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, APRIL 9, 1859. No. 16.

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.

SURVEYING.

THE subscriber offers his services to the citizens of Talbot county, to do all kinds of surveying *at reasonable prices*. I am always at leisure on Saturdays, and orders left at the Chapel Post Office, will be promptly attended to.
feb 26–1y B. B. RICHARDSON.

J. A. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

PRACTICES IN TALBOT AND ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on Main Street,
(Opposite Merrett's Hotel,)
feb 26–3m *EASTON, MD.*

JOHN A. W. POWELL,

COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS AND GENERAL AGENT, FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Office corner of Goldsborough & Aurora Sts.,
jan 29–y *EASTON, MD.*

J. T. CHAMBERLAIN,
DENTIST,

From Philadelphia Ten years experience enables me to warrant all my operations
Office—Easton, Md., where letters will receive *prompt attention* [oct 9–6m

EMPLOYMENT.

$50 A MONTH AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—An agent is wanted in every town and county in the United State, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars address DR. J HENRY WARNER, corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New York City, enclosing one postage stamp [jan: 5 6m

CASH FOR NEGROES.

WE wish to purchase, immediately, a lot of young and likely NEGROES, for which the highest cash price will be given. Persons having such property for sale, will please call at No. 11 Camden Street, Baltimore, or address through post office; all letters promptly attended to. Negroes received on board, WILSON & HUGHES, Balt., or,
WM. H. NABB, Agent,
oct 30–tf Union Hotel, Easton, Md.

HOUSE-CARPENTERING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and Talbot county that he still carrys on the above business and will put through in short order all work that may be given him He thinks the numerous jobs he has done in different sections of the county, in a satisfactory manner is an evidence of his determination to please all who may employ him. He only asks to be given a trial. CHAS. E. GAITTIN,
feb 19 Easton.

Call at the Captain's Office
AND SETTLE YOUR FARE.

PERSONS indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle up, so that I can attend to those to whom I am indebted, and after settlement I will inform you of my course of doing business in future.

I can be found at Mr. John Satterfield's, opposite the Union Hotel.
jan 15 N. E. NICOLS.

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.

EASTON HOTEL.

J. Q. A. HADDAWAY, Proprietor.

THE subscriber most respectfully thanks his friends and patrons for the liberal share of patronage they have extended to him during the past year and hopes to continue in their favor during the coming year by endeavoring to render them comfortable to the full extent of his ability.

From the first day of January, he feels it his duty to charge for a gallon of Oast 12½ cents—when it is paid for at the time it is obtained, and if he has to charge the same he shall in all cases and without any deviation from the rule, charge Fifty Cents.

Dinner as usual, 37½ cents, when paid for at the time eaten—or $1,00 if suffered to go on his books. Please recollect this that we may have no difficulty. [Easton, Jan 1, 1858.

What the Press Say.

"COSTAR'S" Exterminators are invaluable remedies for clearing houses of all sorts of vermin. With all confidence we recommend them.—*N. Y. Daily State Register.*

"Costar's" remedies for all domestic pests, such as Rats, Roaches, Bed Bugs, Ants, Fleas, &c., are invaluable; we can speak from actual knowledge of their merits. Druggists and Dealers should send their orders early, if they would secure a trade in them.—*New York Journal.*

"I shall write something about your Exterminators, as I can do so with propriety. They are selling rapidly here and destroying all vermin.—*Ed. "Banner," Fayette, Mo.*

"DEATH TO ALL VERMIN."

As Spring approaches,
Ants and *Roaches*,
From their holes come out,
And *Mice* and *Rats*,
In spite of Cats,
Gaily skip about.
Bed-Bugs bite
You, in the night,
As on the bed you slumber,
While insects crawl
Through chamber and hall,
In squads without number.

It is truly wonderful with what certainty, Rats, Roaches, Mice, Moles, Ground Mice, Bed-Bugs, Ants, Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Insects on Animals, in short, every species of Vermin, are utterly destroyed and exterminated by

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminator.
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exterminator,
"Costar's" Electric Powder, for Insects.

Supplied *direct*, by mail, to any address in the United States, as follows:

On receipt of $1,00, a box of the Rat, Roache, &c., Ext.; and Electric Powder, (sent postage paid,) sufficient to destroy the vermin on any premises.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers every where.
"Costars" Principal Depot, 420 Broadway, N.N.
P. S.—Circulars, terms, &c., sent by mail on application.

