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

TERMS.

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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857. No. 35.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

For the Easton Gazette.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Rest thee, warrior in the grave,
Thou no more shalt lead the charge
Where thy banners proudly wave,
O'er embattled legions large;
Thou no more shalt join the fray,
Nor peal the shout of victory
As foemen's life-blood ebbs away
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Statesman rest, thy course is run;
Thou no more the meed shalt claim
As of yore thou oft hast done,
Due thee for thy well earned fame,
Rest! nor dream of senate's shout'
Nor think on deep diplomacy
Thy lease of life long since is out
REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Poet rest, in happier spheres,
Now thou tuns't thy golden harp,
Free for age, from doubt and fears
That were wont thy soul to warp
Rest! nor dream of laurel wreath
Nor crown for sweetest minstrelsy
Thy form the damp earth lieth beneath,
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

St. Michaels, August 3, 1857.

COURTING IN CALIFORNIA.

A writer in the golden era gives the following as his experience: "In the summer of 185—, I crossed the plains in company with Capt. B—— and family; and fell deeply in love with his daughter. We arrived in the mines, and separated. I intended to make a pile soon, and then claim her hand. I worked six months, and found my worldly effects amounted to one very poor mule and the clothes on my back, viz: a gray shirt, the buckskin pants I crossed the plains in, and a pair of old shoes and a wool hat. My pants terminated about half way from the knees to the shoes—no socks. I concluded I could wait no longer—must see my girl, and know if she still waited patiently. Mounted the mule and rode thirty miles—got there after supper—had no dinner—too bashful to call for supper. At the proper time I went to bed, and put my pants in a crack between the logs to keep out the wind. There being but one room in the house I thought to rise before the family; but oh, horror! my pants had been pulled out by the calves, which ran around the house. I laid low—women got up and got breakfast, and left the room, evidently for me to rise; but I did not feel like it. Captain called out: 'Ferguson, (I use that for short,) get up; breakfast is ready.' I told him I did not feel well—had a heavy chill during the night, and would prefer lying abed. Breakfast over, they all left the house to milk. 'Now,' said I, 'Fergy, here is your show for breakfast.'—Got up, but found everything ate up, and retired again. The old mountain soon came off, and I heard the women say, 'Fergy, here is your show for dinner.' Dinner over, they left the house to dig potatoes. Now, said I, 'Fergy, here is your show for supper.' Supper over, they left the house to go to a quilting party. Now, said I, 'Fergy, here is your show for a wife.' Next morning I left for home, and married the girl."

A CAPITAL STORY.

Some years since an eccentric old genius whom for convenience we will call Barnes was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes after having *progressed* downward about forty feet found one morning upon going out early to his work that the well had essentially caved in and was full nearly to the top. So having that desire, which men have, knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his hat and frock upon the windlass of the well. At length breakfast being ready a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given and the family assembled, it was decided first to eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently determined to hear what was to be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the seen of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain: for, said he, he is now beyond the temptation to sin: and in the day of judgement it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case. The coroner likewise agreed that it would be needless expense to his family or to the town to disinter him when he was so effectually buried, and therefore entirely coincide with the minister. His wife thought that as he had left his hat and frock, it would be hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes; and so it was settled to let him remain.

But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, laid quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape; then he quietly decamped to parts unknown. After remaining *incognito* for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his misterious re-appearance &c., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly and at length informed them that on finding himself buried he waited for them to dig him out, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before had succeeded; for his ideas being confused by the pressure of the earth, at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface he came out in the town of *Holden six miles east of the Penobscot river!*

No further explanation were sought for by those who were distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

ONLY ONE TRUE PARTY.

The position of parties at the present period is a matter of curious speculation to those who may feel inclined to contrast it with our political history for the last fifty years. Turn to what portion of that history we may, we find two great parties, national in their character, based upon issues that effected all portions of the Union alike and contending for the mastery upon principles the adoption or rejection of which operated no more to the benefit or disadvantage of one section than the other.

Whether in the contest between the Democrats and Federalists, the Whigs and Democrats, the position of the parties were alike in this particular, that the issues advocated by them were neither manufactured or advocated by the citizens of one section in behalf of certain benefits from which all others were excluded. In all national elections nothing but national questions were involved. The United States Bank, the tariff and other leading issues, upon which parties divided, were fair examples of the desire of the people to act upon a foundation that respected the rights of all, and upon these for years the struggle was carried on through many a heated campaign involving the triumph or defeat of the contestants in accordance with the efforts that were made by them, or influenced by the desire of change on the part of the masses by whose votes it was decided.

