The Easton Star,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT EASTON, MD

A. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

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No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

Books received free of postage will be duly noticed under the editorial head.

The Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1875. VOL. 10. NO 26.

Terms of Advertising.

One square—8 lines—one insertion $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 20 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

On and after Saturday, Dec. 26, 1874, the STEAMER CHAMPION will leave Pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, Baltimore, at 7 A. M., every SATURDAY and WEDNESDAY, for Clora's Point, Wallach's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Sherman's, Oxford, Double Mills and Easton, returning on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock—and every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at same hour, for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton), returning same day. Meals on board.

Freight taken at low rates and carefully handled. For further information apply at the office, 98 Light street, Baltimore, or R. B. Dixon, Agent, Easton. dec29

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, October 19th, 1874, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
Leave			Leave		
Easton	9 00	A. M.	New York	11 55	P. M.
Woodland	9 12	"	Baltimore	7 30	A. M.
Cordova	9 25	"	Philadelphia		
Hillsborough	9 38	"	Wilmington	10 10	"
Ridgely	9 50	"	Clayton	1 00	P. M.
Greensborough	10 10	"	Kenton	1 20	"
Goldsborough	10 25	"	Slaughters	1 35	"
Henderson	10 40	"	Marydell	1 50	"
Marydel	11 00	"	Henderson	2 05	"
Slaughters	11 15	"	Goldsborough	2 15	"
Kenton	11 30	"	Greensborough	2 40	"
Arrive at			Ridgely	2 50	"
Clayton	11 45	"	Hillsborough	3 05	"
Wilmington	3 50	P. M.	Cordova	3 20	"
Philadelphia	5 25	"	Woodland	3 35	"
Baltimore	8 15	"	Arrive		
New York	10 25	"	Easton	3 50	"

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Paragon House,

EASTON, MD.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that she has rented and fixed up in good style, the Frame Hotel with every convenience and comfort, and now has it open for the reception of permanent and transient boarders. Her long experience in the business is a guarantee that the wants of the traveling public will be fully met. The Table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and none but attentive waiters employed. Omnibuses will be at the various steamboat landings and depot to convey passengers to this House. Terms reasonable.

nov'1-1y Mrs. J. A. HALL.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Next door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, oats, blades and straw.

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., sep22

MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

[illegible] HOGAN, - - - - - Proprietor

REDUCTION OF FARE.

In consideration of the general decline in cost of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board was reduced on January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 Per Day,

We are determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. my9-10n

FARMERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE

THE SCHOONERS

Orford and Tred Haven.

The above vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be done by any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight must be paid on delivery of the goods.—Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

LEONARD & BRO.

Office—In same room occupied by R. B. Dixon, on Dover street. ap22

For Rent.

THE OFFICES now occupied by Joseph B. Seth, Att'y, corner Harrison and Dover streets, will be for rent for 1875.—Also, the Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shop on Harrison st., adjoining, and now occupied by William C. Bray. For terms apply to M. Dawson, Pres't; R. B. Dixon, Treas.,

HENRY HOLLYDAY, Secretary.

nov3

REDUCTION OF PRICES IN SILK HATS.

LOWER THAN CITY PRICES.

A Fine Silk Hat for $4.50.
A Fine Silk Hat for 4.50.
A Fine Silk Hat for 4.50.
OR A
First Class Silk Hat for $5.50
First Class Silk Hat for 5.50
First Class Silk Hat for 5.50

(Soft Fur Hats correspondingly low,) can be had of M. M. HIGGINS.

GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,
NO. 2 S. CALVERT STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
BRANCH HOUSE,
No. 1100 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Keep always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of Gentleman's and Boys' custom and made to measure FIRST-CLASS BOOTS and SHOES TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

A SPECIALTY!

The only place in these cities where BURT'S celebrated Ladies, Misses and Children's Fine French Shoes can be found. Full stock always on hand. aug4-1y

Fall & Winter Trade

Great Attractions in

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

LIQUORS.

Glass, China, Queensware,

FLOUR.

Lamps & Lamp Oil,

POWDER & SHOT.

&c., &c., &c., &c.

HAVING remodeled and refurnished my store with a full stock of all the above goods, which I am selling at a small advance, I think I can offer as good inducements to buyers as any house in Easton. The public are invited to call and examine my stock.

Ladies fine *Dress Goods* made a specialty.

Fine Cloths and Cassimeres for gentlemen, of the latest and most fashionable styles.

The celebrated *Eagle Powder* always on hand.

Old *Rectified Whiskey* sold as a fine article, but all my best grades are purchased directly from distilleries, and warranted pure.

Wines and *Champagnes* of the most popular brands.

Pure *French Brandy* just from the Custom House—a fine article for medicinal purposes.

The lovers of fine Tea—IMPERIAL, HYSON, OOLONG and JAPANESE—will find at my store the best stock on the Eastern Shore. These Teas are warranted fresh, via the Pacific Railroad, and at greatly reduced prices.

oct7 '73 JOS. V. B. WRIGHT.

October 10th, 1874.

ELLIOTT & RATHELL,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

(Opposite JUMP & CO.)

ARE NOW OPENING ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF BOOTS, SHOES and Gaiters

ever before offered to the public for
GENTLEMEN,
LADIES,
MISSES
and CHILDREN.

Of all descriptions and qualities, from a cheap Infant's Shoe to a fine Hand Stitched Boot.

