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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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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, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

TO THE FARMERS OF TALBOT COUNTY.

ECONOMY, IMPROVEMENT, CONVENIENCE.

Reeses' Manipulated or Phospho-Peruvian Guano.

The fact that this Guano is *equal to Peruvian, pound for pound*, is as well established as any fact can be established by HUMAN TESTIMONY AND EXPERIENCE.

Four Good Reasons Why Farmers Should Use this Guano
IN PREFERENCE TO PERUVIAN.

1st—It is fully equal to Peruvian on the first crop.
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3d—It is perfectly prepared for *immediate use*, by DRILL or otherwise.
4th—It contains 50 per cent. more Phosphate than Peruvian, and therefore a more permanent improver of the soil.

This Guano is used by the following named gentlemen, among many others, from whom its results may be learned:

James T. Earle, Esq., Queen Ann's County.
Mathias George " " " "
Lloyd Tilghman " " " "
J. B. Thomas " " " "
D. C. Hopper, " " " "
Dr. J. C. Earle " " " "
L. W. Neale, " " " "
Edward Hopkins, " Kent Island
Dr. R. T. Carter, " "

M. T. Goldsborough, Esq., Talbot County.
Dr. J. L. Adkins, " "
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Consumers must be particular to specify in their orders, "REESE's," and observe that our name is branded on the bags. Terms cash, or acceptable time drafts on City houses.

JOHN S. REESE & CO.
77 South Street, over Corn Exchange, Baltimore

AGENT—N. E. Nicols, Esq., Easton, Md.

jy 24–3m

A List of Unpatented Certificates Ready for Patents
IN THE LAND OFFICE OF MARYLAND,
FOR TALBOT CO.

THE following is a list of the unpatented certificates which have been compounded on and are ready for Patents, in the Land Office of Maryland, for Talbot County. These certificates being unpatented are not recorded, and are becoming defaced and destroyed by time, and in consideration of this fact the Legislature of Maryland, at January Session, 1858, passed an Act, requiring the Commissioner of the Land Office to make out, and have published, in one newspaper in each county, a list of the unpatented certificates for said county. Persons holding the Lands enumerated below may save themselves serious trouble and loss by obtaining Patents thereon, which can be done by proper application to the Commissioner of the Land Office, otherwise the evidence of their title will become destroyed. There are also a number of certificates not included in this list which have not been compounded on and are liable to Proclamation Persons holding these would do well to secure a reliable title at once.

