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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. XLIII. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860. No. 22.

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.

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.

NEW GOODS.

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends generally, that we have just returned from the city of Baltimore with a full supply of everything in our line of business. We have on hand a good assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a full supply of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE. WOODWARE, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE, &c.

All of which we are selling at prices to suit the times. We would advise all in want of goods in our line to give us a call.

apr 2 A. DODD & SON.

FANCY GOODS, FRUIT, &C.

THE suscriber again informs his friends and customers that he has just returned from the city with a large assortment of GOODS, as follows:

Fancy Goods, Toys, Books and Stationary, Fine Cutlery, Perfumery, &c., &c. Raisins by the pound or box, Figs, Currants, Citron, Prunes, Pickles, Almonds, Pecan Nuts, English Walnuts, Apples,

A large assortment of Plain and Fancy Candies, and a great many articles in the Fancy line too numerous to mention.

The subscriber feels very greatful to his friends for their custom heretofore, and hopes they will continue to patronise him at the old stand, where they will find a complete assortment of goods in his line. The public's obt servant,

dec 21 CHARLES ROBINSON.

GROCERY AND VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just received and keeps constantly on hand a superior stock of

Family Groceries,

together with a large lot of Glass and Queensware, Stone, Earthen, Tin, Wooden and Hardware.

Also a complete assortment of

Fancy Articles.

He also keeps constantly on hand a full supply of LIQUORS of various kinds, to which he invites attention.

The above Goods having been selected with great care and purchased on the most reasonable terms, will enable him to sell them at prices to suit the times. Thankful for past favors, he trusts by diligence and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him.

Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

nov 25 J. P. BLAKE.

N. B.—The highest market prices allowed for Rags, Wool, Feathers, Eggs, Dried Fruit, and Country Produce generally J. P. B.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned having fitted up a large store room near his residence, at the northern end of Washington street and nearly opposite the Miles River Road, would respectfully ignite the attention of his friends and the public generally to his well selected stock of *DOMESTIC DRY GOODS*, together with a general assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, LIQUORS, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODENWARE, ROPE TRACES, &c.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call; as I sell for cash only I think I can sell them bargains.

The highest price will be given for Rags, Feathers, Wool, Dried and Green Hides, Dried Apples, Peaches, Eggs, &c.

W. T. HARDESTY.

P. S.—All kinds of CLOTHING cut and made at short notice in a fashionable manner and at reasonable prices.

may 11-y S M W. T. H.

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 Lavellas*,
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*,
Ruffllings, *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.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

REMEMBER that the place to buy good materials at low prices is in Easton at the S. E. Corner Dover and Washington Streets. Where every article in the Hardware line is sold cheaper than at any other store in the State.

may 12 T. C. NICOLS, Jr.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—For the alleviation of Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs, sold by

apr 14 Dawson & Bro.

GROCERIES.—Just received from the city, a choice lot of *LIQUORS and Groceries*, which will be sold cheap for cash or country Produce (dec 24) W. T Hardesty

WOOL! WOOL!!—5,000 lbs. of Wool wanted, for which I will pay cash or merchandise.

may 19 J. D. Mansfield.

OF INTEREST TO WOOL GROWERS—I am again in the market for the purchase of all descriptions of Wool, for which the highest price will be paid in cash. R. B. Dixon.

LUCERNE SEED—Of prime quality, just received by

jan 17 Dawson & Bro

ETHEREAL OIL.—The very best Article for sale at (dec 10) C. W. Knott's

Lady Byron's Answer to Lord Byron's "Farewell."