MANUFACTURING:

We invite the gentlemen to an inspection of our Samples of Hand Made Work, made in a superior manner and of prime material. Call and leave your measure, and be convinced that you can get as nice work at much less cost than same quality of work can be obtained elsewhere.

Christopher's

ALTA SAFETY OIL.

WARRANTED 150° FIRE TEST.

This Oil is guaranteed to be entirely free from Volatile, Hydro-Carbons or Naptha, thereby rendering it impossible to explode or take fire from breakage of lamps, and after a trial in general use of three years, is pronounced by Scientists and Experts,

SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER OIL

in those qualities which constitute a first quality Illuminating Oil, namely:

SAFETY

...eral excellent stories by Frank R. Stockton, Amalie La Forge and others, sketches of travel and science with illustrations, an article by W. H. Rideing on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a French story, two delightful poems by Lucy Lacrom and Mary E. Bradley, and—besides other good things—the irrepressible Jack in the Pulpit, whose fun and jokes are always full [illegible]

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's parents, at Fairlee on Thursday evening, Jan. 7th by Rev. R. Scott Norris, WILLIAM F. [illegible] to Miss MOLLIE, daughter of Ex-Sheriff Wheatly, all of Kent, Co.

Deaths.

On Feb. 22nd 1875 Mrs. MARY E. DENNY, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Wm. H. [illegible], aged 34 years.

At his late residence in Dorchester co., February the 17th, 1875, [illegible] LANE, aged 74 years, 11 months and 17 days.

In [illegible], near Trappe, on the 7th February, Mrs. MARY [illegible], in the 69th year of her age.

Select Story.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Please, sir, will you give me a penny; only a penny?"

"No—go along with you; I never give money to street beggars."

And Mrs. Parker sat a trifle more erect, if possible, in her buffalo cushioned wagon seat, and grasped her blue cotton umbrella tighter. But her husband, Paul Parker, on whose kindly face the boy turned his gaze, said:

"See here, boy; Ive only got a fifty-cent piece, and its more money than I ought to give away. I shall be here this day week and opposite this very tavern; will you be here to pay it back to me?—Mind, I only lend it to you; and may be I'll be able to find some work for you by that time."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, gleefully, as he scrambled up the side of the wheel; "I will be here, sure."

"Paul Parker, you're a fool!" said the woman, angrily. "You scatter your money about as if there was no end to it. Do you suppose you will ever see your fifty cents again?"

"I hope, so, wife," said the old man touching his placid horse gently with the reins, and urging him to a sleepy jog-trot. "I should be sorry to think there was no truth in that bright-eyed little fellow. Give the world a fair chance, that's all I've got to say."

The blistering August sunshine was pouring into a little garret room in one of the most squalid and neglected purlieus of the town, where a brutal looking man sat smoking a short black pipe, and two or three boys lounged around half asleep. A hand organ stood against the wall, and a monkey dressed in solid red rags chattered against the window. Nino's accordeon and a thumbed tambourine lay near by; Nino himself, with tear stained cheeks and heavy eyelids, was crouched in a corner, wistfully watching the door; as if resolved to avail himself of the first chance that offered itself for escape.

There was a wild beauty about the boy, in spite of his swarthy cheeks and forlorn uniform of rags, and an attractiveness that was difficult to understand.—His brow, overshadowed by thick black locks, was frank and open; his eyes were soft and liquid, and there were both spirit and gentleness in the well outlined mouth. Had Nino Barlani been the offspring of aristocratic lineage, he would have been called handsome; but rags and poverty and blows are anything but beautifying, and Nino had known little else in his brief and sunless existence.

Presently the man knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it down, with a vicious side-long glance at the boy.

"So you had got fifty cents hid away, you was going to gammon me out of, eh?" he demanded. "You young vagabond, I'd like to know what you mean by it!"

"It was mine," sobbed the boy; "I earned it singin' under the great folks winders, after work-hours was over. I gave you all I earned in the day time, I did."

"Yours!" growled the man, savagely, "and all you earn is mine, and if ever I catch you at such a trick again, I'll split your head open for you. Where are you going now? Sit down again."

"Only out as far as West Landhill tavern," said Nino, entreatingly, as his eyes marked the slowly creeping tide of sunshine along the floor, that formed his only substitute for a clock.

"Well, you won't do no such thing!" said the man, evidently in a contrary and quarrelsome mood. "Go back to your bench again; do you hear? You're not goin' to stir out of this before night, and not then, unless you behave yourself."

"I'll be back in ten minutes, sir; I will, indeed."

"Hold your noise!" brutally ejaculated his irate keeper. "I tell you you shan't stir another peg; there now!—Dave," to one of the other boys, "give us a light here for this pipe."

Nino, watching his opportunity, as a wild beast might watch for an escape from its cage, gave a forward dart just as the man stooped over to rub his match against the sole of his boot. But he was not quick enough; his tyrant seized him rudely by the arm and slung him across the floor as if he had been a toy. He fell, his temple striking against the leg of a bedstead standing in the corner, and lay there quite insensible.

"Blest if I don't think he is done for, dad," said one of the hitherto impassive spectators of the scene, a boy of thirteen, who was generally dressed as a "wandering Bavarian" with tambourine and bells.

"Let him alone, I say," snarled the father. "I'll teach him a lesson."

Just then the bell in the old square tower of the town clock struck three.