NAMES OF LANDS.	FOR WHOM AND WHEN SURVEYED.	QUANTITY. A.	R.	P.
	A. & B.			
Arlingdale's Point	John Arlingdale, June 6th, 1819	10	0	0
Auston's Chance,	John Auston, November 1st, 1804	184	1	0
Shipyard,	Speding Bromwell, June 26th, 1782	3	0	0
Barrow's Discovery,	Samuel Barrow, March 30th, 1795	10	0	0
Benonas,	Jere Banning, July 24th, 1789	8	0	0
Bromwell's Adventure,	Edward Bromwell, August 18th, 1815	6	2	0
Johns Beginning,	John Barwick, April 23d, 1840	7	2	30
Cedar Grove,	John Bennett, July30th, 1820	178	1	0
Addition to Hopkin's Point,	Chas. Benson and Thomas Esgate, November, 1836	0	1	30
	C. D. & F.			
No. 42	William Colston, February 9th, 1796	0	3	0
Part of Turner's Discovery,	John Clayland, November 9th, 1757	48	1	0
Jack's Point Resurveyed,	Saml. Chamberlaine, Februry 5d, 1793	24	2	0
Okeley's Addition,	Solomon Cumming, September, 20th, 1798	67	3	0
Larkey Enlarged,	James Cummings, October 25th, 1797	57	3	0
Cain's Resurvey,	Daniel Cain, September 9th, 1799	203	2	0
2d part Guardian's Neglect Addition	James Colston, April 6th, 1804	1	3	0
Dawson's Resurvey,	Nicholas Dawson, September 27th, 1805	211	1	0
Dawson's Security,	John Dawson, March 5th, 1806	38	0	0
Webb's Discovery,	Messey Fountain, July 17th, 1794	10	1	20
Addition to Web's Discovery,	Messey Fountain, July 19th, 1794	41	0	00
Neighbor's Keep Out,	Levi Faulkner, June 5th, 1797	113	3	0
	G.			
Doctor's Gift enlarged,	Rev. John Gordan and Wife, August 3d, 1789	283	1	0
Cready's Lot,	Zebdiah Gregory, January 21st, 1794	2	0	0
Disappointment,	John Gibson, November 29th, 1802	29	2	0
Rocket,	Howes Goldsborough, October 13th, 1826	7	3	20
Goldsborough's Island	Greenbury Goldsborough, November 3d, 1826	11	3	0
Mount Airy,	John Gibson, the 8th, November 21st, 1787	179	1	0
Defence,	Jacob Gibson, December 2d, 1803	3	0	0
Heatherton's Enlargement,	John Graham, March 13th, 1816	150	1	0
True Trust	James Goldsborough and others July 25 1810	24	0	25
Foul Play	William Hambleton, Jr. May 13th 1793	3	0	20
Henrix's Discovery	Edward Henrix December 23d 1793	6	0	0
Harriet Hull	Peter Harris and Jesse Hull November 5th 1812	12	0	0
Hambleton's Discovery	Edward N. Hambleton December 14th 1839	4	2	9
A Brother's Legacy	Daniel and Philemon B. Hopper June 6th 1798	661	0	0
Kingstown	Joseph Haskins January 22d 1816	104	2	0
Hadaway's Varigation	Wm. W. Hadaway July 16th 1806	105	2	0
Hornei's Discovery	Philemon Horney September 12th 1834	23	2	32½
Harrison's Discovery	Wm. Harrison May 2d 1798	32	3	0
Scott's End	William Hambleton December 20th 1799	6	3	0
Emerson's Point	William Hambleton January 12th 1799	94	1	20
Jackson's Landing	Ebenenezer Jackson November 29th 1853	2	0	33
Kersey's Ramble	Margaret Kersey 1789	113	2	0
Little England	Owen Kennard October 31st 1805	360	2	0
Kemp's Addition	Robert Kemp, February 21st, 1811	67	2	0
Many's Delight	John Kersey, April 1st, 1806	560	1	0
Lloyd's Discovery	Edward Llyd, October 21st, 1788	59	2	0
Accident	Edward Lloyd, October 21st, 1788	7	0	0
Shadwell	Jacob Lockerman, January 10th 1829	1	0	12½
Levin's Lot	Levin Lowe, December 20th, 1822	2	0	0
Heron	Daniel Lambden, August 27st, 1806	164	1	0
Lee's Contention	Isaac Lee and Wife, December 7th, 1820	152	0	0
Mullikin's Addition	Jesse Mullikin, December 12th, 1795	0	3	0
Marshall's Turkey	Perry Marshall, February 24th, 1820	42	0	0
Cedar Grove Game	Wm. Mealy and others, March 24, 1802	4	0	0
Shell Point Enlarged	Perry Marshall, August 13th, 1819	45	0	0
Jane's Point	Sarah Morsel, June 10th, 1808	2	0	0
Martin's Purchase of Darden	Tristram Martin, November 21st, 1804	360	0	0
Banning Triangle	Lloyd Nicols, November 9th, 1801	21	0	0
Grasswell	Samuel Nicols, November 18, 1802	463	2	0
Eaton's Shift	Hugh Orem, July 27th, 1787	7	3	0
Three Lots	Charles Prue, April 5th, 1805	6	1	21
Kingsberry's Addition	John and Samuel Register, February 17th, 1797	213	1	20
Dorothy's Enl'ment Resurveyed	John Rolle, March 4th, 1808	46	3	30
The Scraps	Thomas Sherwood, April 23d, 1792	2	2	0
Sherwood's Island Security	William Skinner, April 15th, 1795	30	1	0
Sewell's Addition	James Sewell, February 14th, 1806	4	1	20
Tilghman's Neglect	Richard Skinner, April 16th, 1803	16	0	0
Huntington	Hugh Sherwood, February 25th, 1799	302	2	0
Sherwood's Security	Samuel Sherwood, April 1st, 1803	0	2	0
Skinner's Discovery	Richard Skinner, April 1st, 1803	21	3	0
Exchange Resurveyed	Mary Sherwood and others, July 3d, 1799	114	2	0
Choice	Richard Skinner, May 12th, 1803	479	0	0
Chance Enlarged Resurveyed	John Stevens, December 1st, 1801	3	3	0
Allemby's Fields Resurveyed	James and Sarah Seth, November 29th, 1810	52	0	0
Sewell's Resurvey	James Sherwood, January 28th, 1807	128	0	0
	James Sewel, December 4th, 1807	244	3	30
Good Luck	Rachael Thomas, July 28th, 1795	33	3	0
Deepwater Point	Matthew Tilghman, February 20th, 1787	15	1	0
Fausley Wood,	Margaret and Elizabeth Tilghman, Janury 13, 1802.	1064	3	0
Compensation	Samuel Tenant, April 14th, 1804	10	1	30
The Polygon	Samuel Tenant, February 22d, 1809	1	1	20
Robert's Part	Anna M. Tilghman, December 13th, 1798	108	0	0
Warren's Discovery	William Warren, June 4th 1783	6	3	0
Christopher's Lot	Christopher Wilson, June 25th, 1794	43	0	0
Whright's Lot	John Wright, February 26th, 1836	9	3	34
Anktell's Addition	Francis Weyman, April 29th, 1812	89	00	0
Part of Jamaica Resurveyed	James Walker, December 3d, 1796	78	0	0

