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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NEW GOODS!

JAMES H. GRACE has just returned with a full and complete assortment of NEW GOODS:

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware,
Queensware,
Tinware,
Stoneware, &c.

All of which have been selected with care and will be sold as low as can be had anywhere.

The public are invited to an examination.

Respectfully,

mar 17 J. H. GRACE.

SPRING 1860.

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from city with the largest and prettiest stock of **Ladies' Dress Goods** ever brought to this market—among which will be found a large and beautiful assortment of

Black Silks of all prices from 37½ up.
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Englais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, *Poplas Lacellas*,
Hoyles, *Schwabe* and *Jamisons'* English Prints, &c. &c., &c., &c.

Also a splendid assortment of
Ladies' Embroidered Collars,
of the newest styles and the largest assortment ever brought to this market and lower than ever *before sold*.

☞ Also an elegant assortment of KID GLOVES.
Gauntletts, *Hondk'ffs*,
Ruffings, *Cambric & Swiss Edgings & Insertings*, *Infants' Worked Bodies*, &c., &c., &c.

To an examination of which the Ladies are respectfully invited.

mar 17 JAMES H. GRACE.

CHARLES W. KNOTTS,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,
TALBOT STREET,
ST. MICHAELS, MD.,

HAS just returned from the cities, and is now opening a large and complete assortment of

DRY GOODS.

FOR THE LADIES—I have every variety of Dress Goods, such as silk Granadines, Challis, Bareges, Lavellas, Poplins, Forlard Cloth, Valencas, Ducals, Organdies, Delleges, silk and lace Capes, Mantillas, Shawls, Gloves, Embroideries, every variety of Dress Trimmings, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN—I have a complete assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, Cashmerettis, Tweeds, Silk and Satin Vestings, Marseilles do., Shirt Fronts, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Carpeting and Oil Cloth,
Groceries, *Hardware*, *Queensware*,
Woodware, *&c.*

A complete assortment of Heavy Goods for Servants wear. All of which has been selected with great care, and to which I invite the inspection of all who may favor me with a call. Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me, I beg a continuance of the same. Call early and get bargains at the cheap cash store of

mar 31 CHAS. W. KNOTTS.

1860. NEW 1860.
SPRING AND SUMMER
GOODS.

I HAVE just opened an assortment of NEW GOODS suited to the present and approaching seasons which for extent and variety will compare favorably with any stock on the Shore. It is useless to give the *names* of all the various styles of

Ladies' Dress Goods

but will assure customers that my stock contains the most choice varieties of the last importations.

In PRINTS:

Ginghams,
Chintzes,
Lawns,
Swiss,
Cambrics,
Embroideries,

and White Goods generally.

Muslins,
Denims,
Pant Steffs,

I am prepared to offer the usual inducements.

I have also a large stock of all the various fabrics used for

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOY'S WEAR, consisting of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Tweeds,
Plain and Fancy Linen and
Cotton Drillings,
Cottonades, &c.

Also a good stock of

Hardware,
Queensware,
Groceries, &c. Also
Ropes, Traces,
Hames, Collars

And all the goods generally used for Farming purposes. I have given my best attention to the purchase of these goods and hope by close application, moderate prices and a general desire to give satisfaction to receive a continuation of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon me.

apr 7 JNO. GOLDSBOROUGH.

JOSEY FLANNELS—A fine article at (dec 10) C. W. Knott's

For the Easton Gazette.

The Joys of Childhood.

BY CYNOX.

How sweet when childhood's prattling bliss
Unfolds a thousand charms,
To meet the soft maternal kiss
When encircled in a mother's arms.

How sweet it is in those young days,
When beauty budding as a rose,
Receives a mother's paternal praise
That from affection's fountain flows.

How sweet when actions, infantile,
The heart of innocence declare;
To gain a mother's beamy smile,
A smile the darling loves to bear.

How sweet it is when sorrows rise
And thoughts their struggling troubles bear;
To see reflected in those eyes
A mother's sympathizing care.

How sweet in every pang to know
Where er the tender figure shall rove;
There is a heart to feel its woe,
There is a mother's sacred love.

Easton, May 13, 1860.