At the present time the condition of political parties has assumed a different aspect. After the most wonderful efforts, and the most untiring perseverance the Whig party has retired from the field. Its measures have been abandoned, and its memory is only cherished by those who were most strenuous in their defence of its issues. Following close upon its retirement there sprung into existence a new organization, drawing to its ranks not only the majority of the Whig party, but many of the opponents who honestly recognized the policy of Americanism, or were disguested with the corruption that a long continuance in power had engrafted among the leading rights of the Democracy.

At that time there were thus two great national parties in the field—the American and the Democratic. Their issues were national; they know neither geographical lines or distinction in regard to the adoption of those issues, and so far as they were publicly understood, whatever was not truly national had neither part or parcel in the policy which they subscribed. The principles advocated by either in the North could be freely discussed by either in the South; the institutions peculiar to certain sections formed no question in regard to which they thought proper to act and hence the two were for the time the governing parties in all quarters of the Union.

This condition of affairs it appears was not long destined to remain. The formation of a third party, found upon a scheme of liberalized Abolitionism, or as a preventive to any possibility of the extension of slavery, introduced a new issue into the contest, from the discussion of which, Democracy unhappily could not withhold its voice.—Confident in their own strength, and scarcely recognizing their new opponent as worthy of their consideration, the different sections of the party gave themselves up to the influence that it naturally extended over the interests of the divisions that now manifested themselves. The Southern wing of the Democracy held firmly, first, to the admission of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and finding no surety in that, they held that a little something more energetic should be done to facilitate their desires.

This they laid down as a plank in their platform, and through the agency of the Cincinnati Convention they enjoined it upon the Democracy generally that the Northern branch of the party was to endorse the movement and follow their lead in whatever direction it might take. So far as the Convention was concerned, formed as it was of politicians whose sole desire was office, and whose only salvation in that respect was in the unity of the party, the matter went along very well. Mr. Pierce would have suited the Southern wing in particular, as the agent through whom the platform was to be carried into effect.—Failing in this, Mr. Douglas was the next choice; Northern delegates were, however, in favor of Buchanan, and the South were forced, after seventeen closely contested ballots, to acknowledge—not his claims, but the confidence of the North in his integrity to the Constitution in contrast to the candidates that the Southern branch of the Convention would have thrust upon them.

The question as to the Presidential succession being for the time disposed of, the agitation of the slavery question again usurped the attention of the party. The interests of the different sections enlisted the feelings and prejudices of each; and accusations of bad faith on the one part and an attempt at justification on the other has become at the present time the ruling policy, until the Democracy at this hour is no more a national party than any two parties advocating sectional and contrary issues, can be said to be national.

From the entire discussion of the slavery question, holding that it had no place in their platform, that the Constitution was sufficiently explicit in regard to its government; that its principles and policy, as set forth in its declaration, are of more immediate importance, in all cases the American party has advocated no issues save such as are truly national, and such as are equally acceptable in all sections of the Union.—While other parties have been engaged in a sectional struggle for sectional issues, the American party have only urged the adoption of such measure as were purely national and imperatively necessary for the interests of the people from Maine to Louisiana, from California to Florida. Which then, is the national party of the Union?

The breach now existing in the Democracy, will, by the time of the next Presidential election, have become one that cannot be bridged over for the accommodation of those politicians who ever stand ready, for their own purpose, to heal the wounds of the party. It will be an impassible gulf, and the consequence then will be that the people, fully aroused to the danger of disunion, and the necessity of the application of a preventive, will flee to the conservatism of Americanism as a remedy. We know, that in 1860 nothing save the nomination of a President ultra in his proslavery antecedents, will satisfy the Democracy of the South, while the organization of Northern Free State Democratic Associations point with an unerring finger as to the manner in which such a proposition will be by them received.

The position of the American party at the present period is an enviable one in comparison to that occupied by those who are arrayed against it. In all the contests between the now two great sectional parties, the division of Americanism is appealed to with a knowledge that it will be justly accorded and abided by with a willingness that bespeaks the acknowledged reliability of the party. That its strength will be manifested in due and proper season, we have no fears, and that when sectional strife shall have made its greatest effort for the destruction of our institutions it will be the saving element of the country, is what we sincerely trust.—*Cin. Times.*

LOCOFOCO OUTRAGE.