"I told you he would'nt be here Paul!" exultantly exclaimed Mrs Parker, projecting her keen gray eyes into every nook and corner around the dull street in front of the "Westlandhill House of Entertainment for Man and Beast." "I knew it! Now, what do you think of your fine, honest boy?"

Paul Parker's countenance clouded visibly.

"I'm sorry for it, wife—sorry from the bottom of my heart. I somehow thought he was different from the common lot of 'em, but I s'pose I hadn't ought to expect much from a lad brought up in the streets. Well, well, let's drive on."

The swift rolling years had sprinkled their silver blossoms more plentifully on the head of Paul Parker, and plowed deeper lines in his wife's face. The little girl at their side had grown into a tall, handsome young woman. Once more we enter into the inner sanctum of their lives.

"It is father's step, mother," said Lucy Parker, jumping up to open the door. "Well, father, what luck?"

"Bad enough, child," said old Paul, meekly shaking the powder fringe of snow from his overcoat. "Milton's down ag'n with fever and ague; his wife's poorly, and Bruce has had a stroke, so he can't work no more."

"And they didn't pay you the money? Paul, you were a fool for ever lending it," shrieked his wife shrilly. "And what are we to do, with lawyer Martin writin' and writin' for the money we owe him?"

"We can do nothing, wife?"

"We shall be sold out at auction and die in a poor house yet. Oh, Paul, why didn't you pay more heed to what I've always kept tellin' you?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said the old man cheerily, though the muscles of his lip and brow quivered.

"Father, is it St. John Martin, the Leeds street lawyer, to whom you owe this money?"

"Yes; what do you know about him?"

"Not much; but I met his son at several parties last fall, and I—I think, if you were to go there and tell him, just how it is, or write, even—"

"No use," croaked Mrs Parker, despairingly, "other folks aint so ready to let go of their money as your father is, Lucy."

"May be it's worth trying," said old Paul, hopefully, "we'll write this very night and next week we'll go up to Boston and see what answer he makes us." And then Lucy, blushing like a sweet pea, ran to get the pen and paper, timidly trusting in the efficacy of her plan.

"For his father can't be so very hard-hearted," she thought, "and they are so very rich that surely they will be willing to wait for this five hundred dollars until we can pay it."

The elegantly furnished little office on Leeds Street did not often have such *outre* equipages drawn up before it as Paul Parker's mud be splashed box wagon and shaggy old pony, and the elegantly attired young lawyer, who sat at the desk examining some papers, glanced up in surprise as the blooming girl and the bent old man entered together, like May and December.

"Lucy!"

"Ninian! I thought your father—I did not know that—"

"My father is detained at his country seat, and I am acting member of the firm, Lucy. He took me into partnership last week, and this is—"

He turned inquiringly, and with something of a start to the brown faced old man, who stood modestly in the back ground. Lucy introduced her father, and stated their business, with a profusion of very becoming blushes. She had not expected to find her gallant young cavalier of the past fall in the office of St. John Martin.

"We are in very straightened circumstances, Mr. Martin," concluded Lucy, "and my father cannot at present hope to discharge this debt, but I am soon to have a very good situation in Madame Elvaine's school as music teacher, and we can get along and pay a part at a time if your father would be so kind as to wait a little—"

Lucy stopped short: her voice was getting unsteady, and she was far too proud to yield to the fast coming tears in Ninian Martin's presence.

The young man had listened in silence, but now he took a tin box from its shelf in the safe and unlocking it, disclosed sundry packages of labelled notes, receipts, etc.

"Let me see," he said, running his eye over them, "It was a note for five hundred dollars, I believe."

"Yes, sir," answered the old man, "for five hundred dollars."

"Is this your note?"

"Yes, sir."

Ninian Martin tore it in two, and laid the fragments on the fire. Paul Parker and Lucy gazed in astonishment as the young lawyer lifted his dark eyes calmly toward them.

"Mr. Parker, you will please consider that you have this day received payment for a very old debt. We have balanced accounts."

"Sir, I don't understand you," said the bewildered old man. "I don't remember—"

"But I do. It is rather more than ten years, Mr. Parker, since you put that money at interest."

"Sir?"

"I will be more plain with you," said the young man, smiling. "Perhaps Miss Parker is not aware that I am only the adopted son of my more than father. I am an Italian by birth. Just ten years ago I was begging in the streets of Landhill, starved and penniless. A kind hand—*you* know whose, Mr Parker—extended itself to me in the hour of need." The old man's face lighted up.

"I do remember now. It was a fifty cent piece; I told you to come back just a week from that time and—"

"And I did not come. No, but I tried my very best to come, but was prevented by the brutality of the man whose slave and drudge I was. Well, I begged my way to Boston, having run away from my tyrant. St. John Martin found me one night in the streets, perishing from cold and starvation. He had just lost his only child, a boy of about my own age, and not unlike me in personal appearance, and somehow I seemed to take the sore, vacant place in his heart. I resolved that if it ever lay in my power I would return the gift a thousand fold. But I never dreamed that Lucy's father was my benefactor."

He turned to her with a bright congratulatory smile, as he concluded, while the brown face of old Paul Parker worked with emotions he could not conceal.

"I thought you wouldn't ha' cheated me, boy; I thought your face was a good and true one! But I ha'nt no right to your generosity. Your father—"

"My father and I are one, sir, in thought, deed and wish."

"I don't know how to thank you, young man."