Wholesale Agents for Va., Md., &c.
At Norfolk, Va., KING & TOY.
" Richmond, Va.
" Baltimore, Md.

BUTTER.—A lot of prime Firkin Butter on hand, which will be sold low for Cash by
dec 4 J. P. BLAKE.

SHOVELS, Forks, Spades, &c., just received and for sale by CHRISTY & EMORY.

For the Easton Gazette.

The Rose and the Violet.

BY ROSE.

A Rose bloomed in a desert wild,
A lonely, lovely flower:
No little flowret blossomed near,
To cheer each lonely hour.

And as it bloomed and pined alone,
It breathed a fragrant sigh
Of longing for a kindred one,
Some rose, or rose-bud nigh.

It sighed to be so lonely there,
No rose was near, it knew,
To weep with when its crimson cup
Was gemmed with sparkling dew;

To answer, when each perfumed sigh
Was borne on zephyr's wings;
And wafting back the fragrance sweet
Its sympathy he brings.

One morn, while pining thus away,
She raised her drooping head,
And saw a little Violet
Near, in a lonely bed.

The sun, his golden sunbeams shed,
No more on a drooping flower,
It oped its freshen'd damask leaves,
Beneath sweet friendship's power.

The Rose bent o'er the Violet,
As if 'twould stoop to kiss
The little purple-headed flower,
And breathe its heartfelt bliss.

Such loving friendship had they formed,
They could not sigh apart,
And wafted up at morn and eve,
Prayer from each fragrant heart.

And blooming sweetly side by side,
They formed a lovely pair,
The Rose so queenly in her pride,
The Violet so fair.

The Violet gazed upon her friend,
Up from her lowly seat;
She thought no flower could be as fair,
No fragrance half so sweet.

She breathed out, when the loftier Rose
Had stooped to kiss her cheek,
"Be THINE the motto—'Queenly Pride,'
And MINE—'The Spirit Meek.'"

She knew not, little modest one,
The tint was like the heaven,
And the fragrance of her leaves
Thro' all the vale was given.

At hazy dawn, one morn the Rose
Had oped her petals sweet,
And breathing incense soft, she turned,
The sister flower to greet.

Oh Lady! let the dewy beat,
That in thine eyelash glows,
Fall in gentlest sympathy,
For the sorrows of the Rose.

The sister flowret was not there,
Not in her grassy bed,
The fragrance was not in the air,
Or dewdrops on her head.

Oh pity, gentle heart, the Rose!
A Violet was given
To glad her lonely life awhile,
And then the tie was riven.

Oh pity a poor, lonely heart,
That has no friend to cheer,
To sympathize in joy or grief
No one, to hold it dear.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

A THOUSAND DOLLAR HUSBAND.

A curious case came before the Supreme Court yesterday, which sheds incidental light upon the matrimonial brokerage business in this city. A suit is brought by Robert G. Nellis against George Crouse and his wife for $1,000 commission in getting a husband for the women, which husband is the defendant George. Four years ago, Mrs Crouse was a gay widow in search of a partner. She was in excellent health, of good bodily vigor, ample fortune, and of an amorous and affectionate disposition. She wanted a husband, and told Nellis that if he would introduce her to the proper man for such a situation, she would pay him a thousand dollars. Nellis accepted the commission, and brought up John Cummings, of Conajoharie, in this Sate. Cummings was on probation for a while but did not suit. Nellis started for the country again, and succeeded in caburing a military man, known as Major Freeman all the way from Saratoga county. Freeman had a long siege of court-hip, but the twain failed to unite, and Freeman is a free man still.

Nellis made a third essay, and this time induced the defendant, Crouse a kinsman of his own, by the way, to undertake the difficult task of suiting a widow Fortune and the widow smiled upon Crouse, and a year ago the bargain was completed by marriage. Nellis asserts that, by his introduction of Crouse, the widow got the much-desired husband, and that she or they rightfully owe him $1,000 commission, as promised, but never paid. The complaint is certainly a strange one, but the defence is still more singular. The promise does not appear to be denied; service is apparent, for there is the husband brought in as proof; but the ex-widow's counsel argues that the claim is against public policy, and that no such system of brokerage is recognized in common law, as it is against good morals. The case created considerable excitement yesterday, and strenuous efforts were made to keep it out of newspapers, so we suppose we ought not to say anything about it. Judge Davies, before whom the case was brought, has taken the papers, and will give a decision hereafter.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A certain General of the United States Army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin him.

