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—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857. No. 52.

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.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in future 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.

NEW GOODS.

WE have just returned from the city, and are now opening at our old stand in the town of St. Michaels, a very large and beautiful stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS embracing every variety of Ladies', Gents', Boys, and Misses Dress Goods; also servants' wear, of every description, together with a good stock of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CHINA, QUEENSWARE, TIN & WOODWARE.

To an examination of which we invite our friends and the public generally.

The public's ob't serv'ts,
MANSFIELD & HARRISON,
St. Michaels, Md.
oct 24

1857

C. NORTH EMORY

HAS just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with an additional supply of FALL & WINTER GOODS, which he most respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine before purchasing, as he thinks he can offer many inducements, in style, quality and prices, in Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Kerseys 3-4 and 6-4, drab and Gray Delaines, plain and figured, Calico, Ginghams, &c., &c., Hardware, Groceries and Queensware. [nov 7

FALL TRADE, 1857.

HASLET C. MACKEY

HAS just opened a large stock of Woolen and Cotton Goods, suited to the season, such as Fulled Cloths and Kerseys, Satinets, Flannels, Muslins and Sheeting, Ticking, Wool and Cotton Plaid for Servants, stripe Osnaburg, &c., also a large lot of fresh

GROCERIES,

Coffees-Rio, Laguyra and Java. Sugars-crushed, pulverized, granulated, brown. Candles, Soap, Starch, Spices of all kinds, water and soda Crackers, always fresh.

Liquors of all kinds; fine Brandy and Wines for sickness. Hardware in great variety. Queensware and Woodware, Ropes and Cordage, all of which I will sell very cheap. My friends, customers and the public are respectfully invited to give me a call: I will endeavor to please all who may favor me with their patronage. sep 5

LATEST ARRIVAL.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS, AT THE PEOPLE'S BARGAIN STORE.

J. RASIN has just returned from the city, and is now opening at his Store Room opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest assortment of *DRY GOODS* ever before offered by him, such as Dress Goods, for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boy's and Misses'; and heavy Goods for servant's wear; also a large stock of family Groceries; Liquors of all kinds; Hardware, China, Glass, Queensware; Woodware, &c. Having paid particular attention to the selection of these goods, with a view to sell them at prices expressly suited to the present "hard times." I will be pleased to dispose of them on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce, or on time to prompt paying customers. Dry Goods generally on first floor. Farming Implements, on second floor. Carpet warerooms on the third floor.

oct 24 JOSEPH RASIN.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Thompson & Kersey

HAVE just returned from the city, and are now opening at their Newly Refitted Store Room in Easton, a very large and beautiful stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, embracing almost every variety of

Ladies' Dress Goods;
Gentlemen's " "
Boys and Misses' " "
Servants' Wear;

Also a large stock of **Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin Ware Wood Ware, &c.;** to an examination of which they earnestly invite their friends and the public generally. oct 3

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. 1857.

J. H. GRACE has just returned from the city with a very large stock of *FALL AND WINTER GOODS*, embracing every variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, viz:—
Silks, colored and black;
Plain and figured Delaines;
Cashmeres; Deboze, &c
Also, a large assortment of
Embroidered Collars,
Ruffling, &c
Linen Cambric and hemstitch'd Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, hostery, &c.
Also, a beautiful supply of Stella Shawls.
For Gentlemen & Boys.—My assortment of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vesting and Coating Cassimeres
are large and complete. Also, a large supply of
Tweeds,
Cassinetts,
Jeans, &c.;
Together with a very large and generally assorted stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GLASS STONE-WARE, TIN-WARE, GROCERIES, &C.,
To an examination of which the public are most respectfully invited—feeling sure that from the pains taken in the selection of these Goods that in QUANTITY, QUALITY, and PRICES, they cannot have a better stock to select from
sep 26 J H. GRACE.

SPICES, Nutmegs, Mace, Cinnamon, Cloves, Allspice, Ginger, Mustard, Cayenne and Black Pepper, ground and unground, for sale by
nov 21 DAWSON & BRO.

ETHERIAL OIL.—Balton's fresh and superior Ethereal Oil—just received by
nov 21 DAWSON & BRO.

AXES! AXES!!—Stewart's celebrated cutting Axes, on hand and for sale by
nov 21 J H GRACE.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent footsteps worn;
Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and truth is multiplied;
Where these signs are they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed State.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S TIME.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. It was on the 23d of October. The sentinels were doubled, and the most strict order given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on his bout, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

"Pierre," he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open. Don't even let a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?"

"Ay, mon colonel, I shall be prompt."

