THE GAZETTE IS 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. XLIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861. No. 13.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

Fine Choice Liquors.

I HAVE just received from the Importers of Philadelphia a fine assortment of choice Liquors. I have superior dark and pale F. Brandy, Old Rye Whiskey, Old Peach and Apple Brandy, Old Jamaica Spirit, Holland Gin, Maderia, Sherry, Port, Lisbon and Malaga Wines. I keep constantly on hand a large lot of common Liquors, good common Whiskey 37½ cents per gallon—cash. (nov 3) W. P. MACKEY.



IN great variety, and warranted fresh and genuine, just received and for sale by
mar 2 DAWSON & BRO.

The Last & Latest Arrival.

CHEEZUM & EMORY,

HAVE just returned from the cities with a large and handsome assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods.

The varieties too numerous to name, which they most respectfully invites their friends and the public generally, to call and examine before purchasing. [sep 29

BOOTS AND SHOES.



THE subscriber invites attention to his recent

Purchase of Boots and Shoes

FOR
LADIES, GENTS., MISSES, BOYS & CHILDREN,
which will be sold cheap for CASH.
W. H. SHEPARE,
aug 13-tf No. 2 Dover street.

N. B.—Boots and Shoes repaired at short notice.

DAWSON & BROTHER

OFFER for sale the following useful and popular articles at low rates:

Jayne's Family Medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Pills, Wigwam Tonic, Hampton's Tincture, Spaulding's prepared Glue, Cattle and Horse Powders, Taylor's shaving compound Silver Soap, Lead Pencils, Black, Blue and Red, Letter, Note, and Cap Paper, Envelopes and Sealing Wax, Brown's Bronchial Troches, Wistar's cough Lozenges, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, St. Catherine's Water, Congress and Chalybeate Water, Worcestershire Sauce, Sardines and Guava Jelly, Shoe Brushes and Blacking, Stove Polish and Isinglass, Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. [nov 3



LANDRETH'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH
GARDEN SEEDS,
AND
Landreth's Garden Seeds of
AMERICAN GROWTH.

WE have now in store and for sale, our supply of Garden, Field, Flower, Herb and Bird Seeds, of choice varieties. Call and get our "Rural Register" to be had gratis.
mar 16 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge.

Valuable reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the new remedies employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted, in sealed letter envelope, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary.* [dec 7-1y

THOMAS C. NICOLS, JR.,
EASTERN SHORE
Hallware, Agricultural and
SEED WAREHOUSE,
S. E. Cor. Washington & Dover Sts.,
EASTON, MD.

OFFERS for sale as heretofore, at the lowest possible prices for CASH, every description of Building, Housekeeping, Farmers' and other

HARDWARE,

Improved Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, warranted fresh and Genuine Seeds, in great variety. Also, No. 1 Peruvian Government Guano, genuine Super Phosphate of Lime, and other reliable Fertilizers for Grass and Grain crops, Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery; choice Evergreens, Roses, Dahlias, &c.

☞ He solicits a continuance of former custom.

Implements, Seed, and Nursery Catalogues, furnished on application.

Timothy, Clover, Orchard Grass, Lawn Grass, Millet, and other Field Seeds at *city retail prices.*

☞ Terms for Seeds *invariably CASH on delivery irrespective of persons.* [jan 19, 1861.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES of lime and soda. Judson's Mountain Herb Pills, Morse's Indian Root Pills, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for sale by
dec 29 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

COTTON OSNABERGS—white and colored, twild and plain cotton Osnabergs, just received and for sale by
feb 23 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

FOR SALE.



SEVERAL Valuable DWELLING HOUSES, in the town of Easton. Enquire of the Editor of the Gazette. [oct 20-tf

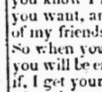
THE LATEST FASHIONS,
FALL AND WINTER, 1860.

MRS. KATE PLUMMER, has just received the Latest Fashions, to an inspection of which she invites her friends and the public generally. The new styles of bonnets are very pretty. [sep 29

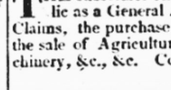
NOTICE, NOTICE.

