PUBLISHED EVERY
ATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
ITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

WO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADNCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY NTS if not paid within one *month* of the time bscribing, or the renewal of subscription—ilure to notify a discontinuance is considered new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858. No. 33.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

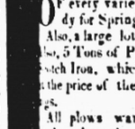
Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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

MECHANICAL.

EDW. H. ANDERSON,



WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH
EASTON, MD.

ll Work entrus- to his care will be executed with neatness and atch. As he requires the cash for work done can afford to do it as cheap if not cheaper than an be done on the Shore. [aug 29-1y

SPRING FASHIONS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he just received the

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1858,

l is prepared to make up work in the best manr, at his new Shop, on Dover Street, a few doors w Washington street. A good fit guaranteed every case. Tailoring of all kinds done with tness and despatch. Thankful for past favors, respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. may 8-tf JOHN R. MORTIMER.

MORRIS & COLLISON,

Carpenters and Builders.

THEY take this method of informing their friends and the public generally that they prepared to execute with neatness and on moderate terms, all work entrusted to their charge.—ey are prepared to take contracts in this or the joining counties, if required, or work by the on reasonable terms. Thankful for the libal share of public patronage received since they ve been engaged in the above business they are termined to leave nothing undone on their part ensure satisfaction. All orders addressed to em at Easton will be promptly attended to. mar 6-6m S

House Carpentering.

. B. GATTIN. WM. RATCLIFFE.

GATTIN & RATCLIFFE.

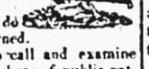
THE subscribers beg leave to inform the citizens of Talbot that they have formed themselves into co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the above business. They think from their experience in the business they can give entire satisfaction. They can be found at their shop on "Washington Hall," on Washington street, when not engaged in the country. All orders addressed to them, at Easton, Md., for any kind of work in their line, will be promptly attended to. feb 6-6m

EASTON FOUNDRY.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NEW PLOWS,

OF every variety used in this section now ready for Spring use, at *reduced prices*.

Also, a large lot of *Cultivators, Harrows, &c.* Also, 5 Tons of Plow Castings, made of the best Scotch Iron, which will be sold at the price of the common castings.



All plows warranted to do good work, or the money returned.

The Farmers are invited to call and examine for themselves, and a liberal share of public patronage is solicited. Old Iron taken in trade for new work.

ARRIVAL OF THE

Spring and Summer Fashions.



JOHN SATTERFIELD respectfully informs the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties that he has just received from the city the latest styles for cutting Coats, Pants and Vests, and desires the public generally to call and see them; he will (as he has always endeavored in his cutting) make every effort to give satisfaction. All work done by him warranted to fit. For cutting garments the cash will be required.

All persons, whose accounts have been standing over six months, will please call and pay them, as I need and must have the money. [apr 24

HOUSE PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

THE subscriber would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, of Talbot and adjacent Counties, that he has opened a Shop in Easton for the purpose of carrying on the above business. He will undertake work by Day or Job. His charges will be moderate, and thinks he has had sufficient experience in the business to render entire satisfaction.

When engaged in town, all orders left at his Shop in rear of the jail, will meet with prompt attention, and when in the country if left at Elliott & Hugh's Boot and Shoe Store will be attended to as early as possible. Of the many witnesses he can obtain to testify to his work, he thinks the following will suffice as

REFERENCES:

THOMAS HUGHLETT, Esq.,
JAMES DIXON, "
Capt. E. L. F. HARDCASTLE,
E. M. DAWSON, Esq., Talbot County.
SAM'L. W. THOMAS, Esq., Queen Anne's Co.
feb 21-1y RD: H. T. COUNCELL.

AT

ELLIOTT & HUGHE'S

WELL known and long tried *Boot and Shore Establishment*, next door to Thompson & Kersey, can be found by far the handsomest and cheapest stock of **Boots, Shoes,** *Slippers, &c.* in this market. In our stock will be found Gentlemen's Boots, Oxfor Ties,

Gaiters, Patent Leather Prince Alberts,
Sultania Boots, &c.

Ladies Gaiters, Slippers &c., of every description.
Boys Boots and Shoes, Youths do. do.
Misses Gaiters, Shoes, Slippers, &c.
Children's Shoes.—A very large lot of Children's Shoes of every variety.
Servant Men & Women's Shoes for Spring and Summer. Also a large lot of the very best material, which they are prepared to work up in the neatest manner and at shortest notice.

We take this method of returning our thanks to the public for past patronage, and as we intend to pursue our usual straight-forward manner of business, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of past favors. Very respectfully,
apr 24 ELLIOTT & HUGHES.