"What! is Silver Tail dead?" asked Pat.

"What is that to you?" said the officer, "Do as I bid you, and ask me no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in about two hours returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

'Skinning your horse, your honor."

"Did it take you two hours to perform the operation?"

"No, your honor, but then you see it took me about half an hour to catch the horse."

"Catch him! Fire and furies! was he alive?"

"Yes, your honor, and I could not skin him alive, you know."

"Skin him alive, did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, your honor! and sure you know I must obey orders without asking questions."

Liberality consists less in giving profusely than in giving judiciously.

OYSTERS.

In looking at the oyster through a microscope, it is found that its shell is peopled with an innumerable swarm of animals; compared to which the fish itself is a colossus. The liquid enclosed within its shell contains likewise a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales, which swim with apparent facility; and one hundred and twenty of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains besides a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit phosphoric light. There are also found in the shell, three distinct speceis of worms. A modern writer tells us that "the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular chords, and dooms it to entombment in a living sepulchre How starts it forth to the world of water? Not, as enlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about the sea as gayly and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is a microscopic oyster cherub, with wing-like lobes, flanking a mouth and shoulders unicumbered with inferior crual prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility skipping up and down, as if in mockery of its heavy and immoveable parents. It voyages from oyster bed to oyster bed; and it in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait, or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length having sown its wild oats, it settle down into a steady, solid domestic oyster. It becomes a parent of fresh broods of oyster cherubs. As such, it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth, crust—were it not for gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from its native bed, carries him, unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavored, oyster, he is introduced to the places of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper, and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the stomach of a plebian.

A SMART WOMAN.

The Chattanooga *Advertiser* relates the following;

A nice, respectable lady not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worser half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not *hurry* back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, &c., &c. Benedict smelt a veritable "mice" under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About 8 o'clock an "individual" about his size might have been seen cautiously creeping along to the door; and noiselessly. Benedict peeped in Just as he expected. There they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table!—Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stooped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks, for the bed room. There he was, kneeling at the bed-side, coat and vest off, and his head on the pillow. Miserable villain! his time had come! "Say your prayers, villain! your time is short!" and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission. "Help! murder! watch! Oh, is that you;" and Madame popped her little head up from the foot of the bed.—Benedict seized the body and it was a—miscelleneons collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up for the occasion. "I say, dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look. "Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely, after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making belive you were at home. I'm sure I didn't think you'd suspect—" "There, there." said the chagrined husband, "say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you." Benedict repeated, "Now I lay me," &c., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

In the State of New York there are but twenty-five Revolutionary pensioners left, and only two of these served during the entire war. No man under *ninety-five* years of age has now right to claim a pension for services in the Revolution. The whole number of pensioners paid at the agency, at Albany, is about 1,800, of which 800 are for invalids. The pay days, in March and September, brings to the agency a few decrepid old gentlemen "who shoulder their crutch, and show how fields were won," but most of the payments are made through agents.

"Peter, Peter, I see a toad!" said a little darkey to his brother, one day, as they were digging over a heap of manure.

"Whar is he, Joe."

"Why, right dar—don't you see 'im?"

"No—hit 'im wid de hoe."

Joe hit the toad a crack which brought Peter to the ground. When he got up he screamed out:

"Oh, you fool, Joe! dat was my toe! I seed dat all de time."

AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO.—Come when you are bid and bid when you come.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Senator Toombs, with all his errors, is a bold man, and sometimes says what is not agreeable to his political associates. In his late speech on the revenue question, he thus spoke of the wastefulness of the National Administration:

"Your appropriations for navy yards have gone to the building of houses for officers, and the making of flower pots and all that sort of thing, at a cost of $2000,000; and it will be no less as long as you pay it, but will go up to $4000.000, if you do not stop it. There are $2,000,000 that you have no need for at all. You have 8000 sailors to man your navy. You have not increased them of late years, and you now have 8000 men in your navy to help them—civilians. You have carried their number from 3000 to 8000. You have eight navy yards. England has 550 ships, and she has two navy yards. You have eight, conveniently located all about the country, and it is a cause of reproach to good Democrats for the enemy to say WE KEEP PEOPLE THERE TO CHEAT THEM IN ELECTIONS; AND, AS GOD IS MY JUDGE I AM AFRAID THERE IS SOMETHING IN IT."