THE subscriber having removed his stock of GOODS into the Store room recently occupied by H. C. Mackey, (opposite the Court House) will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of
Dry Goods,
Family Groceries,
Queensware,
Tinware, Woodware, &c.,
All of which I most respectfully invite the public to call and examine.
feb 9 WM. P. MACKEY.

OTHELLO MORGAN.



THIS fine Morgan horse will stand for mares in Talbot county the ensuing Season commencing on the 10th of March and ending on the 10th of June, 1861. He will stand at the Trappe once a fortnight for three days. The ballance of his time at the stable of the owner, at Deep Water Point and in Miles River Neck and Bay-Side district. The colts of this horse are all turning out fine horses. For terms, see hand-bills.
JAMES BENSON,
mar 9-tf Agent.



ARRANGEMENTS
OF THE
INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE, for the Eastern and Western Shores, until further notice.

ON and after Wednesday, March 6th, 1861, the Steamer KENT, Captain John H. Kirwin, will run her routes as follows:

Leave every Saturday for Cambridge, Denton and Landings on Choptank river, returning on Monday.

Every Tuesday for Annapolis and West River, returning same day.

Every Wednesday for Castle Haven, Clora's Point, Cambridge, Hughlett's Wharf, Sherman's Pier, Cabin Creek, Medford's Wharf, Lloyd's Landing, returning by same route, Thursday.

Every Friday for St. Michaels, Miles River Ferry, returning same day.
mar 9 C. K. CANNON, Agent.

HERE I AM AGAIN,
MY FRIENDS.

MARCH has arrived and reminds me of the Spring trade, and I thought to myself that you would want a
COAT, VEST OR PANTS.
and if I had not the Goods when you called, you would be disappointed.

Now, if you owe me a bill I want it, to enable me to prepare for you this Spring. It don't matter how small or how large it is; I want it: you are the very one I am talking too; I don't mean your neighbor or friend; but all of you that owe me anything. So you that have an account on my books come along and help me out, as you know I never refuse to let you have what you want, and as all my means are in the hands of my friends, I must look to them to *pay up.*—So when you see me, come up to the *scratch* and you will be entitled to the first choice this Spring, if, I get your bill so that I can buy a new stock of goods.
mar 9 JNO. SATTERFIELD.

General Agency.

THE subscriber offers his services to the public as a General Agent for the collection of Claims, the purchase and sale of Real Estate, the sale of Agricultural Implements and Machinery, &c., &c. Commissions moderate.
N. E. NICOLS,
Easton, Md.

REFERENCES:

Col. S. Hambleton,	Easton, Md.	
Jas. Ll. Martin, Esq.,	"	"
I. C. W. Powell, Esq.,	"	"
H. H. Goldsborough, Esq.,	"	"
Messrs. Cheezum & Emory,	"	"
Jas. Dixon, Esq., near	"	"

Col. Richard Thomas, Cashier of Easton Bank of Maryland.
Arthur J. Willis, Esq., Caroline Co.
Thos. Hughey, Esq., Centreville, Md.
Madison Brown, Esq., Clerk of Queen Anne's Circuit Court.
W. S. Pawson, Com. Merchant Balto. Md.
Wm H. Emory, " " " "
Col. John W. Watkins, U. S. Marshall, Baltimore, Md. [dec 29-6m

Agent and Collector.

THE subscriber offers his services to the citizens of Talbot and adjoining counties as General Agent, for the purchase and sale of properties, either Personal or Real. All accounts entrusted to him will be collected promptly and upon reasonable terms. JAMES BENSON,
St. Michaels, Md.

REFERENCES:
Col. S. Hambleton, Easton.
Col. Rd. Thomas, "
S. T. Hopkins, Esq., "
Joseph Graham, Esq., "
H. F. Byrne and Jas. D. Mansfield, St. Michaels.
Dugan & Watkins, No. 232 Market St., Balt.
Maynard & Rose, South Calvert Street, "
J. W. Bruff & Co., 245 Market Street, "
W. L. Pawson, Commission Merchant, "
J. E. Bird, 211 Market Street,
sep 22-1y

FOR SALE.

