EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXVIII. **EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1845.** **NO. 52.**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning,
BY
Alexander Graham,

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

POETRY.

Florine.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!
With your mischievous smile and your musical lips;—
With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?
Did you coax, from the clouds, of a sunset serene,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill;
The ravish ng tones, that with melody thrill?
Ah! your little, light heart, wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charm of your beauty Florine!

Arthur's Magazine.

From Blackwood.

Each Light has its Shade.

With every joy we haste to meet,
In hopefulness or pride,
There comes, with step as sure and fleet,
A shadow by its side;
And ever thus that spectre chill
With each fair bliss has sped,
And when the gladden'd pulse should thrill,
The stricken heart lies dead.

The Poet's brow the wreath entwines—
What weight falls on the breast?
Upon that sword wh re glory shines,
The stains of life blood rest.
So, where the rosiest sunbeam glows,
There lies eternal snow!
And Fame its brightest halo throws,
Where death lies cold below.

Mrs. Gardiner.

A Horticultural Romance—by T. Hood

At Number Nine, Paradise place, so called, probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gipsy hat, and a pair of men's gloves, tea green op, but mouldy brown in the fingers, raking, hoeing, digging, rolling, trowelling, turning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits! Perhaps as a neighbor, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over a wooden or brick fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was pretty well, only sadly in want of rain, or quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin! For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true "Language of Flowers," not using the buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, accor ing to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants.

Thus, when she says that she is "dreadful dry," and longs for a good soaking, it refers not to a de ect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil of her parterres; or if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not for any unfemmine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses hereself a little backward without allusion to any particular branch or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behaviour with the other sex. Without this key her exp ession would often be unintelligible, to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous as when she told her neighbor, the bachelor at Number Eight, apropos, of a plum tree, that "she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall."—Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

"Well,' said she one day,' what do you think of Mrs Mapieson?' meaning her hydrangea, 'Her head's the biggest—but I look the bluest.'

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other objects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora, converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus.—

'Miss Sharp crocussed before me—but I snow dropped sooner than any one in the Row.'

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to every thing that was connected with her hobby—her gardening implements, her garden rails, and her garden wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she had lost so many of her teeth—she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over with tenderhooks—and sent word to her landlord, a builder, that the snails bred so between bricks, that he must positivly come and new plant her.

'Poo! poo!' exclaimed an incredulous, gentle reader—'she's all a phantom!'

Quite the reverse, Sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Bains. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you—on an oath, if you require it—that he serves her every Saturday with the 'Gardiner's Chronicle.'

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner, was formed when she was 'in populous city pent,' and resided in a street in the heart of the city. In fact Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call a shrubbery, viz:

A Persian Lilac in a tea chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter tub,

A Monthly rose in a Portugal grape jar, and about a score of geraniums, fuschais, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers she cultivated a few vegetables—that is to say she grew her own sallads, of "mustard and crest," in a brown pan; and in sundry cooking vessels that would hold earth but not water, she reared half a dozen of Scarlet Runners, which in the proper season you might see climbing up a series of string ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Magnionette from its box in the second floor window. The indoors on her mantel shelf, had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses—and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier there were suspended a wicker basket, containing a white biscuit ware garden pot, with one of those perdent plants, which, as she described their habits and sustenances, are "fond of hanging themselves and living on hare." But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens of shrubberies, while the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her moss rose and the fragrance of her southernwood, or in her own words:—

'I blow dingy; & my old man smells smutty.'

Once, indeed she pictured the beau ideal of a "little Paradise," the main feature of which I forgot, except that with reference to a cottage ornee; she was to have a "jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back." As to the garden, it was to have walks and a lawn of course, with plenty of loam that she might lay herself out in squares, and ovals, and diamonds—butter tubs and tea chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and to trowell up—in short; she declared if she was her own miss, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own—not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, he did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when, one May morning, taking a walk in the suberbs, while passing along in front of Number Nine Paradise place I overheard a rather harsh voice, exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a donkey:—

'Come up! Why don't you come up!'

It was Mrs. Gardiner reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but she did not recognize me, I determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

'Rather late in the spring ma'am.'

'Werry, sir—werry much so indeed.—Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth; I almost think I'm rotted in the ground.'

'The flowers are backward indeed ma'am. I have hardly seen any except some wall flowers further down the row.'

'Ah, at Number Two—Miss Sharp's. She's poor and single—but I'm double and bloody.'

'You seem to have some fine stocks.'

'Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I'm the real Brompton—with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to the sweetness none of 'em can come near me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?'

Accepting the polite attention, I stepped in through the little wicket and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at the stocks and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rose bush, remarking that there was a very fine show of bush.

'Yes, but I want sun to make me burst. You should have seen me, last June, sir, when I was in my bloom. None of your wishy washy pale sorts [this was a fling at the white roses at the next door]—none of your provincials or pale pink. There's none of your maiden blushes about me.—I'm the regular old red cabbage!'