WM. L. W. SEABROOK,
Commissioner of the Land Office,
Annapolis, Md.

jy 24–3m

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

aug 14 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

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

aug 14 G. C. MACKEY.

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

sep 18 A. DODD & SON.

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

sep 11 DAWSON & BRO.

GREEN GINGER.—A small lot of Green Ginger, in nice order for preserving, just received by (aug 28) DAWSON & BRO.

HAND UP THE BRICKS AND MORTAR.

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

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

The public's obedient servant,

sep 11-tf JOSEPH NEWNAM.

For the Easton Gazette.

My Childhood's Home.

BY ROSE.

Oh, happy was my childhood's home
A lowly, little, rustic cot,
It stood among the dark-green woods
In a fair, shady, pleasant spot.

The low brown roof projected far
O'er the humble, whitewashed wall
And in the eaves the swallows built,
Twitting cheerfully to all.

Instead of palings, coldly prim,
A hedge of roses fenced it round
And on the soft, green, velvet grass,
The rose leaves strewed the turfy ground.

The Jasimine clambered up the wall,
The Woodbine to the low thatched roof,
And there among its blossoms red
The Bee sipped sweets without reproof.

Methinks I hear our merry songs,
As hand in hand all day we roved,
To gather chesnuts in the woods,
Or search for wild flowers we loved.

Not far off from the cottage door
Stood a spreading apple tree;
Beneath its leafy shade we'd sit
And ply our needles busily.

We gathered in the rosy fruit
When autumn winds came rushing by,
While one threw, another below,
To catch them as they fell, stood nigh.

And near it ran a bubbling stream,
Where we would launch a mimic boat,
Or send with beating hearts a chip,
Which down the rosy tide would float.

Around our homely evening's meal
I happy, blissful love we met,
Fresh and gay from school and fields,
A happy, merry, hungry set.

Once more I sit on the door sill
And watch the sunset in the sky,
Or tell sweet tales of olden days,
To listening children standing by.