SPEECH

By a Grandson of Patrick Henry,

BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE.

Mr. Henry, of Mr. Bell's State, (Tenn.) ascended the platform amid great cheering, after Mr. Bell was nominated, and said:

I have watched his political career since I have been a boy. Not one word was ever uttered by or fell from the lips of that distinguished man that did not look to the glory, honor and character of the whole country. [Applause.] You may take a volume of his speeches and you will find that no sectional advice ever soiled the sheet upon which his speeches were written. If you will look at his course in regard to internal improvements, you will find that he was always ready to advance the honor and glory of the country, either at the North or the South, the East or the West. His whole life has been devoted to the common good and welfare of America. You have the guarantee, in his past history, that the administration of John Bell, should he be elected, will be pure, constitutional, economical and patriotic. [Applause.] They say sometimes of John Bell that he is slow and cautious. [Applause.] That venerable man (pointing to the portrait of Washington over the President's chair,) who led our armies to victory in the darkest hour of the Revolution, was always cautious. [Applause.] Cautiousness is the mother of wisdom. He alone ought not to be trusted who is rash, and he who is cautious has the helm of reason to guide his conduct, and will seldom err. Such a man, gentlemen, is John Bell. [Applause.] I ask you if he is not a fit representative for the party that have assembled here?—We are not Whigs or Democrats we are no Americans or Opposition men; but we are Union men. [Applause.] For myself I could have been brought into this canvass under no other banner, for, as God is my judge I know no distinction between the people of Massachusetts or Maine, and those of Tennessee or Louisiana. [Applause.] I hail them as brothers everywhere. My only devotion is to the union of the States. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, I trust I may be pardoned for talking a little about the national and revolutionary blood that is in my veins.—(A voice—he is the grandson of Patrick Henry.) [Applause.] I can fight under no other banner upon earth than that which looks to the glory and honor, and perpetuity of our glorious country. I ought to be excused, I say, for dwelling a little bit upon the union of the States. The revolutionary blood that beats and throbs in my veins [applause,] would prevent me from wielding or bearing aloft any other banner.—There is a cry that comes to me from the battle fields of the revolution. It comes! It is ringing in my ears! It is in the air that is around me! It comes from the bloody field of Guilford! It is the cry of my father's blood that appeals to me from the grave, by the blood that was shed on the field of Guilford, and charges me to be true to the nation. [Warm applause.] I intend to obey that voice, and respond to that sentiment. Why, gentlemen, should we sit by and see this glorious Union dissolved? [Cries of "never."] Should we stand by and see it torn down? ["Never."] While the Dis-unionists at the South desire to tear it down, and the Abolitionists at the North to destroy it, in like manner, the charge is upon you and upon me—it is upon us all—to stand by the Union to the death. [Applause.]

What would be the consequence of a dissolution of the Union? May I paint them to you but for a single moment? The greatest; the most glorious, and the most independent country upon the face of the wide earth, where man is happiest, and where he is freest, ought we not to defend it with our lives and our blood? [Cries of "yes," and great cheering.] Suppose you dissolve it, what would follow? Why, sir there comes up the sound of war from among neighboring States, between brothers on the one side and the other. Our young Southern men marry girls that come from New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Are their children to be brought into deadly conflict of strife and of battle upon the field of eternal discord? ["No." "No."] Think but for a solitary moment of the consequences! I have but two brothers now living. One of them is here from the State of Tennessee; the other labors in the State of Iowa, in the town of Burlington, on the Mississippi river. Suppose civil discord should reign in our land and the tocsin of war be sounded, the shrill fife and the spirit-stirring drum calling hosts of people into the war. I, to be true to my section, must fight and die for it: my venerable brother in Iowa must do the same there; and the conflict wages, and the storm of battle, and the leaden shower of death is hurled around us, and I may be brought in conflict with him. I may be compelled to dye my blood in his blood, or I would be hung as a traitor to the South. O, how revolting is the idea! I must strike him down, or I must be hung—and, by the eternal God, I would rather be hung first. [Immense applause.] I would mount the scaffold with as much joy as the bridegroom ascends to his bridal chamber before I would stain my hand and arm in fraternal blood.

