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. XLII. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859. No. 3.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTENTION

ALL WHO WANT GOOD BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has on hand six or seven good substantial second hand Carriages, consisting of Boggy Waggons, Rockaways and Fost Rockaways which he will trade or exchange for *good serviceable Road-Horses*. Persons having such Horses to dispose of are invited to call and examine the Carriages.

jan 23-3tS S. B. HOPKINS, Jr.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber has associated with him in the practice of Medicine and Surgery his son, Dr. LUTHER C. COX, late a member of the Medical Staff, Blackwell's Island, New York.—All calls for professional aid will receive prompt attention; and no EXTRA charge made for consultation, or visit, when both may be in attendance at the same time upon any special case.

Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M. and from 1 to 2, and 7 to 10, P. M. daily

may 1--tfS CHRIS. C. COX, M. D.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber, at the earnest solicitation of his numerous friends and having purchased a supply of

Homeopathic Medicine,

offers his services to the public as a practioner of medicine on the Homeopathic system. He will, however continue the old system of practice in all cases where it may be desired.

SAMUEL HARPER, M. D.,

aug 14-tf Easton, Md.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

730 *Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,*
137 *Baltimore Street, Baltimore,*
Iron Hall, 318 *Penna. Avenue,*
Washington, D. C.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut Circulars sent on application by letter [jy 17-y

Stoves, Tinware & Spouting.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a **Tin and Stove Store,** on Washington street, opposite the Barber's Shop, where he is prepared to accommodate those who may need Stoves and Tin-ware on reasonable terms; and being practically acquainted with the business, is competent to make Boilers, Pipe and other Stove Fixings to suit purchasers.

Metal Roofing, Spouting and Jobbing done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms

The pub'c ob't serv't GEO. W. BECK.

☞ Having made arrangements with Mr. Sexton, of Baltimore, for so doing, I am prepared to furnish and put up, in the most substantial manner, the latest and most approved patterns of Fine hour and Latrobe Stoves. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited. (sep 11-6m) G. W. B.

EASTON PACKET—ALL READY!

THE Schooner *Bucephalus,* Capt W H Chambers, is now ready for the new crop of Wheat Farmers wishing to obtain the first prices for their grain, can put it right through without delay by immediately hauling it down to Easton Point

☞ Remember, all grain must be inspected under the late Law, unless a *written order* to the contrary is furnished the Commission Merchant by the farmer

All orders for goods accompanied by the *Cash* promptly attended to—*no others will be regarded* Back freights as usual. The Bucephalus leaves Easton Point every Wednesday morning, and the State Tobacco Warehouse No 2, Baltimore, every Saturday Mr J S Robson, Commission Merchant No 79, South Street, Baltimore, and Messrs Dawson & Bro, Easton, Agents

jy 3-tfS N E NICOLS.

NEW LIVERY & HIRING STABLES.

THE subscriber most respectfully announces to the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has opened for their accommodation, a new *Livery Stable.* He has on hand a number of good, quick draft, road and saddle Horses, and a fine lot of Carriages, which he will be happy to hire on the most reasonable terms. He will also keep on hand Carts, &c., for the purpose of Hauling, should such purposes be required. His stables will be kept at the residence of his father on Dover street. In his absence, all orders can be left either at the house or at his father's Carriage Shop

He hopes by keeping always on hand a good stock of Horses, and diligent attention to business to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage. The public's ob't serv't

SAML B. HOPKINS, Jr.

B. B.—Passengers conveyed to and from any part of the Peninsula. [apr 10-1y

FRESH FRUIT.

Raisins in whole, half and quarter boxes
Figs, fresh Smyrna in small boxes
Currants, fresh and very nice
Almonds, Bordeaux soft shell
Citron, genuine Genoa
Prunes & Pecan Nuts
Oranges & Lemons
Cocoanuts

All in prime condition and will be sold at prices below last season by DAWSON & BRO.

To Fishermen & Others.

THE subscriber as agent, will furnish any description of India Rubber Goods—such as *Gents' and Ladies' Long Boots, Over Shoes, Sandals, Guiters and Slippers.*

Those that have to expose themselves, will find the above goods indispensable G. C MACKEY

P. S—India Rubber Soles, put on Leather Boots and Shoes [dec 11] G C M

CASSIMERES FOR SUITS.