In the whole range of English literature there is not, in our opinion, a production, either in prose or verse, that combines within itself more expression of feeling, more real, unspoken, earnest sentiment, than Lady Byron's reply to her faithless husband. Byron's "Farewell" was an ironical bidding adiue to a heart he had wantonly crushed. But Lady B. has, in defending herself from his irony, "turned the tables" on him most completely. Her reply is seathing, and must have "cut" Byron "to the quick." We call special attention to the proud and noble defiance expressed in the last verse. The poem has doubtless been read by all our readers—but it will repay another perusal.—*Memphis Inquirer.*

Yes! farewell—farewell forever!
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom,
Bade Hope's fairest blossoms wither,
Ne'er again for me to bloom.
Unforgiving thou hast called me—
Didst thou ever say forgive?
For the wretch whose wiles beguiled thee,
Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time has given
To complete thy love's decay;
By unhallowed passions driven,
Soon that heart was taught to stray,
Lived for me that feeling tender
Which thy verse so well can show,
From my arms why didst thou wander?
My endearments why forego?

Oh! too late thy breast was bared,
Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown,
That thy love I once but shared,
And already it has flown,
Wrapt in dreams for joy abiding.
On thy breast my head hath lain,
In thy love and truth confiding,
Bliss I ne'er can know again.

The dark hour did first discover
In thy soul the hideous stain—
Would those eyes had closed forever,
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.
But the impious wish, O, heaven!
From the record blotted be;
Yes, I yet would live, O, Byron,
For the babe I've borne for thee!

In whose lovely features, (let me
All my weakness here confess,
Whilst the struggling tears permit me,)
All the father's I can trace—
He whose image never leaves me,
He whose image still I prize,
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I will teach her to say FATHER,
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.
Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow
Wakes me from a widowed bed;
On another's arms, no sorrow
Wilt thou feel, no tear wilt shed.

I the world's approval sought not,
When I tore myself from thee:
Of its praise or blame I thought not—
What's its praise or blame to me?
He so prized—so loved—adored,
From my heart his image drove,
On my head contempt has poured,
And preferred a wanton's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,
I've a heart proud as thine own;
Soft to love, but hard as iron
When contempt is o'er it thrown;
But, farewell!—I'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never wish thee ill;
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,
If thou canst, be happy still.

OLD SWEETHEARTS.

When old Aunt Patterson used to tell me, as we sat together by her parlor fire, that she was once a pretty girl, and that all the lads of the village were over head and ears in love with her, I wondered very much. I should mention that I was a very small boy then. Looking up from the footstool on which I was accustomed to sit, at aunty's wrinkled brow, her sunken cheeks and closely-approximating nose and chin, I could never realize to my imagination the picture which she painted on herself "when she was young." She was a pretty girl then she said with blue eyes and a bunch of flaxen curls hanging down her back for all the world like a blossom of a luxuriant laburnum-tree. There was a picture of just such a girl in aunty's parlor, which aunty said was a picture of herself at the age of seven. It never occurred to me, or indeed to any one else who knew her, to doubt aunty's word.—But how could I believe that old Aunty Patterson had ever been anything like that? The girl in the picture had rosy cheeks, and over her shoulders flowed a profusion of flaxen curls, which were now represented by a brown wig with an unnaturally white and well-defined parting. In her dimpled hand, the child had an apple as rosy as her own cheeks. Oft, as I sat at aunty's feet, would I look up at those dimples and wonderingly compare them with the blue veins of the shriveled hand which I held in mine, what evil genie wrinkled that damask cheek, and dimmed those brilliant eyes? Ah! I knew not then what a potent magician is Time. Aunty's story was like a fairy-tale to me.

