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Address at commencement of MSDRR at Easton

THOMAS K. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT
EASTON, Md.

TERMS.

Two DOLLARS, if paid within the year, or Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance $15

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

☞ Single papers five cents.

The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &C.

VOL. 15--NO. 51. EASTON MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1856. WHOLE NO. 75

Terms of Advertising.

THE STAR has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Eastern shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

TERMS.—One square three insertions $1,00, and 25 cents for every additional insertion.—A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

Advertisement sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before deaths and marriages, ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and Obituary notices inserted free of charge.

EASTON STAR for 1857.

WE take pleasure in returning our sincere thanks to the readers and patrons of THE STAR, for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon it, and especially for the large increase to our subscription list with which we have been favored since the enlargement of the paper.—Although the subscription list is larger at present than it has been at any former period in the history of *The Star*, and is steadily increasing, yet it is not so large as we should like to see it, and we are exceedingly anxious to add a few hundred more names to the list, both as a matter of profit, and to extend the usefulness of the paper. Our friends in the different Districts of this county, and in the adjoining counties, will therefore confer a special favor on us, if they will exert themselves a little to aid us to increase our circulation.

THE STAR is the oldest paper on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, has the largest circulation, and is generally read by all parties, and therefore affords business men generally *the best medium* for ADVERTISING to be found in this section of the State.

We shall take special pains to make its contents for the coming year still more original, varied and interesting, and shall endeavor to be up with the times, in furnishing the readers of *The Star* with the *earliest* and most reliable News, both foreign and domestic.

The AGRICULTURAL department of the paper will be enlarged, and our readers regularly posted upon all the improvements and discoveries in Agriculture, Horticulture, and Stock raising, as well as upon the latest improvements in agricultural and gardening implements.

The LITERARY department of the paper will be well stored with the most choice selections from the floating literature of the day, TALES, POETRY, GOSSIP, NOTICES OF BOOKS, REVIEWS, ANECDOTES and GENERAL MISCELLANY.

On Political questions, as heretofore, the views of the Editor will be freely and frankly expressed, and such measures as he believes will advance the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people, will be zealously and fearlessly advocated. Especially will Civil and Religious Liberty, the Institutions and Rights of the Southern States, the compromises of the Constitution, and our Federal Union, be advocated and defended!

In the coming year, more than usual attention will be bestowed upon local matters and local interests, and THE STAR will always be found in the van of the press of the State, in advocating every measure and interest that shall look to the development of the resources and prosperity of the Eastern Shore, and especially of Talbot county.

One of the most interesting features of THE STAR for 1857, will be a series of original papers from the pen of one of the most talented gentlemen and agreeable writers in the State, upon "THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AFRICAN RACE," showing the history, character and habits of the negro, and the present condition and final destiny of the African race in this country. The series will be a valuable and elaborate treatise on the subject, and worth to the intelligent reader much more than the cost of subscription to the paper. All who may desire to possess these valuable papers entire, should subscribe to THE STAR with the commencement of the new year.

In short, THE STAR for 1857 will in all respects be one of the best family papers published in the State, and it shall be our constant endeavor to make it a welcome visitor to every fireside in the county.

TERMS.—For one copy, one year, $2.00 in advance, or $2.50, if not paid within the year.

CLUBS of twenty, cash in advance, $1.50 per copy, and an extra copy to the getter up of the club.

THOMAS K. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Easton, Md. Nov. 25th 1856.

EMPLOYMENT FOR 1000 Persons.

