The Chestertown Transcript.

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The Past.

Deep in my heart at last
I feel the joys of yore ;
The spirit of the pleasant past,
Beloved for evermore.

Spirit of better days,
God grant that I be true,
In all my work in all my ways,
To something pure as you !

May ne'er the shade of crime
Or folly put to shame.
Remembrances of that blessed time,
Ere tempting evil came.

With cold reproving eyes,
At memory's thrilling call,
God grant that ne'er to me ye rise,
Like Samuel unto Saul !

A Return.

"Do you not know me Donald ?"
Pushing back her gray hair—
"Can you not speak me, Donald—
Me who was once so fair ?

"Many years have gone over us—
Fortunate years for thee ;
When I see thee they seem not so many—
Only when thou seest me.

"For I wear the snow of winters
No sun and no summer can change ;
Yet I seem to hear the spring coming.
And the bluebird beginning to range.

"As when in the old days together
We wandered and talked by the stream,
Of thy life in the far new country,
And our love. Was it all a dream ?

"[illegible] could I be to thee, Donald,
[illegible] to honor and land,
[illegible] the whole world be-
[illegible] thee but my hand !

[illegible] ed by the brook
[illegible] ark of the eve.
[illegible] mer thereafter,
[illegible] grieve

[illegible] r thou wa'n't my first love, Donald—
[illegible] ou the first love of my heart ;
[illegible] should I not tell thee, Donald,
[illegible] at sadness it was then to part ?"

[illegible] not recall thee, woman ;
[illegible] yet when I hear thy voice,
[illegible] he low rippling river,
[illegible] he girl of my choice.

[illegible] not tell me of Janet,
[illegible] ng of her I once loved ?
[illegible] e a wing for my bonnet ;
[illegible] r a ring are I roved."

[illegible] on her sometimes, Donald ?
[illegible] emember the ring ?
[illegible] n very thin, Donald ;
[illegible] s ye'll remember the thing.

[illegible] my hand still, Donald ;
[illegible] move it again ;
[illegible] through labor and sorrow ;
[illegible] now a part of my pain !"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

[illegible] HE CONQUERED.

[illegible] Weimer was in love. Poor Paul ! [illegible] ect of his affection did not know her [illegible] parents despised him. [illegible] was the toll-keeper's daugh- [illegible] d on the bridge which spann- [illegible] river below his mountain [illegible] a was naturally a coquette, [illegible] er's position opened a way for [illegible] ce of this disposition to an [illegible] xtent, so that her lovers were [illegible] by the d[illegible], and even Count [illegible] self f[illegible] ot to cast an ad- [illegible] fair girl in his [illegible] s the bridge. [illegible] ans indifferent to [illegible] aul Weimer, and [illegible] her that there was [illegible] bright a pair [illegible] As it was [illegible] ther mere- [illegible] employ [illegible] nsects [illegible] ting [illegible] d [illegible] ther

"Did you ever see a more magnificently formed man, mother ?"

"Oh, that's well enough, child, but his form was developed by climbing over crags and precipices in search of the wild cat, when he should have been digging in his vineyard."

Aida knew this was true enough, so she made no reply, yet, among all her [illegible] some occupied so many of her secret thoughts as dark-eyed Paul, and the day on which her father turned him from [illegible] door and commanded him never to [illegible] er it again was a sad one for her, although she would not acknowledge that [illegible] loved him.

[illegible] ng Weimer was rendered desperate [illegible] proceeding, and became wilder in [illegible] . The poor chap in bed rea- [illegible] s the toll-keeper's cruelty, for [illegible] hunted them with relentless [illegible] more than ever neglected his [illegible]

[illegible] lls of the gods grind slowly" [illegible] e's turn comes at last, and [illegible] are not what others suffer [illegible] sufferings thrust upon [illegible]

[illegible] was passing, and the toll-keeper had begun rejoicing at the prospect of the return of spring. The river was still frozen, but the south wind blew warm and balmy, and there had been warm rains upon the mountains, so that the ice was soon expected to disappear. The family retired to rest as usual, and were enjoying the peaceful sleep that follows a day of labor, when a sudden and terrible awakening came upon them. The elements were raging, their house shaking to its foundations, and the crash of falling arches greeted their ears. The trembling man sought the roof of his house and discovered that the bridge at either end had been swept away, and he and his family were prisoners in the midst of a whirlpool that every instant threatened destruction He cried aloud for help, and his voice was heard above the roar of the elements by a crowd of horrified gazers on the river's bank, but no one dared to face destruction in going to his aid. Count Rudolph rode up in haste, and in his hand he held a purse.