I pray God Almighty to strike me blind (I am nearly blind now) before my eyes shall ever light upon a field of battle that is made red with the blood of brothers; and may I be deaf before my ears ever hear the tread of armies, where brother dyes his hand in the heart's blood of his brother!—We are the Union people. Shall we throw it away? ("No.") How can we avoid the responsibility of standing up and defending it? With what face could we meet the wondering nations, if, by strife and hate and blinded council, and the blasted sway of accursed demagogues, we throw away this richest heritage God ever gave to man? (Applause.) Blot our fair escutcheon to all coming time—quench the fire of freedom and of light wherever it may dawn, and bid the lovers of mankind depart. If such must be our country's early tomb; if all our pride, our power, and cherished hope, our stripes, our stars, our heritage of glory, and the bright names we have taught our children,—all must end in this! Never let freemen meet again! An early tomb, wherein to escape the hisses and scorn of all mankind, were surely a better doom. Tear down your flags; burn your capitol; dismiss your navy; disband your army; let our commerce rot; overturn all your monuments, here in Baltimore and everywhere else; give to the flames the once loved record of our fathers' deeds; scatter the sacred dust of Washington.—("Never.") Teach your boys to forget his name; and never let a pilgrim's foot again tread the consecrated ground of Mount Vernon.

If we of the Union party, surrounded by all those bright and glorious hopes, do this, we are the most recreant of all mankind, and the curses of all time will cling upon us like the shirt of Nessus. We have a fair chance to redeem the land. (Cries of "We will do it.") The Democratic party have broken to pieces at Charleston. The Republican party, a week from now, will share the same fate at Chicago. One stranded, as you aptly remarked yesterday Mr. President, upon the rock of squatter sovereignty, and the other will be broken down under the weight of the irrepressible conflict, while the vessel that bears *us* along, shall

"Walk the waters like a thing of life."

(Applause.) Storms shall rage, but it will not be upon our house. The waters of conflict shall divide, upon the right hand and the left, and we will pass through the Red Sea, unhurt and unharmed.

On my journey here I saw some of the delegates coming from Charleston, and I declare to you I never saw a more broken-down and desponding set. (Laughter.)—They were tired, worn-out, sleepy, disheartened, and, I may say, without a figure of speech, unwashed. (Great laughter.) I said to them, "Gentlemen, in the name of Heaven, what is the matter with you now?" "Oh," says one man "our national Democratic party is broken up and the lamentations of the whole world will attend it." "Oh, yes," said I, "I will shed oceans of tears at the result." (Laughter.) They looked to me just like the broken columns of Napoleon's army on their return from the conflict before the walls of Moscow.

Here and there I caught one, and I asked him to tell what occurred down there. One said "I have not slept a wink for four nights' (Laughter). I said to one, who I thought treated me a little scurvily, "A little good brandy would cheer you." "No," said he, "burnt brandy would not save me." (Laughter). And, upon my word, I expect that every one of them will die very soon, and we shall have the mournful pain of reading their obituaries in the newspapers. The truth is, however, they have had just as much as they can bear. We have all heard of the camel having his back so heavily laden that one single feather more would break it. So it is with the Democratic party. It is broken down to such a condition that it never can rally. It never will be a party again, and I will tell you why. If you whip it once, it dissolves like snow in the ditch, for it is only held together by the cohesive power of plunder. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, gentlemen, what will you do with the Republican party? I have no hard feelings to indulge in. I know a great many of them. Many of them are right clever, and many of them are quite the reverse. (Laughter.) But I never approve of Republicanism. And why? Because it is against my blood—because it is against my instinct—because they are sectional and not national. (Applause.) I declare to you, I would vote for no man upon the earth—not even the immortal Clay and Webster—if they were here again in all their power, and in all their magnificent intellect, if they were to head a sectional party. If they did, I would die before I would vote for one of them.

Let me talk about that for a moment.—Do you believe a majority of the people of the United States are in favor of these extremes? Do you believe they want to break down this Union? Do you believe the majority of the people at the North are in favor of the everlasting cry about disunion? I beg pardon for using that word here—I do not intend to use it again. Do you believe they were in favor either of dissolving this Union or breaking down the right that Massachusetts has to an inheritance at Yorktown and the battle of Guilford?—of the right that we have to claim kindered in Bunker's Hill. We are one people, and "who God has joined together let no man put asunder."