Methinks I hear the spinning wheel
My grandame turned oft round and round,
'Twould be sweet music to my ears
To hear again its humming sound.

But that Ambition's mocking voice
Had lured me from this pleasant spot,
I had been but a cottage maid
Happier in my lowly lot.

I have one wish before I die,
That I may see the home I love,
And, seeking near, a resting place,
My soul may pass from it above.

Old Bill Wallis, the Ugly Man.

"It's no use argufying the matter—I am the ugliest man now on top of dirt. Thar's nary nuther like me! I'm a crowd by myself. I allers was. The fust I know'd of it though, was when I was about ten years old. I went down to the spring branch one morning, to wash my face; I looked in the water, and seen the shadow of my face.—Great golly! how I run back hollerin for mammy every jump! That's the last time I seen my face—I darsen't but shut my eyes when I go about water!"

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?" I inquired.

"Glass! Zounds! what glass could stand it? 'twould break it if it was an inch thick. Glass! pish?"

Lucy told her father he was too bad, and that he knew it was no such thing; and the old man told her that she was a saucy wench, and to hold her tongue.

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I have not seen my face in forty years, but I know how it looks. Well, when I grow'd up I thort it would be the devil to find a woman that would be willing to take me as ugly as I was."

"Oh. you wasn't so uncommon hard favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Wallis.

"Oncommon! I tell you when I was ten years old that a fly would'nt light on my face; and it can't be wuss now! Shet up, and let me tell the Squire my inexperience."

"It is no use," put in Lucy, "to be runnin one's own selt down that way daddy! It aint right."

'Runnin down! Thunder and lightnin, Luce, you'll have me as good-lookin, directly, as John Bozeman, your sweetheart."

As he said this, old Bill looked at me, and succeeded in half covering the ball of his left eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued:

"Well, hard as I thought it would be to get a wife, fust thing I knowd, I had Sally here; and she is, or was as pretty as any of em.'

Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively, and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore we married, and it was long arter before she did. The way of it was this: we had an old one-horned cow, mighty onery (ordinary) looking, old as the north star, and poor as a black snake. One day I went put inter the lot—'

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," exclaimed Lucy, in the most persuasive tone imaginable.

"Dod rot ef I don't though—it's the truth—and ef you don't keep still I'll send for Bozeman to keep you quiet in the corner."

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar, sure as life was my old 'oman, swung to the cow, and the old thing flyin round, and cutting up all sort o' shines! Sez I, 'what are you up to old 'oman?' And with that she let go, and told me she was tryin to practice kissin' on ole Cherry, and she thort arter that she could make up her mind to kiss me!'

"Old man, you made that? I've hearn you tell it afore—but you made it,' said the old lady.

"Well, well, I told her, squire, sez I, come down to it now! hang the cow—shet your eyes—hold your breath!—and upon that she bussed so'st you might heard it a quarter of mile, and since that nobody's had better kissin than me. Now that was my first inexperience about being ugly, arter I was grown; 'twant so bad nuther!

"The next time my ugly features came into play was at Mobile; was you ever thar? Worst place on the green yearth; steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furriners, and brick houses!—that's the place! I went down on a flat boat from Wetumky with old John Todd. We had a first rate time of it, till we got most to Mobile, and then the steamboats would run so close to us that the sloshin would pretty nigh capsise us. They done it for devilment. My! how old John cussed, but it done no good. At last, sez I, I'll try em; if thar's any strength in cussin I'll make em ashamed! So the next one came along cavortin and snortin like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty foot? I ris right up on a cotton bag, and sez I to the crowd—which there was a most almighty one on the guards of the boat—ses I 'you great infernal, racket-making, smokin snortin, totin ot sons of thunder"—

"Afore I could get any furder in my cussin the crowd gin the most tremenjus yearth-shakin howl that ever was hearn—and one feller, as they was broad side with us, hollered out, "It's the old he ugly himself!—Jerusalem, what a mouth!" With that thar somethin rained on our boat like hail, only heavier, and directly me and old John picked up a level peck of buckhorn handled knives! I'll be darned this minit if we didn't!"