And she was right, for after all, that hearty, glowing fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy embonpoint, reminding one of the goodness of Rubens. Well, next to the rose-bush there was clump of Polyanthus from which by a natural transition we come to discourse of Auriculas. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was a rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that meanliness which in the eye of a fancier, is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal that was "quite as powdrey as Mr. Miller," we went on very smoothly through Jonquils, and Narcissuses, and Rannaculus, and were about to enter on Anemonies, when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud "whist" pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust his head over the wooden fence.

'Drat the animals! I might as well try flowering in the Zoological, with beasts all let loose! It's very hard, sir, but I can't show nothing full near them front rails. There was last year—only just fancy me, sir—with the most beautiful Crown Imperial yon ever saw—when up comes a stupid ass and crops off my head.'

I condoled with her. of course, on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of Heart'sease, apologizing that 'she was not Bazarr (pro Bazarre) but a very good sort.'

It's along of living so near the road,' she added re curring to the late invasion. 'Yesterday I was bullocked, and to morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there's the blaggard men and boys picking and stealing as they go and I really expect that some day or other they'll walk in and strip me!'

I sympathized again; but before the condolement was well finished, there was another 'whist' and another cast of the missile.

'That's a dog! They're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she'll claw all my bark off in scrambling out of reach! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it sir?

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

'What to the flower show! No thankee. Miss Sharp did, and made sure of a Bank side medal, and what do you think they gave her?—Only a cerkitt fit!'

'Shameful!' I ejaculated, 'why it was giving her nothing, at all,' and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in its owner's hand, then with a third 'whist!' off it flew again like a rocket with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

'Them horrid poultry! Will you believe it sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my hen and chickens.

'What!' 'all your pretty chickens and their dam?'

'Yes all my Daisy.'

[Reader!—If ever there was a verbal step from the sublime to the ridiculous—*that* it was.]

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was a fatal to my incognito, as to the widow's flowers; for coming after cat and the dog, and the possible pigs and the positive bullock, and the men and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondom acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

'Lord! and is it you', she exclaimed with almost a scream; 'well, I had a misgiving as to your voice,' and with a rapid volley of semi articulate sounds the widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to search for a hankerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with the gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets, down her furrowed cheek, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance, I could not help sympathizing with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

'She could not help it,' she sobbed—'the sight of me overcome her. When she last saw me—he was alive—who had always a kind and devoted—as never grudged her nothing and given her that beautiful butter tub for her laurustiny. She often thought of him—yes, often and often—while she was gardening—as if she saw his poor dear bones under the mould—and then to think that she came up, year after year—flourishing in all her beauty and fragrance'—and he didn't. But look there' and smiling through her tears she pointed towards the house and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivance in Bucklersbury. 'It's a table beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it is holding them two hallows, on each side of the door. But I can't blow, you know for a sentry.'

Very handsome indeed.'

'Ain't they? And there's my American creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lord bless ye, afore she gets to her first floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the walls. You see I'm over the portico already.'

A compliment to her climbing powers was due of course, and I paid it on the spot; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the widow plucked off her garden bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel, began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie trampling her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

'A hair wig!'

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life—and there was no destroying them.

"It's unknown the crabs and lobsters I've eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won't creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they'll spoil the Prince of Wales!'

The widow having described the ravages of the earwigs, beckoned me to her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to the peach tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew any thing of chemical, and without giving me time to reply, added her reason to the question.

'Cos I want you to pisen my Hants.'

'Your aunts?'

'Yes, the hemmets. As to Doctor Watts, he don't know any thing about 'em. They won't collect into troops to be trod into the dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up summut lucious and dillyterious—'

As I had now pretty well inspected her back including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to cow cumber, we turned towards the house, the widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round she popped a new question.

'What do you think of my walk?'

'Why, that it is kept very clean and neat.'

'Ah, I don't mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a very strait line, but suppose I went a little more serpenting—more zig zaggy, and praps deviating about among the clumps—don't you think I might look a little more picturesque?'

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her gait; it was best as it was, but if she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best considering the size of her grounds.

'Well, I dare say you're right' she replied 'for I am only, a quarter of a haker if you measure me all round?

By this time we were very close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

'Ah my wine, my wine,' replied the widow, with a grave shake of the head, and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to excess of the ruby juice. That wine will be the death of me, if somebody don't nail me up. My poor head won't bear ladder work; and so all training or pruining myself is out of the question.—Howsomever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I'm not the only one whose wine goes where it shouldn't.

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage, I was roused by 'a now come here,' and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to a villa, as a calf to a cow.

'This here's the washus.'

So I should have conjectured.

