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THE EASTON STAR
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MD.
THOMAS K. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
J. M. GREENHAWLK—Printer.

TERMS—Two Dollars, if paid within the year, or $2.50 at the end of the year. Clubs of 4ten, cash in advance $15.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until 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, &C.

VOL. 16—NO. 40. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCT. 6, 1857. WHOLE NO. 770

Terms of Advertising

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

TERMS—One square, three insertions, $1, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or for 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements 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 marriage and deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion

Marriages and deaths inserted free of charge

Travelling.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS of the EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S BOATS: HUGH JENKINS, Capt. J. Tilghman. CHAMPION, Capt. J. B. Griffith.

The Champion, on and after THURSDAY, June 18th, will leave the Company's wharf, Light st., foot of Conoway, on MONDAY and SATURDAY Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Landing, Harrison's Landing, and Chestertown, returning the same day direct to Baltimore.

The Champion will leave on TUESDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's, Harrison's and Chestertown, returning on the following days, leaving Chestertown at 8 o'clock, touching at all the above landings, and arriving in Baltimore at 2½ o'clock.

The Hugh Jenkins will leave on MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for St. Michaels and Miles' River Ferry, and return on the same day.

The Hugh Jenkins will leave on TUESDAY and FRIDAY Mornings, at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, and return on the following days by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock.

Passage to Annapolis, 75 cents. Chester River and West River, 1.00. St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, 1.50. Cambridge, Oxford and Easton, 2.00. Meals, 50 cents.

All freights by this line must be prepaid.

No freight received before 9 o'clock in the morning. G. CHESNUT,
june 30—tf Agent.

FOR THE
Choptank and Potomac Rivers.

THE steamer KENT, Captain A. B. Fields, will run the above rivers from May 18th 1857, as follows:

Monday, leave Denton for Balt., at 7 a. m.
Monday Evening leave Baltimore for Potomac, 3 p. m.
Wednesday, leave Potomac for Baltimore at 8 p. m.
Wednesday night, leave Baltimore for Denton, at 12 midnight.
Thursday, leave Denton for Baltimore, at 12 noon.
Friday, lay day.
Saturday, leave Baltimore for Denton at 7 a. m.

CHOPTANK LANDINGS.
Cambridge, Thompson's wharf, Hughlett's, Medford's, Easton, (via Dover Bridge) Providence, Kingstown, Gilpin's Point, Potter's Landing, Denton.

POTOMAC LANDINGS.
Kinsale, Va., Ford's Wharf, Piney Point, Leonard Town, Blackstone' Lancaster Wharf, Curimon, Va.

FARE.
To Choptank, $2. To Potomac, $2.50.
☞ MEALS EXTRA. ☜

Freight received at the office, No 144, Light street Wharf, Baltimore, by J. Hollingshead, Shipping Clerk.
may26—tf C. K. CANNON.

RESUMPTION OF TRIPS.
THE SCHOONER BUCEPHELUS,
Capt. CHAMBERS, is now running her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore for the accommodation of Farmers, Merchants and others—leaving Easton every Wednesday and Baltimore every Saturday. Freight as before.—*No Orders attended to unless accompanied by the Cash.*

Orders and letters left in my box, at the Drug Store of Dawson & Bro., Easton, will be attended to. Messrs. Robson & Godwin, Agents; No. 6, Bowley's Wharf, Baltimore.
apr 14—tf N. E. NICOLS.

P. S.—Messrs. Dawson & Bro. will receive the Cash accompanying orders in my absence. N. E. N.

BOATING
BUSINESS.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the farmers and others on Miles River, that he has purchased the schooner WILLIAM GRASON, JR., and is prepared to freight Grain, Lumber, &c., &c., for the Farmers at the usual rates. The WILLIAM GRASON, Jr., will run regularly between Miles River and Baltimore, and all business entrusted to me will be punctually attended to. Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit an increased share of the public patronage. JOHN W. BECKWITH.
apr 14—6m

Notice to Travellers
U. S. MAIL ROUTE from Easton, via Hillsborough, Greensborough, Templeville and Kenton, to Smyrna, to connect with the morning train of cars on the Delaware Rail Road, from Seaford to Wilmington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The stage will leave Easton daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Smyrna in time for the morning train from Seaford, and will leave Smyrna station daily (Sundays excepted) on the arrival of the evening train from Wilmington at 7 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Easton next day, by 10 o'clk A. M. Passengers by this line can leave Easton in the evening and *be in Philadelphia in time for business the next morning.*

Stage agent at Easton, Wm. T. Hardesty.
JNO. R. WOODWORTH,
mar 24, '57 Contractor.