I am now opening a large assortment of Cassimeres, to be cut in any quantities. Also Silk and Velvet Vestings, &c., &c. Gentlemen will do well to call and examine before buying.

nov 20 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

Warranted Not to Explode.

NEWELL'S Patent *Lamp Feeders,* and Lamps for burning Ethetial Oil, warranted not to explode, for sale by

oct 22 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

AXES AXES!!—Six dozen Stewart's and Marshall's, Jersey and Kentucky patterns, just received and for sale by

nov 27 J. RASIN.

HAUL SEINE TWINE AND GILLING Thread, for sale by

nov 27 J. RASIN.

KID GLOVES.—Jouvin's Kid Gloves in white and colors, all sizes, for sale by

nov 27 J. RASIN.

[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

The Infidel and his Daughter.

Suggested by reading a recent newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter, on the eve of her death, when she asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her die—his or her mother's.

"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father o'er my brow;
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future which in vain,
My eyes seek to descry;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose belief to die.

"In thine? Iv'e watched thy scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
When'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster around the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now she's beneath the sod,
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"'Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from its burning page
Read how its truth's support the soul
In youth and failing age,
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In words beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath blessed
This checkened heart of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek,
That flowed not till that day.
"Not, in mine!" with choking voice,
The skeptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter may'st thou die!"

EASTON, Md.

THE MANIAC'S CONFESSION.

A few years ago, I visited an insane asylum. The woman in charge conducted us through various apartments, giving us all the information in regard to the occupants she was able, and kindly answering all the questions, until we came to a room where one of the patients had lately died, and now lay awaiting the disposal of her friends, who had been apprized of her decease—We entered, and gazed reverently upon the face of the sleeper. She was a woman in the prime of life, and bore traces of great beauty. What great sorrow had bereft this beautiful creature of her reason? and by what relative, and for what motive, had she been incarcerated in this living tomb, were queries which were in my mind as I gazed upon her lifeless remains.

My eyes involuntarily wondered over the apartment. A little table stood in the corner, beneath the grated window. A Bible lay upon it, and as I took it up a paper slid from between and fell at my feet. I raised it. It was a closely written sheet, and a glance convinced me that it was some sort of a revelation which had been written there during the last hours of the life that had fled.

"What is this?" I asked, as I held up the paper.

"Oh, that is probably some of Aggy's scribbling. She used to call for pen and paper, and she would write over several sheets, and then destroy them. That is probably one of them—of no consequence, I presume, said the woman.

I asked if I might retain it.

"Why, yes, if you wish to," she replied.

I had it away in my bosom, and we soon left the premises. "What could you possibly want with that crazy woman's scribbling?" my companion asked, as we left the building.

"I fancy there is something here worth preserving, I replied. "Let us examine it."

As we rode homeward, I read it aloud to my friend. It was written in a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"I was the only and idolized daughter of wealthy parents. I possessed a haughty and imperious temper, which was never subdued or restrained. My parents were not religious, and no care was taken to impress upon my mind religious truths. Consequently I grew up unprincipled and extremely passionate. While every pains were taken with my education and accomplishments, my heart was left to run wild overgrown and choked by the briers and thorns of selfishness and love of tyranny; yet I was passionately attached to my friends, and as long as they did not cross my imperious will, I got on nicely with them.

Thus I grew to womanhood. Chance threw me into the society of a young lawyer of distinguished abilities, who had began what was predicted to be a brilliant career. I soon learned to love him with all the depth of my passionate and impulsive nature; and was wild with joy, when one day he came to me and in eloquent language told me how long and devotedly he had loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

"We were married. If I occasionally felt a twinge of distrust of my own qualifications for a wife, I soon silenced it with the arguments that my love was strong enough to make up for all deficiencies.

"My husband was all that was good, noble and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, 'You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you miserable.'

"Then, when he had gone, I would fly to my chamber, lock the door, and give myself up to an uncontrollable fit of weeping for very shame.