Old Mrs. Wallis looked to heaven, as if appealing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed; but she said nothing.

"So I lost nothin by being ugly that time? After a while I got in Mobile, howsoever. I was bothered and pestered by the people stoppin in the street to look at me—all dirty and lightwood smoked as I was from bein on the boat."

"I think I'd cleaned up a little," interrupted tidy Lucy.

"Old 'oman, aint you got nary cold tater to choke that gal with? Well they looked at me the hardest you ever seen. But I have got ahead of my story: A few days before there had been a boat busted, and a heap o' people follered me in, and one 'lowed sez he, "It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by bustin of the Franklin, and upon that he asked me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden—

'Beg your pardon, stranger--but—" sez he.

"But what?" sez I.

"Jist *fix your mouth that way again!*" sez he.

"I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I'll be cussed if I didn't think the whole on em would go into fits! They yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of em' sez, don't make fun of the unfortunate? he's hardly got over bein blowed up yet. Let's make a puss for him."—Then they all throwed in and made up five dollars; as the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, "Whar did you find yourself after the splosin?"

"In a flat boat," sez I.

"How far from the Franklin?" sez he.

"Why," sez I, "I never seen her, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been from what they tell me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy-five miles!" You oughter a seen that gang scatter. As they left says one, "it's him. It's the ugly man of all!"

Knocking round the place, I came upon one of these fellers that grinds music out of a mahogany box. He had a little monkey along—the peartest least bit of a critter you ever seed! Well, bein fond of music and varmints, I gets pretty close to the masheen, and darned if twan't hard to tell which got the most praise, me or the monkey. Howsoever, at last, I got close up, and the darned thing ketched a sight of me and squalled! It jumped off'n the box in a fright, and hanged itself by its chain. The grinder histed it up again, but it squalled mor'n ever, and jerked and run over the keeper, and jumped off'n his back, and hanged itself agin. The sight of me had run it distracted! At last the grinder hilt it to his bosom, and sez he—

"Go ways oagly man—monkey fraid of much oagly!"

Sez I, go to the devil you old heathen—you see he was some sort of a Dutch chap or another—if you compare me to your monkey agin, I'll throw it hell'ards, and split your old box over your head! And sez he right off agin:

"Maunkee ish petter as dat oagly man!"

"Sez I," "gentleman, you hear this critter compare me, a free Amarakin, to his heathen dumb brute of Afriky;" and with that I fetched the monkey sailin that sent him a whirlin about sixty-five yards over a brick wall, and the next minit the Dutchman and his box was the most mixed up pile of rags and splinters you ever seen in one mud hole. About that time, too, thar was as pretty up country runnin on top o' them cussed bricks as you'll commonly see. I lay up two or three days, and at last made my passage up to Wetumpky, in the cabin."

"How was that?" I asked.

"An old lady, that was long, 'lowed it was dangersome for me to stay on deck, as I might scare the masheenery out of jint.—So they took me in the cabin afore we started, and reckon I was treated nigh onto a hundred times afore we got to Wetumpky."

"That's not the way you told it the last time," remarked Mr. Wallis.

"Thunder, squire, did you ever hear sich wimmin folks—I've hardly had a chance to edge in a word to-night. Well, my last inexperience was about a year ago. I got ketched in a hurricane, it was blowin like the devil, and the thunder and the lightnin was tremenjus—so I gits under a big red oak, and thar I sot till the lightnin struck it. I was leanin' agin the tree when the bolt came down, shiverin' and splinterin all before it. It hit me right here—and then—'

"Good heavens, did lightnin' disfigure your face so?"

"Disfigure thunder. No. The lightnin' struck me right here, as I was sayin', and then glanced.'

"Good Lord look down,' ejaculated Mrs. Wallis.

A POISONED VALLEY.