"Then do not attempt it. Perhaps one of these days I may ask you for yet more favors."

Old Paul Parker went home to his wife sedately triumphant.

"Wife, you said 'I told you so,' all your life; now it's my turn."

"What on airth do you mean?" grumbled his ascetic helpmate. "I do believe you're getting in your dotage."

"May be I am; in that case though I wish I'd got into it long ago."

And he told his adventure, while Lucy sat by, smiling like a morning in May.

"Didn't I invest that fifty cents to a pretty good advantage?" he asked.

"Well, I never!" was her ultimatum.

"He wants new favors some day from me. What do you say, mother? Can we spare our little girl here?"

"Don't father!" cried Lucy, hiding her face but she didn't look *very* angry after all.

THE PHILADELPHIA "AGE."—It is now stated that the purchase of the Age newspaper establishment has been consummated by an association of gentlemen, who will take possession of it on the 13th of March, and on that day issue the Times, a two cent daily, about the size of a single sheet of the New York Tribune. Semi-weekly and weekly editions will also be printed.—The general editorial department will be in charge of Col. A. K. McClure.

Martha Washington Tea Party.

Continental Costumes and Revolutionary Relics—A Brilliant Fete at the Academy of Music, etc.

[Reported for the Baltimore Sun.]

In several respects all anticipations were exceeded in regard to the Martha Washington tea party inaugurated on General Washington's birthday anniversary at the Academy of Music for charitable purposes. The doors were opened at two o'clock, and from that time until midnight the building was thronged. At nine o'clock at night it was estimated over 5,000 people were crowded in the various parts of the house. Even the vestibules and lobbies were packed with people who saw nothing but each other. Crowds were coming and going all the afternoon. The aggregate attendance afternoon and evening must have reached eight or ten thousand people. Of course the crowd was too great for the enjoyment of anything, but as the sharp edge of interest has been worn away, and the entertainment will be continued this evening, another opportunity will be afforded for seeing the really excellent display of costumes, heirlooms and relics of our ancestors.

BRILLIANT ARRAY OF BEAUTY.

On account of the crowded attendance the first day it was almost impossible to fitly describe the "tea party" and its setting. Before 3 P. M., there was some opportunity to observe that there were a great number of charming and beautiful young ladies and matrons in the costumes of the revolutionary era. Powdered hair and Martha Washington caps, short-waisted dresses and "beauty spots" were everywhere, while tasteful decorations and elegance were notably a feature. In the cafes to the right and left of the main entrance were ladies in Martha Washington caps, who directed a corps of colored waiters at the table for tea and luncheon. At the entrance of the main auditorium, as well as on the landings, were tables in charge of ladies, also in antique costume, where monogram cups and saucers and floral ornaments were sold. In the lobbies were cases filled with relics and curiosities of the olden time, but these interesting objects did not seem to receive the attention deserved, the "republican court" and the "tea room" being the main attractions.

THE TEA ROOM.

The splendid music hall, lighted by an immense chandelier from the centre of the ceiling and brackets all around, was used as tea room. Tables, twenty or more in number, were arranged around the room loaded with antique silver service and attended by numerous ladies in costume, while the galleries overlooking the festive scene were packed with spectators. Some of the silver on the tea tables was accounted very rare, several pieces used, it is said, having come from the family of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, two hundred and forty years ago. The stage of the hall was approached by a broad stairway, and was arranged to represent a terrace. There were broad spreading cactus plants in boxes, tall groups of heliotrope, immense camelias, and fifty more choice varities of rare flora, all in admirable combination and juxtaposition. In this floral bower sat Miss Emily Harper in costume as "Lady Washington," surrounded by attendants and the observed of all observers. From the galleries and on the walls hung festooned flags, and the many colors and curious designs of these gave a rich variety to the other beauties of the scene.

THE MAIN AUDITORIUM.

The three entrance doors to the music hall from the lobby being open, there was uninterrupted communication with the main auditorium, where the orchestra seats were floored over even with the stage and the orchestra circle of seats. In the centre of this temporary floor, immediately beneath the great chandelier, was the miniature brigantine, the "Peggy Stewart," manned by a jolly crew of lads in white duck pantaloons and blue flannel jackets. They relieved each other in a system of watches, and threw over small caddies of tea at half a dollar a throw like good modern patriots. The names of the crew were—Captain, Fred Jenkins; mates, Frank Levering, Willie Hoffman, and Charles Gaither; sailors, Willie Williams, Chas. Spence, Charles Adams, Wilcox Jenkins, Leonce Rabillon, Grame Harrison, Nolse Strother, Johnson Poe, James Potter, Herbert Tiffany, Wm. Post, Frank Stevens, George Hodges, Edward Brown, Crawford Smith, Richard Bayard, P. Raymond, Wm. Close, Harry Harris, and Samuel Earley. The little vessel was decked with British flags and was regarded with much curiosity and interest.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT.

Soon after three o'clock the curtains rose and discovered nearly three hundred gentlemen and ladies in a rich tableau. A drawing-room of great dimensions was set in scenery, and back of that a broad stairway, leading to a piazza. To the left were George and Martha Washington on a raised dais, seated in chairs which are said to have been used in the Washington family. Ranged around the room in graceful groups were representatives of nearly all the great men and gentledames, who, in the rich dresses in vogue following the revolutionary period, were wont to attend Mrs. Washington's receptions. There walked Lafayette, in his brilliant uniform, with Miss Carey, who wore blue brocade over white satin; there sombre James Madison with the pretty Quakeress, Dolly Payne; here Charles Carroll of Carrolton, Mrs. John Adams, the Chew girls, Lady Jane Harper, Miss Custis and a hundred personages whose names will every live in American history.