"Five hundred crowns to any one who attempts their rescue," shouted he, but no one moved, and destruction seemed inevitable.

A stir in the crowd announces a new arrival, and a man in course apparel, with an Alpine staff in his hand, is seen dividing the crowd right and left, as they impeded his onward progress. To the Count he paid no attention whatever; but at once made for the river, where a small fisher's boat lay upon the bank. Without a word he launched into the boiling current, and was soon fighting his way toward the central pier, upon which the toll-keeper's house stood. After a desperate effort and many narrow escapes, he reached the place, and the frightened keeper tempted at once to step in unmindful of the fate of his wife and child.

"Keep back !" shouted the man in the boat and giving it a turn, nearly precipitated the toll-keeper into the boiling flood. "I can take but one at a time, and Aida must come first."

They then knew that their brave rescuer was Paul Weimer. Knowing that remonstrance was useless, the father helped his daughted into the boat. As it was shoved off from the pier, the girl exclaimed, "My mother ! Will you notsave my mother !"

"If God spares me, I will return for her," replied the deliverer, and then bent all his energies to getting safely back to land.

This accomplished, he delivered Aida into the hands of sympathizing women, and a second time attempted the dangerous passage.

Providence once more crowned his efforts, and he reached the pier in safety, when the keeper, in whom all affection seemed dead, tried at once to enter into the boat.

"Your wife first !" cried Prul, lifting an oar, and half tempted to strike the cowardly wretch, who stepped back in despair.

As the boat departed, the toll-keeper feared that the young man would leave him to his fate, and he knew he deserved nothing better at his hands, so he cried out in anguish :

"If you return for me, Paul, Aida shall be yours with my blessing."

No answer was heard in return, and the poor wretch feared his last chance was gone.

Once more the little ark, with its precious human freight, approached the shore, and Aida clasped her mother in her arms.

"Hereafter I live only for you, Paul!" exclaimed the grateful girl, as the youth stood a moment to breathe, before again breasting the torrent. One kiss on her fair cheek sealed the contract, and he was off for the third time on his errand of mercy.

The poor keeper on the pier could hardly believe his senses, as he saw Paul return, and completely humbled, he silently took his seat in the little boat. They had not yet reached the shore when the pier on which the house had stood tottered and fell into the boiling whirlpool; but the frail boat providentially reached land in safety, and the father was restored to his wife and daughter.

Prayers and thanks were poured out upon the head of the brave deliverer. Count Rudolph hastened to offer his purse of gold, which was refused with dignity.

"The hazard of my life cannot be purchased," he exclaimed, "and charity I do not need; besides, I am more than repaid for all my efforts in thus gaining the desire of my heart."

The Count looked slightly envious, but, determined on generosity, he bestowed his purse of gold upon the poor toll-keeper whose all had been swallowed up in the tumult of waters.

Soon afterwards Paul Weimer led his bride to the alter, and the old haunts knew him no more; the chamois had rest on the mountains, but he exhausted himself upon the enemies of his vines, and it soon came to be known that in all the province there was not a more flourishing vineyard than Paul Weimer's. So neither Aida nor her parents had cause to regret the bestowal of her hand upon her brave deliverer.—*Norristown (Pa.) Herald.*

A couple of Pittsburg gentlemen are in search of a duke who spent the summer at Cesson, and borrowed $2,000 to help him along until he got his remittances from home.

Where is Howard Pasha? He has not been heard from since Joseph Pasha surrendered.

"Apple Jack" is exempt from the provisions of the Moffett law.

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

[The appended poem makes no pretensions to poetry, but it contains a deal of useful information bundled up in a boquet that children will delight in. Let every mother cut it out and assist the little one in memorizing it :]