In my humble opinion there is a vast majority of the people of the United States who are now affiliating with us and with our opinions. If every man in America would come out boldly and vote his sentiments and feelings of his heart, and record his name at the ballot-box, with his genuine real sentiments, John Bell would be elected by an overwhelming majority.—[Applause.] The vast majority of our people are neither Democrats nor Republican. The vast majority of the North are not Republicans, and my friend, the President of this Convention, knows that fact well. Let me tell him (the President) that his course has excited the admiration of the South.—[Applause.] A vast majority of the people in the United States are in favor of the Union, and if they vote their sentiments on this occasion, Bell will be elected. Why should not freemen vote their own sentiments? I care not wether there is much excitement in the contest or not. It is the sound, national, conservative sentiment of America, which, though it may be

"Still as the breeze;
It is dreadful as the storm."

You will see it recorded at the polls. We will triumph if every man here and every man in America will record his vote according to that opinion. Then we will be triumphantly successful—successful for no purpose of the spoils—for no desire of the gain of the loaves and fishes. [Laughter.] We are here as citizens, not as office-holders. [Applause.] There is no office upon the face of the wide earth that I would hold; for, thank God, I am able to do without office. I think that will be the sentiment of a large portion of the gentlemen by whom I am surrounded. We are for the country, and not for the office. [Applause.]

I said there was no office I would hold in the world. I desire to correct that. I desire to be strictly a man of truth before this most intelligent body of Americans. There is one office I would hold for thirty days, and thirty days only. It should be the busiest administration that ever you saw during that time. [Laughter.] I would like to be President just thirty days. If I were so, I would put a small card in the newspapers to the heartless crew that are now, like vampires, feeding on the blood of the nation. To them I would say, "take up thy bed and march" [Laughter and applause.] But I would be very clear indeed to add to that, "thy sins be forgiven thee." Instead of that, I will tell you what I would do.—At every avenue and winding leading from the city of Washington I would have a guard placed to catch the rogues as they were running. (Laughter.)

I declare I speak to you without figure of speech that the present government of the United States is the most corrupt on the face of the wide earth. The expenditures of the General Government have run up since 1856 from forty millions of dollars to eighty millions; and the distinguished Sage of Wheatland declared that the former expenditures was too much and ought to be reduced, and yet, in three years, he brought it from forty up to nearly eighty millions. Now, if in three years he would raise the expenditures of the Government from forty to eighty millions of dollars, crying out all the time reform in the reduction of the public funds, how long do you suppose it would take to bring them down forty millions? (Laughter.)

I recollect of reading a story that illustrates that thing most beautifully: A schoolmaster said to a boy once, "Here, John, I have got a sum for you to work out. A cat is down in a well thirty feet—Every day she comes up one foot she falls down two. I want you to tell me how long it will be till she reachas the top."—The boy worked all day, and covered both sides of his slate with figures. He worked in the same manner the next day, and the schoolmaster came to him and said: "Well John, how are you getting on?" Says John, "I have not got to the end of this thing yet, but I think I can see through it". Is she near out?" asked the school master. Said the boy: "I do not think she is getting out at all—so far from getting out, she is more than half way down hill now."—(Laughter and applause.)

That is a fair specimen of the manner in which Mr Buchanan is carrying on the affairs of this Government. They are stealing by the authority of law, absolutely aided by the countenance of the President.—I remember very well that some distinguished gentleman from Philadelphia wrote to the President, on behalf of a company there, for the purpose of securing a contract, and that if the contract was awarded them, that he would help to elect Mr. Florence. Instead of putting his seal of disapprobation upon such an offer, and prosecuting the man that held out such a bribe, the President handed the letter over to the Secretary, with some terms of commendation, the result being that the party got the contract in question. I felt so humbled when that thing occurred that I scarcely looked an honest man in the face for more than a week afterwards. (Laughter.)—Well, now, gentlemen, that is the way things are going on.