Side by side with the picture of "rosy cheeks" there hung another; it was that of a handsome young man with bright, dark, piercing black eyes and curly black hair. And thereby hung another of aunty's tales. That was a picture of Robert Alison, who went to South America five and-thirty years ago. "Robert and I were old sweet-hearts," aunty used to tell me: "he was poor, my dear, and rather wild, and my father would not consent to our marriage. It nearly broke my heart, for I loved Robert very dearly, and I am sure he loved me. He took my father's repeated denials so much to heart that he resolved to leave the country. "I will go to South America, Lizzy," he said, make a fortune, and come back and marry you. Your father will not object to my marrying you when I am rich. I cried bitterly, you may be sure; for, as I said I loved Robert dearly. When Robert carried out his resolution I got up one morning before it was light, and met him at the old bridge, to bid him good-bye. I was so flurried on leaving the house, for fear that my father should awake and discover my purpose, that I forgot to put on my bonnet; and I remember that, as I ran, the wind blew my curls about so that if any person had seen me they must have thought me mad. But nobody was up so early. I found Robert waiting for me on the old bridge. After a few hurried words, we parted: but before he left me he begged a lock of my hair a remembrance against the time when he should return and claim me for his bride. I had plenty of hair to give him, and was right willing to cut it off with—nothing but Robert's pen-knife. But love laughs at scissors-makers my dear, as well as at locksmiths: and Robert laid one of my curls upon his walking stick, and just whittled it off; and then I took off one of his in the same way, though I did not do it so neatly, and made Robert cry out a little. I could have laughed if my heart had not been so full. I stood on the bridge watching him until he was out of sight among the trees, and then I went back home crying all the way."

I dare say aunty told me this story a score of times, and always in the glooming of evening, between the lights. But she never carried her early history beyond the parting on the bridge.—All the romance ended there. What followed was prosaic enough. Aunty waited several years for Robert without hearing any news of him: and at length, believing him dead, she married Mr. Grainger the iron-founder—more, I believe, to please her father than herself.

At the end of twenty years, Mr. Grainger died and left aunty very well off—so well off, indeed that before the year of mourning was out she was beseiged by dozens of suitors. Aunty resisted them all for a long time, and remained widow until she met my Uncle Patterson, whom she took for better or for worse, and, alas! found him altogether for the worse and none for the better. Patterson was a kind hearted, genial soul, and strongly attached to whisky toddy, and was by no means diligent in his business, which was that of an accountant. When he made up his own last account on earth, there was a very small balance left in favor of aunty. A great proportion of what the iron-founder had made out of pots and pans had gone in double-shotted jugs of toddy. Aunty was a widow a second time before she heard anything of her old sweet-heart, Robert Alison. Then she heard that he was married and doing well in South America. She used to lay great stress upon the fact of his being married. Possibly that was rather a consolation than otherwise. She might have felt it a reproach to herself had she heard that he was still single, as that might have been taken to imply that he had remained a bachelor for her sake; whereas she had married and buried two husbands.

Some ten or fifteen years after the death of Mr. Patterson: news came to the town that Robert Alison had lost his wife, and was coming home with his only son. Old Mrs. Joyce, who, had a nephew in South America, from whom the news came, called one evening to show aunty the letter. Aunty at this time was getting old and frail, and occasionally showed symptoms of falling into dotage. When Mrs. Joyce read her the letter she laughed chillishly, and said how glad she should be to see her Robert again: and then, when Mr. Joyce went away, she told me the old story of her early courtship with Robert, and of their parting at day-break on the old bridge.