100,000 FT. of Lumber, Scantling, Joists, &c., always on hand at Baltimore prices for Cash (mar 20) R. THARP.

LIME—20 bbls. fresh Lime will be received in a few days and for sale by
mar 20 R. THARP.

THE subscriber will receive per to-day's steamer an additional supply of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters of all qualities and prices, which added to his former stock, comprises the best assortment in Easton. [june 26] G. C. MACKEY.

The Sewing Machine.

DONE INTO RHYME BY SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER.

I sing the exploits of the Sewing Machine,
And in these few numbers instal as my hero,
A greater than many a king or a queen—
Than Pepin or Tamerlane, Pompey or Nero.

As it turns off its stitches, or faster or slow,
At the rate of a thousand or less in a minute,
One can not help wondering whether or no
The mind of a Yankee is really in it.

It curtails the doctor's vocation and fees;
Give one to your wife, to your sweetheart, or sister,
To shield her from pain and from wasting disease,
'Tis better than bleeding, or bolus, or blister.

As it sows you a seam, a knot it will tie,
As strong as the knot of a parson, or stronger;
On its genius and skill you may safely rely,
Though the stitch you should fancy be shorter or longer.

It greets both the rich and the poor as a friend;
'Tis at home in the cottage, the palace, the villa;
Its province alike is to make or to mend
A coat or a collar, a frock or mantilla.

Of sewing machines, 'tis important to know,
There are hundreds of styles and a dozen of makers,
Some good and some bad, at high prices and low,
But the one I'm in love with is GROVER & BAKER'S.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Services had commenced in the neat little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently on him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchained the attention not only of the true, but of the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad isle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—ay, how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D—— sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no thoughts or eyes for anybody else but the widow, and the widow E——'s young, genteel and dashing looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning?—and, in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white and walked into the church in broad dayiight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two how many witnesses had been subpœnaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist with an open courage, displaying the elaberately wrought *chemisette*, drapery trimmed sleeves—trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly at the fair creature beside him?

Yes, he did so, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E—— had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on her bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place.

To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, widow E—— and the strange gentleman walked, with the rest of the congregation, quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her arm very confidingly on the beautiful coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains, not only of gossiping ladies, but of sober, matter of fact ones. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something new under the sun; a lady had a beau and nobody knew it.

Oh, widow E——, didn't your ears burn all that day? We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. D—— preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliments to him, though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they travelled then on electric wires.—The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed, too, as though the widow tried to make as much talk as she could. After tea; arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out widow! your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next with him rambled off to the mountains, and the next day with him off in a carriage to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma W—— "Well, if I ever heard or see the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself whether it really was any worse in broad daylight than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder to. We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that possibly could leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, somebody to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It's a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patch work, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed quilt.—She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in—but her placid countenance satisfied the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack. Old Grandma W—— was the first to commence. She meant to "do up the matter very delicately and in so round about a way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity." So she began by praising Mrs. E——'s dress.

"Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"In New York, last spring.

"Oh, you did, did you? But I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual as she answered—

"I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha; what made you?"

"Oh, I have good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked and looked very expressively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it, too, when, unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E——'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After awhile the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about that beau before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying—

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession?"

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more."

"Why du tell, if you had then, and you never told on't, neither. Had he had any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:—

"I didn't mean that—I—I—I only thought"—

"Oh, I'a as lief you knew as not. He came to see me."

Oh, widow E——, how did your good name go down, then! Be careful what you say or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap.

"He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question; "well—well, he is a real good-looking man any way."

"I think so; too; and he is not only good looking, but he is good hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! But is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why du tell if he is! Why you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"It was,"

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he? du tell, now."

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the latter been done, the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. E—— and the minister, who unobserved had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps (mind you, we only say perhaps,) they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the Widow's Beau.

Proclamation of Gov. Cumming

A. CUMMING, Governor of Utah Territory, to the inhabitants of Utah and others whom it may concern:

Whereas, James Buchanan, President of the United States, at the city of Washington, the sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and fifty eight, did, by his proclamation, offer to the inhabitants of Utah, who submit to the laws, "a free and full pardon" for all treason and sedition heretofore committed, and

Whereas, the proffered pardon was accepted with prescribed terms of the proclamation by the citizens of Utah?

Now, therefore, I, Alfred Cumming, Governor of Utah Territory in the name of James Buchanan, President of the United States, do proclaim that all persons who submit themselves to the laws, and to the Federal Government, are by him "freely and fully pardoned" for all treason and sedition heretofore committed.

All criminal offenses, associated with or growing out of, the overt acts of sedition and treason, are merged in them, and are embraced in the "free and full pardon" of the President.