WANTED, immediately, agents in every county in the United States to engage in the sale of

THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD, or the Great West: its History, its Wealth, its unrivalled advantages, and its future. Comprising a complete Guide to Emigrants, with a full description of the Different States Westward. By C. W. Denio, of Chicago, Ill., Author of "Western Scenes," "Life in the West," &c., &c. With statistics and facts from Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Hon. Sam Houston, Col. J. C. Fremont, and other "old settlers." Comprising an outline history of the whole West, from the time the first hunter who ever trod is pathless woods, to the whistle of the last locomotive that has yet sped along its prairies, giving a full description of the Soil, Climate, and farming resources of each State and Territory. Also the Railroads completed, in progress, and progress, and projected, together with the Religious complexion, Educational provisions, and Population, from the statistics of 1850 and 1855. 12 mo., muslin; 400 pages. Retail price $1 25.

Address D. Rulison, No. 32 South Third street, Philadelphia, or, if living West, to H. M. Rulison, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A sample copy will be mailed (post paid) on receipt of price. Also a full list of my publication, with terms of Agents.

P. S.—Editors of any regular newspaper or monthly periodicals thoughout the United States, giving the above advertisement four or more insertions, including this notice, and sending me copies of the papers, &c., containing the same, shall have a copy mailed to their address postage paid. (nov4—tf

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 30

Poetry.

THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the Golden Corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavished horn.

Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time came with flower and leaf
And grasses green and young,
And merry bob'links, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sung,

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber-crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew thin and fair,
And waved in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlight eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board—
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its sunny curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-fend to the fly.

But, let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for His Golden Corn
Send up our thanks to God.

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

The Best "Sell" of the Season.

WE SAY IT.—With all our knowledge of "life," and particularly of New York life; with all our experience in the ways of the world, and especially in those ways which are most perious for a badly ballasted philosopher to attempt to study; with all our habit of observation, and, in chief, that knack of detecting at once every new "dodge" which the restless anglers, in Vanity Fair, are continually casting out like a fresh "fly" upon the broad waters of this vast Babylon of hoops and hope, we confess we have been frequently puzzled, nay, nonplussed of late, by certain appearances put forth by the well dressed outside part of the town—as it spreads itself daily in the sunshine of the promenade, as it swarms and buzzes about the entrances and halls of popular picture galleries, or settles and nestles in the nooks and alcoves of certain sugar-cake saloons. In visiting these places of popular resort, and sometimes in merely passing by them, we have often noticed unusual swarms of most carefully dressed people of both sexes, pouring in and out at certain hours, all looking fresh as paint, all smelling as if they were emissaries of the house of Lubin & Co., to dispense French perfumes, and yet all wearing as great a look of mystery, as if they were called, by trumpet, to be present at the opening of the seventh seal.—How long we should have remained in our quandary, how many *Charlottes Russe* we might have eaten, or hours wasted over the fresh paint, of the very *fresh* artists, of the most bunkum galleries in town, to find the puzzle out, we know not, had not accident betrayed the secret of the whole affair.

This accident exposed to us the fact that these apparently capricious and mysterious mass meetings of musk and lavender, of clashing silk and swallow-tailed "Imperial Saxony," grew out of the matrimonial columns of the daily Press, and were nothing more nor less than curious conventions of Chloes and Leanders, Henry's and Lavinias, who experimented in a blind business, in this rare, novel, and certainly somewhat exciting "open your mouth and shut your eyes" kind of way.

The accident that we allude to having put us on the right track, we were soon in possession of abundant information, and from our budget we select one illustration, in order that our readers may go along wisely, and be as well instructed as ourselves.

A lady, who had no idea of looking for a husband, but with large proclivities for mischief and for fun, put a matrimonial advertisement in the *Herald*, with directions for answers to be sent to a certain signature at the Broadway Post-office. As the advertisement appealed to the practical appreciations, by assuming a neat little fortune, in addition to an agreeable person, the seed of such temptation could not well fall idly upon such a fertile bottom as is offered by the city of New York. On the first day that succeeded the advertisement, the lady received seventeen replies; on the second day, thirty-two and on the third, seventy-two; an extent and ardor of appreciation for her vaguely described personal attractions, which even she was not prepared to expect.