I was as I have said a very little boy when aunty first related to me the story of her early love. I was nearly a man now, and had come to spend my college holidays with the good old lady. One evening, about six weeks after Mrs. Joyce called with that letter from South America, aunty and I were sitting by the parlor fire as of old. It was nearly dark; but I did not like to light the candles, for aunty loved to sit and talk by the fire between the lights.—The sombre shades of evening seemed to have something in harmony with her mood at times. She sat opposite the picture of Robert Alison, looking into the fire, and merrily rubbing her hands. Suddenly the fire burned up into a flame, and threw a flash of light upon Robert's picture. Aunty, who had long been silently gazing at the burning coals, cast her eyes up to the handsome face, and leaving a sigh, muttered half to herself half to me: "He was a fine fellow, but he's dead now; at the bottom of the sea, my dear," she added, more pointedly addressing me. I was startled for a moment, thinking that aunty might have heard some farther news—perhaps that the ship in which Robert was coming home had been wrecked. I now saw, however, that she was only wandering in her mind, as she had often done before of late. Presently, when the flickering light of the fire again fell on the picture, she laughed, and began to babble about her flaxen hair that streamed in the wind that morning when she went to bid Robert good-bye.—"There's some of it left yet," she said; "Robert has got the lock that he cut off with his penknife. Did I ever show you the lock that I took from Robert in return?" I had seen it a many a time; but I said that I should like to see it. I don't think aunty could have been a very sentimental person for, though she kept this lock and cherished it, she never wore it about her person, as women do wear those things. Perhaps she thought that, after the iron-founder and the accountant, it would have looked like affectation. She kept Robert's hair in a little red box with rings and brooches, and other ornaments of the kind. She never took any particular care of this box, or the hair which it contained; but always spoke of the *souvenir* and of Robert simply as pleasant remembrances of the past. She took the box from the place on the mantle shelf which it usually occupied, opened it and took out the hair. The lock was a single jet-black curl, and, as aunty gently straightened it out, it slipped from her grasp and twined itself round the third finger of the left hand, exactly over her two wedding rings.

"Why, aunty," said I, "that's an omen: Robert is certainly coming home to marry you."

"Marry me child!" she replied: Robert will just be five and thirty years too late. I remember that lock curling around my finger before I married Mr. Grainger, and I thought something would come of it, but it was not the something that I expected. Robert, got married,—and so did I. We swore on the old bridge to live and wait for each other; but our oaths went down on the stream that flowed underneath, and were carried away to the ocean of oblivion. Yet, it seems but yesterday that we parted." Aunty paused, apparently overcome by emotion; and, ere she could resume, the fire fell in and burst into a steady, brilliant flame. My attention, which was suddenly attracted to the blaze, was immediately diverted by a noise as of some one entering the room—and at the same moment a scream from aunty. On looking up, I discovered the presence of a stranger. My gaze no sooner fell upon his countenance than I uttered a cry of surprise.

"Robert—Robert!" cried aunty.

And the picture stepped down from its frame or was this some conjuration of fancy? There, his hat in his hand, and his glossy black hair hanging in clustering curls round his handsome head, stood the very embodiment of the picture of Robert Alison.

"Robert—Robert Alison!" cried aunty again. The young man advanced towards me, and bowing said—"My name is Robert Alison."

"I knew it—I knew it!" cried aunty, with almost frantic joy; and raising from her chair, she rushed to the young man, and threw her arms around his neck. Poor aunty had been dwelling in imagination upon her old sweetheart and seeing his very counterpart before her, was lost to all sence of the possibility of his being the same person from whom she had parted forty years ago. I myself was puzzled, and it was some moments before it flashed upon me that the person before us might be Robert Alison's son.—The young man was seriously embarrassed, but kindly took the good old soul's embraces without attempting to disenchant her. While she hung around him, calling him her 'dear Robert,' I explained to the young man that I was her nephew; and that aunty, who was fast sinking into dotage; had taken him for his father, to whom, as he might know, she was attached in her youth. He said he knew that, and that his father was coming in presently. Meantime, aunty hung about him, calling him by endearing names, and reminding him of their sorrowful parting on the old bridge.

"Don't you remember, Robert, the old bridge and my flaxen curls shinning in the wind that morning when I came to say farewell? Come—come and sit by me;" and when the young man took a seat by her side, she stroked his glossy curls, and, turning to me said proudly—

"You see it is jet black as I told you—black and glossy, and all in curls, just like the one he gave me forty years ago."

The candles were now alight, and as aunty said these words, her eyes fell upon her own shrivelled fingers, which embraced the fresh, young hand of her old sweetheart's son, "Forty years ago!" she repeated with a sign, "dear, dear, what a foolish old woman I am! I am wandering in my wits." Here she paused, and covered her face with her hands. At length she said, more calmly—"I have been dreaming, young man, as if time had been standing still for forty years. You can't be my Robert Alison, but you must be Robert Alison's son.—Look, she said, before he had time to reply; there is your portrait just as if you had sat for it; and so saying, she took the candle, and led the young man to the picture. Meanwhile a knock came to the door, and an old gray bearded man entered at my bidding.