King Egbert was a mighty man, a thousand years ago ;
But Ethelwolf, brave Egbert's son, was scarcely worth a crow.
King Ethelbald was very weak ; stronger was Ethelred ;
But Alfred was a mighty prince, as men have often said.
Edward the Elder, Alfred's son, was something of a man ;
So was the King who followed him, the prudent Athelstan
Edmund the First was young and weak ; Eldred was never strong ;
And Edwy quarreled with the monks, because he married wrong.
Then Edgar all the wolves destroyed, and base Elfrida won,
Who murdered Edward that the crown might rest upon her son.
Young Edward's reign was short and sad, and Ethelred, his brother,
Was tardy,—had no moral worth,—Elfrida was his mother.
Edmund the Second, Ironsides, reigned but a single year ;
Canute, the Dane, succeeded him ;—usurper ;—that is clear.
Harold the first was fleet of foot ;—Hardicanute oppressor ;
Then Saxon's last, the noble Prince, King Edward the confessor.
William, the Norman Conqueror, was politic and brave ;
And William Rufus, hearty King, while hunting, found his grave.
Henry the First was learned and brave ; Stephen played ill his part ,
A second Henry, wise and good ; the Richard, lion-heart.
The tyrant John drew Hebrew teeth ; Third Henry right discards.
Edward the First subdued the Welsh, and murdered all their bards.
Weak Edward Second, Mortimer slew ; Third Edward fought with France.
Young Richard Second was dethroned by Derby's fatal lance.
Fourth Henry had a stormy reign; Fifth Henry, brave and great,
Invaded France, subdued her King, and wed his daughter Kate,
Sixth Henry fought Joan of Arc ; Fourth Edward's son was slain
By Richard Third, inhuman wretch, who lived two years to reign.
The Seventh Henry, Tudor First,—in field and counsel strong.
Then Henry Eighth, a man of parts, renowned for doing wrong.
King Edward Sixth died at sixteen ; next reigned revengeful Mary ;
Then artful Bess, a haughty Queen, successful, shrewd and wary.
James, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, to royal rights was wedded ;
And Charles who Strafford sacrificed, by Cromwell was beheaded.

A commonwealth eleven years ;—then, at the restoration,
A Second Charles became the King of a distracted nation.
The Second James was soon dethroned by William and his Mary,
Whose sister Anne succeeded him, as royal rights will vary.
George the First in trouble reigned, and fought the Earl of Mar ;
The Second George, by Walpole led, was not a brilliant star.
Then George the Third, a man of parts, gave us a deal of trouble ;
But Washington, the country's pride, destroyed that monarch's bubble.
Fourth George reigned half a score of years; Fourth William less by three;
Then good Victoria, noble queen—green may her memory be !

"Maryland People I Have Known."

LETTERS FROM WEBSTER, DICKENS AND JENNY LIND TO JOHN GUY—A LUDICROUS EPISODE OF GENERAL CASS' VISIT TO BALTIMORE, ETC.

The counties of York and Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, bordering as they do on your state, have many interests in common with Maryland. They are closely united by rail, river and canal, and what are called the southern townships of York, are intimately connected by intermarriage by commerce and other ties. Their people, like those of Franklin, Cumberland, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette, Green, Washington, Indiana and Westmoreland, are all naturally well acquainted with their neighbors along the Maryland line, and hence there is, perhaps, much more trade and association between them than with remoter Philadelphia and other distant centres of Pennsylvanin population.

Born in Lancaster, and subsequently, for a considerable period, a resident at the national capitol, I was thrown into an early acquaintance with the prominent men of Maryland, of both parties, and so acquired considerable knowledge of their habits, opinions and business peculiarities. Lancaster, for instance, is largely represented in Baltimore. Not a few of your merchants and prominent citizens are glad to admit that they came from that great empire county, Our lawyers, too, practice in your courts. Some of your best physicians claim kindred in Lancaster ; while, so far as Philadelphia is concerned, many reasons have conspired to crystalize intimacy between the two great cities. In politics Pennsylvania and Maryland have long been well known to each other ; for many years the national convention of the Democratic party and sometimes those of the whigs were quadrilaterally held in Baltimore, and while they were not always in party sympathy—Maryland being an old whig and Pennsylvania an old democratic state—yet as the two were among the original colonies, their after growth into great commonwealths created a sort of historic union, bound together by many romantic incidents, beginning long before the Revolution, repeated during the second war with England, and still further increased by the subsequent war with Mexico and our own civil conflict. One of the emigrants to Baltimore from Lancaster Co., was John Guy, many years the proprietor of Guy's Monument house, fronting Monument-square, and still in the hands of the husband of one of his female descendants, while his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Mary Miller, is at the head of Guy's hotel, at the cornor of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. He was one of the old school of hotel-keepers, cotemporaneous with such men as Barnum of Baltimore ; Dorrance and Pope Mitchell, of the United States hotel ; Joseph Head, of the Mansion house ; Dunlap, of the City hotel ; Hartwell, of the Washington house ; Jones, of the old Jones hotel, in Philadelphia ; Gadsby, in Washington ; Stetson, of the Astor house in New York ; Paran Stevens, of the Revere, in Boston, the Fifth avenue hotel, in New York, and hundreds more. I have often dined at Guy's in Baltimore—as I now often dine at Guy's in Philadelphia—and memory brings back to me a long procession of interesting men whom I met at the former, while in the quiet retreat of the latter I recall others long since gone and mingle my recollections of other days with their few survivers. The other evening a few of us assembled under Mrs. Miller's hospitable roof, and during the talk I took down from the walls three curious mementoes, which, although published before, may not be without a charm to the rising generation. They are framed autographs of Daniel Webster, Charles Dickens and Jenny Lind, and were addressed to John Guy. They are as follows :

SOME FAMOUS LETTERS.

