PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
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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. XLII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859. No. 51.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or 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.

HYMN OF TRUST.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table closes his contribution to the November number of the Atlantic monthly with the following:

O Love Divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear
On these we cast each earth born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No pain we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

"NICE GIRLS."

To my mind, there is nothing in all the world half so beautiful, half so delightful, or so loveable, as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty girl, but a "nice girl;" one of those lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatutes, whom we meet in the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl," is not the languishing beauty who dawdles on a sofa, and talks of the last new opera: or the great giraffe-looking girl, who creates an affect by sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does not even dance well, or play well, and she does not know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active for that; she is not given to novel-reading, for she is always too busy. And as to the opera, when she goes there, she does not think it necessary to show her bare shoulders; but sits generally away back in the box, unheeded and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home."—Who is it that rises first in the morning, and gets the breakfast ready before the family comes down? Who is it that makes papa's toast, and carries up mama's tea, and puts buttons on the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes everything bright and comfortable in the parlor? Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the elegant creature? By no means. It is the "nice girl." Her unaided toilet has been performed in the shortest possible space of time; yet how charmingly her hair is done! how simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white collar! What hearty kisses she distributes, unasked among the members of the family. She does not present her cheek or her brow like the "fine girl," but takes the initiative herself and kisses the boys, one after another, with an audible "smack," which says aloud, "I love you ever so much."—If ever I coveted anything in my life, it is one of those kisses from that "nice girl."—She is quite at home in all the domestic duties. She troubles no one to help the kettle." She has fetched it from the hob, and replenished the teapot, while some one has been thinking about offering his assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the kitchen to see about dinner! and all day long she is running up and down stairs, always doing, and always cheerful and light-hearted. And she never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes, to her father for hours together, and never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearing patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no amount of fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion.—I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "coaxers," "c c's"—those funny little curls which it has been the fasion to gum upon the cheek with bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the character of a "nice girl." And if any one whom I have been disposed to regard as a "nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet stuck on the back of her head, I would cease to believe in her from that moment. The only degree of latitude which I feel disposed to allow my *beau ideal*—or, should it be in this case, *belle ideal*?—is kid boots with brass holes. There is a nameless charm about tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted foot, and a well shaped ankle, in conjunction with a clean white petticoat and a tight stocking, will nearly make amends for a squint—Youug men is it not so? Yes—you confess it Women, old enough to be your grandmothers have piloted you from Battery to Union Square by the sheer force of a neat foot. Such is the influence of tidy ankles. This, however, by the way.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay, that is too cold a word—I love the "nice girl!" Under every condition, every aspect, save one,—that one is the condition of matrimony. When I hear that of the "nice girl" of my acquaintance is about to be married—about to be monopolized by some jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly sister who is to be bridesmaid. I come over faint and sick at heart. Where "nice girls" dwell it should be written up as on gates of choice gardens, "Do not pick the flowers." Oh, it is horrid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman come in and take her away into a corner for the rest of the evening. I may not waltz with her now, I may not catch her at blindman's buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the leaves as she sings "Auld Robin Gray," even though it were Christmas time; I may not any more kiss her under the mistletoe; I may not even look at her! There is that horrid, spruce man with whiskers glowering at me as if he would eat me. I sigh as the remembrance comes over me of the many "nice girls" who have thus been torn, ruthlessly torn from me by spruce, and, I am sure, stupid men in whiskers. Why—why are there such things as spruce men with whiskers? I am sure we should get on much better without them.

You may wonder why, since I am such an admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one my own—why, in fact, I have never married one. I have loved, admired, and adored them too much for that. I could no more marry a "nice girl" than I could willfully trample down a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered it, and still do consider it, a crime little short of sacrilege to marry a "nice girl." Who but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with his back to the fire, and monopolize all the heat? To the man who attempts to marry a "nice girl," I say, as Diogenes said to Alexander, 'Get out of my sun."

Marry a "nice girl"! Never! I know what it would be. No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*, and no husband. I am sure, is a fine fellow in his wife's eyes after she has mended his socks. On the other hand, I am certain there must be a horrid disenchantment about a skimp flannel petticoat and a cotton night-cap with frills.