Bewildered by the warm volume of adoration and entreaty which issued from this hymenial magazine, the lady called to her aid five ladies, as mischievous as herself, who, by throwing open the folded doors of a large sized pair of parlors, were enabled to sit in council, in full skirts, on the matter. One pair of hands and one mind were, of course, quite equal to the task of answering all; so the batch of billet-doux was divided equally among the billowy congress, and each was to make an appointment with the writers for the following Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, on the lower side of the up stairs saloon, of a certain popular restaurant in Broadway.—Each of the ladies, moreover, who took the task in charge chose a different colored paper for her replies. Finally, it was agreed that the whole six should be present at the interview, and that each should wear the exact costume prescribed for the inamorata whom the sighing swains would be there to see. On the other hand, the gentlemen were directed to appear in all the varieties of attire and position which female ingenuity and mischief could devise. One was requested to wear a blue coat and bright buttons; another a buff vest; another was to have drab unmentionables; another, Cahill's gaiters; another to sport a lilac glove; another, a blue scarf; one gentleman was to have his hair parted in the middle; another was to lean his cheek pensively upon his hand; another was to fold his arms; another to lean back frequently, with his chair slightly on a tilt; another, to lay his cane over the corner of the table; another to have a hat with fresh white lining; another, a drab wide-awake; and another, a cap. Then, again, one was to be eating a Charlotte Russe; another was to be indulging in a plate of duck; another an ice cream; and, we might as well say it, one swain, who wrote a peculiarly delicate-handed note, was requested to be immersed in the awful mysteries of a plate of "pork and beans"—"a dish which," said the ingenious writer who dictated it, "you can scarcely expect will be called for by any body else."

At 4 o'clock on the prescribed Saturday afternoon, every chair at every table on the lower side of the up-stairs saloon, was filled with slick-looking and high-perfumed Leanders, all gazing into each other's faces, and each secretly cursing the luck which wedged him so closely out of the killing positions and display, which he had been meditating ever since he got his note. And how the dishes smoked and the wondering waiters flew. Even the perplexed landlord, amazed at this miraculous flow of business, was obliged to drop his own mutton chop, and call out the entire force of his establishment to meet the clamorous, if not threatening demands of gentlemen who feared they might not get their telegraphic plate of duck, or mess of pork and beans in time.

In degree, as the shortening minutes kept creeping closer and closer to the hour, the suppressed excitement increased, and every rustle that was heard coming up the staircase, was the signal for the flash of one hundred and twenty-one faces in that direction. At length 4 o'clock struck, and though just at that moment, no lady appeared rising from the stairs, an indescribable sound of anxiety pervaded the entire room, like that made by a congregation rising from prayer, or, what Irving describes, as the indescribable noise caused by the falling of snow. Every hat was in its exact place, every cane and handkerchief was properly displayed, and every gaiter—whether on a hoof or pettitoe—was lavishly turned out for the admiring inspection of the myth of the matrimonial column.