TUESDAY MORNING—*My Dear Sir :* I am quite obliged to you for the grouse. They are beauties. Such sights are rare here. Yours respectfully,
Mr. Guy. DANIEL WEBSTER.

BARNUM'S HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MD., March 23, 1842—*My Dear Sir :* I am truly obliged to you for the beautiful and delicious mint julep you have so kindly sent me. It is quite a mercy that I knew what it was. I have tasted it, but reserved further proceedings until the arrival of Washington Irving, whom I expected to dine with me *tete-a-tete*, and who will help me to drink your health. With many thanks to you, dear sir.—Faithfully yours,
—— Guy ; Esquire. CHAS. DICKINS.

J. Guy, Jr., Esq., No. 23 South Seventh street, Philadelphia—Dear Sir : Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your kind attention toward me in sending such a number of little birds, which I consider to be a very great delicacy, although it is a cruelty to not let them have their peace to jump about and enjoy themselves in the woods.
I am, dear sir, yours truly,
JENNY LIND.
New York, September 19, 1850.

How the politicians used to swarm around Barnum's and Guy's while they were selecting candidates for the presidency ! How the historic Monument square used to resound to the speeches of the champions of the respective candidates before they were selected, and how they "orated" when the nominee was finally chosen ! Guy was also the chief of the National hotel, in the city of Washington, and our mutual friend, Daniel Dougherty, of this city, has often recited the following incident, amid roars of laughter, at the evening assemblies in which he shone as a bright, particular star ; Guy bore a striking resemblance to Gen. Lewis Cass, and while he was proprietor of the National hotel, in Washington, the Michigan senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and walking up to the office encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed : "Well, old fellew, here I am ; the last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth-story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The general, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied :

"You have committed a mistake, Sir. I am not Mr. Guy ; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away.

The western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed, but before he had recovered from his mortification General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said :

"Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake. I met old Cass and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigrander has gone off mad."

What General Cass would have said may well be imagined if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan, is another Lancaster county contribution to the society of Baltimore, and that name revives the long and brilliant career of Reverdy Johnson, the great lawyer, who, down to the close of an active and brilliant life, maintained his great mental faculties unimpaired.—Few men have wielded so large an influence, for so extended a period. A great lawyer, orator, statesman and man of affairs, he was also a geniel and attractive man of society. In June of 1865, in an address to the law students of Columbia, (D. C.) college, he said that he had been a practicing lawyer for sixty years and when I met him in London, in the winter of the same year, when he was over 79, his memory was as clear, his wit as ready and his manners as polished, as they were when I first saw him thirty years before. John V. L. McMahon was another Baltimore celebrity, younger than Reverdy Johnson ; he died in his 72d year. at Cumberland. I believe he was never in Congress. The rule of his life seemed to be to decline all political honors. But as a political orator he was as successful as he was a profound and astute lawyer.

It was also my good fortune to know Charles Carroll of Carrollton, father of the present governor of your state, whm I first met in 1854 at Barnum's hotel, and afterward paid him a memorable visit at his magnificent estate, Drogheda Manor. William Prescott Smith was one of those characters who help to give fame to a town ; and Baltimore never had a truer and more devoted son. His unexpected death, October 1, 1872, before he was fifty years of ago, was sorrowful news to thousands who had enjoyed his hospitality, his wit, his wonderful powers of imitation, and that rare charm of adaptability which made him a universal favorite. His popularity in Philadelphia sprung, not simply from these high social gifts, but from his active business habits and his large and liberal nature. As your admirable local biographer, Colonel J. Thomas Scharf, says in the Chronicles of Baltimore, "His untimely death leaves it a matter of speculation to what position he would have risen had his life been spared a few years longer.