No; let the "nice girl" alone. Let her be the life and sunshine of "Home" for ever. Let as many hearts pine away and die for her as will: I am ready to pine away and die with the rest. But, oh, change not Miss into Mrs.! rob her not of her girlishness and simplicity: pollute not the gushing fountain of her love which flows for all, and falls like dew upon the world. Let her be a "nice girl" for ever; for such as she never grow old or lose the power to charm.—If you must marry, marry the beauty—the flirt the clever girl—the dashing girl—any kind of girl you like, but leave me, oh, leave me the "nice girl." For her sake, I will live a bachelor to the end of my days: and when I die, I desire nothing better than to have such a one to watch over me and close my eyes.

MANY FACTS IN A SMALL COMPASS.—The number of languages spoken is 4064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of seven; half before the age of seventeen. To every 1 000 persons 1 only reached 100 years. To every 100, 6 reached 75: and not more than 1 in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000 000 of inhabitants. Of them 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 every hour; and 60 per minute, or 1 every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life, previous to the age or fifty years, than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 76 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequently by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is one fourth of the population.

One of the most interesting portions of the recent message of the Governor of Georgia is that relating to the progress of education. Returns have only been received from 102 counties in the State, and these report the following statistics:—Whole number of children between the ages of eight and eighteen. 107,825; number between eight and eighteen taught in 1859, 67,155; total of all persons taught, 79,922; of these 45,090 are males, and 34,835 are females. Whole number of school-houses, 1,775; number of schools, 1,777. Number of Methodist colleges, 4, in which there have been tought 358 pupils: Methodist female colleges, 4, pupils, 524; Baptist male colleges, 3, pupils, 207; Baptist female colleges, 4, pupils, 322; Presbyterian male college, 1, pupils, 97; Presbyterian female colleges, 3, pupils 326; colleges and high schools not sectarian, male, 16, pupils, 774; female, 16, pupils, 1,222; number of academies, 57.

What do you know about war? A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for the purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with, his sword drawn he exclaimed—

'Attention company! Rear rank three paces march'" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife, hearing the racket, came running in, saying—

"My dear have you killed yourself?"

"Go about your business woman," said the hero, "what do you know about war?"

"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know that I told you you had but sixteen hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me."

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF A WOMAN'S DUTY IN CONNECTION WITH THE JOHN BROWN CRIME, &c., &c.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Express:

Ever since Uncle Tom's Cabin met with its pernicious success, the isms of a few fanatics, male and female, have been made a prominent feature in our national politics. The evil popularity of one woman, who had been writing twenty years almost unheard of, had set a portion of the sex crazy with a desire for like notoriety. Mrs. Stowe had been diligently writting into middle age, without being known as an author, and at last issued from obscurity, not by an extraordinary talent, but because the restless Beecher blood led her to strike a rich vein of passion and prejudice which arose at once and recognized her talent, when it took an incendiary form, which had been overlooked in its legitimate channel for nearly half a life.

This book was the first of a class that had been sewing evil thoughts throughout the land, which are now become murderous acts. The evil spirit was evoked by anti-slavery novels mostly written by women—the sermons which pleaded for Sharp's rifles, as if holiness was murder, were listened to by women. The Abolition press, which joined full cry, women read approvingly, as if treason were religion—all this has done its work, and that is—murder!

The evil tendency of these teachings is not confined to the developments at Harper's Ferry, but have spread through society, perverting every-thing that is sweet and sacred in the female character where a poisonous seed has fallen near the hearthstone. Since that time, females have ceased to blush when Free Love as an institution is mentioned, but discuss it side by side with the negro question. The slavery of the South and the slavery of *marriage* take now about equal prominence. Woman's rights and negro rights ride the same saddle, and women appear now with a shameless audacity and partake in discussions which the most hardened of the sex would have shrunk from twenty years ago.