THE Schooner "Thos. Bruff," 23 tons, carries from 11 to 12 hundred bushels of Grain, substantially built, copper bolted, and galvanized iron spikes throughout, draft of water when light, only 2½ feet. Her dimensions are as follows: 40 feet keel, 15½ feet beam and 4 feet hole. She has a centre board with the well coppered above light water mark. Her plank inside and out is 2 inches thick, frame white oak.
Terms will be made accomodating.
sep 22 JAMES BENSON, Agent.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to H. M. Berridge, in election districts No. 2 and 5, for State and county taxes will please settle the same immediately with James Benson, as longer indulgance cannot be given. JAMES BENSON,
mar 9 Agent.

JUDSON'S Mountain Herb Pills, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Brown's Bronchial Troches, all for sale by
jan 5 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

SEE my advertisements in another part of this paper. (mar 2) T. C. NICOLS, Jr.

A Light in the Window for Thee.

We hope the beautiful lines appended, will interest and benefit our juvenile readers, and not by any means be unprofitable to those of nper years:

"When a boy, twelve years old, I worked hard to support my mother and two younger brothers, and usually carried my earnings home every evening. One night, it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home till late. My mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but quickly aroused when she heard my footsteps, and met me at the door with a warm heart, warmer tears, and a kiss, and a "God bless you, dear! After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you." And true to her word, the light in the window appeared. O, how it cheered my heart, ever after years!

Health failing me, I left home—after my brothers could help my mother—and went to sea.—When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; and, just before she expired, she said to those around her, "Give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy, and tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him to guide his footsteps there."

There's a light in the window for thee, dear brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
Our mother has moved to mansions above—
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, dear brother
When your labors have ceased to be,
For JESUS has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

O! watch, and be faithful, and pray dear brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, dear brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels are beckoning you over the stream—
There's a light in the window for thee,
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

How the Money Goes.

How goes the money? Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats and capes,
Silks, satins, velvets, muslins, grapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Sure,
I wish the many ways were fewer;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paints, pomate and sure-de-rose—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Come,
I know it didn't go for rum,
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? There,
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays and diamond pins,
For public aims and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

THE FROG CATCHER.

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more."
MACBETH.

IF you want to catch a *gum-wine* Yankee, you must take a trip up to the State of Vermont. There they shoot up like weeds, generally ranging from six to seven feet in stature. The bait at which they snap is a "great bargain," and a tinman's cart is the only showbox in which they are willing to be exhibited. Matthews, who took his Yankee from Kentucky, made as great a bull as the old Frenchman that hired an Irish serrant to teach him the English pronunciation.

Once upon a time, there lived in a town in Vermont, a little whipper-snapper of a fellow, named Timothy Drew. Timmy was not more than five feet one, in his thick-soled boots.—When standing by the side of his tall neighbors, he appeared like a dwarf among giants. Tall people are too apt to look down on those of less dimensions. Thus did the long-legged Yankees hector poor Timmy for not being a greater man. But what our hero wanted in bulk he made up in spirit. This is generally the case with small men. As for Timmy, he was "all pluck and gristle!" No steel-trap was smarter!

How such a little one grew on the Green Mountains was always a mystery. Whether he was actually raised there is indeed uncertain.—Some say he was of Canadian descent, and was brought to the State by a Vermont peddler, who took him in barter for wooden cucumber seeds. But Timmy was above following the cart. He disliked trade, as too precarious a calling, and preferred a mechanic art. Though small, Timmy always knew which side of his bread had butter on it. Let it not be supposed that Timothy Drew always put up with coarse gibes at his size. On necessary occasions he was "chock full of fight." To be sure, he could not strike higher than the abdomen of his associates, but his blows were so rapid that he beat out the daylights of a ten-footer before one could say "Jack Robinson." A threat from Timmy was enough. How many belligerants have been quelled by this expressive admonition—"If you say that 'ere again I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" This occurred in Timmy's younger days. Age cooled his transports, and taught him to endure. He thought it beneath the dignity of an old man to quarrel with idle striplings.