"Mistress Patterson?" said the stranger, inquiringly.

I stepped up quietly to him, and asked if he was Mr. Alison—Robert Alison! He said yes, and he wanted to see Mistress Patterson. Aunty, was still standing with the young man, throwing the light upon the picture with her hand. I said in a whisper, pointing to aunty, "that is Mistress Patterson:" The old man started, and seized my arm as if for support. Aunty still stood there shading the light, and the old man, grasping my arm more tightly, remained gazing at her abstractedly. At length, turning to me, he said in a low voice—"excuse me, I have sustained a shock. Forty years ago, that was the prettiest girl in this town; during that time I have thought of her as she was then. I meet her now, when both she and I are verging towards the grave. I shouldn't have recognized my old sweetheart, and I dare say she will not recognise me." I went up to aunty and told her who had come. She came forward to where the old man was standing with the candle still in her hand. She gazed at his snow-white hair and thin, sallow face, and said calmly, holding out her hand—"Well, Robert; and so we have met at last, after forty years." "We have," returned old Robert Alison; "and having been old sweethearts, there will be no harm in an embrace, especially as I am a widow and you a widow." And the old man took aunty in his arms, and kissed her right heartily.

I fully expected a "scene" but I was greatly relieved to find that the old sweethearts were by no means disposed to be sentimental. The old man and his son stopped, and, after supper, aunty grew quite chatty and cheerful, and talked in a light and airy way of old times. At last she brought out Robert's black curl: and the old man laughed and said he could not supply any more according to that sample. "Nor do I suppose Mistress Patterson," he added, taking a locket from his neck, "that you can execute an order according to that;" and so saying, he took out the tresses of flaxen hair, which aunty had given him on the old bridge forty years before. There were tears in aunty's eyes, as she looked upon the two locks lying side by side in her lap.

* * * * * * * *

Robert Alison settled down in his native town, and was once more aunty's sweet heart. He was a constant visiter at her house, and often walked out with her to the old bridge where they parted in their youth. The neighbors laughed to see the old couple always together, and said pleasantly, that the best thing they could do, since they had been sweet hearts so long, was to get married. But aunty always said she had enough of marrying.

Aunty did not live long after the arrival of her old sweetheart. The infirmities of age came upon her very fast, and the last time she went out she was wheeled in a chair to the old bridge and Robert Alison walked with tottering steps by her side.

Aunty lies in the church-yard now. And last year Robert Alison was laid by her side.—The iron-founder and the accountant repose hard by; but they have nothing to say to it.

DON'T LIKE WIDOWERS.

In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshal's occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh to deprive them of their own senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place some where, between a marshal and an Irish woman:

"How many male members have you in the family?"

"Never a one."

"When were you married?"

"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Amerikay. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshinier day niver gilded the sky of ould Ireland."

"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"

"Divil a man more miserable. He said that if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crow-bar."

"Was he at the time of your marriage a single man or a widower?"

"A which? A widower, did you, say? Arrah, now, go 'way wid you noansence. Is it the likes of me that would take up wid a second-hand husband? A poor devil all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey. A widower!—May I never be blessed if I wudn't rather live an ould maid and bring up a family on butter-milk and praties."

Some twenty or thirty years ago, an Irishman, Wm. Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. P——, he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought green himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unap-PEAS-ed, he passed up the despoiled cob, with the very natural request: "Plase put some more PASE on my STICK!"