A man named HOOD came to Annapolis some days ago, for the purpose of selling books and obtaining subscriptions to some illustrated works. In the pursuit of his business last Friday he chanced to get into a nest of locofocos, and, imprudently, let it be known that he prefers the American party to the locofoco party. Whereupon he was severely beaten by a Foreign member of the Foraign party. The next day his assailant was arrested, carried before Justice THOMPSON, and held to bail for his appearance at Court.

A large crowd of locofocos attended the trial; and demanded that the Magistrate should hold Hoon in security to appear at Court as a witness. But the Magistrate did not deem it necessary. This made the locos fume; for they hoped to see Hoon put in jail in default of security. But they were not to be baffled in the pursuit of their victim. Accordingly they had a warrant issued against HOOD for committing an assault on the person who had so severely beaten him! He was accordingly arrested, carried before Justice GLOVER, and ordered to give bail for his appearance at Court, or, in default therefore, to be committed to jail.

The joy of the locofocos was excessive. They openly boasted that "they would now have a Know Nothing in jail" for daring to express American principles. But their joy was of short duration; for two good Americans stepped forward and offered themselves as security for HOOD'S appearance a Court; they not being willing to see an American citizen, in a strange place, incarcerated to gratify the malignant feeling of any set of persons. HOOD was discharged, but his troubles were not over. It seems that previous to this affair he had obtained many locofoco subscriptions to his illustrated works. On Monday morning the subscribers sought him and withdrew their subscriptions. He thus found himself deprived of the profits of many days' labor, and without a dollar in his pocket. And to cap the climax of his miseries the proprietor of the City Hotel seized upon his clothes and his little stock of books, for a paltry bill of one dollar and fifty cents, for board. His American friends, however, again come to his rescue; redeemed his clothes and little stock in trade and furnished him money to pay his expenses to his destination.

In putting these facts before the public we discharge a very painful duty. In a little city like ours it is exceedingly unpleasant to be compelled to denounce the actions of our fellow-citizens. But in this case duty compels us. Why? Do we do so because the matter has assumed a *party* aspect?—If we know ourself we have no such incitement. The outrages of party men in Annapolis are too common for us to single out an isolated case like this. Many a time have we had cause to blush, for humanity's sake, at the outrages perpetrated by Annapolitans, on account of bitter party animosities. The exhibition of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, have been so numerous as to cause all law abiding citizens to feel ashamed of their neighbors—so common as to disgust one with all manner of political machinery It is, therefore, with no party feeling we notice the outrage we have put upon record. It is because *our whole city has been disgraced, foully disgraced* by the perpetration of that act.—It is because we feel ashamed for our good city. It is because we are mortified that any Annapolitian should be guilty of such an outrage upon a poor unprotected stranger. Well might HOOD think "this lot had been cast among thieves and assassins."—The crudest notions of christianity ought to have prevented the perpetration of such an act. Nay, even *savages*, who know nothing of christianity or its divine precepts, will not harm a hair of the unprotected stranger accidentally thrown among them. And yet in the glorious civilization of our times—in an enlightened community—one for many years famous for its hospitality—in the proud old capital of Maryland—we find men base enough to boast openly of their effort to incarcerate an utter stranger—for what? for pure *hatred* of his political opinions and *malice* because his assallant was put by him in the hands of the law:—Infamous conduct! shameful outrage! We blush for the place of our nativity as we record so damning a deed. The tears of all the angles can never wash out the infamy of the act.

It is, however, some set off to this black picture to be able to say that *some* humanity is left in our little city. The handful of Americans who acted as good Samaritans to the poor stranger, have done a great deed, and have blotted out a small portion of the infamy cast upon our city. As *citizens* they deserve credit—and will receive it from all who are jealous of the fair fame of Annapolis.

In what we have said above we have no disposition to censure the Magistrate or Attorneys engaged in this case. They doubtless, did their duty conscientiously. If they had *not* done so, we should have felt no wish to impugn the motive of their actions. We shall always be content to abide the decision of judicial authorities, even if we believe them blinded by prejudice. A contrary course on the part of the press is apt to induce want of confidence in such persons; and, besides, their action, if erroneous, can be corrected by high tribunals.