Timmy Drew was a natural shoemaker. No man could hammer out a piece of sole-leather with such expedition. He used his knee for a lap-stone, and, by dint of thumping, it became as hard and stiff as an iron-hinge. Timmy's shop was situated near the foot of a pleasant valley, on the edge of a pond which thousands of water-lilies lifted their snowy heads. In the spring it was a fashionable watering-place for bull-frogs, who gathered there from all parts, to spend the warm season. Many of these were of extraordinary size, and they drew near his shop, raised their heads, and swelled out their throats like bladders, until the welkin rung with their music. Timmy, engaged at his work, beat time for them with his hammer, and the hours passed away as pleasantly as the day is long.

Timmy Drew was not one of those shoemakers that eternally stick to their bench like a ball of wax. It was always his rule to carry his work to the dwellings of his customers, to make sure of the fit. On his way home, he usually stopped at the tavern to inquire the news, and take a drop of something to drink. Here it was that the wags fastened upon him with their jokes, and often made him feel as uncomfortable as a short-tailed horse in fly time. Still Timmy loved to sit in the bar, and talk with the company, which generally consisted of jolly peddlers, recruiting from the fatigues of the last cruise.—With such society much was to be learned, and Timmy listened with intense curiosity to their long-spun tales of the wonderful and the wild.—There is no person that can describe an incredible fact with greater plausibility than a Yankee peddler. His difficult profession teaches him to preserve an iron gravity in expatiating on his wares, which in few cases can be said to recommend themselves. Thus narratives, sufficient to embarrass the speech of any other relater, carry with them conviction, when soberly received from such a respectable source.

These peddlers took great delight in imposing on the credulty of Timmy Drew. Some of the stories stuffed into his ears were astonishing.—One man had been to the South, and gave a marvellous account of the alligators. He had seen one scampering into the water with a full grown negro in his mouth. Another told a story of a great Canadian giant that weighed 1250 pounds, in his stockings. Another had seen in Boston the Living Skeleton, with ribs as bare as a gridiron. A fourth had been to New York, and described the great Anaconda, which made nothing of mouthing a live goat for its breakfast. A fifth enlarged on the size of the Shark, "which swallowed Mr. Joseph Blaney, as exhibited by his son." The wonderful leaps of Sam Patch lost nothing in their recital here; and the mysterious Sea Serpent, not more than one hundred yards long in Boston, was drawn out to double that length in being trailed up to Vermont behind a tinman's cart. One peddler told what great smokers the people were in the city of New Orleans. Said he, "the very musquitoes flit about the streets in the night with cigars in their mouths!" "Yes," replied another, "and what musquitoes they are! By the living hoky, I have seen them flying around as big as a goose, with a brick-bat under their wings, to sharpen their stings on!!"

It would be impossible to repeat all the jokes played off on the poor shoemaker. The standing jest, however, was on his diminutive stature, which never was more conspicuous than in their company, for most of them were as tall as bean poles. On this subject Timmy once gave them a memorable retort. Half a dozen of the party were sitting by the fire, when our hero entered the room. He sat down, but they affected to overlook him. This goaded Timmy, and he preserved a moody silence. Presently one of them spoke. "I wonder what has become of little Timmy Drew? I hav'nt seen that are fellow for a week. By gosh! the frogs must have chawed him up."

"If he was sitting here before your eyes, you wouldn't see him," said another, "he's so darnation small."

Timmy began to grow uneasy.

"I swaggers," said another, "no more you would'nt; for he isn't knee-high to a toad. I called to her day at his shop to get my new boots; but I could'nt see nobody in the place. Then I heard something scratching in a corner, like a rat. I went to take up a boot, and I heard Timmy sing out, 'Halloo!' 'where in the dickens are you?' said I. 'Here,' said Timmy, 'in this ere boot;' and, I swaggers, there he was, sure enough, in the bottom of the boot, rasping off a peg!"

A general roar of laughter brought Timmy on his legs. His dander was raised. "You boast of your bulk," said he, straining up to his full height and looking contemptuously around; why, I am like a four-penny-bit among *six cents*—worth the whole of ye!" I shall now describe a melancholy joke, which they played off on the unfortunate shoemaker;—I say melancholy for so it proved to him.