"The dogs are around us," pursued the officer, "and you cannot be too careful.—Don't trust men nor brutes without good proof."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moving back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp: or rather around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk to the outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be raising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly; with a slow, steady tread the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night-bird flew out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, he had seen nothing to excite his suspicion. He had stopped for a moment close by the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild screech from the woods: and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

"Parbleu!" he uttered, after the night-bird had flown over, "could mortal man have stopped that fellow from passing?"

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was turning by the rock, and he was sure he saw a dark object just crossing the line towards the camp.

"Hold!" he cried, bringing his musket quick to his shoulder. "Hold, or I fire!"

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object had stopped: but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started again towards the camp.

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further and I fire. What Pardieu! Le Prince. Ho, ho, why Prince!"

The animal turned and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but he motioned him off.

"Bravo, Prince!" Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder now as a great dog, of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missed for about a week. He had disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

"Parbleu, mon grand Prince!" Pierre uttered as though the dog could understand every word, the men will be happy to see you. Where have you been for so long?"

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

"Now, mon ami, you must just keep your sitting there till the guard comes, and then we will go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?"

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis and due meaning, Pierre started on his bout again. He had got halfway to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving towards the camp again.

Ha! Prince, that won't do. Stop, stop or I'll shoot! Diable, the Colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something; you can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down! I say!"

With this the dog lay flat down upon his belly and stretched out his fore-paws.—Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go to the camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

"Diable!" the honest fellow uttered; "I must obey orders. The Colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't."

With a few quick bounds the soldier got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

"Mon cher ami, you must stay with me! Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start a whole camp for, to shoot a dog."

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guards was heard.

"Ah, now, Prince he'll be relieved," the soldier said, stooping near the dog. "You shall go and see your old friends."

The tramp of the coming guards drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start and in a new direction, this time starting towards the copse.

"Here, here, Prince. Parbleu, don't you run off again."

But the dog took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

"Back, back, here."

"Grand Dieu." This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus. In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the dim outlines now, and then he fired. There was a sharp cry, and Pierre had to turn for the guards were approaching.

"Qui est la?" (Who is there?") he cried, "Relief Guard," was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer of what had happened.

"A dog?" cried the officer. "Prince did you say?"

"He looked like Prince, but, Diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs."

"Eh? hind legs?"

"Yes."

"Then come: show us where he was."

With this the officer of the mounted guard pulled his lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

"Grand Dieu," he cried "what legs for a dog, eh."

And no wonder he said so. The hind legs of the dog were booted and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus man. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, "God take me, in the Prussian tongue, followed.

"Diable, here's an adventure," uttered the officer, and he made Pierre hold the lantern, while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate; so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and, having lifted the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog's skin was removed and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was small, though apparently some twenty years of age: but he was dead—Pierre's ball entered his heart!

CONCENTRATED MILK.

The new process for consolidating milk, by separating the useful properties from the water contained in it, is attracting considerable attention. A large factory intended to be used for this purpose, has been erected for a New York firm, on the farm of the Messrs. Carpenter, at Standfordville, Dutchess county. The extract prepared by this process, when properly sealed, can be carried any distance by sea or land, and remain perfectly sweet. Genuine cow's milk contains, in a thousand parts, one hundred and sixty of butter, casein, and sugar of milk: the remaining eight hundred and forty parts are water. The water is all evaporated, by the new process, and the residue (only one-sixth of the original bulk of the whole) is a paste that may be put up in cans, and re-converted into pure, unadulterated milk at any moment, by adding the necessary quantity of water. Mr Borden, the inventor of this process, has established a condensor in Litchfield county, Conn., capable of reducing 5,000 quarts per day.—The Winsted Herald, of that county, describes the process as follows: "The milk, as it is received from the neighborhood farmers, (they being paid some two or three cents per quart for it,) in cans of six to eight gallons each, is at once deprived of its animal heat by placing the cans in ice-cold water. It is then, while in the cans, subjected to a heat of 160 to 190 degrees—a few degrees below the boiling point. Thus prepared, the milk is immediately transferred to a boiler, a huge receptacle of cast-iron, of incalculable strength. While there subjected, by means of steam, to a heat of but 120 degrees, the air is withdrawn by two nicely adjusted air-pumps, and the process of evaporation commences. The vapor as it forms, and this it does with surprising rapidity within the vaccum, is as rapidly condensed and thrown off by means of pumps, and so quick is the process, that, according to our information, a boiler of 500 quarts can be reduced to 115 quarts within one and a half hours. The liquid thrown off by the evaporation is clear like water—has a sickish, unpleasant taste—in no way resembling milk, and its smell is slightly offensive. It is considered that the concentrated article is rendered purer by the process, to say nothing of its other advantages."