And I exhort all persons to persevere in a faithful submission to the laws, and patriotic devotion to the Constitution and Government of our common country.

Peace is restored to our Territory.

All civil officers, both Federal and Territorial, will resume the performance of the duties of their respective offices without delay, and be dilligent and faithful in the execution of the law.

All citizens of the United States in this Territory will aid and assist the offices in the performance of their duties.

Fellow citizens: I offer to you my congratulations for the peaceful and honorable adjustment of recent difficulties.

Those citizens who have left their homes I invite to return, as soon as they can do so with propriety and convenience.

To all I announce my determination to enforce obedience to all the laws both Federal and Territorial.

Trespasses on property, whether real or personal, must be scrupulously avoided.

Gaming and other vices are punished by Territorial statutes with peculiar severity, and I commend the perusal of those statutes to those persons who may not have had an opportunity of doing so previously.

{SEAL} Hereunto I set my hand, and cause the Seal of the Territory to be affixed at Great Salt Lake City, in the Territory of Utah, this fourteenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-second.

A. CUMMING.

By the Governor:
JOHN HARTNETT, Secretary.

Couldn't Subscribe.

A pair of those interesting, entertaining ladies who of late seem to carry on so large a business in our down town offices and and stores in the way of procuring subscriptions for new works, selling engravings of the "Father of his Country," and other notabilities, and who (the ladies) are so fascinating in manner, so delightfully importunate, so sweetly un-get-rid-of-able, called a morning or two since at the office of a young lawyer, to induce him, as the younger of the two expressed it, with a charming smile, "to subscribe to a most elegant work just published, to be got up in elegant style, with illustrations, &c."

"Ladies, ladies," said our friend, "I cannot; I have no doubt of your work, but I am not in want of anything of that kind. In fact, I do not feel able at present, to subscribe for any new works of any description. The partnership of which I am a member, has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, and the enormous expense attending its issue, not to speak of the illustrations, embellishments and ornamental adornings with which they have seen fit to clothe the production—such unwonted outlay has really for the present—in fact, crippled me—sorry—but a fact—every word of it."

"But—ah," interposed our enterprising agentees, "perhaps we could procure you some subscribers for your work; our terms are quite reasonable. What do you call your work, sir?"

"Well, we have not fully determined as yet, but I guess I shall let Mrs. S—— have her own way, and call it after myself—Charles Henry."

The ladies concluded that they had an engagement in the next block.

A contempcary, noticing the appointment of a postmaster, says:

'If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer.'

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe at three cents a foot.

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the government, and those whe administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity when in Washington in December last there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the sample of small locks of hair taken from the heads of the different Chief Magistrates, from President Pierce, secured in a trame, covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrances of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is peculiar, being coarse and yellowish grey in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.—*Washington Journal.*

What Drunkard Means.

Lest I should seem to blame too much for the name of God, and thus lose all, I will take a few illustrations, and show that the names of all things designate our notions of those things, and that the same enlarges in proportion as our motions enlarge. For example—what is meant by the word "drunkard?" It is a name; and what is implied in this name? To the unthinking, it means nothing more than a worthless, disreputable, despicable wretch. To the rumseller, it means a poor, ragged thirsty customer, who brings his pay in small sums; who is always thirsty, always profane, and always welcome—when he has money. But to his family, what a different meaning the name of 'drunkard' has! It means a faithless husband, a brutal father an everlasting shame and a perpetual dread.

And what does this word "drunkard" mean to the thinking man the philanthropist and the Christian? It means a violation of the laws of health and decency; an offender against the duties and charities of home; a neglecter and depiser of morality and religion. A blot, a stain, and a burden—a living libel on his race. An outcast from the decencies of life; a poor, pitiable offender, who is destroying every fair thing in his body and soul, and while bringing blushes and tears to the eyes and cheeks of all about him, is preparing to make his bed in hell.

A PRIZE ESSAY ON ADVERTISING.—Mr. Bonner, of the N. Y. Ledger, whose enormous advertisements have attracted so much attention, has advertized himself into a fortune. He sends to the New York Times a note from the Tax assessors, informing him that he is rated at $100,000. This little note Mr. Bonner calls a "prize essay on the benefits of advertising," for to that he attributes his success, and by that means to quadruple his fortune. He says: "It certainly shows, in a more forcible manner than any other document I have seen, how a fortune can be made in a short space of time, especially as my personal estate last year was assessed only at two thousand dollars. But I have no idea of paying taxes on one hundred thousand dollars of personal property. Rather than 'contribute' so large an amount towards the support of the numerous scoundrels who plunder the City Treasury, I have concluded to expend it in advertising. But, perhaps you may say that this will prove a temporary relief, as advertising will doubtless increase it fourfold, and, instead of being taxed for one hundred thousand dollars next year, I may be taxed for four hundred thousand dollars."