'Yes it's the washus now—but it's to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory, in the winter when I can be stood out in the open air.—They've a greenus at Number Five, and a hotous besides, and thinks I, if so be I do not want to force—I a little, can force myself in the copper?'

'The Copper?'

'Yes. I'm uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants—and if I'm an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking.'

The schemes and contrivance where so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself, my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

'Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go, what do you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more decidious.'

'Not at all. You are just what you ought to be—shrubby and flowerry, and gravelled and grassy—and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.'

'Well—so I ham. But in winter, now do you really think that I am green enough to go through the winter?

'Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurels.'

(I thought now that I was off—but it was a mistake.)

'Well, but—if you really must go—only one more question—and it is to beg a favor. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?'

'Yes—well?'

'Well, and we went all over Mr. What's his name's Villa.'

'Pope's—well?'

'Well then, somebody told us as how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quincunx. Could you get one slip of it?'

A GOOD WIFE.—Andrew Johnson, a member of the House of Representatives from Tennessee, we see it stated in an exchange paper, was taught by his wife *to read* after his marriage! He is a tailor by trade, and is said to be an estimable and intelligent man.

From the Grenada Chronicle, Sept. 9th.

OPENING OF A PASSAGE FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Expedition of Capt. John S. Klause, of Philadelphia, up the River, Marannon as far as the Port of "Banos," in the Republic of Equador.

Senor Klause left Lima on the 16th of September, 1844, & directed his course to the river Guallaga, by the mountain of Pasco. Arrived at the village of Tingo he embarked in a canoe, with the object of exploring the river, to see if it was practicable to navigate it by steam, four steamers, having for that purpose arrived from North America. Following the stream he approached a small hamlet, called Yurimagaus, which is the port of the city of Moyabamba, where he took in provisions. From Yurimaguas he prosecuted his downward course to "Laguna," the point of confluence of the Marannon and Guallaga; here he entered the Marannon and proceeded to the frontiers of Peru and Brazil, arriving at a settlement called "Our Lady of Loretto," where he saw several Brazilian schooners. From Loretta he sent on a person to Jabalinaga, a town of Brazil, with orders to the four steamers there to ascend the river as far as Loretto, & in a few days the whole four arrived, saluting the Brazillian battery, which mounted seven guns. In Loretto there is a large lake, in which three of the steamers anchored to await orders, and in the other called the Peruvian, (one hundred and forty horse power,) Capt. Klause embarked, taking on board the machinery necessary to clean out the river Guallaga, and to construct landing places, &c. He then proceeded against the stream to the mouth of the Guallaga, and port of "Laguna" where he anchored in ten fathoms. Here he discharged the machinery into canoes, and assisted by 350 Indians, he asceaded the river clearing it of every obstruction as far as "Pachisa," at which place he was obliged to augment the number of hands to 700, from the increase of the work and labor they had to perform. He thence continued his course against the current to the village of Tingo, the utmost point of steam navigation in the river Guallaga, distant from Lima seven or eight days by land. From Tingo he returned back on foot, with twenty-five soldiers, by the Pampa del Sacramento to the "Laguna," where he found the steamer he had left there at anchor.—He then embarked in the steamer and proceeded in her up the Guallaga (now cleared of all obstruction) until he again reached Tingo without accident. From Tingo, Capt. Klause forwarded despatches to Lima, notifying the arrival of the steamer, and without loss of time he retraced his steps in a canoe, with the intention of sending to Tingo the other steamers which were awaiting orders in the lake of "Our Lady of Loretto," but at the port Yurimaguas he received a letter from the firm at Lima, directing him to proceed immediately to explore the river Pastaza, as far as it may be navigable by steam, and in case the navigation should prove to be practicable, to propose a contract to the government of Equador. In effect, the exploration was performed, and the river found perfectly navigable for steam vessels, save a few obstructions which could be cleared away on the government consenting to a contract. From the point of confluence of the Pastaza with the Marannon to the boundaries of Peru and the Equador, as far as the village of Andoas, Captain Klause did not meet with any obstacles except a sand bank, which, with but an ordinary degree of caution, may be easily avoided: the current rapid. From Andoas, upwards there are many obstructions which can only be removed by means of the machinery brought by the steamers for that purpose. Near Andoas, Captain Klause discovered two mountains of rock salt, one very white, and the other reddish; and along the banks of Pastazo, above Andoas, he saw a number of little hamlets and settlements of wild Indians, called Zeparos, from whom he obtained provisions; finally he reached within two or three leagues of the river Jopa, where he landed and arrived at the town Bano, in two days. From Bano he proceeded to Pelileo, where he remained four days, and saw several good mines of silver and Platina; from Pelileo he arrived at this city, (Quito,) on the 23d April. Capt. Klause says he was truly amazed at the quantity of minerals, dyewoods of various sorts, and other valuable woods, coffee, cocoa, white and common, of excellent quality; cotton very fine and long like wool; spices, balsam, rasins, wax, and other rich productions, which he met with in great abundance every where during his travels.