"We had been married about a year. One evening (would to God I could blot from the record of time that fatal night; but it lives like a hissing fiery serpent in my memory, and has doomed me to utter despair in this world, and I fear the next!) my husband did not return at the usual hour. I watched at the parlor window. His slippers and dressing gown were warming by the grate, and everything was in readiness for him; but he did not come. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I began to grow uneasy. All my selfish feelings were roused, and I felt myself sorely grieved.—An hour more, yet he came not. I paced up and down the floor in a fit of impatience. A ring at the door, I waited to hear his step upon the stairs; but it was a lighter step than his, accompanied by the rustling of silk. Nellie B——, an intimate friend, bounded in. She was dressed for the opera. She said that their carriage waited at the door for myself and Ernest. I told her Ernest had not yet returned from his office and I could not go. She looked disappointed. A sudden thought seized me. Would it not be a capital revenge for his neglect of me to find the parlor deserted when he came? I went to the opera. We were scarcely seated in our box when a party entered a box opposite. The blood rushed back to my heart, and my pulse stood still as I recognized Ernest, my Ernest, my husband, and leaning on his arm one of the most beautiful young creatures my eyes ever beheld. This was my first impression, for there quickly followed so deadly and jealous a hatred as made her look positively ugly. I quickly drew down my veil that my husband might not discover me, and from my concealment I watched them with glaring eyes. I heard nothing, saw nothing else; and once when rallied by companions, I replied that I was not well, and begged to be left to myself.

"Then, with the fierceness of a tiger fearful of losing his prey, I turned my eyes toward my husband and his 'guilty paramour.' She seemed to be enjoying the performance intensely, but he seemed to see nothing but her. His head was bowed towards her, and she would occasionally raise her eyes to his face. Then I saw him smile (just as he had smiled upon me a thousand times) while he bent still lower over her with renewed devotion.

"Each movement was like a red hot dagger piercing my heart. I knew not what demon possessed me, I think I must have been mad when I vowed a terrible revenge. 'Twere better,' I reasoned, 'that he should die while yet there existed in his heart a spark of love for me, than to see him little by little drawn away by that syren, till, perhaps, I should be utterly deserted, and left with all my blind love eating away my heart-strings like a consuming fire.'

"At my request, we left the opera at an early hour, and, with a terrible purpose, I entered my home. But what was that home now to me? The love that had brightened it, was no longer mine. Some demon furnished me with a resolution to execute my desperate purpose.

"It had been our custom some times to drink a glass of sweet wine of an evening when we were alone. I drew the table to the fire, placed the decanter and glasses. Then, with trembling hands, I brought a deadly opiate, the nature of which I well knew. The first effect it produced was a deep sleep, which, in a few hours, terminated in the still sleep of death. I filled the glasses, and into one I dropped the drug. All was done with rapidity, lest my resolution should fail me.

'When all was ready I paced up and down the room, nursing the fires which raged within my bosom, by recounting to myself the wrong I had suffered. I pictured to myself my idolized husband still and cold before me, and I fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Then I drew another picture. I saw him drawn from me, giving his love to another. I thought of all the agony I had suffered that night, and imagined how much deeper would be my wrong if I spared him. At that moment I heard his night key in the latch, and he soon entered the room. I stood in the recess of the window, where he did not at once observe me, the wine first attracted attention, the fatal glass. I saw him lift it to his lips, drain its contents, and I fell fainting to the floor.

"I knew no more for several hours, when I rallied, I was lying upon the sofa; the lamp was burning dimly—an easy chair was wheeled to my side, and in it I saw the form of my husband. I sprang quickly up. The drug was doing its work. He was in a heavy slumber, and already his breath come thicker and shorter, and his pulse beat but faintly.

"My anger had passed away, and all the wild worshipping love which I had cherished towards my husband came rushing back upon my heart. I chafed his hands, I kissed his lips, I strove to rouse him, but all in vain. Again I paced up and down the floor, but oh! what different emotions possessed me now.

"A little folded paper, which I had not before noticed, and lying upon the table, caught my eye. Scarcely knowing or caring what I did, I took it up and opened it. I saw it was in the handwriting of my husband, and I eagerly read its contents.—Great God of Heavens! What had I done? It was a note that Ernest had sent me, and which did not arrive till after I had gone out. It ran as follows:

"Excuse me, Aggy dear, from coming home to tea. My sister of whom I spoke to you this morning, has come home and has sent for me to come to her. If she is not too weary, I will take you both to the opera this evening, and I will call for you at eight. Your loving HUSBAND.