The leading Democrats, it will be perceived are beginning to see and acknowledge the tremendous wasteful expenditures of the national government, not we opine, because they really care about the expenditure, but because the thing has gone on and reached such an overwhelming and stunning character, the people, the workday business people of the country are awakening to the enormity of the frauds that are perpetrated upon the treasury of the Republic, and the heads and leaders of that wasteful and corrupt party are becoming fearful that should an opposition majority be returned to the next Congress a searching investigation will be had and the fraudulent transactions of the present party and the famous proceedings there-of in all their deformity will be brought to light and exposed to the gaze of the astonished and horrified country. The knowing ones, therefore, such as Toombs and others, like black snakes when a pile of brush is set on fire in the spring of the year, begin to smell fire and begin to run, getting out of the way and leaving the green ones to get scorched.

We have no doubt that should the result of the coming elections in the different State legislatures show a majority of the opposition as being elected to the Senate as has already been shown with reference to the House of Representatives, that a fire will accidentally (?) occur at Washington among the records and accidentally (?) of course, consume them, so that no investigation can be had into the wasteful expenditures of a Democratic government that, in a time of profound peace in two short years emptied an overflowing treasury, bankrupted the country, broke down the business in all departments of industry, plunged us in debt to the enormous amount of one hundred millions of dollars, and turned the government into a moneyed corporation, and Congress into a manufactory of irredeemable shin-plasters.—*Cumberland Civilian and Telegraph.*

PICKLED WALNUTS AND A WONDERFUL PARROT.—The Charleston *Mercury* says that a certain lady, who was famous for making good pickled walnuts, and very fond of eating them, too, one season discovered that her jars were empty before she had fairly tasted her favorite pickle. She called her servants to account, but each one denied having meddled with the jars, and the good lady determined, if possible, to find out the thief. So she made another fine lot of pickles, and placed them on the shelf in the same store-room, keeping a daily watch upon them. To her great surprise, she discovered no other than her pet parrot to be the pilferer of her pickle jars. She caught him hooking out the walnuts with his crooked beak, and in her anger she dashed upon him a pitcher of hot water, which she chanced to have in her hand. Poor Poll was in a sad plight, both in suffering and appearance; his bright feathers all fell out, and he was long in this naked condition, nursed by the pity of his forgiving mistress. During this period of probation, a venerable friend of the lady, who was quite bald, one day came to visit her. Poll waddled quietly into the parlor, and climbing upon the back of the old gentleman's chair, seemed for some time to be intently examining his bald head; then, growing bold, he got upon his shoulder, and with beak upon the bald spot, cried:—"So, so! you've been at the pickled walnuts, too, have you?"

SIDE WORK.—If any man of sixty will review his life he will find that, not his profession but his creation has been most influential in determining his character and his estimation among men. Dr. Barnes, of this city, has recently given an illustration of this. The other day, when about sixty, he gave his congregation a sketch of his life; and a very interesting and philosophical, as well as a Christian view of life it gave All his published writings on the Scriptures were written *before nine*, and by getting up at four o'clock, in the morning. The reason for this was, that he thought that "no one could reasonably complain if he took that time, for *what seemed to be side work*, before men usually entered on the duties of the day." In this way he had prepared sixteen volumes of commentary on the Scriptures, of which more than four hundred thousand volumes have, on the whole, been sold in this country, besides as many more abroad.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN AMERICAN LAW CASE IN PARIS.—The Americans at Paris have, just now, a bit of enjoyment in the ways of Yankee gossip, furnished by the law courts, where Berryer made a grand speech to obtain an insertion by decree of the tribunal in Galignani's columns. The row was about a citizen of Philadelphia, named Montgomery, whose marriage, in Normandy, was chronicled last January twelvemonth, under the name of Count de Nontgomery. A letter from his brother Henry appeared in the Courrier de Paris stating his relative to be no count, but a mere citizen of the United States, their worthy father having been a wholesale grocer in the Quaker City. This letter turns out a forgery. Henry brings an action against the Courrier, which is now pending.—*European Times.*

Reading for the Ladies.