U. S. MAIL LINE.
Attention Travellers
THE traveling public are respectfully informed that the undersigned is running a line of stages daily (Sunday excepted) from Easton, Md., via Denton, to Canterbury, Del., at which latter Point a proper connection is always made with the cars on the Delaware Rail Road.

The stage leaves Easton at 6 o'clock A. M., and Denton at about 9½ A. M. Through tickets from Easton to Philadelphia $3.50; from Denton. $3.

By this route passengers from any point on the line may leave home in the morning and arrive in Philad'a at 8 o'clock, P. M. same day.
apr 18 JESSE SHARPE, Jr.

HAY RAKES—For sale by
ju 16 J. H. Grace.

HOOPS, HOOPS—Brass, Reed and Whalebone—a large assortment just received at
aug 9 J. Rawls.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!! JEWELRY!!!
WATCHES, CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS, &c.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is receiving and has on hand a very choice and large assortment of the above named goods consisting in part of
18 Kt. Gold Cased Watches, English Lever anchor do., Lepine hunting case, and open faced Silver Levers,
Lepine and Anchor Levers open face and hunting case, Gold Guard Fob and vest Chains,
Ladies' Chatlain Chains,
Gold Rings for the finger, Gomeo, mosaic and gold-stone Breastpins and Ear-rings, Gold Sleeve Buttons and Studs, Gold pencils, &c. Pocket Knives, Razors, Pistols, Guns, Portmonnies, Combs, Brusheshes, Perfumery, and many Fancy Articles too tedious to mention, all of which will be sold at a shade above cost, and on the most reasonable terms.
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, &C., repaired in the best manner and at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, and guaranteed. Old Gold and Silver bo't or exchanged for goods. Stand opposite the Frame Tavern. The public's ob't. ser't.
aug 25 C. H. STEWART.

The Gosh System Adopted
AT A DISCOUNT OF 6 PER CENT.
ON ALL WORK DONE BY THE SUBSCRIBER
ED. H. ANDERSON,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER
(Sign of the Big Watch.)
WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry, Accordeons, &c., of every description carefully repaired in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
Artificial Teeth and Plate Work of all kinds repaired in a workmanlike manner. Teeth put up and Plate work made to order when required.
☞ All Watch and Clock work warranted for one year.
The subscriber may always be found at his store room upon Market Space, next to the Odd Fellow's Hall.
EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

CARD.—The subscriber respectfully announces to the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties, that having determined to devote his entire time and abilities alone to the performance of all kinds of work embraced in the above business, thinks that he can offer facilities unsurpassed for having work executed with the utmost despatch in a workmanlike manner, and upon terms the most reasonable. The subscriber, feeling very thankful for the patronage bestowed upon him in former years, respectfully solicits a renewal of the same, and flatters himself that now, with an experience of over NINE years in the business, he will be fully able to meet the most sanguine wishes of his friends and the public generally.
ap21—6m ED. H. ANDERSON.

Latest Arrival of
NEW GOODS
For the Spring and Summer of
1857.
Patchett & Wright
(*UNDER THE ODD FELLOWS HALL.*
MOST respectfully announce to their friends and the public that they have just returned from the city the largest and most varied stock of goods ever offered by them, consisting in part of Fancy Printes, Delege, Fancy Lawns, Challi Cloths, Plaid Ginghams, Chambray Ginghams, Fancy Berage, Plaid and Fig'd Swiss, Plain and Plaid Cambrics, Cloths, Black Fancy Cassimeres, Silk and Satin Vestings, Marseilles do., Fancy Drillings, Crinoline and Marseilles for Ladies Skirts, Reed and Brass Hoops
Also, a large assortment of family
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, WOODWARE, COEDAGE, &c.
The above named goods have been selected with care, and will be sold on the best terms. Thankful for past favors, we ask a continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to.
may5 PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

M. ROWE,
No. 63, Dock Street, Philadelphia,
CONVEYANCER.
AGENT FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF
REAL ESTATE.
FARMS & CITY PROPERTY, BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED;
Also money invested and procured on mortgage.
Those having FARMS or LANDS to SELL, will do well to call, or send description.
july 28—3m

NOTICE
IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been appointed by the County Commissioners, Keeper of the standard of Weights and Measures for Talbot County, and will visit the several Districts in the County, during the months of July and August for the purpose of executing the law in such cases made and provided.
WHITTINGTON COX.
N. B.—Persons in Easton wishing to test their weights and measures can find me at my residence on Washington St., when not from town on business.
july 7—tf W. C.