"Now, for the first time, I remembered that he had told me in the morning that an only sister of his, who had been absent several years, was expected home that day. His parents resided in another part of the city. 'He would call for me at eight.' I had gone out earlier, and probably by some carelessness of the carrier, the note had not arrived before the time. I afterwards learned that he did call for me, and being told that I had gone to the opera with some friends, and probably had not received his note, he proceeded to that place with his sister, hoping to find me there.

"A wild hope that he might yet be roused seized me, and I sprang to his side. But alas! too late? He had ceased to breathe.

"Oh! heaven of heavens! what evil had my blind, passionate temper wrought me and mine. Again I became insensible.

"I opened my eyes. Loving, tearstained faces bent over me. A soft hand was gently stroking my temples, and I gazed into the face of that gentle sister, whom I had never seen save upon that fatal night. She kissed me and whispered:—

"Dear Aggy, you are the greatest sufferer of us all."

"I was told that I was found in the morning by the servant, lying upon the floor insensible, and my husband reclining in his chair dead!

"It seemed that suspicion had not rested upon myself. The coroner was called and his verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God.'

"Heaven only knows how I loathed and hated myself. I longed to confess the truth; but for the sake of others foreborn to reveal what would have brought upon the family deep disgrace and additional grief. A long illness followed and my reason reeled. I was carried back to my parents. I could not remain in the house which had been the scene of my sin and punishment

"Years passed; I grew no better, but was still trembling upon the verge of insanity, yet retaining sufficient reason to distinctly remember my sorrow, and to understand what was passing around me. What was perhaps strange I was conscious of my mental condition.

"Years passed, and my parents both died, I was placed in the care of an uncle, who was my only natural guardian. From him I had inherited the selfish passion which had been my ruin.

"For a time I lived in his house, but he found me too great a trouble, and under pretence of solitude for my recovery he placed me in the insane asylum. I knew that it was only to get me out of his way that he might have no hindrance in possessing himself of my large fortune. But I did not object. I felt that I deserved it all.

"Twelve years have I spent in this retreat. Every one have been extremely kind to me. During that time I have never seen my uncle. It is almost over. I feel that I shall soon follow to that bourne where in my frenzy I sent my noble husband nearly twenty years ago. I have read the Bible—I have tried to pray."

A few months since I visited —— Cemetery. I found their graves. A costly monument marks the spot. The uncle is living in possession of his niece's wealth, and is seemingly prosperous: I have never made known to any one the existence of the paper in my possession. I have learned that the family of Ernest are all dead.

The dear friend who shared with me the knowledge of Aggy's confession also lies "beneath the sod of the valley."

Hoping that it may serve as a warning to some who may read it, I give this history to the world.

WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

"We live for those who love us—
For those who are kind and true;
For th' Heaven that smiles above us,
And which we are hastening to."

So sang the Hutchisons in one of their touching heart songs. The thought may for a moment arrest the attention of a few who listen to its utterance in melody, but the mass hear nor heed it not. They seem to live as though life has no great purpose—no higher aim than the gratification of self. Those in the crowd are jostling each other; fiercely almost are treading down each other; to reach *their* particular goal. The pale face of sorrow, or the wail of distress are unheeded. Gain—gain—is the maddened cry. Gold and lands for to-day, for to-morrow we die. Let the dogs lick the sores of the poor, and despised Samaritans turn aside to bind up the bruised and wounded unfortunates. Stock in heaven, brings no direct dividend in money. Lending to the Lord, will not add two per cent. per month to the yearly accumulations.—Such seems to be the common understanding. Men act as if life were an eternity.

But the night cometh, there are graves to fill and worms to fatten. Wealth finds no exclusive privileges under the sod, or "over the river." Bonds, mortgages and stocks are not current in the "hereafter." No "sharp practice," no "shrewd business transactions" there. No extraordinary per cents, for those which have entered into an inheritance which fadeth not away. No poor faces to grind, for all are rich. They are joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an eternity of bliss. Sorrow and pain; the crutch and tattered garments; the bruised and injured heart, have been left in the grave and the paupers on earth become the owners of Heaven! Oh! how often we have thought of what might be the feelings of the rich, the pompous and the proud, when they see those they scorned here, robed in the unfading and dazzling fabrics of eternal angel life.