The irreligion, the want of reverence, the audacious ambition which this state of things has developed in women, is a terrible feature of the times. A thirst for notoriety is driving the sex insane. They call it by a thousand specious names, but the fountain is in the insatiate vanity, which nothing but the lightning of the press or the clamors of a multitude can appease. The women who have set an example and given their talent to produce this state of things are as culpable as the man who poisons a well at which a whole village must drink. They are like little boys who have the power to unlock a flood-gate, but none to arrest the cataract of water that pours through.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and her train of small imitators have something more to answer for than the death of those who have had faith in their sincerity. When Old John Brown, the victim of their teachings, atones for his fault on the scaffold, it will be the most painful or repulsive picture that teachings of these unwomanly women have inflicted on society: for the execution of a man is not half so revolting as the demoralization of one woman. The evil which his death will spread, is nothing to the spirit of defiance to law and order which overshadows many a New England hearth-stone, where our mothers performed their household duties, worshipped God, and reverenced the laws.

If Old John Brown is executed on the day appointed, such women as Mrs. Stowe, and such men as Henry Ward Beecher, will have his blood on their souls, if not on their hands. It was his belief in their courage and sincerity that led this old man into the crime which he must expiate on the gallows, while the incendiary words which lured him and his followers to death, coin for their writers fame and money, with which to purchase appliances for luxurious living. Incendiary acts, incited, encouraged and fostered by these mercenary teachings, have led braver souls than they will ever possess to the scaffold.

And what have the anti-slavery men and women done to help their victims? Why, contented themselves with vituperations against the South; fled to Canada for safety, or sent artistically prepared letters asking permission to visit John Brown in his dungeon, that each word gathered from his miserable lips may hereafter be turned to a grain of gold. The anti-slavery women have talked and written any amount of sentimental incendiarism: but now, when these teachings take form, and are about to make the wife of old John Brown a widow, what can they do? They cannot write him out of prison, or preach the gallows from under his feet. They have urged an excitable, ardent and rash fanatic on to a bloody death, and instead of going on their knees and paying Almighty God to forgive this horrible sin, content themselves with writing letters for publication, or making sentimental journeys to their victim's prison.

During the last few weeks, letters have been floating, thick as leaves, through the newspapers,—all calculated to exalt a handful of unhappy rioters into martyrs, and to give the names of the writers to the public, —a bliss for which some women of ardent vanity and mediocre minds would, I believe, take a place on the gallows themselves.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child first sets the example, and writes a letter, beautifully adapted for publication, to Governor Wise, asking permission to console, comfort and sympathize with John Brown in his prison. Of course Mrs. Child knew that she had a perfect right to visit Virginia, and that there was no more danger in doing so than in seeking her own bed chamber at night. In this country women are more than respected wherever an American citizen is to be found.

There was no more necessity for sending this letter to Governor Wise than there was to ask the Governor of Massachusetts for permission to eat her breakfast. As for admittance to the prison, Mrs. Child, as the wife of a lawyer, must have known that the officer in whose charge Brown rested at the time was the person to whom she must apply, and that once in Virginia she was sure of being treated with the courtesy due an American lady. But why should Mrs. Child wish to visit and nurse John Brown? She knew well enough that he was properly cared for and kindly treated, and *ought* to have known that the presence of any women other than his wife or daughter must be an intrusion on the precious time of a man sentenced to die. John Brown has a wife and Mrs. Child was aware of it. What right had she to offer to stand in that wife's place by a husband condemned to death? She could not really have expected to be of material assistance because she is herself quite an elderly, not to say old, lady, on whom the duties of a nurse would have fallen heavily.

Of course all these things Mrs. Child knew well enough. John Brown, according to his own sensible letter, was tenderly nursed and kindly treated. He wanted no stranger to disturb the little time left for preparation for certain death, and stand between his thoughts and an offended God. He had found out the value of Abolition sentiment; it had lured him to a bloody grave! So old John Brown declined the nurse who proposed to stand in the place of his wife, and remembering the woman whom Mrs. Child seems to have forgotten, besought that the ostentatious kindness extended to him might be directed to her, a course which real feminine benevolence would have taken at first.

But no woman of these times can strike an orginal road to notoriety without finding a swarm of the ambitious sisterhood on her track. Mrs. Child's letter had hardly taken wing: when up stars other female philanthropists of whom no one ever heard, who is resolved to secure a slice of the notoriety so adroitly earned. Eager for her share of newspaper paragarphs, she makes haste to Virginia, energetically forces a passage to Brown's cell, greedily gathers up his words for some promised future publications, arranges a quantity of autumn leaves in the grating of his widow, and comes away solemnly convinced that she has done a great act, and secured to her self a place in future history. A great act is it? That of crowding unasked into the place which a wife only should occupy! Who else should dare to gather the breath from his dying lips, that it may be coined into money; or worse still, into new mischief, by which more men may be led to ruin! True mercy would leave the moments not consumed to penitential prayers to God for forgiveness of a fearful crime, to the poor woman who will soon be a widow.