We merely intend to denounce the mob spirit that has characterized the whole proceeding—a spirit that would have been disgraceful to the "Plug Uglies," even if they were one half as bad as their enemies have painted them.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS.

Foul Murder—Confessions of the Murderer—A Band of Conspirators Discovered—Two of them Arrested and Hung—Great Excitement Among the Citizens.

Andrew Stewart, Esq., editor of the Steubenville (Ohio) Union, has furnished the St. Louis Democrat with the following details:

"On Friday night, the 31st ult., a man named Stephens living in Kansas city, came up to Leavenworth city, and, while spreeing around, went into a drinking shop called the Ward House. The barkeeper, named Baines, became very friendly, and after getting Stephens quite drunk, proposed a walk up the river, and took him to a spring on the bank of the Missouri river just above the Planters' House, where they were met and assaulted by two men who demanded their money or their lives. The barkeeper, Baines, gave his money up and run off.—When he got to the lower end of town he gave the alarm that a man was being robbed up the river at the spring. Several parties of citizens immediately went up and arrived on the spot just in time to find poor Stephens crawling out of the river, his body and head beaten and bruised with stones and clubs, and his chest and shoulders bearing several terrible stabs and cuts. The citizens ran to his assistance, but the unfortunate victim, though struggling to speak, was too far gone, and presently died without being able to utter a single word about the manner of his death, or the names of his murderers.

Suspicion at once alighted upon the barkeeper, Baines, and so outraged were the people, and so violent the presumptions of his guilt, that a posse of the citizens at once arrested and held him in close custody.—The news in the meantime spread like wildfire all over the city and the excitement grew intense. An immediate trial of Baines was demanded, and finally it was agreed that he should be hung on the spot, without judge or jury. A rope was procured and put around his neck, and already he was being drawn up to the limb of an overhanging tree, when he expressed a wish to make a confession. The crowd yielded and let him down to the ground.

STARTLING CONFESSION.

He said that he and two men, one named John Quarles, from South Carolina, and the other called Knowlton, had laid the plot by which Stephens was robbed and murdered, and that the same mem had murdered another man a short time before and thrown the body into the Missouri river.—He stated also that he and the men Knowlton and Quarles belonged to an organized body of twenty five men, who lived and carried on the business of robbing and murdering in Leavenworth city, on the island opposite the city, and in the towns of Lawrence and Topeka. He then gave the names of as many of the gang as he could recollect to the authorities.

THE ARRESTS.

As soon as Baines had finished his revelations he was committed to the calaboose, a one-story stone building, about sixteen feet square. The crowd then went off in pursuit of Quarles and Knowlton, and in a short time had them arrested. Among the revealed conspirators was Wm. Woods, the proprietor of the greater part of Leavenworth Island, and regarded by his acquaintances as an honest man and good citizen. A party proceeded at once to arrest him, and after making a thorough search of his house, found *twenty-five hundred dollars in counterfeit money*, a lot of counterfeiting plates and other instruments, *and a knife and pistol belonging to the murdered man, Stephens.* At these conclusive proofs of the correctness of the confessions of Baines the people were deeply moved, and held counsel together in large and small parties during the whole night.

THE PROCEEDINGS ON SATURDAY—QUARLES AND BAINE HUNG.

We here give the narrative of Mr. Stewart. He says: "I went to the mayor's office on Saturday morning, and found an immense crowd awaiting the result of the examination of Woods and Knowlton.—Baines and Quarles were in the calaboose. While the examination was going on, Judge Lecompte was outside making a speech and expostulating with the angry crowd in favor of law and order. The cry of 'Hang 'em, the d—d murderers,' arose frequently from the mob, but the milder counsels seemed to be prevailing, when at once some one shouted, 'To the calaboose! to the calaboose!' and away went a crowd of about fifty maddened men started in that direction. The balance of the people followed after in smaller parties, leaving Judge Lecompte almost alone, and the mayor's office relieved of its throng of spectators.—They had been gone about fifteen minutes, when I heard a great yell. I started after the crowd, and followed it to the bank of a creek, which divides south and north Leavenworth, where there was a steep bank, and on its edge a large elm tree. I reached the spot just in time to see Quarles suspended from the tree, gasping in the agonies of death at the rope which was around his neck, while several of the mob were swinging on to his arms and legs, to make his death sure. His body had hardly ceased its convulsions when the shout was raised for Baines.