After being some time in your beautiful city I walked up to the Washington Monument: I went up 250 steps until I got as near as I could to old George himself, desiring to re-kindle the old fires of patriotism that were wont to beam over his own glorious countenance. I thought when I saw him standing with that paper in his hand, that it was the Farewell Address, and I thought I heard the marble lips say to me, "Do all you can here in Baltimore to save the Union." I thought I still saw the old inspiration linger everywhere upon his countenance, whether upon the canvass or the marble, whether at the side-board of the common tavern or in the creation of Stuart. I thought I saw upon his countenance that there was an approving smile that seemed to sanctify our deed and hallow our enterprise. I heard it as distinctly as I ever heard any word: Frown down upon all that attempt to separate the Union, or break the cord that binds us togother as one people. (Applause.) This is the mission you are called upon to discharge.—This is the mission that has brought us here. Our cause is right and just, and, in the language of one of Maryland's best patriots—one now dead, and around whose grave the tears of the nation have been shed—I say,

"Conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:—'In God is our trust.'"

The Charleston Convention.

COMMENTS OF THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

(From the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, May 6.)

The question for Southern Democrats now to decide is, which Convention do they desire to be represented in, the National Democratic convention or the secession convention—the Convention of the National Democracy, adjourned from Charleston to Baltimore, or the Convention called by the seceding delegations to meet at Richmond.—It is very evident that the Democratic party is split asunder, and hopelessly divided in each of the States of the South, whose delegates in whole or in part seceded from the National Democratic Convention. The disruption of the seceders is complete, and they evidently do not intend longer to cooperate with, or be a part of the National Democratic party. They will form an independent sectional organization, or they will unite with the Constitutional Union opposition, to beat down and conquer the National Democratic party which will preserve its organization in those several Southern States. What ulterior designs this fragment of the National Democracy thus flying off from the main body may have, whether ultimate disunion be their purpose, or it be merely a struggle for local power in State elections, or a design to war on obnoxious Democrats, it is not in our power to determine. All these motives enter doubtless into its composition. * * *

Let conservative men, therefore, of all parties, and of all shades of opinion, examine the ground carefully, judge calmly, patriotically, and decide deliberately in which direction duty points—to Richmond, or Baltimore.

(From the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, May 5.)

The Southern members who adhered to the National Convention, after a majority of their brethern of the South had seceded, will hardly, we should think, meet a cordial reception at the hands of their several constituencies. What was left in that rotten old hulk, to retain men whose hearts were really true to the South and her institutions, we are at a loss to conceive.—The only principle for which our section had contended—the right to enter and be protected in the territories—had been decided against us. There remained nothing for which a Southern patriot could contend. There we left only the odious exclusion platform and the "spoils."

(From the Columbia (S. C.) Herald, May 5.)

For the first time during all our political struggles with our enemies, the South is united on principle. The issue is at last fairly and distinctly presented, and the North and the South are brought face to face to decide it. That decision of course involves the destiny of the present federal Union of the States, and it is to be hoped that those who have to make it will feel the full weight of the responsibility thrown upon them.

Woman's Constancy.

Francis I., of France, wrote one day with a diamond on a window of the chateau of Chambourd:

"Soren femme varie;
Bien fou qui s'y fie."

"A woman changes oft;
Who trusts her is right soft."

His sister, Queen Margaret of Navarre, entered the room as he was writing the ungallant couplet, and protesting against such a slander on her sex, she declared that she could quote twenty instances of man's fickleness. Francis retorted that her reply was not to the point, and that he would rather hear one instance of woman's constancy. "Can you mention a single instance of her inconstancy?" asked the Queen of Navarre. It happened that a few weeks before this conversation, a gentleman of the court had been thrown into prison upon a serious charge, and his wife, who was one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, was reported to have eloped with his page. Certain it was that the page and lady had disappeared, no one knew whither. Francis triumphantly cited this case; but Margaret warmly defended the lady, and said that time would prove her innocence. The king shook his head, but promised that if, within a month, her character should be re-established, he would break the pane on which the couplet was written, and grant his sister whatever boon she might ask.—Many days had not elapsed after this, when it was discovered that it was not the lady who had fled with the page, but her husband. During one of her visits to him in prison, they had exchanged clothes, and he was thus enabled to deceive the jailor and effect his escape, while the devoted wife remained in his place. Margaret claimed his pardon at the king's hand, who not only granted it, but gave a grand fete and tournament to celebrate this instance of conjugal affection. He also destroyed the pane of glass, but the calumnious saying inscribed on it has unfortunately survived.

TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION.—An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well defined form of a large round head bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own factions.

"Och! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not known it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"

"Truth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convaniant, I could not have helped myself."

Bread Making in Spain.

Finding myself about two leagues from Seville, in the picturesque village of Alcala de less Panaderos—or bakers—as almost all the bread consumed in Seville is made there, I determined to know how it was made. No traveller who ever travels the south of Spain ever fails to remark, "How delicious the bread is!" It is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light.—The flavor is most delicious—for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded.

A practical demonstration is better than hearsay or theory. I would not content myself with the description of the process of bread making, but went to the house of a baker, whose pretty wife and daughter I had often stopped to look at, and they were sorting the wheat, on very low stools in the porch of their house. It was a pretty picture; their dark sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks and snowy teeth; their hair always beautifully dressed, and always ornamented with natural flowers from their little garden in the background; their bright colored neckerchiefs rolled in at the top, showing their neck; their cotten gowns with short sleeves; their hand scrupulously clean, and so small that many an aristocratic dame might have envied them: surrounded by panniers filled with wheat, which they took out a handful at a time, sorting it most expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. When this is done the wheat is ground between two large circular stones, in the way it was ground in Egypt two hundred years ago—the rotary motion being given by a blindfold mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is moving, tinkles on; and when he stops he is urged to his duty by the shouts of "*arre mula*," from some one within hearing.—When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it—it is of a pale apricot color.

The bread is made of an evening, and after sunset I returned to the baker's and watched his pretty wife first weigh the flour and then mix it with only just sufficient water, mixed with a little salt, to make it into dough. A very small quantity of leaven is added. The Scripture says, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" but in England, to avoid the trouble of kneading, they put as much leaven, or yeast, in one batch of houshold bread as in Spain would last them a week for the six or eight donkey-loads of bread they send every night from their oven. When the dough was made, it was put in sacks, and carried on the donkey's backs to the ovens in the centre of the village, so as to bake it immediately after it is kneaded. On arriving, the dough was divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on tressels were then placed down the room, and, to my surprise, about twenty men came in and ranged themselves on one side of the tables. A lump of dough was handed to the nearest, which he commenced kneading about, and then passed it to his neighbor who did the same, and so on successively till all had kneaded it, when it was as soft as new putty, and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker hands the loaf to his neighbor another is given to him, and so on till the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The baker's wife and daughter shape them for the oven.—Some of the loves are divided into smaller ones, and immediately baked. The ovens are very large, and not heated by fires under them; but a quantity of twigs of the herbs of sweet majoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the oven to the extent required; and as the bread gets baked the oven gets gradually colder, so the bread is never burned.

They knead the bread in Spain with such force that the palm of the hand and second joints of the baker's fingers are covered with corns; and it so affects the chest that they cannot work for more than two hours at a time. They can be heard from some distance, as they give a kind of guttural sound—ha! ha—as they work, which they say eases the chest. Our sailors have the same fancy when hoisting a sail.

I have kept a small loaf of Spanish bread for several months in a dry place, and then immersed it in boiling water, and rebaked it, and I can assure my readers that it was neither musty nor sour.

A WISE PRECAUTION.—A man traveling entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself, and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly, he asked Sambo if he was dry? Sambo said he was.—Stranger told him to go to the bar, and take something at his expense. Negro did so, and shortly left. Landlord says to the stranger—

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I suppose so from your conversing with him, and asking him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was experimenting. The fact is, I was dry too, and I thought if your liquor didn't kill the negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity was fully satisfied.

"How did you like your visit to your sweetheart?" "Oh, I didn't like the *footing* with which I was received by her father."

The question is often discussed, whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

Quoth Tom, "Though fair her feature be,
It is her figure pleases me."
"What may her figure be?" I cried;
"One hundred thousand!" he replied

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