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce alluding to this subject, says:

"The reader will perceive that it is not MANUFACTURED milk—there being nothing added to it, and nothing taken from it except the water. It will be sold in the city at, say 32 cents a quart. This will bring the cost, when restored, by the addition of four times its bulk of water, to about sixpence a quart. If any one wishes to use CHEAPER milk, he has only to add another quart of water; it will be then far richer than most, if not all the milk distributed from carts about the city. Of course, the addition of only two or three parts of water, leaves a rich cream, and the purchaser can vary the qualty at his pleasure.

"Very few persons are aware of the extent and importance of the milk trade in this city. The statistics compiled for official use a year or two ago, showed that the annual cost to consumers here was about $3,500,000: and it must now exceed four millions. The difficulty connected with the trade grows out of the rapid decomposition of the milk in its natural state; and its great bulk compared with its first cost. Both these are overcome in Burden's process, as the water may be evaporated at the dairy, and added again when it is wanted for use. The expense of transportation is thereby much reduced while the quality of the milk is preserved from the damage it suffers in its natural state from long continued *agitation*. The samples we have seen are unexceptionable, both in quality and taste: and we regard the experiment as entirely successful."

AN EX-CLERGYMAN ARRAIGNED FOR MURDER.

HE PLEADS GUILTY.—A few days ago George W. Stovall, formerly a clergyman, was arraigned at New Orleans for the murder of Mary Ray Durand. The Picayune says:

He was greatly agitated and nervous, having the appearance of a man who had not yet recovered from a fit of *delirium tremens*. There was nothing of the murderer in his countenance, and in fact we never saw a head or physiognomy in which benevolence was more strongly marked.—His age must be about forty five—his face is considerably wrinkled, and what few locks are still left upon his head have turned to gray.

When the clerk finished reading the indictment, and asked him, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" he replied, in a voice slightly tremulous: "I am guilty; but I would request the court to grant me a short time, before passing sentence, to arrange my business and settle my worldly affairs."

The court replied that he could have what time he required, and then ordered the plea to be recorded, and the prisoner to be remanded for sentence.

The plea caused the greatest astonishment, alike on the part of the court, the counsel and the audience; and, indeed it was rather singular that a man should condemn himself to an ignominious death.—There was a pause in court. Stovall had returned to the dock and taken his seat.—He now appeared calm and composed; like a man who has relieved his mind of some weighty and important matter. He had resigned himself to his doom. The court, thinking very strangely of his conduct, asked him: "Mr. Stovall are you aware of the full consequence of your plea? That it condemns you to death?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I am," he replied.—There was a brief consultation among the lawyers. Some suggested that he could not be in his right mind, and that his plea ought not to be taken. After a consultation with the Attorney General and Randell Hunt, the Judge stated he would call him up again and give him another opportunity to change his plea before it should be recorded. He was called to the bar again, when the judge said:

"Mr. Stovall. I knew you years ago, and always knew you to be a man of very firm mind. I have never before known so extraordinary a plea to be entered in court, and I should like that you would reflect fully upon the consequences of your course. If you desire it the court will not enter the plea yet, and will assign you able counsel with whom you may consult."

Stovall replied that he thanked the court for its kindness, and would accept the offer of counsel for consultation. The court then ordered a continuance of the case, ordered the clerk not to enter the plea of guilty, and assigned to Christian Roselius the duty of consulting with the accused.

The circumstances of this murder are still fresh in the recollection of our readers, as it occurred only two weeks since. Stovall, according to his own confession, killed a poor, frail woman, with whom he had been living, in a most inhuman manner, by cutting her throat with a razor and afterwards chopping her head almost off with an axe, and mangling her body in other ways. He then attempted to drown himself by jumping headforemost into a well. His only excuse was that he had for months been laboring under the influence of liquor.—He was formerly a preacher, we believe, but of late years has led a very dissipated and dissolute life. Previous to this he had been guilty of a number of smaller offenses.

THE New York Sun declares calmly, but great bluntness and not a little truth:

"We are becoming a nation of vain, extravagant fools. From January 1st to this date, we have imported foreign merchandise to the value of $175,000,000—about $11,000,000 more than our imports amounted to for the same time last year. The value of our exports since January 1st, is about $50,000,000, or $4,000,000 less than our exports for the same time last year.—We have run into debt this year alone about $125,000,000, and by the end of the year our foreign debt for imported goods will be much larger.

"Harry, did you ask Hicks for that money."

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing; he just kicked me into the road; that's all he said."