TO FARMERS.
GAS TAR on hand and for sale at 25 cts. per gallon by
may5 PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

ONE MORE CALL.
MY friends, you must excuse me, but I am compelled to call on you again, for my capital is in your hands, and you must help me to the amount of your account. I have no way to get money to meet my demands, than by collecting. I think you will not fail to enable me to make my Fall purchases. I shall expect your assistance forthwith—believing you will assist me as you have ever done. *Come up to the Captain's Office and settle up, but don't crowd the gang-way.*
aug 18 JOHN SATTERFIELD.

BARGAIN IN LIME.
LCOULTER, Annapelis, has on hand a large quantity of very superior LIME, which he will sell and deliver at 7 cents per bushel, between the 1st October. After the 1st of October he will sell at the Baltimore prices. aug 18—tf

Poetry.

From the Guardian.
THE MYSTIC WEAVER.
BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, of Lancaster, Pa.

I.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Foot and treadle,
Hands and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go—.
As the weaver wills they go.
Up and down the web is plying.
And across the woof is lying;
What a rattling,
What a battling;
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single,
Threads in double,
How they mingle,
What a trouble,
Every color—
What profusion,
Every motion,
What confusion.
While the web and woof are mingling,
Little bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

II.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Still the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,
What each motion;
And commotion,
What each fusion,
And confusion,
In the grand result will show—
Weaving daily,
Singing gaily,
As he makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

III.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
See you not how shape and order;
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the web and woof diminish,
Grows beyond the beauteous finish.
See the plaidings,
Shapes and shadings,
All the mystery
Now is history;
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

IV.

See the mystic weaver sitting,
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages—
Thrones and bobbins in his shuttle,
Armies make them scud and scuttle—
Web into the woof must flow;
Up and down the nations go,
As the weaver wills they go.
Men are sparring,
Powers or jarring,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither.
See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying:
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a chafing,
What a shuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

V.

Calmly see the mystic weaver
Throw his shuttle to and fro,
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
What each motion
And commotion.
What each fusion
And confusion.
In the grand result will show,
As the nations
Upward, downward,
Hither. thither,
As in mystic douces go.
In the present all is mystery,
In the past 'tis beauteous history,
O'er the mixing and the mingling
How the mystic bells are jingling,
See you not the weaver leaving
Finished work behind in weaving,
See you not the reason subtle—
As the web and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish—
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.—We were amused and annoyed, pleased and half disposed to be angry, with an instance of maternal solicitude of which we were made the innocent victim the other day. We had spent the evening from our boarding-house, and on the following morning we were subjected to a catechising in this manner:

'You were out last night?'
'Yes, madam.'
'Were you at your office?'
'No, madam.'
'Were you far away?'
'Not very.'
'Spending the evening with some lady friend, perhaps?'
'Well, madam, I did call upon a female acquaintance.'
'Ah! very pleasant to do that!'
'Very.
'Who was she, Mr. J.?'
'Lord, madam,'—we began to be a little impatient, 'if you and your amiable daughter MUST know, I called on the washer woman to get MY OTHER SHIRT!'

A MODEL HUSBAND.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post* tells a tale of a gambling, dissipated, debauched husband, whose wife was beloved by a rich baron, and she loved him in return, but discouraged his attentions. The husband, knowing he had reduced her to misery, resolved "to remove the only obstacle to her happiness by destroying himself," and leaped from a precipice in the Pyrenees. "Few husbands," says the admiring correspondent, "would have been capable of so generous a proceeding, and it is said the ladies generally speak of his noble self-devotion in terms of highest admiration, and quote it on all occasions with the warmest enthusiasm, in hopes that the example may prove contagious and become a general fashion. Admirable and charming illusion.