At length the clash of sheen and kick of stiff skirts was heard coming up the stairs one minute after four, and an inamorata appeared, dressed in dark green, with deep fur cape, and abundant drooping lace.—She was wafered on the back of the head with an infinitesimal bonnet, and carried in her hand the magic drift of cambric, whose Shaksperian strawberries intimated that she was *she*. When she appeared, the sensation was universal; the gentleman with the buff vest threw open his coat to the extreme; the gentleman in the "blue" and the bright buttons, buttoned his coat entirely to the chin; the gentleman who was to lean backwards frequently, commenced tilting like a Chinese mandarin; the gentleman with the pork and beans became vociferous for *more* beans; while those who had duck, &c., were equally clamorous in complaining of the undue full filment of their orders. Never was there such a sudden clamor heard in that usually well regulated up-stairs saloon before—and by-the-bye, never did it subside more suddenly, than when a new brush of skirts was heard coming up the stairs. All the Lotharios were once more in position, when lo! another Cordelia, in all respects the reflex of the first appeared, bearing the fellow of strawberries as a challenge in her hand, and sweeping with it like a Juno, to a seat near the location of the first. It is needless to say that the sensation was now extreme. Some of the gentlemen who were to part their hair in the middle, began, however, to look less furiously at other gentlemen who had *their* hair parted in the same way, as much as to say, "Well, there is one for each of us, any how!"—But most of the party seemed more troubled than before. A pause of some minutes succeeded before any new "appearance" took place, during which time the Lotharios were engaged in displaying their points to the best advantage; and some, more ardent than the rest, pulled out the various colored notes they had received, and either pretended to read them or laid them conspicuously on the table. 'There's one of my fellows with the blue note," said Mystery No. 1, over her spoon full of soup, to Mystery No. 2. 'There's one of mine,' said Cordelia the second; 'he's got a *pink* note.' 'What do you think of Augustus there, with the pork and beans before him, who is so pensively leaning his cheek upon his hand?' said Myth the first; but before the answer could be given, Apparitions three and four appeared, and hard upon *their* heels came numbers five and six. There was now perfect consternation on the lower side of the up-stairs saloon, of the fashionable restaurant in Broadway.—The man on the tilt fell backward and was shot under the table; there was a general feeling after hats and gathering up of loose handkerchiefs and canes.

All at once, after one of those short, sudden panics which correspond electric knowledge to the human mind, a general stampede took place, and the whole party, with more or less of dignity—according to their natures and the shapes they had been put in—made for the stairs and descended out of sight. It was several minutes before they could hand in their checks and pay the score; and during this time, the mischievous boy with the strawberry marked handkerchiefs, took full pay for all their trouble, in the hearty laughs which they indulged in at the ludicrous tableau and exodus which they had just beheld on the part of gentlemen who were so sharp after the "snug little fortune," and whose motives were entirely confined to the object of getting "a congenial partner, with whom they could quietly settle down in life."

Dear, unsophisticated, well-intentioned reader, allow us to put our arm around your neck, and whisper in your ear, that those offers of handsome fortunes at the hands of ladies of most amiable natures and agreeable persons—nay, at the hands of gentlemen also—are of daily occurrence in this patent, double-spring, ever-moving, highly-elastic city; and our advice is, that you be not caught among the callow brood who lean their cheeks upon the hand, or part the hair in the middle.

From the Home Journal.

MR. PINCHBECK'S SPECULATIONS.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

It is a balmy morning in early May, and our hero, in a flowered dressing-gown is enjoying a fragrant cigar at the open window of his sitting-room. One handsome foot, thrust in a slipper that looks like a small bower of worsted roses, hangs over the sill of the window, and, the other languidly reposes in another slipper and the lap of a large easy chair. Maggie Popular had worked those slippers, surreptitiously—every stitch by stealth! Poor Peg! what a waste of love and wosted!

"There is a time for all things," said Lorenzo as he ejected from his lips a succession of smoke rings at the ceiling, "there is a time for all things, among which may be named a time for moving. This is the month of May, everybody is getting into better lodgings, and however painful it may be to the feelings of Mrs. Fielding, I owe some duties to myself, which I can only pay by putting myself in an abode more congenial to my tastes than these, rather apartments. It strikes me also that this is the time when families move into the country, (to look at it in a rural point of view,) and therefore I should lose a chance of getting an entire house, furnished for the season, if I neglected the present opportunity. I must look up a place where there are at least three grocers, who are competing for the trade of the neighborhood, and where there is an enterprising butcher, ambitious to serve only high-toned people of fashion. A little inquiry in the upper part of the city," added Lorenzo, slowly drawing his feet down and releasing them from the bowers of worsted roses, "will soon place me on the track of a location; to look at it in a squatter sovereignty point of view."