There is a man about town lives by falling through vault sky-lights, and suing the proprietors of these vaults for damages.

The salary of the Governor of Georgia has been raised to $4,000.

For the Easton Gazette.

New England Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is, you know, the Christmas of New England. In by gone days the observance of Christmas was declared as an invention of the evil one, and the innocent gaieties and indulgences of that happy season, were let down as only instruments for dragging men to destruction. Mince pies were pronounced to have an odor of Papistry—this word being formed you perceive by adding *y* to pastry—and hence were considered indigestible by the true believers and were prohibited.—However the faithful few, who, even in the darkest days of Puritanic persecution remained true to their old love, and still though in secret celebrated the twenty-fifth of December as the day of days, have now happily grown to a multitude. Schools are frequently dismissed in the larger towns, and factory operatives allowed to plead conscience, and cease from their labour on Christmas day. Santa claus can in this golden age of liberality descend almost any chimney in town, and Christmas gifts are quite the order of the day.

While yet the lovers of Old England's festival persist in thinking that, on that day, man received a boon from heaven such as has never before or since been vouchsafed; and for which we should be awakened to the liveliest gratitude, they are still glad to offer thanks and praise for the lesser gifts showered upon them year by year. Hence, with a reservation in favor of Christmas, we unite cordially in obeying the Governor's Proclamation.

About Thanksgiving season, be the times hard or easy, people begin to look more smiling, and feel so too. Old friends are invited to share in the generous hospitality of the day. Children come home from afar. Thousands of fat cackles and gobbles are heard from the fated and saddened poultry yards. Pumpkin pies, the special viand of that festival, are made by dozens and stand inviting and toothsome on the pantry shelf. In fact the busiest time of the year is the week of preparation for Thanksgiving.

Early on the morning of the day associated in the minds of the small fry with every thing pleasant to the taste and sight, the choirs are done up—clean clothes put on and all made ready for the appropriate pleasures of the occasion. I am sorry to say but a small part go to church. The women of the house must, of course, remain at home. The men do not like to go to church alone. The children contrive to make themselves busy—so all remain within. This is so much the case that I once heard a clergyman, after giving out notice of the service in the ordinary way, add, that all those who were thankful for God's goodness would be expected to attend. I need not say that the church was filled for once. After church comes the dinner of which all partake most bountifully. The children think it a matter of duty to stuff to the last mouthful; and then cry because "I have eaten so much I haint room for pudden"—to say nothing of the fruit and nuts which must at least be tasted. At last eating is over—the out-of-door duties are attended to, the house put in order and all sit down for a long social evening.

Men at the north are generally taciturn. They engage their thoughts in business or work, to the neglect of the pleasant social duties which we all owe to each other. At this time, however, care is denied admittance. The old once again feel young and the usually quiet homestead resounds with the happy cries and shouts of romping children. The hearty guffaw of the older ones rings out at some joke annually revived and each year relaughed at and enjoyed. Nine o'clock comes much too soon. Invited guests then wrap up and start for home. The little girls and boys are admonished to prepare for bed. No child however small is ever sent to bed on Thanksgiving night until this hour. The old folks gather round the fire to spend together the last moments of the happy day. Perhaps on the very next morning the sons and daughters start for their places of labor or for school, and leave the old house to put on its cap of silence for another year. Even the sadness of this parting is not the only sorrow Thanksgiving sometimes brings. The annual assembling may show a vacant place at the table. The happy home circle, which seemed almost as if it might endure forever, is severed by the inexorable fates. Tears, even amid the joys of reunion, are shed for the departed, as the scarcely healed heart-wound freshly opened; and the happy face is saddened by the melancholy recollections so pointedly brought to mind.

Perhaps I seemed at first to decry time-honored Thanksgiving. If so I beg to retract. Though constrained to claim pre-eminence for holy, glad-some Christmas, let all due honor be paid to this New England festival. Our people have, at most, few enough of holidays and little enough of recreation. I would not abate one jot of either. Though the Puritans abolished Christmas, they were obliged to find a substitute. The heart of the people was set on having at least one day of cessation from labor—one day of joy at the closing time of year They ought to have it. Out of regard for the greater we need not ignore the lesser festival. Though we are not, I fear, a really benevolent people, yet many a poor man has reason to be grateful for the blessings which Thanksgiving brings. Many a table bears the weight of a turkey or chicken only on this day of all the year, and for this it is indebted to some heart awakened by the pleasing recollections connected with Thanksgiving. A. C.

An indian seeing a belle dressed out in full breadth of fashion pass by him in the street, was heard to exclaim: "Heap wigwam, ugh."