SPRING FASHIONS.

As the fashion is all the go, and all the go is the fashion, we will just let our ladies in this section know what an exquisite time the ladies of New York enjoyed a few days ago. The turn out at the "Openings" was grand; the gentlemen having nothing to do with this subject but foot the bills. Here is a description of the affair, which is taken from New York exchanges:

THE BONNETS.

This is the first department opened, and the chief that attracts attention. But slight changes are discernible in the shape of the Spring bonnets. The crowns are a trifle larger and more drooping; the front comes more over the face, and is decidedly pointed; the trimming is not profuse, and the favorite colors in thin material will be sea-green and lilac. Straws are prevalent.—We saw one of a dark drab color, trimmed on the top with a novelty in "straw lace" drab and brown, mixed with ribbon of colors to match edged with a border of scarlet plaid. A scarlet velvet bandeau and bows, with blonde ruche inside.

The bandeau, crossing the top of the forehead, has taken the place of the wreaths a l'Impeatrice, so much in vogue last fall

A green crape bonnet, bound with silk and edged with blonde, was very pretty.—A cluster of white roses formed the trimming. The inside was plain, with banpeau and bows. A fancy straw was edged with brown velvet ribbon; a fold of brown silk being turned back from the front. The inside trimming consisted of blue velvet with blonde ruche.

In a Bond street establishment, we saw some exquisitely fine straws, with new trimmings of straw. One had a bundle of barley sheafs on one side, with straw tassels on the other; a black lace barbe forming the outside trimming, with trimming tastefully wreathed with straw cord. A bonnet of delicate seagreen crape was covered with a barge of the same, edged with white blonde; clusters of white clematis decorated the outside; inside was a bandeau of small box plaits edged with narrow black lace, with clusters of moss rose buds in the ruche. A chip, edged with blonde, had purple and green trimming.

A beautiful article was made of lilac silk plain on the foundation and covered entirely with point lace. The trimming was white feathers, tipped with lilac. Inside a lilac band was covered with white tulle, with white roses and a narrow black lace barbe on one side.

A pink crape, edged with blonde that overhung the cape, had a striking effect. A small cluster of roses and sprays ornamented the top and back of the crown. There was a quilling of white blonde on the inside, and a bow with pink strings. An effective novelty was a bonnet of dark blue crape edged with white blonde and trimmed with a coiffure of the same. Inside were white flowers; the strings white ribbon.

A style of trimming entirely new for the inside, consisted of white tulle dotted with black and varied with colored ribbon. A fine straw bonnet had a delicate net of black thread puffed over the top, and confined on the top with a full ruffle of real black blonde. Both crown and front were slashed with light blue silk. Three blue silk roses adorned the cape, which was lashed like the crown. Another delicate straw, trimmed with lilac and buff ribbon, twined with straw cord, had a species of coiffure of black Maltese lace, falling over the front, and fringing the cape. One string was buff, the other lilac ribbon.

At another establishment, we saw a bonnet composed of gray straw net work laid over white crape. The front was of split straw; the ribbon trimming gray, with colored edges. Flowers and black lace inside. Another was made of open black net laid over white. A Neapolitan straw had a fall of black lace over white ribbon. The crape was white, with black lace heading, and white blonde dropped over the front. Scarlet flowers and lace formed the trimming, with white strings. A split straw with soft crown of buff silk was very pretty.

MOURNING BONNETS.

A general lightening will be noticeable in mourning. The conventional requisition of crape strings—so objectional in warm weather—has given way to black ribbon; and ruches of black and sometimes white tulle, the former with a blonde edging, replace the severe plaits of crape, even in the deepest mourning.

MANTILLAS, &c.

Not much new in this department has yet been exhibited. The weather is so uncertain, that few have laid aside their furs and winter cloaks. In a few days light shawls will take the place of these, and then articles made for summer wear will be shown One or two mantillas we have seen at Jackson's, prepared for distant customers, were of black silk flounced, the flounce trimmed at the top and bottom with a close quilling of "love" ribbon. Four rows of the same crossed the back and front in bertha fashion, and a row descended down the front. Another had stripes of embossed velvet. Box plaits of embossed ribbon form a favorite trimming.