The gentlemen as a rule wore gray powdered wigs, turned back from the forehead and fastened in a cue. Hats were trimmed with gold and silver lace. The coats were of velvet-and-satin, cut like court dresses of the time of George III., and the waiscoats of fancy marking descended very low. The knee breeches as a rule were very elegant, and the stockings of white, black and purple silk. The shoes were fastened with ornamental buckles. Of the ladies' dresses it is impossible to give any description, but any one who has seen pictures of full-dress assemblages and noted the high powdered head-dress and tall feathers, the square low-necked bodice, the short waist and rich brocade overskirts with trains as brilliant and shapely as a peacock's plumage, can picture such a scene with living figures, lit up by a hundred lights and the bewildering glare of colored lenses before strong calcium fuses.

In looking on the scene presented at the Academy of Music one could not but doubt whether at the veritable Martha Washington's reception there were so many beautiful ladies and so many fine looking gentlemen; or think that if the dresses and ornaments at the real party excelled those worn last night, our grandfathers and grandmothers must have been extremely extravagant. After the curtain had been up a few minutes the orchestra of forty musicians in full evening dress, with Prof. H. J. Rosewald director, commenced an old time march, and couples commenced entering the drawing-room at the rear to be received by Lady Washington. Each couple gave a card, was announced, and courtesied before Martha, who bowed her acknowledgments. This graceful and stately pantomime went on until about a hundred couples had entered, when the assemblage promenaded, holding conversations. At five o'clock the curtain fell on the court, and after visiting the tea room the greater portion of the afternoon audience departed.

THE EVENING RUSH.

At night the rush was intense, and people of experience in such matters who saw it say the audience in the Academy was the largest and most brilliant assembly that has gathered in Baltimore since the Southern Relief Fair just after the war. A squad of policemen outside directed the movements of carriages and kept back the crowd to allow unobstructed entrance. At about eight o'clock every square inch that could be stood upon was taken up, and it is safe to say that several hundred persons were unable to gain admittance. Only about 2,500 people in the house could catch a glimpse of the stage, and as there were over 5,000 people there, more than 2,000 people could not see the spectacle at all. The stairs leading to the upper circles was thronged with ladies, who sat and fanned themselves and remarked to each other how terrible it was that they could not see a thing. The steps became so crowded after a time that no one could pass up or down, and the police were called in requisition. In the aisles ladies stood on the tops of chairs and in various ways manifested a most intense desire to get a close look at the stage. A corps of ushers in charge of Mr. Herman Spilcker did all they could, but the ladies, every one of whom wanted a good seat, nearly drove them mad. There was bustle and hurry and surging in the lobbies during the entire evening, but with those who were so fortunate as to get seats or good positions inside it was different. The well-known ancient airs played by the orchestra were listened to, conversation was general, people scanned each other through opera glasses, and the assembly looked like a grand social reunion.

"CLEARING THE DECK."

About half-past eight o'clock Gen. J. S. Berry told Deputy Marshal Frey that the space where the orchestra was floored over, then filled with people, would have to be cleared. Mr. Frey, aided by Capt. Earhart, Lieut. Cadwallader and police officer Mitchell, with a rope stretched across the space, proceeded to pull the people back, for they would not go, and a boy on the Peggy Stewart shouted "clear the deck." Back went the closely packed mass of humanity, each one protesting loudly, and as they went toward the door those behind them were gradually shoved out. In clearing the side to make way for the musicians there was a stampede, and several ladies fell over two base viols, alarming the musicians. It took fifteen minutes hard work to "clear the deck," and then Mr. J. Morrison Harris, coming forward, announced that in consequence of the extraordinary success of the affair it would be repeated from five to eleven o'clock this evening.

Then the band played Washington's March, and the curtain rose on the drawing-room scene described heretofore. The ladies in the spectacle comprised several hundred of the most beautiful women in Maryland. The display of velvet and satin stuffs in costumes, rich laces, diamonds and other magnificent garniture was as superb as the collection of feminine loveliness.

THE STATELY MINUET.

The feature of the court scene at night was the dancing of the stately old fashioned minuet by over a hundred couples. The orchestra played the music as it was laid down in the opera of Don Giovanni, and the figures moved with all that preciseness and dignity and easy grace that characterized the olden time. The lights were down, candles twinkled on the mantlepiece, the same furniture Martha Washington used was there, and some of the dresses had been worn by the characters represented nearly a hundred years ago. After the minuet the figures moved about in various occupations, and the tea room became the centre of attraction to all who could get over to it.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT.