Information for Farmers.—African Maize. Some tr e or six years ago, when Lieut. Woodhull of the Navy was in Africa, he procured and brought home a new specimen of grain, which attracted much attention at the time; as none could tell what the wheat was, he sent a portion of it to the Directors of the American Institute in New York. They examined and distributed it among the farmers, and it has been successfully cultivated. It is now found to be a great acquisition, very prolific and exceedingly profitable. Poultry and cattle prefer it to all other corn; and it is found to fatten poultry in a shorter time than any other grain. Its yield is incredible. In the far West it is cultivated and is beginning to be used as a substitute for coffee.

The Missing Mexican Installments; the Mystery Unveiled by Gen. Santa Ana.

The following is a literal translation of a letter received by CHAS. CALLAGHAN, Esq. Merchant at this city, per ship Norman from Havana, on the 10th instant.—*New York Times.*

HAVANA, 19th November, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR:—With some delay, your letter of the 22d August ultimo came to hand, which I now answer, though to do so I have to be somewhat diffuse.

When, in October, 1841, I was nominated President of the Republic by the free and spontaneous will of the nation, I found that the Convention, already signed in Washington, by the Charges of Mexico and of the United States, which adjusted the claims of the latter, and the manner of executing the payment thereof, had been ratified by my predecessor, General Bustemente. To say the truth, I would on my part, never have sent any commissioner to the United States, for the Cabinet of Washington itself should have sent them to Mexico; nor would I have ratified the Convention in the terms in which it was conceived. But, when I took the reins of Government the treaty was already valid between the two nations, and being more jealous han any other of the honor of my country, and being also intimately persuaded that its basis should consist in the exact and religious observance of treaties; and knowing on the other hand the policy and views of the United States, I resolved to fulfill it in all its parts, to take from your Government every pretext that might in the least disturb the harmony and good understanding between the two countries, and, at the same time, to deliver my own country from all ulterior projects that might affect its integrity. To this end I did not hesitate in taking the most efficient measures in order that Mexico should pay the awards designated in the Convention, and that the payment might be effected in the stipulated manner and form; and as the Treasury at the period when I entered into office, was but a skeleton, I imposed a forced loan on the whole nation; so that each and every one of the citizens should contribute, according to his means, to the payment of a debt, which had already become sacred for Mexico. The loan having been effected with the energy which characterized the acts of my administration, I succeeded in saving the national honor, in spite of the outcries and the opposition which were excited, and which attributed to me the name of tyrant, from those who care not for honor, which they do not know, or who affect not to know that in these cases the citizens are bound patriotically to furnish all their means. That measure of my Government was one of those which called down upon me the most censure, and gave me the most griefs; but comforted by the testimony of my own conscience, and with the approbation of the thinking part of both countries, I trust that the judgment of vigorous and impartial history will, sooner or later, justify me before posterity, and perhaps also in the eyes of my contemporaries.

I attained my object, and consequently the installments were most punctually paid in ready cash, during the time I was at the head of Government. But, as on the 30th of April of last year, I had withdrawn from public business and retired to my farms, and as both the Constitution and my character did not allow the President to mingle in public affairs during absence, I confined myself to recommending the payme t to the President *pro tempore*, General Valentine Canalizo, and to the Minister of Finance, Don Ignacio Trigueros; and when the other installments of July 30, of which you speak, expired, having then resumed my functions, I dictated all the necessary measures, and positively ordered the Secretary of the Treasury to make the payment in specie accordingly to my anterior provisions; so that, if, in defiance of my orders, the payment was made in bills or drafts, that functionary violated his duties by disobeying my commands, and the agent Don Emilio Voss was not less guilty in receiving as he received, according to what you say, the amount in paper. At that same period I dictated, in advance, other orders for the payment of the successive installments with all exactitude, and in ready cash; for, the people having contributed it in cash, I resolved and ordered that the money should not be employed to any other purpose; and my conversation with the Minister Shannon which you mention; alludes to this.

In short, in my opinion, the ins allments to which you refer, were paid in ready cash; but, if it is not so, the Minister and the agent, Voss, are responsible; the former for having disobeyed my positive orders, and the latter for not having fulfilled the orders of his constituents. I am, with all consideration, your ob't. servt.

Who kisses your hand.

A. L. DE SANTA ANA.

Keeping warm all Winter with a single Log of Wood.—To enjoy health, warmth, peace of mind and a vigorous constitution, if you have nothing else to do, take a log of wood of moderate size, carry it to the upper garret and throw into the street, taking care, of course, not to knock any body on the head, this done, run down stairs as fast as you can; take it up again to the garret and do as before.—Repeat this process until you are sufficiently warm—when you may lay away the log for another occasion.—*Old Recipe.*

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