An old bachelor, on seeing the words "families supplied" over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in, and said he would take a wife and two children.

For the Easton Gazette.

We Bloom to-day, to-morrow Die!

"There is [illegible] for the lost!
The rich [illegible] to the ground!
But [illegible] the sanctified best,
For a spirit in [illegible] sound!
Though [illegible] from the earth,
Yet [illegible]
And [illegible] of its birth,
[illegible]
And [illegible] given
To [illegible] the gardens of Heaven.

"*In the midst of life we are in death!*"—And is there one who cannot tell the anguish of the final parting from a well beloved friend, or the deep heart-felt anguish when the latest breath trembles on the tide of life, and the eyes forever close in the long sleep which knows no awakening.—Only a day or two ago I attended the funeral of a young lady—the bud had scarce unfolded its petals into the full blown rose, than as the flower of Autumn is chilled by its early frosts, so sudden was her departure from earth. She little thought the very night on which she met with so sad a fate that the death-angel was hovering so near, and ere the orient rays of morn would shed its brightening influence o'er the archway of Heaven, she done, that her spirit would be borne from earth to brighter spheres. We may watch a flower droop its delicate head beneath the chilling frowns of Winter, we give a passing tribute of a sigh to think that so lovely a gem should perish, but we know that it will bloom again when the Winter snows have passed away, and the mild breezes of Spring shall dance o'er streamlet and hill, the fair bud will reappear, and the dew-drops will again glisten in its cheek as though it were weeping tears of joy to welcome the sunny days of Spring. But, when a fond link in affection's chain is riven, and we bear to the grave the friends that we have loved with so much tenderness, oh! with what sorrowing anguish that hour is fraught, we know that they love it not never again to be residents on earth.

Winter winds may murmur a requiem through the forest; though its snowy mantle may be thrown on the bosom of earth, springs early flowers may burst in beauty, the ivy may twine its graceful tendrils o'er the mound that marks that resting place. Summer's zephyrs may gently sigh, but they sleep on, their dreamless slumber.—It is natural for the human heart to seek some object on which to lavish its love.—But is it not frequently the case, that the cynosure of our warmest affections is the first to be torn away? Death the mighty conqueror can rend asunder the firmest links in affection's chain, and bear away earth's fairest flowers to bloom in other climes.—And ever is it thus. The most beautiful things are frailest, the loveliest flowers wither soonest, and the best beloved are often soonest called to heaven. But can we ever cease to remember them? No, never. Memory carefully treasures them in her casket of precious jewels. Whilst we walk in the groves and fields, does not each flower seem a silent monitor of decaying glory. And the rivulet seems in low murmuring to tell of the time when it mirrored there those who have passed through the "valley of the shadow of death," and every bound of its dimpled wave bears some memento of the shadowy past. But while we thus think of them as sleeping in the silent tomb, perhaps they think of us in the far off happy land, and when night's able goddess reigns, perhaps they hover round our pillows as ministering angels to guard our slumbers. May they not love us then as they loved us on earth May they not be waiting to welcome us in that bright hour, and though we cannot now be with them, may we not hope to meet them when death shall break the ties that bind us here.

"[illegible] No chaplet's breath,
[illegible]
[illegible] Death!"

S.

A STEAMER IN COLLISION WITH A WHALE.—On the last trip of the steamer Columbia from Oregon, an unusual number of the species of whale known as "humpback" were observed sporting in the neighborhood of Humboldt Bay, as only monsters of the deep can sport. The steamer with wind and steam fair in her tail, was running at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour, when, says a passenger, a huge whale raised to blow within half a rod of the ship's prow, its body lying at right angles with her course of sailing. Full thirty feet of the monster's back must have been exposed, and all were expecting an old fashioned "[illegible] through thy cell," when Mr. Fish sank almost like lead, but not quick enough to save his bacon," for he was not at sufficient depth to be out of reach of the ship's keel. When the fish rose the water for some distance around was crimsoned with its blood. Though with diminished force, the ship struck with great violence turning the monster on its beam ends, in which position it came to the surface, on the larboard side, and just in time to receive another severe "thump" from the steamer's paddle. But it was not killed, for it was seen making its way toward the land some moments after.—*Sacramento Union.*

STATISTICS OF CONSUMPTION.—Medical statistics appear to prove that consumption, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates. There is more consumption in the tropical ladies, both East and West, than in the almost arctic Canadas. The number of the British troops attacked with this disease in Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand, while in Canada it is only about six. The British government have accordingly resolved upon sending their consumptive soldiers to a cold climate in preference to a warm one.

Mrs. Cunningham received one vote for Mayor of N. York at the late election.

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