A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was pasted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and waistcoats of all colors and fashions; also a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread, buckram, *frogs*, button moulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

The next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially called his attention to the article 'frogs,' and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond. "Why Timmy," said they, "if you would give up shoemaking, and take to frog-catching, you would make your tarnal fortune!"

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in a half day, and folks say they will bring a dollar a hundred."

"Two for a cent apiece, they brought in New York when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow, tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy; "but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers, I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy, take a fish-net and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive and fresh. A lot at this time would fetch a great price."

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them, taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These 'ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry, and divide profits with Jo Gawky? By gravy! I'll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself."

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise.—With infinite difficulty he filled his bag, and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as wax-work.—In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged one pleasant spring morning, when a short, stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorbed in his employment, and did not notice his visitor. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor's ear, exclaiming—"I say, Mr! do you want any frogs to-day?"

The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprung back in astonishment and alarm. "Do you want any frogs this morning?" shouted Timmy, at the top of his voice.

"No!" said the tailor, eyeing him over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or madman.

"I have got a fine lot here," rejoined Timmy, shaking his bag. "They are jest from the pond, and as lively as kittens."

"Don't bellow in my ears," said the old man pettishly. "I am not deaf. Tell me what you want, and begone!"

"I want to sell you these ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I wont take a cent less. Do you want them?"

The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition. He trembled with passion. "No!" exclaimed he "get out of my shop you rascal!"

"I say you do want 'em," said Timmy, bristling up. "I *know* you want 'em; but you're playing offish like, to beat down the price. I wont take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the enraged tailor, "get out of my shop this minute!"

Puzzled, mortified and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel and withdrew. "He wont buy them," thought he, "for what they are worth, and as for taking *nothing* for them, I wont. And yet I don't want to lug them back again; but if I ever plague myself by cathing frogs again, may I be buttered! Curse the old curmudgeon! I'll try him once more," and he again entered the shop.

"I say, Mr. Buckram, are you willing to give me any thing for these frogs?" The old man was now goaded past endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

"Well, then," said Timmy bitterly, "take 'em among ye for nothing," at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live bull-frogs, emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! It was a subject for the pencil of Cruikshanks. Some jumped this way and some that way, some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fire-place and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant. Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair and stamped in a paroxysm of rage. Then seizing a broom, he made vain endeavors to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary as hogs, and when he swept one way, they jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. It was enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The neighbors, seeing Mr. Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered around in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not answer a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more.

Thus were the golden visions of the frog catcher resolved into thin air. How many speculators have been equally disappointed!

After this affair, Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull-frog. Whether he discovered the joke that had been played upon him, is uncertain. He was unwilling to converse on the subject. His irritability when it was mentioned only provoked inquiry. People were continually vexing him with questions. "Well, Timmy, how goes the frog market? How do you sell frogs? Even the children would call after him, as he passed—"There goes the frog catcher!" Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign so that it read—

SHOES MENDED,
AND FROGS CAUGHT,
BY T. DREW.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears; so that when they tuned up, he would frequently rush out of his shop and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts, thus—

Solo. Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
Chorus. Boo-o-boo-o—
Boo-o-boo-o.

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement, and distinguished the following sounds:

Boo-o-c-o-o
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
I can make a shoe o-o-o—
As well as you-o-o-o—
And better too-o-o-o—
And better too-o-o-o-o—
Boo-o-o-o.

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprung out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house.—"I'll teach the rascally boys to come here and shout in this manner!" said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a clear bright night—all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze for a while, and then gradually sunk away in the distance, thus—

I can make a shoe-o o-o—
As well as you-o-o-o—
And better too-o-o-o—
Boo-o-o-o-o-o—
Bo-o-o—
Bo-o.

At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyance. They could not be found; so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made by the frogs, and that he was to be haunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated on his mind, and made him miserable. "Ah!" he said to himself, "that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for that old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped."

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern he found the people in earnest consultation.

"There he comes," said one, as soon as the shoemaker entered.