The rope was placed around his neck and he was led to the edge of the bank, when some one of the citizens appeared by his side, and with a watch in his hand demanded five minutes' time for further confessions. They granted it; when Baines said, if they would let him, he would show them another man in town was concerned in the operations of the gang. He was then taken to the calaboose, but for some reason did not give satisfaction to the people, and they demanded his body to be returned to them. Judge Lecompte again addressed the people, and with some effect, for they seemed to divide into two parties, the one clamoring for the hanging of the prisoner, and the other demanding a trial for him. Marshal Denis of the territory was also present, and though he exerted himself with all his power, he could not maintain his position at the door of the calaboose, nor prevail on the crowd to disperse.

The wife of Baines also appeared; and inspired by the dangerous situation of her husband, took a heroic stand on the entrance, and endeavored by frantic threats and entreaties to stay the wrath of the populace. But all efforts were unavailing; the peace party were overpowered. Judge Lecompte's voice was drowned by the shrieks of the mob. A large piece of hewn timber, perhaps twenty-five feet long and one foot square, that was lying near, was lifted up by a crowd of men, and plunged with fearful effect against the calaboose door. The sight of the wife's distress and the sound of her screams, mingled with the ragings and shrieks of the infuriated mob, was too much for me, and I turned my back and walked away. I heard another blow from the piece of timber, and a simultaneous shout from the crowd, which told me that the door had given way, and the prisoner was at the mercy of the people. I walked hastily around the square, for, with all its terror, there was a fascination in the sight, and reached the spot just in time to see the mob rushing down the street with the prisoner toward the creek and the elm tree. I pursued, and when I reached the spot the body of Baines was already in the air, and his last death-struggles were shivering along his limbs. The crowd then appeared to be satisfied. Woods and Knowlton meanwhile had been placed in an omnibus and hurried off to the fort. The city continued very much excited up to the hour I left, but no further violence was anticipated. All sorts of stories prevailed, and many of the mysterious disappearances and robberies which have occurred in the territory are all being referred to this band of murderers.

PIGEON SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—The match at pigeon shooting for $3,000, came off on Tuesday, July 28, at the Woodlawn hotel, Bloomingdale Road, and attracted a large concourse of spectators, amongst which were several of the fair sex. The shooting was admirably, and the pleasurable faces around betonkened much enjoyment by those witnessing the feat.

It will be remembered that in the notifying of our readers on the 11th ult., the particulars of the match was $2,000 against $1,000 that Mr. W. King did not kill 75 pigeons out of 75 single shots, as follows: 50 birds to be trapped singly, 10 yards rise, the shooter to pull his own trap, and 50 birds trapped in pairs, 21 yards rise, making 25 pairs, at which 25 single shots were fired, thus making 75 shots at 100 birds, and to win, 75 birds must be gathered within 100 yards of the trap. The excitement was considerable, and much interest occasioned on the novelty of such an undertaking, public opinion being that it could not be done, but Mr, K.'s friends were sanguine enough on the result, and offered 3 to 1 on its being done, which proved to be the case, having four birds to spare. Below we give the summary of shots as they occurred:

SINGLE SHOTS.

011111111010111111111101111110111101111111 1111—42.

DOUBLE SHOTS.

11 10 00 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 11.

In fifty single shots Mr. K. killed 42 out of 50 birds: twenty-five double shots killed 37 out of 50 birds; seventy-five shots killed 79 out of the 100 birds.—*Spirit of the Times.*

A NUT FOR WHISKEY DRINKERS.—The following extract, taken from a communication in the Cynthiana News, is at once graphic and startling:

The crops of Harrison county, this year, unless cut short, will be very great. We will have to haul to the depots on the railroad, which runs through the middle of the county, 300,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 of rye, and 30,000 bushels of barley. Thousands upon thousands of barrels of corn must be hauled to the Devil's Pass, there to make good old Bourbon, notwithstanding it is made in Harrison, and if you will but drink this good old Bourbon, made in Harrison by the Harrisonites, with their improvements of log-wood, arsenic, cockroachos and molasses, it will eat up your bowels in less time than Solomon built the temple.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

From the American Farmer.