From the Foreign Monthly Mechanic.
BUNN AND MACREADY.

Bunn having made a bad bargain with the great tragedian was anxious to cancel it. He therefore resolved to provoke the iritable star into the breach of the agreement.

After reading it over and over again, to find some loophole to escape, he found there was nothing to prevent his playing a farce before the trageday, and that consequently he could annoy Macready by making him perform in an afterpiece.—He therefore coolly advertised him to performed Hamlet after a petite comedy.—Macready saw through the artifice; and, much to the surprise and disappointment of Bunn, made no objection. Foiled in this attempt to irritate the theatrical autocrat into throwing up his engagement, he read over the contract once again. A brilliant thought struck him. He saw that he was not bound to perform an entire play of Shakespeare. He therefore announced Richard the Third and the new pantomine. Macready went through the first four acts of that magnificent play, reserving himself, as usual, for the grand Fifth Act.

He was sitting in his dressing-room awaiting the call boy and nursing his energies for the closing scenes when he heard the bell tinkle. To his astonishment, the orchestra commended the overture to the pantomine which was about to begin. But, gasped out Macready, the act of Richard the Third is not yet played. 'Oh!' said the man, 'Mr. Bunn says there is no time to play the fifth act to-night, and he says you may go home, sir—he only advertised the first four acts of the tragedy.' The rage of Macready boiled over—but he swallowed it, and putting off the tyrant's habiliments, he prepared to leave the theatre.

Passing the door of the manager's room he saw him chuckling to himself on the success of his dodge. This was more than the tragedian could stand; he rushed at Bunn, and pommelled him so that he was confined to his bed for a week.—Bunn consequently brought an action, and laid his damages at a very high amount The attack was apparently so unprovoked that the actor made up his mind to pay a swinging sum.

The ingenuity of Sergeant Talfourd, however, saved him; for, in his defence, he said, "Gentleman of the Jury, you are all proud of Shakespeare; he is your favorite poet, and worthy of such an enlightened jury. He is confessedly the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen. We all know how he affects us—that we laugh at his wit, and weep at his pathos—what must not his marvelous genius effect on a man like Mr. Macready, who devotes all his time to the study of our great national poet? Poet, did I say?—magician! He waves his necromantic wand over us, and we are, as it were, the slaves of his will! This will naturally lead you to excuse the accident that has happened to Mr. Bunn, who insulted the majesty of England's greatest poet by cutting off the fifth act of one of his greatest tragedies for a common, vulgar pantomine!

"Gentlemen, Mr, Macready could no more help doing what he did than can the thunder-cloud, which discharges its electric fluid at the object that lies in its path. The cases are parallel. Mr. Macready had worked himself up to perform that mighty part—that triumph of genius—the closing scenes of the mighty tyrant of England—the smotherer of the babes—the murderer of his king—the destroyer of his wife. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, Mr Macready had concentrated within his bosom the pent-up volcano of Richard's soul, and unfortunately happening to meet Mr. Bunn, he discharged upon that unhappy gentleman's head, the fifth act of Richard the Third, the results of which are more to be attributed to the immortal Shakspeare than to my client

"Gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands, convinced that you will not punish my client, Mr. Macready, whom I am happy to call my friend, for this overpowering instance of our immortal poet, Shakspeare."

The result is well known. Macready got off with the moderate damage of a hundred pounds and costs.

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.—To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts, derived from observation and a long train of experiment, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere every where, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in one imperceptible vapor, or cease to be rated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains, in the hottest climates.—Now, when from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor—though it be invisible—if its temperature be suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, but how simple is such an arrangement for watering the earth —*Scientific American.*

During a trial the other day, a constable, who was testifying with regard to the character of a lady, said:

"I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors says; and in my opinion; what the women say of one another, is not really worthy of belief."

The brute! He deserves the broomstick.

For the Star.
DEPARTED HOURS.
TO KATE——

A thousand things, that fill the soul
With joy's delightful strains
Come floating o'er my musing hours
To sweeten life again.

And as each fond remembrance brings
An hour of long passed joy;
There springs a sunshine in the heart
That clouds cannot distroy.

They seem like music of the past,
That lingers on our ear;
And every thought is but a wish
That they again were here.