No Philadelphian, indeed no Philadelphian, who ever visited Baltimore, can forget Zenus Barnum, or Barnum't City hotel. He, too, was largely associated with many of our prominent Pennsylvanians in various public enterprises, and I often recall his kindness to me, when I stopped on my way to Washington. During the civil war the union general in command of your department closed Barnum's hotel. Mr. Barnum came to Washington to ask me to intercede for him, which I did promptly and effectively by appealing to President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, and when the doors of the great house were reopened he wrote me a letter abounding in greatful expressions.

OTHER BALTIMORIANS.

And here also I have frequently met William P. Preston, the great criminal lawyer, the intimate friend of Swam, Abell & Simmens, the founders of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the Baltimore *Sun*, the last of the trio, Arunah S. Abell, still living in Baltimore, the possessor of a large fortune and the centre of a circle of friends. Mr. Preston was their counsel and their companion, and many a pleasant hour I passed in their society. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and the Baltimore *Sun*, founded by these men, have proved to be immensely profitable. The *Ledger*, having been the pioneer paper, was started on Friday, March 25, 1836, and the *Sun*, its successor, on the 17th of May, 1837. The original firm lasted for nearly a quarter of a century, until dissolved by the death, first, of Mr. Simmons, and then of Mr. Swain. The *Sun* remains a source of vast profit, under the command of Mr. Abell and his family but the *Ledger* passed into the hands of Mr. George W. Childs on the 3d of December, 1864, and is to-day, with the exception of the New York *Herald*, the most productive daily journal in America. Mr. Childs is another Baltimore man.—Born in your city May 12, 1829, and, therefore, in his forty-ninth year, he, like the great newspaper triumvirate I have named, is another example of the good results of industry and courage. He came to Philadelphia in his fifteenth year, [illegible] Benjamin Franklin without a friend [illegible] dollar, and although he is getting richer every day, he is also getting more unselfish and generous. [illegible] saw him standing at the corner of my building, Seventh and Chestnut streets, in this city, in company with your John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad ; Anthony J. Drexel, the great American banker, and Junius S. Morgan, the great American-English banker, and I could not help recalling the fact that these four men were among the finest types of the perseverance, integrity and industry of our peculiar American character. But I could recall many more names, many interesting incidents connected with other Maryland names, if I did not feel that I have already transcended your limits.

JOHN W. FORNEY.
Philadelphia, December, 1877.
—*Baltimore Weekly Gazette.*

A PICTURE OF GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

General James Shields thus describes his first interview with General Taylor: "I was sent with my brigade to report on the Rio Grande. After getting my command into camp I put on the most showy uniform I had and spent much time in rigging myself up to do honor to such an occasion as the meeting with the commander-in-chief of the army of occupation. Arrived at headquarters I inquired for General Taylor, and was shown into a tent by the orderly, who went away to announce me. Presently entered a hard-featured but still very benevolent faced man, quite undersized, who, from his appearance, would easily have been taken for a wagoner. A great flapping straw hat crowned his head, he had no collar, a linen coat, and the coarse pantaloons he wore had no suspicion of rank about them, and his unstockinged feet were covered by common infantry shoes. While I was trying to figure out in my mind what this apparation could be he grasped my hand and heartily exclaimed, 'I'm very glad to see you here, General Shields, and will cut out some work for your command before long. And this was actually General Zachary Taylor, one of the bravest, kindest and noblest of men that ever lived."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The present Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work, widely known, on the "Study of Words," is not in very robust health, and has been for many years apprehensive of paralysis. At a recent dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, His Grace, sat on the right of his hostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the Archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim, in a dismal and sepulchral tone : "It has come ! It has come !"

"What has come, Your Grace ?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for twenty years," solemnly answered the Archbishop—"a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation."

"Pardon me, my dear Archbishop," said the Duchess, looking up to him with a somewhat quizzical smile ; "pardon me for contradicting you, but it is I you have been pinching."

RELIGION IN MARYLALD.

In the founding of churches in this country there have been no less striking coincidences than in the establishment of the civil government or the discovery of the continent. By one of those singular coincidences not unknown to history. Maryland became the fruitless seed-bed of American Presbyterianism, American Methodism and Catholicism. There Francis MacKemie, an Irishman, first organized Presbyterianism. There, also, Strawbridge planted Methodism and there Lord Baltimore and others laid the foundations of Catholicism. The Irish Presbyterians swept down into the Shenandoah Valley and over the Alleghany Mountains and founded Pittsburg, Pa., a city that is as distinctively Presbyterian as Boston is distinctively Puritan.—[Ex.

FOR WIVES.