A CHINESE DINNER.—During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister to Pekin, China, he was honored with a sumptuous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters, were present and sat down to it, the supply was enough for at least a hundred, and the expense was estimated at $1,500. It consisted of various dishes—birds' nests, sharks' fins, heifers' teats, watermelon seeds, &c., the whole amounting to no less than *thirty courses*.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.—Calvin D. Scott, a printer connected with the Cecil Democrat office, committed suicide a few days ago, by cutting his throat with a razor. He is spoken of as a man possessing many fine traits of character—a generous and warm-hearted fellow, but alas, a slave to. Rum. Hence his untimely end —*Kent Conservator.*

Listen to what a Western editor says about this time: "Wood, chips, coke, coal, corn cobs, feathers, rosin, saw-dust, shavings, splinters, dry leaves, old rags, fence rails, barn doors, flints, or anything that will burn or strike fire, taken on subscription at this office.

From the Lyons City Advocate.

THE TERRIBLE TORNADO.

The towns of Camanche, Iowa, and Albany, Ill., entirely destroyed—About 200 persons killed and a large amount of Property destroyed—Heart-rending scenes, &c.

MONDAY MORNING, June 4, 1860.

It becomes our painful duty to record the most distressing calamity that it has ever fallen to us to witness—the effects of the tornado, and the consequent loss of life and property.

Last evening, about 9 o'clock, a man came from Camanche, about nine miles below this city, on the Mississippi, with the heart rending intelligence that the town had been visited by a tornado, and that many of the citizens were buried in its ruins. The alarm spread from house to house, and in a very short time hundreds of our citizens were on their way to the scene of the disaster.

We were among the first to arrive at the scene of the disaster, and our pen fails entirely to depict the sight that met our view. We found the town, as the messenger had reported, literally blown to pieces, and destruction and death scattered everywhere within the sweep of the devastation. The first pile that met our eye was the ruins of the Millard House, occupied by H. G. Sessions, formerly of Erie, Pa. This was a three story brick hotel, and it could not have been more effectually destroyed had a barrel of gunpowder been exploded within its walls. The inmates were all more or less hurt. Mrs. Davis and her child, a little boy four or five years old, were taken out of the ruins dead. Mr. Sessions and his son, Anson, are both badly hurt inwardly. A younger son has his left arm broken, and several cuts about the head and neck. A daughter of Mr. S. was the only one that escaped without serious injuries. One man was taken out with both legs broken, and otherwise hurt.

From this we proceeded to look about the town, and we found that hardly a house was left uninjured, and many of them swept entirely away. Every business building in the place is destroyed, including the large brick block recently erected. About 60 feet of this, including the cupola, is demolished, and the remainder is nearly all unroofed. Front street presents a scene of ruin seldom witnessed; every building on it is either unroofed or entirely destroyed. The dwelling and store of Mr. Waldorf, a three-story brick, is entirely demolished, and the family buried in the ruins. Mrs. Waldorf and one child were taken out dead, and two children rescued alive, and, strange to say, unhurt. Mr. Waldorf had not been found when we left, at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Soon after arriving at Camanche, we learned that the town of Albany, on the opposite side of the river, and about one mile above Camanche, had been visited by the tornado, and was about as badly riddled as Camanche. Upon the arrival of the *Queen City* at Camanche, she immediately put back to Albany, to learn the truth of the rumor, and found that scarcely a building in that town was left uninjured. Two churches were blown down entirely. We did not visit Albany, and consequently can speak only from report with reference to it. Amid the great confusion that prevailed, it was almost impossible to obtain any correct information. The house of O. McMahon, banker, of this city, was entirely demolished, but the family escaped without injury.

The gale commenced about 7 o'clock P. M.—Its course was from the southwest to the northeast, and we may hear of further ravages in Illinois. It is rumored at Camanche that the farmers had suffered severely, southwest from there by having their buildings and fences destroyed, and stock killed.

The loss of property in Camanche alone cannot fall short of $250,000 or $300,000—in fact, whatever the town was worth, less the real estate, is gone, and it will be seen at once that aid must come from some source to prevent those that are left alive from suffering.