A PROBLEM FOR FARMERS TO SOLVE.—A gentleman in my immediate vicinity last year, planted a portion of his land in peas, which was cultivated in the usual mode; immediately adjoining, above and below, he had a luxuriant pea-fallow. At seeding wheat time the cultivated pea-vines were drawn up and removed from the land, and the peas on the fallow turned under, the thin portions of land had equal quantities of guano applied, and wheat sown thereon. On the 23d of May last I was invited to inspect the wheat sown, and to my unbounded astonishment found that on the cultivated pea-lot standing three feet in height, whilst that immediately adjoining on the pea-fallow only eighteen inches—to day (the 29th of June) it is reaped, and it is the opinion of the owner, as well as myself, that the cultivated lot will yield twice the amount of the fallow lots.

RICHARD ROUZEE.

Essex County, June 29th, 1857.

LEICESTER SHEEP AND SHORT-HORNED CATTLE.—Let us have sheep that will weigh 20 lbs. to the quarter. This weight will not do away with their fecundity, and can easily be accomplished if proper care be given to the true Leicester sheep. While we are now in favor of this size, and especially as being the most convenient for this country, than some of the enormous results arrived at by some European breeders, still we are not of opinion that many of the death-like representatives of sheep—entirely destitute of symetrical appearance—that are daily brought to our large cities, are especially worthy of admiration, because of any utilitarian quality.

We would briefly suggest, that we think their bony frame-work rather more than adequate to the conveyance of the meat and wool. We find in the Leicester sheep the natural basis for desireable results. The true Leicester is fine in the bone as compared with the size of the animal, and there is no more in quantity than is necessary to sustain the weight; such a sheep is domestic in its habits, and has not the deer-like, rambling propensities of many mountain varieties. We also find in the animal referred to such a distribution of the flesh, as is most convenient for the consumer, and a full supply of choice wool. May Mr. Bakewell's name long be remembered, for he not only benefited his own nation by laying a foundation for the choice families of Leicesters now extant, but every part of Christendom in which due attention is attracted by an animal of so much utility, while at the same time it is the emblem of innocence, and forms a part of the theme of almost every pastoral writer.

The following, from a communication by "J. D." in the *Farmer's Magazine*, on Short-horned Cattle, will be read with profit.

LOWE.

"The superiority of Short-horn cattle lies in the very ample development of the hind-quarter, in the length and depth of thigh, width of buttock, and the perpendicular upstanding of the posterior animal. From the mid-ribs forwards, in the covering of flesh on the shoulder, in to the neck and ribs, the animals are much surpassed by the Hereford and Devon breeds; which, not being mixed in decent, but improved among themselves, are much more uniform in character, and present few or no deviations from an established type. The large girth of the Short-horn cattle arises in most cases from a downward flattened shape of the fore-ribs, that are not regularly curved, and which has been clearly inherited from the Galloway cattle of Scotland. This girth not being supported along the carcass, tapering backwards like a tree from the root end, falsifies the calculation of weight from measurement, from being a too large dimension in one place. On the other hand, the posterior width of carcass is far best supported by the Short-horn cattle, likening the frame to a square; while the Hereford and Devon oxen, by losing the posterior width, or narrowing behind the hook bones, present the figure of a trapezium.

The animal carcass is circular, forming a cylindrical barrel, that extends between the ends of shoulders and thighs, which close the extremities, on which are placed the legs that support the body, and afford the locomotive power. A circle is the most handsome and capcious of all geometrical figures, and contains within its area the greatest possible extent of space, of which the exact proportion to a square has never been found. The improved animal carcass tends to form a square by a level back, straight under belly, shoulder, ribs, and thighs in a line, and both sides being equidistant in every point. This perfection is attained by the rotundity of the barrel, and by the girth being uniform along its extent. The height of the animal and deep flat ribs show a seeming large bulk of materials in aggregation; but the failure soon appears when compared by measurement with a lower statue, a uniformly cylindrical barrel, wide thighs, full girth, and shoulders overspread with flesh. The circular frame, and not a deep flat carcass, maintains the dimensions of weight."

"It should be laid down as a general rule, that no land ought to be sub-soil plowed unless it has been previously drained: for, where the sub-soil is so porous naturally as not to require draining, neither will it require sub-soiling."—*Stephen's Book of the Farm*

AN OFFICE-SEEKER, in urging his claims, said that his grandfather didn't fight in the revolutionary war, but he guessed he would have liked to if he had been in the country at the time. He was appointed.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-0212