Like dreams of some unearthly spot,
Where loveliness is rife:—
We fain would make them if we could
Realities of life.

Who has not felt this strange, sweet spell,
Betimes, come o'er their heart;
And wished the secret of its power
Would never more depart.

So comes these hours, when sorrow falls,
In gloom about my way;
The secret of that happy spell
Turns darkness into day.

I cherish of those by gone hours,
They brighten all my life:
They throw a charm around the day
Th t's dark with worldly strife!

And as old age comes on apace,
And life's fire dimly burns:
Those hours will be a sweet respect
Till dust to dust returns.
Easton Sept. 15 1857.

A MICHIGAN BED-BUG STORY.—The editor of the Grand River Eagle has a friend who has been stopping, he alleges, at one of the hotels at Kalamazoo. His story is pretty fairly told, and he possesses talent in the way of spinning yarns that would do credit to one who has entertained his mess in the forecastle of a whaler, or relieved the tedium of watch on the deck:

"You see I went to bed pretty all fired used up, after a bull day on the road before the plank was laid, calkalatin' on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to wear off, I kinder felt suthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt, and diggin their feet into the small of my back, to git a good holt. Wiggled and twisted, doubled and puckered—all to no ure—kept agoing like all sin Bimeby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more dropping off my shirt and runnin down my legs every minit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me like a parcel of rats on a meal tub—dug a hole in the kiverlid and gave me fits for tryin to hide Got up again and went down stairs, to get a slush bucket from the wagon, made a circle of tar on the floor, lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time any how. I left the light a burnin, and watched 'em, see 'em get together and have a camp meetin about it, and went off in a squad, with an old greyheaded one at the top, right upon the wall upon the ceiling, till they got to the spot, then dropped plump into my face! fact, by thunder. Wall, I swept 'em up again, and made a circle on the ceiling too. I thought I had 'em foul this time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed, and build a bridge over." Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clenched his story thus:

"It is so, whether you believe it or not, and some of them walked across on stilts. Bed-bugs are cautious critters and no mistake—especially the Kalamazoo kind."

From Life Illustrated.
FRUIT CULTURE.

Whatever theories may finally abtain respecting the natural dietetic character of human beings, or the relatively vegetable diet, it is perfectly demonstrable that man is instinctively, naturally, and properly *frugivorous.* It is certain, that a large proportion of fruit, in his ordinary dietary, is essential to his highest development and most vigorous condition.

If we may believe the records of ancient history, sacred and profane, there has been a time when man was practically a fruiteating animal; when he subsisted mainly, if not wholly, on fuits. And during a period of nearly two thousand years, his food was composed entirely of fruits, grains, and a few esculent roots. This period has been called the "golden age," and has been distinguished by historians as peculiarly the age of poets and philosophers.

In those days sickness and infirmity were comparatively unknown. Choleras and convulsions, scrofula and erysipelas, consumptions and dyspepsia, gout and rheumatism, had not been heard of. Men lived out *all* their days, and then quietly, peacefully "gave up the ghost," and "returned to dust" in the appointed order of nature.

We have often called the attention of the readers of LIFE ILLUSTRATED to the vast importance of raising a greater quantity and better quality of fruit. And we shall doubtless have occasion to give them "line upon line, and precept upon precept." On this subject the public mind must be educated. We believe the health of our people, the prosperity of our nation, and the perpetuity of our institutions are more immediately connected with the cultivation of fruit, than with that of any other one subject that can be named.—Why? Because the people must have cheap food and good health, or want, disease, vice and crime, misery and degeneracy, are inevitable.

It is true there are some difficulties in the way, as with every enterprise under the sun. But they are to be studied, understood, and overcome No food in the world can be made so cheap, so easy of culture, so certain of a good crop, as fruits of various kinds. And yet many persons make an attempt, plant a few shrubs or trees or seeds of doubtful character, pay little or no attention to them afterward, get discouraged, and relinquish the business as neither pleasant nor profitable.

The worst obstacle of all to contend with is, no doubt, imperfection of stock. People are often deceived and cheated by ignoramuses or swindlers. We have for years been engaged in collecting a list of reliable nurserymen, which we republish this week, with such additions and revisions as the kindness of our friends has enabled us to make. If our farmers and gardners will take proper pains to deal *only* with nurseries of established reputation, and exercise due dilligence for a year or two, in manuring, grafting, and pruning, their reward will be ample.