[From the Chicago Press, of June 5th.]

From the best information we have been able to collect thus far, the track of the tornado extends from the heart of Linn county, Iowa, near Cedar Rapids, the present terminus of the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad, in a generally northeast direction across Clinton county, crossing the Mississippi at Camanche and Albany—towns fronting each other respectively on the Iowa and Illinois shores—and thence maintaining its course towards the centre of the State, across Whiteside into Lee county, its latest ravages heard from up to present writing being near Lee Centre.

The entire distance thus traversed is upwards of *one hundred miles*, and that through a populous and fertile farming region, dotted with thriving towns, some of which, as we have below to record, fell in the path of the destroyer.

The tornado seems to have had its origin, as above stated, in Linn county, about sixty miles west of the Mississippi river, about nightfall, its ravages being as far as heard from, in the vicinity of Cedar Rapids. Thence it passed in a direction a little north of east, several times crossing the line of the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska railroad. At Lisbon Station, sixty-four miles west of Clinton, the depot structures were demolished, and a train of ten freight cars standing on the track were lifted bodily from their tracks and dashed to pieces. Some of these were loaded with grain which was scattered broadcast for rods. One was loaded with lumber, which was carried and dispersed many yards distant.

CLINTON, Iowa, June 4, 1860.—Last evening a terrible tornado passed over this county from Marion, in Linn county, through Cedar and Clinton counites, crossing the Mississippi river at Camanche, literally destroying the towns of Camanche, Iowa; and Albany, Illinois.

The first heard of the Tornado was between Marion and Cedar Rapids, in Linn county, going from northwest to southeast, in three different veins, crossing the track of the C. I. and N. R. R. at Lisbon, taking the station house, eating house, and all the warehouses at that station, missing the principal part of the village and killing none there, but before reaching there we hear of sixteen deaths. One vein of the storm passed north of Mechanicsville, demolishing everything in its course and killing sixteen persons.

The rest took in its course part of Onion Grove, and killed two persons, and near Onion Grove it killed fifteen persons. It passed south of the railroad near Dewitt, killing twenty-seven persons, sixteen on the farm of Thomas Hatfield, and demolished the residence of G. W. Ames.—It then passed south of Romessa and Low Moor, taking in its course the house of David Millard, killing him and a portion of his family; also, the house of Thornburg McKinney and Ralstons, and several others; it then struck the town of Camanche, demolishing almost the entire town, and thus occasioning the loss of fifty-five lives west of Clinton.

Reports make the loss of life much greater, but the bodies have not been found. The tornado struck Camanche about 7 o'clock P. M., destroying many fine brick buildings, among which was the Millard House, kept by H. Sessions, formerly of Erie, Pa. Not one of the inmates escaped without serious injury, and Amalelia Davis and son, and daughter of Mr. Sessions, were instantly killed. A brick building four stories in height, built by G. W. Westphall, covered the bodies of eight persons, only one of which; a daughter of Mr. Westphall, three years old, was saved. A large lumber raft from the Chippowa river, manned by a crew of twenty-four men, and having two women on board, being opposit Camanche, was completely scattered. Twenty-one men and the women were lost.

A house containing three persons was blown into the river, and immediately crushed on striking the water. Of the thirty-one citizens of Camanche killed, the greater portion were in brick buildings. Many sought shelter in the cellars of wooden buildings, and in every such instance, though the buildings were demolished, the persons were saved.

A Japanese Dispatch Home.