LABOR AND HEALTH.—Mark, says a sensible man, the laboring man, who breakfasts at six, and then walks perhaps two or three miles to his work. He is full of health and a stranger to doctors. Mark, on the other hand, your clerk who takes tea and toast at eight and gets down to the store, at nine or half-past. He is a pale, effeminate creature, full of sarsaparilla, and patent worm medicines, pills, and things. What a pity it is that this class of people do not lay down the yard-stick and scissors, and take the scythe or the flail for a year or two. By remaining in their present occupation they only help to fill up cemeteries, and that's about as miserable use of humanity as you can name.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

TARIFF AUTHORITIES.

We give below, letters from Franklin and Jefferson, touching upon the Tariff question. Letters from these, and others of their day, does not only give the reader of the present day some knowledge of the means by which governmental affairs were so impartially and successfully carried on, but their ancient dates, for it is said "old things become new," fills one with eagerness to give them a perusal:

Dr. Franklin to Humphrey Marshall.

LONDON, April 22, 1771.

Sir: I duly received your favors of the 4th of October and the 17th November. It gave me great pleasure to hear that, though the merchants had departed from their agreement of non-importation, the spirit of industry and frugality was likely to continue among the people. I am obliged to you for your concern on my account. The letters you mention gave great offence here; but that was not attended with the immediate ill consequences to my interest that seemed to have been hoped for by those that sent copies of them hither.

If our country people would well consider that all they save in refusing to purchasing foreign gewgaws, and in making their own apparel, being applied to the improvement of their plantations, would render those more profitable, as yielding a greater produce—I should hope they would persist resolutely in their present commendable industry and frugality. And there is a further consideration. The colonies that produce provisions grow very fast; but, of the countries that take off those provisions, some do not increase at all, as the European nations; and others, as the West India colonies, not in the same proportion; so that, though the demand at present may be sufficient, it cannot long continue so. Every manufacturer encouraged in our country makes part of a market for provisions within ourselves and saves so much money to the country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the manufactures he supplies. Here in England, it is well known and understood that wherever a manufacture is established which employs a number of hands, it raises the value of lands in the neighboring country all around it; partly by the greater demand near at hand for the produce of the land, and partly from the plenty of money drawn by the manufacturers to that part of the country. It seems, therefore, the interest of our farmers and owners of lands to encourage our young manufacturers in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant countries.

I am obliged by your kind present of curious seeds. They were welcome gifts to some of my friends. I send you, herewith, some of the new barley lately introduced into the country, and now highly spoken of. I wish it may be found of use with us.

I was the more pleased to see in your letter the improvement of our paper, having had a principal share in establishing the manufacture among us, many years ago, by the encouragement I gave it.

If in anything I can serve you here, it will be pleasure to your obliged friend and bumble servant, B. FRANKLIN.

Thomas Jefferson to J. B. Say.

MARCH 1, 1815.

"Experience has shown that continued peace depends not merely on our own justice and prudence, but on that of others also; that, when forced into a war, the interception of exchanges which must be made across a wide ocean becomes a powerful weapon in the hands of an enemy domineering over that element, and to other distresses of war adds the want of all those necessaries for which we have permitted ourselves to be dependent on others, even arms and clothing. This fact, therefore, solves the question by reducing to its ultimate form, whether profit or preservation is the first interest of the State? We are, consequently, become manufacturers to a degree incredible to those who do not see it, and who only consider the short period of time during which we have been driven to them by the suicidal policy of England.

"The prohibitory duties we lay on all articles of foreign manufacture which prudence requires us to establish at home, with the patriotic determination of every good citizen to use no foreign articles which can be made within ourselves, without regard to difference of prices, secures us against relapse into foreign dependency."

BIG FEET.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Gif fum fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile, opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders says, "Gif fum 'fore me, I say, I kick you in de fire ef you don't; I will, shu," and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see them advance upon him and exclaims: "Wha, wha you comin' to now? Humph! My own foot by golly."

TIME TO GO.—"Hallo, my dear," exclaimed a newly married man to his wife, "what are you fumbling about your mouth there for?

"Just taking out my teeth, love."

"The deuce! well, you can't talk plain—what's the matter now?"

"Oh, that's only my palate dropped out, I'll soon fix that."

"Thunder and blazes! Why—why, where's your hair?"