It was a touching sight to see with what care Lorenzo conducted his toilet, in order to make a favorable impression upon the three imaginary grocers, and prospective butcher; how he rejected everything flashy in his apparel with scrupulous care; how exactly he brushed hair and whisker; how gingerly he stepped into the crowded omnibus as if a crush would be fatal; and how genteelly he walked along the quiet up-town streets, after he had paid for his ride with a five-pence. Again and again he stopped at corner-stores to make some trifling inquiry, and then would branch off in devious courses, now west, now north, now east, but never going over the same ground twice. At last there hove a heaven in sight, for just after he had passed a clean white linen, apron, with an enticing butcher behind it, he came to a cross-street in which were three grocers' establishments of the most respectable kind, and a row of free-stone houses. There was a twink in the eye of Lorenzo, when he came suddenly upon this goodly prospect, that did honor to his sagacity, and with a gentle bow to himself he entered gracefully upon his new domains. But a few moments more and he was within the sheepfold.—"I was looking for some good cigars," said Lorenzo, as he bent gracefully over a cigar-case in the first grocer's shop, "good cigars," in a bland voice, "they are scarce articles in this neighborhood." The shop-boy looked at his master, and the master left his desk and writing, and came down behind the cigar-case. "Yes, sir, they are scarce, as you say; some people you know keep German cigars, and put 'em off for Havana; some don't know the difference, and get took in themselves, now I know that a poor cigar is not only hurtful to the gentleman that *has* to smoke 'em, because he don't know where to get good ones, but it's hurtful to the seller of 'em, because it injures his trade; now I know that when any gentleman comes to buy good cigars in this neighborhood, he generally is bound to complain, unless he's been a long resident here, like Mr. Cook, or Mr. Post, or Captain Hackmatack; all them's customers of mine, and they say just as you say, about cigars in this neighborhood. Now when them gentlemen go away, they always take cigars of me, because they can't get 'em anywhere so good. Now, Captain Hackmatack has took my cigars to China, and he says he can't get such cigars not even there; and Mr. Cook always buys a stock to take out of town with him when he goes to his country-house; and so does Mr. Post, and Mr. Davers, and Mr. Schooler. Try that, sir; my favorite cigar."

"The sentiments of high consideration" Lorenzo expressed by smoking that cigar under the eye of that grocer, would have been a study for Rachel; but he said to himself, "Viewing this grocer in a speculative point of view, he is a star of the first magnitude."

"I see," said the grocer, "you like the cigar."

"Really," replied Lorenzo, with exquisite humility, "I do not know how you are able to discover my thoughts."

"I see it by your eye," said that devoted individual.

"Your penetration of character is surprising to me," replied Lorenzo; "but I should not be surprised, after smoking such a cigar as the one you have given to me; 'great in one thing—great in all,' is an old proverb. I had it in my mind to ask you—some time when I had a few thousands to spare—to furnish me with a stock to last me several years. I think five or six hundred dollars, so laid out, is a good investment; and I don't think there is anybody else in your neighborhood who could be able to get precisely the kind of cigar I require."

"No, sir," replied the star, "you can bet your life on that."

"Well, let me have a bundle now, as I cannot dispose of more for this day; by the way, Cook, you say, is a customer of yours?"

"Yes, sir," replied the grocer, "do you know him?"

"Not intimately," answered Lorenzo, with the air of one not accustomed to know many men intimately. "When does he leave town?"

"Next week," replied the grocer.

"Does he buy altogether of you?" asked Lorenzo with a confidential air.

"Well," replied the grocer, "to tell you the truth, he don't; he buys some of Peck, up the street, and some of Krebs down there."

"I can make that all right for you," said Lorenzo, with patronising grace; "by-the-by, what family has Cook now?"

"Wife and six children."

"Humi I have not seen him for some years. Still in the old business?"

"Yes—paper—Nassau street."

"C. B. Cook, isn't it?"

"I. K." replied the star.