The Philadelphia Inquirer publishes the following as a despatch sent home by the Japanese Embassy now here. If not genuine, it is certainly very clever:—

FROM THE SACRED CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Most Esteemed Hakodadi:—We have been invited to visit next in order the great city of Phi-la-del-phia or "the place consecrated to fraternal affection," the capital of the province which is the birthplace of the American Tycoon. Our reception, we are infoimed, will be attended with the most august ceremonies that the city ever offers to its most distinguished guests. The Councilmen, after examining our credentials, have decided to place us on a footing with "the most favored foreign" "Fire Companies." All the military of the province, ordinarily engaged in other avocations, will be in arms. This will enable us to report, from our own observation upon the extent of the milltary power of this vast country. Do not fear that this large display will induce us to act otherwise than becomes the dignity or our nation; for although we have in our whole empire but 480 soldiers, they are fully equal to maintain our security, armed with two swords and our entire devotion. There will also be a great exhibition of "squirts" upon our arrival. These it seems, are generally prominent on all such occasions, and have quite a notoriety here. The details of our reception by the American Tycoon you have in my former letter. He is called, not Tycoon, but "President;" sometimes, however, by a strange analogy of language, "old coon." I at first thought this an attempt to pronounce our Japanese phrase, but am assured that it is strictly idiomatic, and implies, astuteness and age. It certainly seemed applicable to the head of the nation who received us. We find it very difficult to comply with the demands of our sovereign, forbidding us to touch the women of this country. Not from any disposition on our part to disobey, but from their desire to seize us by our hands.—They are apparently allowed here the greatest freedom, but it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible steel, extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no uneasiness, but they are much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their persons, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony wear very low dresses. As in all barbarious nations, they slit their ears and suspend them them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes and fasten it with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine looking, if they did not disfigure themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eyebrows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which cultivation and refinement would so much improve. Nothing strikes us so much as the want of respect these barbarians show even to their highest dignitaries; they never hesitate to spit before them, and it requires considerable activity to prevent being spat upon at all times. The custom of wearing one sword it seems originated from this cause, as it enables you to avoid with greater facility the saliva of our neighbor. Chewing tobacco is much prized, it seems, from the saliva it produces; which is preserved when possible, in handsome vases of porcelain and placed in prominent positions. None of the inhabitants do reverence by crawling on their bellies except after the election of a new Tycoon; when those in search of office come to the central city and perform that ceremony. Those who are fortunate enough to meet with honor from the Tycoon seldom walked uprightly during their whole term of office.—The unfortunate applicants become at once censors or spies upon the others, and their silence has to be bought at a high price.

All public servants have their own price, which rises or falls according to the necessities of the Tycoon. But I shall reserve my reflections on political topics till I have another opportunity to address you. Until then rest in peace.

TROUBLE WITH SPAIN.—The late arrivals bring us the Madrid journals to the 8th. The *Espana* mentions a report that a Cabinet Council, presided over by the Queen, had resolved that an energetic note should be addressed to the Government of the United States on the subject of the seizure by an American ship of war, in the waters of Mexico, of the Spanish steamer the Marquis de la Habana—a seizure effected though the latter was carrying the Spanish flag. The *Espana* says:

"We do not desire a war with America,—but should it be unavoidable, we are not apprehensive as to the result. A nation which has just shed its blood and treasure in Africa in defence of its honor—in the name of this nation, which has thus rendered itself great and powerful, we demand that the government shall display in this matter the utmost energy. We hope that the affair may be settled by diplomacy; but should diplomacy fail, we will write on America with the points of our swords the concluding pages of the magnificent epoch which we have so gloriously commenced on the burning sands of Africa."

It is to be hoped that Spain will not commence its bloody work before the 4th of July national celebration, and spoil the fun of Young America.

HOW THE THISTLE SAVED SCOTLAND.—The following is related as the origin of the use of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, they availed themselves of the pitch darkness of night to attack the Scottish forces unawares. In approaching the Scottish forces unobserved and marching barefooted to prevent their tramp being heard, one of the Danes trod upon a large prickly thistle, and the sharp cry of pain which he instinctly uttered suddenly apprised the Scots of their danger, who immediately ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thisile was thenceforth adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

Lamb once said to a brother whist player, Martin Burney, whose hands were none of the cleanest, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you would have."

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