To illustrate: A friend of ours, in Milford, Conn., who is neither an agriculturist nor horticulturist by profession, but a manufacturer, four years ago purchased a house with a garden spot of an acre or so. Having a family of young children, and duly estimating the benefits of an abundance of good fruit, he has since occupied his spare moments in attending to its cultivation. He has been remarkably successful, and his success is in a great degree attributable to the fact that he has never purchased a tree, shrub or plant until he was fully assured it was just what it pretended to be, and of the best quality at that.

A few days since we called at his residence and were shown through the grounds. What a change! We thought and imagined, and incoherently muttered of Eden, of Paradise, healthy children (a reality), of happy homes, enchanted castles (on earth), domestic felicity (in connection with good eating), wife smiling because she felt proud of her table, husband contented because he had something to be proud of. For a moment we were all bewilderment, all transport, all fruits, all flowers, all vegetables, all over in love with the country, and all through out of favor with narrow streets, huge piles of brick and mortar, *paper* posies, fruits of colored candy, and city life generally.

As our friend has improved a single acre of this earth's surface, so may thousands and millions of acres, now laying waste, or worse than wasted in raising swine and tobacco, be transformed. in less than a half-dozen years, into equally desirable nurseries of health, virture, and happiness.

A SOUTHERN SENATOR.

N. P. Willis, in one of his notices of the Bunker Hill Celebration, thus sketches Senator Mason, of Virginia:

"Mr Mason's fine head had interested me as he sat upon the stage, though I had failed to discover who he was by inquiries of those around me. When Mr. Winthrop, with his usual parliamentary felicity, introduced him at last as the well known Senator from Virginia, my curiosity was increaced—his position before that audience of seven thousand (very near at an odds, political and sectional, of one to six thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine,) being one of rather formidable embarrassment He arose and stepped forward to the table, and I in vain scrutinized his features, sitting very near to him, as I did, for any trace either of discomposure or defiance His calm eye made the circuit of the pavillion, while he collected his thoughts for reply to a summons wholly unexpected—one scarce noticeable trifle, perhaps, betraying, very unconsciously to himself, the southern instinct beneath it all. The broad-brimmed slouched hat, which he wore, as a traveller, was not *laid* on the table. It was, just preceptibly, and with the least propulsion of the arm, *tossed* there.

"Of his speech, in giving the substance, the reports make an imperfect representation. The fluency, the deliberateness of accent, the dignity and well-balanced measures of epithet and rythm—admirable, under any circumstances, in an extempore speech, were here even curious in their perfection. But it was in the air and bearing of the man that his conscious quality of soul—his instinctive will, character, and purpose—were most eloquently expressed. Of intellectual repose, and of the calm courtesy of manliness kept habitually in training, his whole presence was the type undeniable. Dignity so absolutely faultless, both of mein and tone—fine as it would be with the most elaborate study and preparation—was, in this critical impromptu of the Virginia Senator, very remarkable."

CAPTAIN HERNDON.

The following coudensed account of the Commander of the ill-fated steamer Central America will be read with peculiar interest at this time.

Captain William Lewis Herndon was a native of Fredericksburg, Va., and was the son of Dabney Herndon, Esq., a highly respected citizen of that place He was born October 25, 1813, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, 44 years of age, 29 of which he has spent in the service of his country. He entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of fifteen.

About two years ago he was transferred from the United States frigate Potomac to the command of the George Law. The California steamers, carrying the United States mails, are required by law to be under command of officers of the navy, and Lieutenant Herndon was chosen for the responsible post. The name of George Law was, only a few weeks ago, changed to that of the Central America.

Lieut. Hernden was married twenty years since to an estimable lady of Virginia. He was of a slight figure, but of an intrepid spirit. He was as gentle as he was brave. In the navy he was universally beloved. In all quarrels between officers he was known as a peacemaker. He never made an enemy. For fifteen years he had been a member of the Episcopal Church. He often read the service on board his ship, and the humblest sailor was not committed to the deep without the burial service being read over his remains by his captain.

He rendered his country gallant services in the Florida war.

He was in the Mexican war under Gen. Perry, and he was selected by President Polk to the honourable and dangerous service of exploring the Amazon.