"Oh! yes," said Lorenzo, correcting himself, "what a memory I have; "I. K., certainly—I know—paper merchant—foolscap—and all that; he used to live in a small way some years ago.

"Yes, but he's got to be pretty well off to what he was."

"House handsomely furnished?" said Lorenzo, quietly.

"Best-furnished house in the row," replied the store-keeper.

"I. K. Peck," said Lorenzo, musingly.

"Cook!" replied the grocer, with emphasis. "Peck be—"

But the rest of the sentence was lost in the low but sonorous voice of Lorenzo. "Cook, sure enough; what a memory I have. Good day, sir."

"And good day," said the grocer with a bow.

"To-day," said Lorenzo to himself, with a smile, "is Friday, and by Sunday week I shall be having a good time in old Cook's house. But what a treasure that grocer is. To a gentleman acquainted with human nature that man is worth his weight in gold. I begin to believe there are some men made on purpose for me.—This one is certainly; a man of plush to be roughed up against everybody and smoothed down by me. Heavens! how I'll patronise him!"

HARD OF HEARING.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Johnathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East, who professed to be deficient in hearing; but, for-sooth, was more capricious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, and Johnathan sat by the old man's fireside, discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry "Sal." Johnson resolved to "pop it" to the old man next day. Night passed and on the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn lot feeding his pigs, and Johnathan resolved to ask for Sal.

Scarce had a minute elapsed, after Jonathan made his resolution, ere he bid the old man "good morning." Now Johnathan's heart beat; now he scratched his head and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn—Johnathan declared that he'd as hef take "thirty-pine stripes" as to ask the "old man," but, said he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it; a faint heart never won a fair girl," and addressed the old man thus;

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

"You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Johnathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill."

Johnathan putting his mouth close to the old man's, and speaking in a deafening tone, "I've got five hundred pounds of money."

Old man stepping back as if greatly alarmed, exclaimed in a voice of surprise, "You have got five hundred pounds of honey, Johnathan! Why that is more than all the neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan was not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out, "I've got gold!"

"So have I, Johnathan, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying he sneezed a wash-up.

By this time the old lady came up and observing Johnathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed out like a wounded Yahoo:

'Daddy, I say daddy—you don't understand; he wants to marry your daughter."

"I told him our calf halter was gone."

"Why, daddy, you don't understand—he got gold—he's rich."

"He's got cold and the itch, eh! What's he doing here with the itch, eh!" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Johnathan's head with his cane, but happily for Johnathan he dodged. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here. He did not go far from the old man, who, ran him a tight race, before Jonathan stumped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up" he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal, she died a nun, and never had a husband.

FRUITS ILLUSTRATED.

We are permitted to copy from that excellent *every farmer's hand-book*, the "Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs,"* the following remarks, of fruits, which must be acceptable to every reader:

DWARF PEAR TREES.—A controversy has arisen on the value of dwarf pears, or pears budded on the French quince stock and kept in the form of small trees. Some persons regard them as short-lived and unprofitable, and unworthy of general cultivation, while others prefer them to pears on pear roots.

There are several reasons for this difference of opinion, but the chief one is the too common practice of classing the two kinds of trees and their management together, without discrimination. Dwarfs are *garden* trees needing culture, generous manuring, and judicious pruning; there are but few sorts of the pear that fully succeed on quince stocks; and the indiscriminate working of so many sorts as dwarfs, an entire neglect of their proper cultivation, has resulted in frequent failure and disbelief in their success. Properly selected and managed, pears grown as dwarfs come soon into bearing, the fruit is easily gathered, they require little room, and will continue to flourish for many years. The following varieties have been proved by long trial to succeed well on the quince: Duchess of Angouleme, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Vicar of Winkfield, Beurre Del. Easter Beurre, Glout Morceau, White Doyenne, Deurre d'Amalis, and Buffum. There are several other sorts that promise well so far, among which are Osband's Summer, Tyson, Stevens' Genesee, Rostiezer, Brandywine, Dearborn's Seedling, etc.