The smpathy which encouraged crime, and beyond a doubt wrought the death of this man, must seem to him as a cold mockery. Yet the newspapers, and the Express among the rest, give importance and space to the actions and letters of these ladies, which only belong to deeds of delicate benevolence and real courage. Compare the acts of these ambitious ladies with the bravery of that daughter of Virginia—that true woman, full of merciful heroism—who flung herself before the levelled guns of her friends to protect the very men who had come, armed to the teeth, to scatter fire and death upon her and all that she had dear in life—this was the true courage of womanhood! This was an act which gives genuine fame, because it sprang promptly from a compassionate heart; because it had but one result in view, that of saving a human life. Yet this deed of heroism, so beautiful in itself, so womanly, so grand, has passed with comparatively little notice, while Mrs. Child's letter, and the lady who made a pilgrimage to John Brown's cell, in order to place some autumn leaves in his window, is filling the press as if some very meritorious deed has been performed.

A WOMAN.

Artemus Ward's Courting Tour.

Twas a calm still nite in Joon, when all natur was a hushed & nary zeffer disturbed the serene silence. I sot with the objek of my harts affections on the fence uv her daddy's pasture. I had experiensud a hankering arter her for sum time, but dasnt proclame my pashun. Well, we sot there on the fence a swinging of our feet 2 & fro, & blushing as red as the Baldingville skule houce when it was first painted, & looked very cumpul I make no dowt.—My left arm was okupide in ballinsun myself on the fence, while mi rite arm was wound affeckshunitely round Suzanner's waste.

Sez I, "Suzanner, i thinks very much uv yu."

Sez she, "How you do run on."

Sez I, "I wush thare war winders in mi sole soze you could see some of my feelins," & I side deeply.

I pawsed hear, but as she maid no reply to it, I kontinued on in the following strane:

"Oh, cood you on the sleepless nites I pass on yer ackount, how vitles has cesed B attractive to me, and how mi lims is shrunk up & week yu woodn't dowt me, not by no meens. Gays on this waistin form & these soonkin H's." I cride jumpin up.

I shud have continued sumtime longer, probably, but unfortunitely I lost mi balence & fell over into the pasture ker smash, tarin me kloze & severely damagin my self generally. Suzanner sprang tu mi assistence & dragged me 4th in duble quick time Then drawin herself up to her full hite, sed:

"I won't listen to yer noncents eny longer Jest yer sa rite out what yer driven at. If yu mean gitten hitched, I'm in."

Leather Stockings wants to know how it happened that La Mountain, the celebrated balloonist, was "four days in the Canadian wilderness without food," when he had a Haddock with him.

HUMOROUS.

Molly and the "Ile of Patch Chewly."

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends "put up" there are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncracy of servant girls, to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and Robert were very careful of their toilets, and being in a courting way had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume that they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a clerk, and a mixing of various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as the contents:

Of Lac. Asafœtida, which, for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this one ounce.

Of Liquor Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds,) half an ounce.

Of Balsam Fur, the stickiest and gummiest article known, one ounce.

Of honey, one ounce.

Of Alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, half a pint.

This was well "shuck" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil.—The next day, (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church and after finishing, traveled down stairs. But they came up another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant-girls came into Dave's room.

Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one—"Misther Dave has more of the ile, and my hair is as dhry as powder; let's have a regular fix up wid the folks all away."—This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish of the fluid, which was quite thin, in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:

"Whirra, what smills so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpsey specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Partume, indade," says the red-head—"that's not pertum—it's the rale bad smell."

"Mebby," says the dumpsey, "it's the Patch Chewley. I've ha'ard folks say that Patch Chewley smills dhreadful at fust; a person must get used to the smill before they likes it. Shure it's a parfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough "oiling," they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh! my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room?" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff at the Patch Chewley, when they entered the house. The master and the mistress were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there, were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who were "iled" were waiting on them

Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fire and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught and the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock, to ornament with features, in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate and about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patch Chewley locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been sacred from touch as the tomb at Palestine.