The Martha Washington of the republican court was Mrs. Tucker Carroll, and George Washington was represented by Col. Lewis, of Virginia. There was also Mr. G. T. Maris and Miss G. Jones as Mr. and Mrs. Elzey, Frank Albert as General McComb, Miss L. H. Atkinson as Friend Townsend, Miss Lillie Dunn as Miss Sindan, Horace Remington as Commodore Barney, Miss Remington as Mrs. Barney, Miss Hillen as Mrs. Brigham, Miss Kate Carroll as Ellen Carroll, and Harry Carroll as Barrister Carroll. Also the following in prominent characters:

E. C. Williams, Miss Maggie Williams, Mr. Graham, Mr. Canfield, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Annie Tiffany, Mr. Wyman, John Gill, Spot Garland, Mrs. Chancellor Bland, Mrs. John Wilson, Miss Annie Thomas, Fred. Shriver, J. Harry Lee, Miss P. Clark, Mrs. Richard Bland, Mrs. Theoditos Bland, Mr. Harris, E. Pennington and Adjutant Symington.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

There were several hundred interesting relics on exhibition, among them a level used by Washington as a surveyor; the rapier of Colonel Tarlton, surrendered to Gen. John Eager Howard at Cowpens; table used by Lafayette, now in possession of D. T. Courtney; portrait of Washington by Sharpless, and articles of Martha Washington's wardrobe, from Mrs. Geo. Goldsborough; silver tea service, 240 years old, from J. S. Berry; chair in which Washington was inaugurated, from Mrs. Dennis, and many more, including miniatures, manuscript, autographs, snuff boxes, jewels, &c. The tea party, which is for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Association, Poor Association, and Home of the Friendless, will be continued this evening.

[From Harper's Bazaar.]

JOHNNY ON SKATES.

Billy may say wot he likes about its nice to drop a piece of ice down Mary, thats the house mades, back wen she aint a lookin, but Ime a goin in for warm whether agin, thats how it is! I like sno bollin wel enuf wen it is plade fair and dont hit me on the nose, wack, and I like to see slays run over a dog and make him yel and say hooray, and I wude like skatin if I cude stand up on em, and make like a S, and not set down til I got done, but give me a worm day with a overcote and mufflers! Their was a young lady wich was a bein tot to skate by her young man, and he said wy dont you keep your feets clocer to gather, I never see such a letter A. That girl she was furius like any thing, and she set down to take off her skates and he wonted to help, but she wudent let him tuch her, and wen she was gon he said to hisself I have been a studdyin the picture alfabet, and I got as far as letter B.—And that feller he never got no further, but I can say em ol backwards.

Did you ever here about that feller wich was a skatin were they was lots of fokes a skatin too, and his heels flue up and he set down offel hard? Then he thot he wude she he diddent care so he set stil and lit his pipe and tride to be funny like he had set down a purpus, but wen his pipe was out he enddent git up, cose he was frose fas. He tuke of his skats, but no use, he cudent git his feets under him, and ol the girls was a round him, a gigglin, and his wife, wich was a big woman, she come up be hine him, and she said wot a shame, and she tuke him by the coller and puld as hard as ever she cude pul, but the fellers braces they broke, and he was dron out of his trowsers, so much for tryin to sho of! That feller he was one of them editers wich has been a steelin my stories and printin em like they had rote em their own selfs, but I dont think they wil thisn.

There aint no country like this for skates, the first thing a boy bys is a skate and wen he gits bigger and has more money he bys a other one, and girls too. And wen the first frost comes every boddy takes their skates and goes and stands a round a pond, a waitin for the ice so they can go on it and git drownded, but it is only very ole man like Gaffer Peters wich has ever lern to skate wel enuf to drownd theirselfs gracefle.—Uncle Ned he says skatin is our nationle pastime cos we passes ol our time a witing we cude get a chance to. He says once they was a ole man, and he was a cryin like his heart was broke, and the dokter come and said wot was the matter, take a pil. But the ole man he said no, it was just he was a ruin man, so the dokter he said take two pils. Then the ole man he said it aint that, wot ales me is blasted hopes and wasted oppery tune it is, and then the dokter he said O, thats it, then you must have xercise, git a pair of skates to once.—Wen the dokter had said this the ole man he stude up and luke at the dokter and said away, you have come to tont me, for its them skates done it, wen I was little I bot a pair and Ive kep em, but no gude ice yet, and Ive been a countin it up, and I fine that if I had put the money out to interest I wude be rich man, a livin in a villy at the North Pole were it is gude skatin ol the year roun, avont! Wen that ole man had said so he throde his feets out rite and lef, like he was a skatin, and come down plump, and pusht his fingers up thru his hair, wich made it stan out, and said ha, ha, and ganashed his teeths! Then the dockter he bakt of, and shaked his hed, and said take a black draf.

A man wich hed all ways live were it is worm whether, he come North to see a frend and his frend shode him a pair of skates, and he ast, the man did, wot they wos for, and wen he was tole they was for the feets, in the winter, he said they shude think they wude be cold. Then his frend said not if you went real fas, and the man said how cude any boddy walck fas with them sharp things on their feets, he wude like to no, and wen he was tole it was easy on ice he said this is a carryin a joke a little too far, do you think I'me a fool, you mite walck a ittle with em in gravyle, were they wudent slip, but on ice is jus were yude brake your neck in a minnit, you got to a polly gise.

So thats ol I kano a bout skatin, but wen it comes to makin a sno man Ime gude at that bisiness, I can tel you, but no nose on him, cos it wudent stick. That one me and Billy made yesterday my mother she come to see it, and she said where was its nose, and Billy said O, wen he comes out he leaves it to home, cos it wude get cole and pain him, but wen ever he wants to blo it Johnny he gose and fetches. Then my mother she only said wy, William! Thats a bout ol wimmins can say when they is flored.—My mother is offle nice wen you come to no her, but Mary the house made has got a lam toe.

