went off, accidentally, and he quietly laid down upon the flower-beds, for a sleep.

A shout was instantly raised from the neighboring houses, that I had shot the robber, and he was lying wounded in the yard. I commenced to climb back over the fences again, but a good-natured gentleman suggested that I had best pass out through the house, which I did, while sundry half-draped females gazed at me as a sort of hero—a celebrity which I unfortunately lost as soon as the other policemen came in and discovered their intoxicated comrade instead of the burglar's body.

As I emerged from the doorway of the house, I found Bun clinging *tightly* to a lamp-post, swaying back and forth, and regarding the upper windows with a vacant expression.

"Did yer shoo-oo-oot the beggar?" asked he, with a very thick tongue.

"No; I couldn't find him."

"Well, never mind, you're a plucky ole ferrar; come'n take a dringh."

I thought that I would just go and have one more small glass of brandy, to keep off the ill effects of my police duty, so we went around the corner to Houston street, and perhaps the barkeeper of the "Vine" can tell how many drinks we had—I cannot. I only have a dim recollection of asking Bun to take another, but missing him, and putting on my glasses to look for him, when the barkeeper asked if I was looking for my friend.

"Yes," said I.

"There he is, sir," said the barkeeper.

I turned toward where he pointed, and saw Bun lying under a table with his head in a spittoon, In trying to pick him up, I fell also, and the rest of the night is all.

* * * * *

I have a headache.

Mrs. Ferguson, my landlady, says there are two signs and a barber's pole in the front hall.

How shall I meet Irene Amanda?

I think I shall have to tell her, as I have told you, dear reader, that I am not to blame, for it was all the fault of That Cable.

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTERS ON CHARITY:

Written in Behalf of the Union Dorcas Society of Easton—by a Minister.

LETTER NO. II.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

The etymology of this term has been a subject of debate among able and distinguished linguists. The one party contending that the Greek term should be translated *charity* and the other contending that it should be translated *love.* Recent commentators have adopted the latter translation and think that the word charity in 1 Cor: 13 ch: does not convey the full meaning of the author and therefore better be substituted by the word Love—supreme love to God and universal good will to men.—With this etymological criticism I have nothing now to do.

Charity in its comprehensive sense signifies that disposition of heart which inclines men to love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves. But in a particular sense it signifies "liberality to the poor, consisting in alms-giving or benefactions, or in gratuitous services to relieve them in distress." In this particular sense we shall most generally use it in these letters, because it is now confined to *alms-giving,* and because it is *this* peculiar feature of charity the UNION DORCAS SOCIETY purposes to develop.

Charity is a christian principle implanted in the soul by Divine grace. It is not a principle *born* in man. It is not an inheritance from ancestry but from Christ, our spiritual parent. It is not the production of training nor of naturally good constitutional principles or emotions; such as human *kindness,* natural *pity* and *generosity.* But it is the production of the Holy spirit operating in the soul of man. It is this latter that constitutes it a *christian* virtue, *christian charity.* This is the only charity that is acceptable to God. The only charity which will not lose its reward. It is that which is not confined to sect, or caste or place, but is uniform in its operations and universal in its extent. It is not that which lavishes its munificence without discrimination as to the praiseworthiness of its objects. But that which is careful not to bestow where its distributions would only tend to promote and increase evil.

Christian charity is unlike that "spirit of Phariseeism which prompts to liberal donations only to be seen of men." The former "sounds no trumpet before it in the synagogue and streets that it may have glory of men." It is not attended with demonstrations of vain glorious ostentation or of proud conceit of merit. It performs its merciful operations in secret and permits not "its left hand to know what its right doeth," and thus secures the approbation of Him who "seeth in secret and rewardeth openly."

Christian Charity, says a celebrated Divine is "dissimilar in its bestowments to the *grudging remittances* made to purchase relief from the wearying importunity of persevering applicants. It is distinguished from the *reluctant yielding* of the crumbs which fall from the table of abundance, in order to pacify a clamorous conscience, and procure exemption from its upradings. It is the antagonist of that alms-giving which *is relied on as the ground of justification* before God, thus making salvation by grace superfluous and impossible." Its exercise is prompted by the pulse of *love* such in kind as was displayed by the "man of sorrows" who "went about doing good."—Such as prompted the christian beneficence of a Howard, a Marshanan, a Buchaman, Mrs. Fry, Sarah Martin, Florence Nightingale and such as now prompts the charitable operations of the ladies of the Union Dorcas Society. [Easton, Nov. 23, 1858.

Of six hundred and twenty young ladies who fainted last year, more than half of them fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for so many closed eyes at church during sermon time.