"On the table, isn't it pretty? I bought it the other day of a hair dresser."

The man took to his heels, and has not been heard from since, though a man resembling him was seen not long afterward, inquiring the way to Texas.

The four great evils in life are said to be standing-collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots and tobacco.

Valuable Receipts.

FOR CHAPPED LIPS.—The following is a receipt for an emollient salve, which will be extremely beneficial: "Melt together one ounce of white wax with the same quantity of clarified veal suet, and a quarter of an ounce of spermaceti; add to this four fluid ounces of olive oil, and stir the whole gently till cold; then add a few drops of ottar of roses."

ANOTHER.—Two spoonfulls of clarified honey, two drops of lavender water; mix well, and anoint the lips frequently.

CHILBLAINS.—I have for many years past been much troubled with chilblains, and tried every sort of remedy, with little or no success, till I was recommended to rub dry mustard flour (morning and night) on the parts afflicted. From this treatment I have derived much benefit. It must not be applied when the chilblains are in a state of irritation, but as a preventive. When inflamed and itchy, I have found bathing the feet in cold water the best cure.—*London Field.*

BLACK WRITING INK.—2 oz. extract logwood, 1 gal. soft water, simmer gently in an iron vessel fifteen minutes. Dissolve in a little hot water 24 grains bi-chromate potash, 12 grains prussiate of potash, add it to the liquid and stir a few moments over the fire, take off, and when settled, strain twice through common muslin. This ink is jet black from the first, flows easily, and is so indelible that even oxalic acid will not remove it from the paper. Costs about forty cents per gallon.—D. B., *in Eagle, Iowa.*

TO CLEAN TEA TRAYS.—Do not pour boiling water over them, particularly japanned ones, as it will make the varnish crack and peel off, but have a sponge wetted with warm water and a little soap if the tray be very dirty; then rub it with a cloth; if it looks smeary, dust on a little flour, then rub it with a dry cloth. If the paper tray gets marked, take a piece of woollen cloth, with a little sweet oil, and rub it over the marks; if anythink will take them out, this will.—Let the urn be emptied and the top wiped dry, particuly the outside, for if any wet be suffered to dry on it, it will leave a mark.

VENTILATING KITCHENS.—There is always more or less steam and grease smoke caused by cooking, and their removal is always desirable without resorting to open doors and windows.

In 1856 I put a cook stove into my kitchen—which is 14 by 16 feet—and placed a ventilator over it, in the shape of an inverted funnel, to the upper end of which was attached an eight-inch pipe, that entered the flue above the stove-pipe. My stove and ventilator still remain there, and we are never troubled with smoke or steam—all is instantly carried away.

This ventilator is of my own planning, and made of sheet iron. The eight-inch pipe has a circular elbow, connecting it with the flue, and both it and the stove-pipe are below the ceiling. The flue is 12 by 16 inches inside, and is therefore capable of carrying off a good deal of smoke and air.

The rim, or widest part of the ventilator, is thirty inches in diameter, and is suspended four feet above the top of the stove.—There is a damper in the ventilator pipe, that enables me to shut it entirely, if I desire to start the fire quick, by increasing the draught. It soon becomes necessary to open it, however, as the draught in my chimney is too great, and burns the wood too fast. Many people have seen it, and think it worth $10 a year to any kitchen. A hole can be made easily in the flue, or the pipe may be carried through the ceiling, and enter the flue above, especially if the kitchen is one story, and an open garret above it. More room is obtained by the latter method. It will also do equally well if the pipe is carried through the roof or side of the house. It is not like a stovepipe, and there is no danger from fire. It is easily and cheaply made, and may be obtained from any tin-plate or sheet-iron store.—H. S., *in Ohio Farmer.*

The New York Herald sums up a review of the gold fields of the United States, with the following estimate of our future gold crop: "California gives us a million a week. All the other fields, we can safely say with what facts we already have, will give us at least half as much. Our gold crop is therefore likely to be for years to come at the rate of a million and a half per week, or seventy-seven millions of dollars per annum—equal to one-half of the value of the cotton crop of the country."

A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows:

"Moses was an austere man, and made atonements for the sins of the people."

The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported thus:

"Moses was an oyster man, and made ointment for the shins of his people."

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Work as though thou wert to live forever—worship as though thou wert to die presently.

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