Last nite wen Uncle Ned come home it was dark, and I was hid under a bush to see if he wude be a frade of the sno man, wich he hadden saw, for it was rite by the wok were he wude have to pas, and wen he come in the gate he was a wislin, some thing from Don Jo Vanny, but wen he see the sno man he stude still and forgot wot was the tune. Then he luked a long wile and then he went up cloce and said bless my sole, I thot it was a sno man, but its a gost, some body has tuke the sno man a way, and this offle thing standin rite in the same place, its jes like the one I see in Injy once wich et little boys, wot fritfle eyes! Then Uncle Ned he turnd and woked out agin thru the gate, he was so scared, and I was lef all a lone and wen I luked at the sno man it didden seem like the same and I thot it moved, and I hollered like every thing, cos I was friten most to deth, and ol the fokes come out of the house to see wot was up. Wen was ol in doors, and Uncle Ned too, he begun to laf at me, but wen I tole em how he had run away his own self he shet up mity quick I can tel you.

And now Ile tel you a litle story. One day when Mister Gipple was to our house, which has traveled in Affrica, he was a tellin me about the ostriches, and how offle big they was. My mother she come in the room, and she thot he said oysters, so she said was they as delicate flavour as the natiffs, meanin the natiff oysters. Then Mr. Gipple he got red in the face, like a beet root, and he said I am a stonish, Madem, at your question, I have often et ostriches in Affrica, and its true I was once compell by hunger to eat two or three of the natiffs, but I cant imagin who tole you, nor wy you mention it. And then Mister Gipple tuke his hat and went away offle angry, but my mother she said let him go if he et nigge-s, the notty notty man!

A Yankee Courtship.

Well, you see, arter the "poker" scrape, me and Sal got along middle'n well for some time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, for I loved her harder and harder every day, and I had an idea that she had a sorter sneakin kindness for me, but how to dew the thing up right pestered me orful. I got some luv books and read how fellers got down on their narrows and talked like parrots, and the gals they would go inter a sort of trance, and then how they would gently fall into the feller's arms, but some how that way didn't suit my notion. I asked marm how dad courted her, but she said it had been so long that she had forgot all about it. (Unkle Joe allers says that marm done all the courtin'.) At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for the thing was fairly consumin' my innerds. So I goes over to her daddy's and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinking how I should begin.—Sal she sed sumthin' was a troublin' me, and sez she—

'Ain't you sick, Peter?'

'Yes—no,' sez I; 'that is, I ain't exactly well. I thought I'd come over tonight,' sez I. That's a mighty putty beginning, anyhow, thinks I, so I tried again. 'Sal,' sez I, and about this time I felt mighty fainty and oneasy about the squizerinctum.

'What!' sez Sal.

'Sal,' sez I agin'.

'What!' sez she.

'I'll get to it arter awhile at this lick,' thinks I.

'Peter,' sez she, 'ther's sumthin' a troublin' you powerful, I no. Its mity wrong for you tew keep it from a body, for a innerd sorrow is a consumin' fire.'

She sed this, she did, the dear, sly creeter.—She nood what was the matter all the time, mity well, and was just tryin' to fish it out, but I was gone so far I didnt see the pint. At last I kinder sorter gulped down the lump as was raising in my throat, and sez I—'Sal, does you luv everybody?'

Well, says she, thars dad and marm, and (counting her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shut, like a feller shooting off a gun,) and thars old Pide, (that were an old cow of hern,) I cant think of anybody else jist now, sez she.

Now this wur orful for a feller ded in luv, so arter awhile I tries another shute.

Sez I—Sal, I am powerful lonesum, and I sometimes think if I only had a putty wife to luv and to talk to, and to move and have my being with, I should be a tremendous feller. With that she began and named over all the gals within five miles of thar, and never wunst came nigh naming herself, and sed I orter get one of them. That sorter got my dander up, and so I hitched my cheer close up to hern, and shet my eyes, and trembalously sed—Sal, you are the very gal I've been hankering after a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your hed to the foot of your crown, and I don't care who knows it; and if you say so we will be jined in the holy bonds of matrimony, eplurbus unum, world without end, sez I, and I felt like I had thrown up an alligatur, I felt so releaved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile she sez, sez she—Peter!

What is it, Sally? sez I.

Yes! sez she, a hiding ov her putty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it, I felt orful good.

Glory! glory! sez I. "I must holler, Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hooray for Hooray. I kin jump over a ten rale fence. I can do everything that any fellow could, would or orter do. With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and clenched the bargain with a kiss—and such a kiss—talk about yer sugar—talk about yer melasses—talk about yer black berry jam—you could not have got me to come nigh them, they would all tasted sour arter that. Ef Sal's daddy hadn't hollered out its time for all onest folks to be in bed, I do believe I'd staid there all night. Yer orter seed me when I got hum. I pulled dad outer bed and hugged him—I pulled marm outer bed and hugged her. I pulled the nigger servant outer bed and hugged her. I roared, I hollered, I danced and cut up more capers than you ever heard tell ov, till dad thot I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. Dad, sez I, I am gwine to go for to get married.

Married! balled dad.
Married! squalled marm.
Married! squeaked aunt Jane.