Codification of the Laws.

We learn that the Commissioners, Jas. T. McCullough and Otho Scott, Esq., who had been appointed to revise and codify the Laws of the State of Maryland, are about to lay the result of their labors before the Joint Committee of the Legislature, to whom the matter was referred.—For the purpose of organizing the Committee and proceeding at once to the performances of the duties imposed upon it, the first meeting will be held in this city, at the Fountain Hotel, on Thursday, the 5th of August.—*Baltimore Patriot, of 29th inst.*

A country editor perpetrated the following pun upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice;

"The case is the strongest we've known in our life:
The husband's a Husband, and so is his wife!"—

HOW TO CATCH A THIEF.—I remember a country friend of mine had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and was grievously annoyed. He regarded it as a species of reflection upon his own vigilence. Determined to be revenged upon some of the pickpocket tribe, he procured fish-hooks and had them fastened into an old coat, with the barbs downwards. He, thus accoutred, sallied forth into the Strand, in the dusk of the evening. Amid a crowd at Charing Cross, he felt a hand in his pocket, and giving himself a jerk, as he said to get the hooks well into the rogue's flesh, he moved on, with his prey closely following. He then quickened his pace, giving every now and then another jerk.—In this mode, affecting not to feel the fish he had hooked, he led the knave clear of the crowd to a by street. "Now my fine fellow, I have you. Don't fish in my pockets again." He unbuttoned his coat to slacken the pocket, but in vain did the thief endeavor to extricate himself—the hooks were too deep in his hand; so my acquaintance took out his knife and whipped off the skirt of the old coat he had used for the trap, and bade the pickpocket walk off to a surgeon, as he thought he had been tolerably well punished.—*Cyrus Redding's Recollections.*

SAVE YOUR PAPERS.—A colemporary wisely suggests that readers of newspapers are little aware what they lose by destroying the issues they are daily in the habit of reading. If preserved and bound—which could be done at a trifling expense—they would have a connected record of current events in the most convenient and comprehensive shape, which would be valuable at all times as a book of reference, besides affording great pleasure in reviving old recollections and assosiations in the mind of the reader. He would therefore have a chain of history—essentially local, yet somewhat general in its character—growing link by link, yearly becoming of more interest and value. It would be an encyclopedia—a cabinet of literature, of information in the sciences and arts, history and biography—a volume embellished with an occasional gem of thought of the first water, which if not thus preserved would be wholly lost. It would be a museum in which the most inveterate statistician could find deposits worthy of his attention, while at the same time it would afford a field of delight in which the most accomplished intellectual attainments could reveal for days and weeks.

PRETTY WOMEN.—"A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes shunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfumes and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of paradise or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its attractions, the church its firmest reliance, any young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and genosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman you also find fireside bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light and model 'institutions' generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dignity, and her inspiration the breath of Heaven."

A Smart Boy.

Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, had a boy about six years old, who was anything but a fool. The doctor had placed him under the care of one of the Students, with a charge that he should not go without permission from his tutor.

'May I go out?' at length inquired our hero.

'No,' was the laconic reply.

A few minutes pause followed.

'May I go out?' again enquired the boy.

'No,' was again the response.

The miniature edition of the Doctor slowly rose from his seat, took up his cap, and pushed for the door.

'Stop,' said the tutor, 'do you know what no means?'

'Yes,' said Charley, 'it is a particle of a negation, and two of them coming together are equivalent to an affirmative.'

His wit was his passport.

A Scotch lady entered a store in Bostne and inquired for a table cloth of a *dambroid* pattern. "We have some pretty broad," was the reply of the astonished salesman, "but none quite so broad as that." The lady explained that "*dambroad*" was the Scotch term for chequered pattern.

In Kansas, two weeks ago, Miss In 0
Baker, a girl of seventeen, married a 0 0
of seventy-five from admiration of 0 0
his political speeches. Thus is 44 3 30
saying verified—"politics mak
bed-fellows." 33 3 0
15 1 0
An Albany paper says there 64 3 0
Greenbush who believes in rotatic 10 1 30
One year he raises nothing, and 1 1 20
weeds. 3 0 0
3 0 0
Tommy, my son, what is latitude. 0 0
"A clothes line daddy." 3 30
"Prove it my son." 0 0
"Because it stretches from pole to po

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration was:

"Woman! she requires no [illegible] *speaks for herself!*"

A duel was fought in Mississippi last month, by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. Shott. The result was that Mr. Knott was shot and Mr. Shott was not.

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