A Model Crier.

An old paper, turned up in a general cleaning up, contain the following:

In a beautiful town of North Carolina, an old court-crier, who had grown gray in the cause and as deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second story window of the court-house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the Court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge, with his hand behind his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said:

"What, your Honor?"

"Call Arrabella Hanks, said the Judge.

Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat, and said again, with a much-puzzled look:

"What, your Honor?'

"Call Arrabella Hanks, crier, and delay the business of the Court no longer," said the Judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out:

"*Yaller* Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shank! come into Court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court-room was convulsively dispelled: and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness answered, said: "No, your Honor; and I don't believe there is such a person in the country, for I've lived here forty years, and I never *he'erd* of him before!"

FARMER'S COLUMN.

From the American Farmer.

"Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age
And pale concluding Winter comes, at last,
And shuts the scene."

The seasons are ever picturing to us the "state of man." First, the beautiful, joyous, happy Spring Season, when all is gay and hopeful life; then the earnest vigorous Summer time of action; then the thoughtful, sober Autumn, when he gathers up the results of his life's labor and estimates its value; then comes the "pale concluding winter," when, if he has prudently "laid up in store" for the time to come, a "rest" awaits him; comfort and repose and safety in a home where he has placed his treasure in advance—even the home he inherits of Him whom he is taught to call his Father. Let every earthly household where the endearing names of father and mother are known, and where brothers and sisters dwell in peace, be made the living type of that which we can only faintly picture.

CARE OF STOCK.

Let all stock, it not done before, be now well cared for, and have the benefit of protection from the weather. It is too much the custom to allow store cattle to shift for themselves as long as the weather keeps moderate. Such food as they get now in the pastures is not fit for them. Give them the best provender you can afford, and be sure that their coming through the winter well depends very much on their being kept to their flesh now. We need not urge again the necessity of ample shelter, so that it possible every animal may be well housed without being tied in a stall.

WORK HORSES.—Work Horses and mules should of course be especially cared for.—Give them ample stable room and good bedding. Never allow them to be put up after work without being rubbed dry and their feet and legs well cleaned.

OXEN.—Feed working Oxen always apart from other stock, lest when not at work, they master too much the weaker stock, and when at work, and brought late into the yards, they be deprived of such fodder as they are entitled to.

CALVES.—Keep calves in separate pens, and feed with the best hay or fodder, and some bran and meal, if you would have them continue to grow. It is a mistake to suppose that all that can be expected of stock in winter is to keep the life in them, and be able to walk to the pasture in spring.

COWS.—Such Cows as are to be kept in milk during winter should be very comfortably housed and well fed with extra food and bran and meal mixed, and ruta-baga, sugar beet, &c.

WATER.—Use the best means at command to supply your stock with water.—If possible there should be water in the yard, bnt by all means where it can be got frequently.

SHEEP.—Have shelter for sheep with racks and troughs for feeding. Those you are feeding for the butcher will, of course, be kept to themselves, and others properly sorted.

HOGS.—Continue the feeding of hogs with strict regard to their health, comfort, and economical expenditure of food.

CURING HAMS.

We repeat here the excellent recipe we published in our monthly supplement, and two others which we published last year, one being that of Mr. J. Q. Hewlett, and the other that of Mr. S. W. Ficklin. Either will do if well followed. It will be observed, however, that there is a material difference as to the length of time which the meat should lie in salt. One being six, the other three weeks, and one from four to six, according to size. Our own impression is that for Hams weighing, say ten to twelve pounds, three weeks in salt will be found sufficient. We used Mr. Hewlett's recipe last year, and found that time long enough, and that smaller Hams were too much salted. Heretofore we have kept in salt usually as long as six weeks. The advantage of hanging early consists in getting the meat smoked and secured in bags before the warm days, when the fly may get at it.

THE FREDERICK RECIPE.

For pickling one hundred pounds of Pork Hams, Beef, &c.: Take six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, mixed, (half fine and half coarse,) three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of salt, mixed; (half fine and half coarse,) three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of potash. Boil and skim it well, and let it stand till entirely cold; then having rubbed your meet with fine salt, pour this brine over it: let it remain six weeks over it; then hang up and smoke.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

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