Quite a novelty was a shawn of black cassimere richly embroidered with silk, and bordered with two French lace flounces, headed with jet trimming. The price was $35. The French basque, with coat sleeve, will probably be made in silk.

We noticed some Circassian cloth shawls with colored borders, delicately printed in imitation of embroidery. These are worn in second mourning.

Mantillas of plain black lace, with "Alhambra" crossing of crape beading over four bias folds of crape, are very pretty for mourning. One of the Brussels face foundation had three folds alternating with three rows of beading to the neck; the flounce trimmed with four folds of crape.

DRESS MATERIALS AND MAKING

A new kind of silk called the "Ottoman" a yard and a half in width, and valued at $5 a yard—is both rich and serviceable; resembling Reps in quailty, and very thick. "Spanish Crape" is a light and soft material, but hardly as effective as grenadine or barege, which will continue paramount, with a large variety of organdie muslins and prints of different styles. New combinations for thin dresses will be in vogue, like barge, but more lasting. *Poil de chevre* is made of silk and wool, bayadere stripes of different colors, and will be useful for travelling dresses. The full skirt was a puffiing of silk, graduated from the waist to the bottom, and caught on either side with narrow velvet or braid; finished at the waist by a knot with flowing ends. A similar puffing goes up to the front to the throat. The sleeves are gathered into a waist-band. Skirts of silk or woolen material are no longer lined but finished with a narrow hem, and bound with galoon. The waist of thin dresses is made full, with a belt; pointed in front and behind, and fastened to the skirt. Basques are no longer fashionable, yet many are unwilling to give them up. The sleeve is about the same, and box plait trimmings are greatly in favor.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE.—Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the steam hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood, is striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment. The steam bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, tough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and Eternal!"

THE TOMATO.

Dr. Bennet, a professor of some celebrity, considers the tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important medical properties:

1. That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs, where calomel is indicated; it is probably one of the most effective and the least harmless remedial agents known to the profession.

2. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it, that will supercede the use of calomel in the cure of disease.

3. That he has successfully treated diarrhœa with this article alone.

4. That when used as an article of diet is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion.

5. That it should be constantly used for daily food; either cooked, raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use.

Among the "marriages in fashionable life" which have occupied the attention lately, of the gossiping world of Parisian society, that of the eldest son of Baron Jas. de Rothschild has excited no little interest. The trousseaux, corbeil and wedding festivities were marked of course with as much magnificence and luxury as a lavish expenditure of golden dollars could produce. It is stated that on the day of the marriage, the Baron de Rothschild presented the bride with a small pocket book. On the young lady opening it, she found an *inscription of rente* of 50,000 francs (10,000 dollars.)—'That sum,' said the Baron, 'is quite independent of the allowance which your husband will give you each year for your toilette and private expenses. This money will serve for your charities, fancies, or any use you choose to make of it.' The *income* of the fortune of all the houses of Rothschild those of London, Paris and Vienna, is computed at *two hundred millions of dollars.*

WOULDN'T BITE SUCH A BAIT.

Our friend Jones has been doing homange to a pair of bright feyes and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure" Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcinea, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise, she refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in sharp terms that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coolly replied: "Yes, but they don't bite at toads!"

Jones has learned a lesson.

The English druggists are about adopting a hexangular bottle, with deep flutings, to put poisons in which are sold by retail.—This is to prevent persons making mistakes by getting hold the wrong bottle. As an additional security, the neck of the bottle is so contracted that but a drop at a time can be poured out. The very deliberate and cautious action thus produced will it is believed, deter any one from taking overdoses of medicine; while it is difficult to imagine a case in which a person could pour out and take the whole contents of one of these bottles in mistake for something else.

A Spanish Journal states that a son whose father being in a state of idiotcy was a heavy burden to him, gravely proposed to sell the old man, who was very fat, to be melted down into grease! The neighbor having consented, a bargain was struck for 800 rials, and the purchaser procured a large cauldron in which to boil the old man; but the authorities having heard of the atrocious affair, had the buyer and seller arrested.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-0550