A singular discovery has lately been made, near Batten, in India, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Loudon visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society:

It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which has been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the top of the mountain, the party dismounted, and scrambled up the side of the hill, at a distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley, a strong, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced; but on approaching the margin, the inconvenience was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty feet deep.

The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer and almost all sorts of birds, reptiles and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation.

It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effect.

At the expiration of twenty seconds, he fell off his legs, without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog left the company, and went to his companion. On reaching him, he was observed to stand motionless, and at the end of ten seconds, fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was thrown, and lived only a minute and a quarter; and another, which was thrown in after, died in the course of a minute and a half.

A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton; the head resting on right arm.—The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel, hunted toward the valley, who had taken shelter there, unconscious of its character.

NEAT PEOPLE.

A traveler 'out west' gives the following as his experience of neatness, which is rather good:—

We always did like neat people. We always cherished a kind of tender feeling for all neat women. But we were never really struck with one until last week, and the way of it was this: We were out west a few miles and got belated;—looking for a place to stay over night; found a cabin; asked if we could be accommodated, and a tall woman with freckled face, red hair, and buffalo skin mocasins, buck-skin dress, and a baby, said "she reckoned we mout."

We got off our horses, hitched them to a cotton wood corn crib, and went in. We asked for supper. We got some bacon, molasses, boiled pumpkins and corn dodger, and we ate heartily.

After the meal was passed the woman said to the oldest girl: "Now Doddy Jane, you have just got to keep the old slut and them ere pups from sleeping in this ere meal box any longer. In makin' this stranger's corn bread, I was naturally pestered to death pickin' the small hairs and dead fleas out of it, that came off from them pesky dogs, and if they sleep in it a week longer it won't be fit for use."

We were in love with that woman for her neatness. And that evening we laid down upon the rough hewed floor and had pleasant dreams. Ghostly fleas were hopping about through our corporal diversities, and spectre sluts, with goblin pups, danced before us in boxes of unearthly meal during the livelong night; and our great grandfather sat straddle of us six hours, and with a ramrod to a six pound cannon, stuffed cords of that neatly prepared corn dodger down our unwilling throats, and whistled all the time for the dogs, while the baby and its tidy mother sat by and wept for the departing hoecake. We like neatness.

PARSON BROWNLOW W-HOPING.

"All I regret is that skeleton is expanding, and fashions in vogue are still increasing the *distance* between man and woman. At one moment I feel like exclaiming, "Oh would I were a boy again!" The next moment I feel indignant at the hoops, and feel willing to join a regiment of men in a vigorous assault upon the rattan, whalebone, cords, brass and steel that has put asunder what God has said ought to be joined together. Only think of the display on our parlor, of the grand and graceful skirts, looming up all around one, fascinating, charming, and swinging to and fro like so many things of life. Talk about the grandeur of a first class steamer, or a train of cars propelled by steam! Give me a train of hooped skirts, under the folds of which are so many locomotives, standing five feet ten inches in slippers, fired up by the blood of warm hearts, and puffing and blowing with love, kind words and winning smiles, and I would show you a sight that would run a young man crazy, raise a dead bachelor to life, and make an old widower commit suicide.

I cannot trust myself on this glorious theme; I must desist or go crazy.

When you go to drown yourself, always put off your clothes, as they may fit your wife's second husband.

ORIGINAL MATTER.

For the Easton Gazette.

MR. EDITOR: I have just finished reading the last communication of our young friend *Quis Hoc Scripsit*, and I assure you I do not know which to admire most the length of the article, or the pompous, vain, glorious style in which it was written.

It's petty pleasantries and personalities I will not dignify by noticing, but justice to another besides myself, demands that I should correct some errors it contains. Permit me by way of *preface* to say that when I ventured to write my reply to his first article, I did it, not for the purpose of engaging in a newspaper controversy with him, nor for the purpose of "*wilfullly misrepresenting*" his association, as he has most discourteously asserted.