Yes, married! sez I. Married all over; jined in wedlock, hooked on for woser or for better, for life or for death, to Sal; I am that very thing; me Peter Sporum, Esquire. With that I up and telled them all about it from Alpher to Omeger. They were all mity pleased and mity willing. I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

O Jehofifat! didnt I feel tremendous good, and kept getting that way all nite. I didnt sleep a wink, but kept rolling about and a thinking till my cup of happiness was full, pressed down and a running over.

[Montana New Northwest.]

FIFTY-SIX BELOW.

WINTER IN THE NORTHWEST—QUICKSILVER AS HARD AS A ROCK.

A country correspondent says: "Your favor of the 10th of January is at hand, and inquiries answered herewith. On the evening of January 8, several persons being in my store, and the spirit thermometer registering '35 below,' the remark was made that quicksilver would congeal at three degrees lower. I requested my clerk, Mr. Stolte, to thoroughly cleanse a tumbler and partially fill it with quicksilver. We then exposed the glass of mercury and the spirit thermometer on the roof of the fire-proof on the north side of the store, giving them as nearly equal exposure as possible. An hour after the thermometer marked 38 degrees below zero, but the quicksilver still remained unchanged. At 9.20 P. M. the thermometer stood 40 below; still the quicksilver was live, but terribly cold. At 9.40 P. M. the spirit indicated 41 below; the quicksilver was hardening on the outside. A few minutes later the thermometer stood 42 below. I picked up the tumbler of quicksilver, and, to my astonishment, found it completely solidified—as hard as a rock. I carried it into the store, and several persons examined it, it remaining in that condition for some time before it showed life. On January 10, at 11 P. M., the thermometer stood at 35 below; January 11, at 7 A. M., 44 below; January 11, 9 P. M., 36 below. On the evening of January the 8, the evening above mentioned, at 10-30 P. M., the register was 45 below. This is the coldest weather we have had." Under date of January 14, the correspondent adds the following news, expressed in the peculiar style of the West: "Jack Frost held the best hand last night, and played it as follows: At 9 45 P. M., the thermometer stood at 50 below; at 10.30 P. M., 54 below; at 11.30 P. M., 56 below." The weather locals of the northwest make up an interesting collection. The following are specimens: "As the stage came through Blackfort on Tuesday evening, nobody could tell how cold it was; all the thermometers were frozen. The *Independent* of Thursday contains an account of the freezing to death of four Chinamen going down the gulch below town." "The worst disgusted man in Deer Lodge this winter is Grenville Stuart, the most careful thermometrical observer in Montana. Anticipating a possible spell of weather that the mercurial thermometer would be inadequate to record, he sent to New York for a fine spirit thermometer, for which he was charged a spirited price. It arrived in good season, but on examining it, it was found to be only graduated to 30 degrees below zero. He says it is a good enough summer thermometer, but it isn't calculated for this kind of a winter." The mean temperature in Kansas, during the month of January, was only 14 degrees above zero, which is 8 degrees colder than the mean temperature for eleven years previous.

"THE GALAXY" for March, though rather overloaded with serials, contains several short articles of such striking interest that the new number quite reaches in attractiveness the usual high standard of the magazine. The first article that claims our attention is a sketch of the extraordinary madness, which, originating in the old town of Salem in the year 1692, produced a reign of terror throughout New England, and brought many innocent victims to the gallows under the charge of witchcraft. The article is a graphic picture of the people and religion of those days, and as it is made up from the original records and presented in a concise form, it is a valuable contribution to American history.

Another attractive article is Miss Wager's sketch of Rachel Varnhagen Von Ense, one of the most brilliant women of Germany, whose salon in Berlin was the resort of the most distinguished men and women of Europe during the early years of the present century. An article on "Absolute Music," by Richard Grant White, will be read with great pleasure by students and amateurs of the divine art. Mr. Richard B. Kimball contributes an article upon specie payments, similar in treatment to his financial articles of last year which were so popular.

The most novel and attractive article of the number is entitled "A Leaf from Unwritten History," and unfolds to the reader the relations of Napoleon the Great and the famous Italian Sculptor Canova, who received, unmoved, the most flattering overtures from the Emperor, and though yielding reluctantly to the invitation which summoned him to Paris, he persistently retained his intense loyalty to Italy, and his conversations with the great conqueror are marked with a frank independence which the genius Napoleon would have permitted to no man but the genius Canova. A curious tale follows, entitled "A Rainy Day at Mt. Desert." There are several good poems, and finally the number closes with the usual departments of science, literature and current gossip.

A Turkish banker in Paris is building himself a stunning hotel that is even making Paris talk. Madam's suite of apartments is already finished, and said to be beyond anything ever dreamed of by a Lais or a "Vathek." The walls of the *cabinet de toilette* are covered with Louis XVI. cretonnes, and the ceiling is formed by the same material, drawn into the centre in the shape of an immense sun. From the middle hangs a night lamp of Bohemian glass and Venitian gold. On one side of the room is a washing toilette with a marble top, two yards and a half in length, completely fitted out with all that an *elegante* can require. A wardrobe is placed opposite, with three compartments and three mirrors for doors. The centre is false, and opens into the bath room, which is a wonder of convenience, luxury and artistic elegance. The bath tub is of Carrara marble, and the carving, the inlaid woods, brought from Constantinople, and the tinted porcelain bricks wainscoting the apartments, are pronounced of the purest taste. There are Turkish baths, Scottish baths, and baths pure and simple in this gem of a room. The bedroom and oratory are equally perfect in design. The mounting are of the most exquisite [illegible].