"Have you heard the news?" all inquired in a breath.

"No," said Timmy, with a groan.

"Jo Gawky has seen such a *critter* in the pond! A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eyes as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in my born days!"

"Nor I," said Sam Greening.

"Nor I," said Josh Whiting.

"Nor I," said Tom Bizbee.

"I have heard say of sich a critter in Ohio," said Eb Crawly. "Frogs have been seed there as big as a sucking pig; but not in these 'ere parts."

"Mrs. Timmins," said Sam Greening, "feels quite melancholy about it. She guesses as how it is a sign of some terrible thing that's going to happen."

"I was fishing for pickerel," said Jo Gawky, who, by the by, was a tall, spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crook-necked squash—"I was after pickerel, and had on a frog's hind leg for bait.—There was a tarnation great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hoky, he was as large as a small-sized man! Such a straddle-bug I never seed! I up lines, and cleared out like a white-head!"

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all credited the story. He began to feel alarmed.

"For sartain, that are must be the critter I heard t'other night in the pond," said Josh Whiting. "I swanny he roared louder than a bull!"

This extraordinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sounds which had been heard in the depths of the forests at midnight—and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by one, until Timothy Drew found himself alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentiment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of all strength.

At length he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. A sepulchral stillness pervaded the scene, which was disturbed only by his echoing footsteps. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind, yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a sudden rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond brought his heart into his mouth. At this moment the moon partly emerged from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster in the shape of a mammoth bull frog sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap it was by his side, and he felt one of his ankles in its cold, rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With a herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

"By the living hoky!" said Jo Gawky, slowly raising from the ground, and arranging his dress—"who'd have guessed this 'ere old pumpkin-head, with a candle in it, would have set that are fellow's stiff knee agoing at that rate!—I couldn't begin to see him travel off, for dust."

It is hardly necessary to add that Varmount never seed no more of THE FROG CATCHER.

Maryland and the Virginia Commissioners.

The following is the very important and valuable address from the Commimittee appointed by the Secession Convention, lately held in Baltimore, to the Virginia Convention:

To the Honorable the President of the Convention of the People of Virginia:

The undersigned, citizens of Maryland, have been appointed a committee on behalf of a conference convention, representing a portion of the citizens of the city of Baltimore, and of nearly all the counties of Maryland, to communicate with the convention over which you preside in reference to a matter in which they deem themselves deeply concerned, and which is now occupying the attention of your body. It is upon the subject of the proposed conference with the Southern border States.

It is especially to be understood that in anything we may say there must be no inference that this particular measure, or any other, is, in our judgement, or in the opinion of those persons whom we represent, to be preferred. We entirely disclaim every purpose even to suggest what would be the judgement of our constituents, did the occasion make it proper to express it. Our design is solely to invite the attention of the convention to the importance of one particular consideration, if and when the proposed conference shall be found acceptable to your convention. In that event, believing (as those whom we represent have instructed us to say they do believe) that the people of Maryland will accept such an invitation, it becomes as we respectfully suggest, a matter of equal interest to each and all of the Southern border States to secure, as far as it may be done, a full, fair and accurate expression of the popular will in such form as to leave no doubt either of its character or the authority of those who may be selected as its agents and representatives.

The proposition before your body requires the delegates to the Conference to be selected by the "proper authorities of those States."

If any existing organized department of the government of Maryland should attempt the selection of delegates to such a convention as is proposed, it would undoubtedly be resisted by the people, and in that event conflicting claimants would present themselves as rightful expounents of the popular sentiments, duly entitled to be receivable as such.

Our sole object is to avoid, by the terms of the invitation, all occasion for such collision; and with this view we respectfully suggest such an alteration in the language of your resolution as will express its object to be "that delegates to the proposed convention shall be elected either directly by the people or through the agency of sovereign State convention."

In the hope and expectation that this request will be favorably considered by your convention we have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

W. MITCHELL,
E. F. CHAMBERS,
WM. HENRY NORRIS,
ISAAC D. JONES,
J. HANSON THOMAS.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

Half witted people have a talent of to little much and saying little.

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