Neitheir did I *assist* or was I *assisted* or co-operated with by any one in the preparation of that or any other article in regard to him—I "*paddle my own canoe*" and *Ego Hoc Scripsit*, I think able to do the same. As for his association my motives were in regard to it plain and, I thought free from the posibility of suspicion. I fancied (being an "outsider") I might perchance (viewing with an impartial and unprejudiced eye) detect errors in its system and be perhaps the humble instrument of their correction. Acting in accordance with this motive and actuated by the kindliest feelings towards "Quis" I told him that the "*Spread Eagle of Oratory*" engrossed too much of his attention. And what return do I receive for my honest solicitude for his welfare. He in the following *refined* and *gentlemanly* manner commences his criticism of my article:

"First let us turn our attention to '*Faust*,' *it is always necessary to clear the* RUBBISH *out of the way first—a few words will suffice for him*"—(his courtesy merits my thanks, and admonishes me against imitation.) He then pounces down on me as a devoted "*Lamb for the slaughter*," dubs me "Squire" to an unknown "Knight," in whose service it seems I am destined by "*Quis*" to receive all the hard knocks and none of the credit—and as if this were not "sufficient recompense" for "kind intention" he annihilates me (as he supposes) with a "question" *and a few "Spread Eagles."* He asks me if "one day in seven is too much to devote to oratory?—to *Oratory* I answer, no! but to *mere vapid* declamation and *insane gesticulation* I say *yes*, one day in *seven*, or one day in twenty-seven *is too* much.

But I prefer *proof* to *assertion* and will rest the fate of my strictures upon his own articles. I said the "*spread Eagle of oratory*"—(i. e. vapid declamation) engrossed too much of his attention. Hark to his reply and *judge* between us. He says, "*who* ever before heard on this side of the broad atlantic that the cultivation of oratory could engross too much of the time and attention of Americans"—(spread Eagle No. I.

Why, sir, it is one of the proudest Monuments of American genius"—(spread Eagle No. 2.)

"It is a prominent and distinguished feature in the character of the American people"—(spread Eagle No. 3.)

"It is one of the strongest bulwarks of our independence"—(spread Eagle No. 4, and a *stale* one at that.)

Why sir when I had read so far I came to the conclusion that further notice on my part of his article was unnecessary. In my humble estimation he stands self convicted, a living memorial of the truth of my assertion. I advise him to turn "*Stump Orator*."

But he goes further, he puts me on "*Agriculture*" for a "hobby," gives me a "kick" or two and leaves me in the "meshes" of a *sedge field* with the kind admonition to my friends to take "torches." (not *gas* lights—poor fellow how considerate,) act as a *pose comitatus* and rescue me from my perilous situation. But I shall take no further notice of his "*sweet conceits*," for the man who would put the construction he has on what I advanced as to the claims of "*agriculture*" to the attention of his *Society*, could not probably appreciate a detence of those claims it made.

As for leaving the collection of "dusty documents" to me, I am obliged to him for his kindness. I have already (and expect often again to do so) derived more pleasure and instruction from a *tattered and torn document of the past* than I can ever hope to reap from the emanations of his *mighty intellect*.

And now in conclusion, allow me to suggest to "*Quis*" that he has been "barking up the wrong tree," and to ask him one question: Do the principles of "*Rhetoric*" or Logic or of any other "*ic*" or "*ism*" require that an article of *barely one half column* be replied to by an array of halt a *dozen columns?* And now "Quis" I leave you to wear your "laurels" with my best regards for your success. *Your kick to stop my barking* shall do its office—I am mute.

FAUST.

HOW MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.—Although a printer may be *setting* all day, yet, in his way, he is a great traveler, or at least his hand is. A good printer will set eight thousand ems a day, or about twenty-four thousand letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going into the boxes in which they are contained, and of course, returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance, each day, of forty-eight thousand feet, or a little more than nine miles, and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about three thousand miles.

FAULT-FINDING.

What are another's faults to me;
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own;
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

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