The cradle is a woman's ballot box. Yes, and some of them deposit in it two ballots at once. Now isn't that illegal?

TIME AND ITS CHANGES.

The old Britons denied themselves hare, goose, and fowl. An old Roman law prohibited the use of poultry food. But, then, black-birds were considered a dainty in the middle ages, and so were cranes, herons, and curlews. The nursery-song has it:

"Sing a song of sixpense,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty black-birds
Baken a in pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing—
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?"

This looks absurd to us, who are accustomed to think so lightly of such birds as a table delicacy. But a pie of that kind was, indeed, at the age referred to, a dish fit to "set before the king," and a dish that common people could not indulge in. The appositeness of the nursery rhyme, therefore, is apparent and striking.

This simple fact, illustrative of the change of taste and dinner-table opinion among the same people, almost, in the lapse of centuries, may teach us many a useful lesson on other subjects. Oriental nations, generally, detested pork, and we consume it in great quantities. Poultry, with us, is a common and a favorite dish among those who can afford to purchase the luxury, although, as we see, there were times which even went so far as to interdict it. And could we consult the *carte* of that ancient gourmand, Apicius, no doubt we should discover fifty other articles of food which the epicure once looked upon as worthy of digestion, but which we, probably, would be likely to distrust, if not set down as abominable.—We eat the cow, for instance, but taboo the horse. We relish the pig, and shudder at the thought of devouring the dogs. We are fond of rabbit, but are shocked at the notion of eating a cat. And so of a whole catalogue of living creatures, pronounced worthy of the most exalted cuisine in one part of the globe, while treated in another as unfit for human stomachs. After all, then, we may see exactly how much prejudice, as well as reason, has to do with the viands we eat. And when we feel disposed to ridicule the food of others, we may as well pause to reflect how ridiculous, perhaps, is our own taste in the judgment of those we favor with a laugh.

For the Easton Gazette.

The Indian Rice.

In the existing mania for foreign seeds we must be careful not to overlook the valuable indigenous productions of our own soil.—Especially should regard be had to such plants as contribute to the stock of nutritive material for an increasing population, or, at least, alternate with certain articles of vegetable diet, which, in particular localities, are in some danger of becoming perniciously exclusive. The following essay therefore, extracted from a late number of the "*Country Gentleman,*" published at Albany, will interest not only the intelligent agriculturist, but the general reader. It is from the pen of the distinguished President of the Polytechnic college of Pennsylvania, a gentleman not more widely known for his varied and profound scientific acquirements than the important practical uses to which his knowledge is devoted.

Man is omniverous, and hence must have an extended variety from which to select his proper aliment. The unhealthfulness of any one article of food, used in its seperate form, has been clearly established by the experiments of eminent Physiologists; and their results have been confirmed by whole countries and communtties. The report of a commission of the French Institute (1848) demonstrates that not only do animals fed exclusively on such nutritive articles as sugar, starch, butter, &c., die with all the symptoms of extreme starvation, but that the same fatal consequence will take place when pure Fibrin or Albumen or Gelatine is employed—death occurring, in such cases, in as short a time as from entire abstinence. These experiments are of great practical value, and the reference to the baleful effects growing out of the exclusive cultivation, for food, of any single vegetable, therefore is of the utmost importance. Is not some alternate for Indian corn demanded in portions of the middle states bordering on the seaboard, where the negro and even a part of the white population subsist, from year to year, almost exclusively on corn bread and corn-fed pork? On some of our water-courses, as the Choptank, subject to fresh water inundations to a limited extent, the experiment of the growth of the Indian Rice might be made with little trouble. If successful, it would certainly afford a valuable addition to our list of vegetable esculents.

The essayist has forwarded to the subscriber a specimen of the Rice seed (from Fox River, Wisconsin) which has been left at Dawson & Bro.'s for inspection; and he is authorized to say that should any of our farmers desire to grow it, seed will, with great pleasure, be sent them, by Professor Kennedy, upon application.

CHRIS. C. COX.

Easton, Nov. 2, 1858.

THE INDIAN RICE—ZIZANIA AQUATICA.

BY PROF. ALFRED L. KENNEDY, M. D.

The eminent French agricultural reformer, GASPARIN, was right when he took for the watchword of himself and his followers, *Variete.* Variety of production and its consequences, variety in diet, ought to be the aim of every American farmer. The milk of animals, of all the substances provided by nature, alone contains all the principles, and in due proportion, which are essential to animal development. No one vegetable does. Even the potato, rich as it is in nourishing and in easily digested principles, when too exclusively cultivated, became a curse to Ireland. Not less disastrous to America will be the more stimulating and less easily digested Indian corn, should it become as there is reason to fear it may, almost the sole farinacious food of