CULTURE OF THE RASPBERRY.—The Raspberry has much to recommend its culture. Immediately succeeding the Strawberry, and coming in before the larger fruits it occupies a time when there is little else to be had; and the plants, not being large enough to shade other crops in the kitchen garden, they may be set on the line of any subdivision of the grounds. It is eminently a wholesome fruit, and sometimes proves a valuable medicine from its expectorant qualities, which the writer proved to advantage in his own case, for whom it was recommended by high medical authority, and it was found not at all repulsive to take, even in quite large doses.

PROPAGATION.—Most varieties increase rapidly by suckers—a few, as the American Black and White, root readily from layers, the tips of the recurved propagated rapidly by cutting the roots into small pieces, and starting them with bottom heat. New varieties, raised from seed by crossing, often bear the second year.

Soil.—The soil should be rich, and inclining to moist. A strong, deep loam is the only soil from which a full crop may be expected every season. But the most important requisite is *depth*, attained by deep trenching, which will go far toward affording a remedy for the natural defects of a stiff clay on one hand, and a dry gravelly or sandy soil on the other. *Irrigation* has doubled the size of the berries in a few days, and more than doubled the growth of the stems in a season—showing the great importance of securing moisture for the roots, by a deep mellow soil, and by mulching. The latter has been found of great importance, and greatly increased the crop. The tender sorts will ripen wood more perfectly, and endure cold with less injury if planted on the drier and firmer spots of the ground.

Pruning.—This consists simply in cutting away, early in spring, all the last year's bearing canes, now two years old, and leaving only the one year's shoots, which will bear the coming summer.—Half a dozen of the strongest in each bunch will be enough, and the rest may be cut away at the surface by the use of a sharp trowel. The tops are then cut off three or four feet from the ground.

Tender varieties may be protected by prostrating them and covering thinly with earth. Even when not so tender to be killed, this protection assist their productiveness. A small earth mound should be placed against each stem to bend upon and prevent breaking.

For extensive marketing, plantations of raspberries prove quite profitable on the best soils, producing about five hundred dollars per acre in each year, when accessible to good city markets.

The best varieties of the raspberry are the *Red Antwerp*, a large, dark, red, rich and juicy berry, admirably fitted for marketing; the *Fastolff*, resembling the Red Antwerp, but richer and softer in texture; the *Franconia*, quite similar, but later, of firm flesh, and is rather hardier than either of the others, Knevet's Giant, very large, and of fine quality; Yellow Antwerp, large conical, excellent, but tender, and a moderate bearer; Col. Wilder, resembling the latter, but with smaller berries and much hardier stems; Large Fruited Monthly, large red, bears late and valuable, and Brinckle's Orange, regarded by many as the best of all raspberries, vigorous, hardy, productive, handsome, and excellent.

The blackberry requires nearly the same treatment as the raspberry, but, as it is a more rampant grower, it needs particular care in keeping it clear of suckers, and in shortening in the stems to promote fruitfulness. It should not be allowed to grow more than three or four feet high for bearing.

The best varieties are the High Bush and New Rochell. The former are oblong and often measure an inch and a half long. The latter is becoming a general favorite, being very large, more nearly round, and exceedingly productive.

The New Rochelle Blackberry, of which, according to Charles Downing, "a dozen or so in full bearing will give fruit sufficient for an ordinary family for some six weeks," requires good cultivation and management. The following directions, founded on experience, are copied from the *Horticulturist*, from George Seymour & Co.:

"We prepare the ground by plowing and manuring as for any ordinary crop.—We then take young plants, cut them back to within six inches of the roots, and plant in rows eight feet by four apart. The first season we use the plow and cultivator both ways between the rows, keeping the ground in good tilth. Next, or the second season, we train the plants into the four-feet spaces, leaving the eight-feet spaces for the plow and cultivator to work in. When the plants are five or six feet high, pinch on the leading shoot to induce the growth of vigorous side branches. In training, we prefer the bending mode to the upright. We regard this blackberry as a very valuable addition to the list of small fruits, because it is so simple in its cultivation, bears regular and abundant crops, and when perfectly ripe, is of a highly agreeable flavor."