He entered South America by the way of Peru, and, crossing the Andes, came to the sources and branches of the Amazon, and in his bark drifted or rowed down its immense length to Peru, in Brazil, to the delight and amazement of his friends, who, from his long stay upon the upper waters, had almost given him up for lost. His admirable and instructive report to the government of this exploration is well ta evry body in this counry, and it has been read and re-read with delight in all parts of the world.

ANECDOTE OF COL. WILLIAMS.—Col. Williams, a gallant officer from New Orleans, tells the following capital story of himself, and a friend who heard it sends it to the drawer of Harper's Magazine:

The Colonel was on a visit to the North, and at a large dinner party in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was almost a stranger to the company, both ladies and gentlemen, but his agreeable manners secured him a home reception, and he was quite at ease among his new acquaintance.

'At dinner,' says the Colonel,' I was seated opposite to a young and very accomplished lady, who remarked, in the course of conversation, 'Surely, sir, you cannot have resided long at the South, your complexion is so very fair?'

'Yes, I replied, 'I am a creole of Louisiana.'

Instantly every one around me was startled, conversation flagged, and all eyes were turned upon poor me, utterly unconscious of having done or said anything to attract so much attention. I knew not what to make of it, till the lady remarked again, with a long breath:

'Well, I declare—I beg your pardon, sir, but I certainly have taken you for a white man.'

My face burnt like fire and for a while I was silent in my confusion, but recovering myself, I asked the young lady what she supposed the word creole meant?'

'Why, black or yellow, sir, I don't know which, and it don't make much difference.'

I then explained to her and the company, greatly to their relief, that creole means native, and has no reference to color or race; that creole horses and creole cows are as commonly spoke of as creole men, and that I was quite 'to the manor born.'

SORE JOKES.—A superintendant of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad. The conductor was asked why he was discharged.

'Well,' said he, 'I was discharged for giving a free pass.'

'What made you such a fool as to give a free pass.'

'Well, you see,' replied the conductor, 'I got tired of riding alone, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to come along for company.'

A collision occurred on one of the roads terminating in the city some time ago.—The road in question is celebrated for curvatures. The engineer was thought to be to blame, and accordingly he was taken to task by the superintendant.

'Did you not see the light?' said the superintendant.

'Yes,' replied the engineer, 'I saw the light, but I thought it was the other end of my train.'

A HOT JOKE.—Soon after the close of the American revolution, a deputation of indian chiefs, having some business to transact with the Governor, were invited to dine with some official in Philadelphia. During the repast, the eyes of a young chief were attracted to a castor of mustard, having in it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by its bright color, he gently drew it towards him, and soon had a brimming spoonful in his mouth. Instantly detecting his mistake, he nevertheless had the fortitude, to swallow it, although it forced tears from his eyes. A chief on the opposite side of the table, who had observed the consequence, but not the cause, asked him "what he was "thinking of his father who was killed in battle." Soon after, the questioner himself prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment with the same result, and in return was asked, by the young sachem, "what he was crying for?"—"Because you were not killed when your father was," was the prompt reply.

A REAL KENTUCKY GIRL.—When the steamer Alida was sinking from her collision with the Fashion on Tuesday night and the passengers in confusion, some preparing to secure a safe retreat from the sinking craft, and some in the water making their way to land, a young girl of about seventeen summers was stand on the guard intently contemplating the scene and looking anxiously towards the shore; a young man in the rush of gallantry stepped up to her and remarked, "Miss, if you will put yourself under my protection I will convey you safely to shore." "Thank you," replied the young heroine; but you need not trouble yourself; I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way when I can take care of myself and reach the bank." Soon the crowd cleared the space and the young lady plunged into the water and swam to the opposite bank, with apparent ease and without the leaast perceptible fear.—*Paducah Times.*

IRREGULAR VERBS.—The Paris correspondent of *Porter's Spirit* is responsible for the following:

"It is astonishing how foreigners are imposed upon by some of our wags. The other day I went to see a little Frenchman just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, as he informed me, on the voyage, from a fellow passenger. He complained much of the difficulties of our grammar, especially the irregular verbs. "For instance," said he, "go verb to go. Did you ever see such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper, "I go, thou clearest, he cuts stick, we make tracks, ye or you absquatulate, they vamos the ranch."

"I'm in," as the boy said when he fell through the ice.