"What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from ?" asks Ruskin. "It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from ? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must be either house-wives or house-mothers ; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head—the glowworm in the night-cloud grass may be the fire at her foot ; but home is where she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who seek are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power."

[illegible]

HOUSEWIFERY.

Recipe for a Bonnet.

The following is taken from an English work, and is herewith transcribed for the columns of THE BALTIMOREAN :

"Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A show of French rose-buds to drop o'er the face ;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and *de*-range them in graceful confusion ;
Inveigle some fairy out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure,
The length and breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create ;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo ! you possess "such a love of a bonnet."

Yours very truly J. E. H.

WHIPPED CREAM.—One glass of cream, two tablespoonful of powdered sugar ; flavor to taste.

TO CLEAN TORTOISE SHELL.—Use fine rotten-stone and sperm oil ; apply it with a chamois ; then polish it off with dry rotten-stone and a dry chamois.

BREAD SAUCE.—Pour boiling milk on a slice of bread without crust, then beat it fine and add a little salt and whole pepper-corns ; serve it hot in a sauce tureen.

BUTTER TAFFY.—Two cups of white sugar ; three-quarters of a cup of vinegar, not too strong, three-quarters of a cup of butter. Boil until brittle ; pour into buttered pans.

TO MAKE THE SKIN SMOOTH.—Use a teaspoonful of powdered borax every morning in the basin of water when washing the face or hands, also use it when taking a bath.

SUGAR DROPS.—One pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, one-half pound butter, four eggs, a gill of rose-water, bake on buttered paper in a quick oven. This makes sixty drops.

ONIONS, garlic and shalots are all of a stimulating nature, by which they assist digestion and expel flatulency. They are, however, most suitable to persons of a cold phlegmatic constitution.

NEURALGIA AND RHEUMAFISM.—Two tablespoonfuls each of beef's gall, laudanum, spirits of turpentine, hemlock, oil, sassafras oil and amber oil, half a pint alcohol ; mix all together. Apply three or four times a day.

REMEDY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER.—Three cents worth of sulphur in a pint of best whiskey ; shake well, and take a teaspoonful night and morning for a week ; then once a day. Care should be taken not to take cold after using sulphur.

TO CURE BUNIONS.—Bind a fine linen band tightly around the foot and over the bunion, sew it on if necessary, and wear it day and night ; bathe the feet frequently in strongborax water, using a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water.

CORN MUFFINS.—Three cupfuls corn meal, one cupful flour, one egg, one-half cupful sugar or molasses, two teaspoonfuls cream af tartar and one of soda, and a piece of butter the size of a butternut ; wet with milk to about the consistency of sponge cake.

CHAPPED OR ROUGH HANDS.—When making fires or sifting ashes have gloves on. Keep an old pair expressly for this purpose. When washing the hands use very little soap, and rinse it off well ; dry thoroughly.

TO REMOVE FINGER MARKS.—Sweet oil will remove finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene from oiled furniture Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other goods and will not hurt the most delicate color or fabric.

ITALLIAN CREAM.—One pint of cream, one half pint of milk ; make it hot, sweetening to taste ; flavor with lemon pee' ; beat the yolks of eight eggs ; beat all together ; set it over slow fire to thicken ; have ready an ounce of isinglass melted and strained, which add to the cream ; whip it well, and form in a mold.

TO FEED YOUNG BIRDS.—When canary birds are first hatched, and until they are able to leave the nest, they should have every day hard-boiled egg, chopped fine and mixed with a little cracker crumbs ; about twice a week a piece of baker's bread dipped in milk, and twice a week a little stale sponge cake.

BUTTERNUT CAKE.—Four eggs beaten separately ; two cups of sugar, one of butter, one cup butternut meats, one-half cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour ; (heaped,) one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Rub the black scales off from the meats before putting them in the cake. Bake in two loaves.

FRUIT CAKES.—Soak three cupsful dried apples over night ; in the morning chop fine, add two cupsful molasses, and cook slowly one hour ; when cold, add one cupsul sugar, one of raisins, one of thick, sour cream, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, flour enough to make a stiff batter ; flavor with spices and lemon to taste, and bake in a moderate oven.

HOMINY BREAD.—This is easy, quick and nice. Two eggs ; salt to taste ; 2 cupfuls of boiled grits, or boiled rice ; 1 cupful meal ; 1 tablespoonful of butter, or lard, [illegible] sweet milk enough to make a thin [illegible] r. Bake in the dish in which it is to [illegible] week ; help it with a tablespoon. The [illegible] for that sort of corn bread [illegible] bread.

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