P. Barry says: "From what we have seen and heard of this fruit, it can not fail to be an object of very profitable culture within any reasonable distance of large cities. It ripens after strawberries and raspberries, and before peaches, and therefore comes most opportunely as to season.—And then its cultivation must be of the easiest possible kind—only give it rich soil, and keep it clean and well cultivated, and an abundance of large fruit is certain. No one need expect such wondrous large fruit, however, as people have witnessed at New Rochelle and Norwalk, in ordinary soil and with ordinary culture. Manure must be applied unsparingly, and the ground must be kept clean and friable as work can make it. *Rich soil and clean culture* are indispensible to the growth of large fruits of any kind."

THE ORIGIN OF A PLAY.—A very good story is told of the manner in which the younger Dumas, famous by his "Dameaux Camelias" and his "Demi-Monde," was lately induced to write another play, he he being of rather an indolent disposition by nature. Shortly after Beaufort's assumption of management, he desired a play from Dumas, and went to his hotel to see him. As soon as Dumas perceived him he knew the object of his visit and said to him:

"Sorry my dear fellow, that I can't talk with you, but I'm going out with Z——, to take a long swim."

"Very well," replied the manager, "I'm very fond of swimming myself, and will accompany you if you let me."

Hardly were they in the water, when Beaufort placed his hands on Dumas's shoulders, and asked:

"Do you like to be ducked?"

"Like it? No, I hate it."

"Well, I'm stronger than you, and I'll duck you three times, if you can't write me a play."

"Nonsense!"

"Not a bit of it. I'm in earnest."

"You're mad."

"Am I? We'll see. Duck No. 1.

"Stop! I agree."

"A long piece?"

"Yes. On my honor."

"You're a good fellow. Au revoir."

"How are you not going to take a long swim?"

"What's the good of it? I only wanted to get a promise from you—I've got it, and I'm going."

And that was the way M. Alexander Dumas came to write the "Prodigal Father.

BOILING A TEA KETTLE.—Which is most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "won't draw," the very day she expects company? Mrs. Jones hired, the other day a Miss Mc Dermott, just from Cork. Miss Mc Dermott, was ordered to "boil the tea kettle."

'The what"

'The tea kettle'

'An' do you mane that?'

'Certainly. If I did not I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it.'

'Yes marm.'

Miss Mc Dermott obeyed orders. In about a half hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation

Where's the tea kettle, Bridget?'

'In the dinner pot, marm.'

'In the what?'

'In the dinner pot. You told me to boil it, an' I've had a scald on it for nearly an hour."

Mrs. Jones could hear no more. She had a rush of blood to her head, and went into a swoon. The last we saw of her she was being carried in an arm-chair up stairs.

☞ At a camp meeting, last summer, not more than 1500 miles from Boston, the trumpet had called the congregation together, but a crowd of idlers and rowdies stood outside the range of seats and would not come in. The presiding elder invited them twice with no effect. Then, after singing a hymn, he turned to the crowd and said:

"As many of you as have'nt got the itch, or small pox, or any other cutaneous disease, we shall be glad to have come forward. All others will remain outside."

No one was left out.

☞ The conductor of a New York railroad train recently discovered an Irishman in a car who said he had no money. The conductor, after lecturing him, ordered him to get off at the the first stopping place.—He did so. But he was afterwards found in the car. "Did I not tell you to get off," said the conductor. "And sure, I did so," answered he. "How is it then you are here again?" "And sure, did you not cry out, before starting 'all aboard?'" The conductor mizzled.

☞ The milk sickness is said to be very fatal near Covington, Ky.