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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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME 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. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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.

ORANGES, Lemons, Cocoanuts, &c., just opened at
apr 8 DAWSON & BRO'S.

Onion Seed.

A FRESH supply of *prime White* or *Silver-skin Onion Seed*, just received and for sale at *reduced* price by
apr 8 DAWSON & BRO.

FASHIONABLE
SPRING & SUMMER
Millinery & Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. A. MASON has just returned from the city with her usual variety of Millinery and Fancy Goods, which he will be pleased to show to her customers and the public generally. She particularly invites her Lady customers and the Ladies generally to her opening of new Bonnets on next Saturday, the 15th and Tuesday, the 18th.
apr 8-6t

READY FOR
CHRISTMAS.

THE subscriber takes this method to return his sincere thanks to his friends and customers generally for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, would again inform them that he has just returned from the city with a well selected stock of Goods for the
CHRISTMAS HOLLYDAYS.
As the subscriber has been in business so long, and my business so generally known, I deem it not necessary to enumenarate the articles.
You will please call early, and see my great variety of Goods usually kept by me.
The public's ob't. ser't.,
dec 24 CHARLES ROBINSON.

Large Stock of Carpetings.

My large Stock of
Brussels,
Three-Ply,
Ingrain,
Cottage, &
Rag
CARPETS,
WINDOW SHADES, &c., will be sold at *greatly reduced prices.* Call and examine quality and price of goods, *and you will save money.*
J. T. DELACROIX,
No. 37 South second street,
mar 25-3m above Chesnut, Philadelphia.

National Stove Works.

Cooking Stoves,
Niagara Cook,
Pennsylvania,
Premium,
Planter,
Virginia,
Old Dominion—Improved, with a large variety of other first class Cooking and Heating Stoves, Farmers' Boilers, Cauldron Kettles, Wash Kettles, &c.
All Cook Stoves sold by this House guaranteed to give satisfaction. For sale at lowest cash prices by EDMUND WOLF,
N. E. Cor. Lombard and Light Sts.,
mar 25 6m Baltimore, Md.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

TASKER & CLARK,
STILL continue to manufacture those MANURES, which for the last seven or eight years have given such general satisfaction to those who have used them; we refer to the
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
made from finely ground Bones, Peruvian Guano, and other Fertilizing Ingredients—and sold at the rate of $65 00 per ton of 2000 lbs. Also for the MEAT and BONE COMPOST, from refuse Meat, Bone and other offal at the slaughter house—Price $40 00 per ton.
N. B.—A superior article of BONE DUST, market prices. Address,
TASKER & CLARK,
W. Cor., Eighth and Washington Sts.,
mar 25-3m Philadelphia.

NATIONAL SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME & CHEMICAL FERTILZERS—
THE National Super Phosphate, has been thoroughly tested by Practical Farmers and reliable Agriculturalists and has proved to be the purest and best Fertilizer in the market; free from adulteration; speedy and durable in effect. Price $65, per 2000 lbs. National Compost—A cheap and reliable Manure for Grass, Corn and Vegetables generally, and especially adapted for Tobacco and Sorghum. Price $50 per 2000 lbs.
Special Manures, of Fish, Meat, Bone, Hair &c., made to order.
Dealers will find it to their interest to give these articles their attention!
JAMES H. STEPHENSON,
No. 132 South Second street,
mar 25-1y Philadelphia.

NEW GOODS.

A. & J. EDWARDS

HAVING just returned from the city of New York wishes to inform their customers and the public generally that they are selling goods cheaper than they can be bought either here or in the city of Baltimore.
They have just opened a large stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, which they can offer at a very small advance. Selling the best quality.
Calicoes at 28 cents per yard.
Muslins, bleached and unbleached, yard wide from 25 to 40 cents.
Merinos $1 25 per yard. Spool Cotton 10 cents.
Ladies' Cotton Hose 30 cents, Gentlemen's do. 25 cents. Ladies' kid Gloves $1 50 per pair.—Hats and caps at various prices, and many other articles in this line too numerous to mention.
We would call the attention of the public more particularly to our new stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes.
Those desiring to purchase anything in our line would do well to give us an early call and we think that we can suit them both in the quality and price of our goods. [feb 25

Fertilizers.

MORO PHILLIP'S Baltimore Company's and Wilson's Ammoniated Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammoniated Pacific, Fish Guano, and Whitelock's Fertilizer and all other standard Fertilizers for sale at manufacturers prices by
apr 8 tf E. T. LEONARD.

GONE.

Ah no more, like ancient Israel,
Shall a living nation say,
"We have Abraham for our father,"
Lord, be with us in this day!

Gone the hand that would have moulded
All the fragments in accord,
And from shattered blocks rebuilded
The temple of our Lord!

Under this vast sorrow's shadow
All our glory seems but dross,
As we gaze at one another
With an awful sense of loss.

When creation in perfection
Lay before its Maker's gaze,
He but called "good," as holding
That the highest, truest praise.

Thus from faltering lips and voices
Our sad cry goes up this day,
Not, "how are the mighty fallen,"
But—"the good has passed away."

For the Easton Gazette.

The Bed of Violets.

* * * "God sees through all the earth,
The sense of all the grave" * * *

How softening is the influence of the Spring upon the heart, rendering it susceptible to the tenderist impulses, as if the warm, penetrating rays of the sun could thaw the coldness of the icliest bosom and make the kind and genial hearted yet more loving. Yet this sweet season, though bringing with it fresh impulses and motives for existence, therefore enlivening usually the general being, is a very sad time to me.—The sight of creation bursting into new life with all its thousandfold variety and richness, reminds me most painfully of those that looked upon the last opening of the Spring with equal joy as mine, yet who found their tomb before the flowers, no more to wake as they when the vernal sun should call them to burst into new life. The flowers had died, the winter had buried them under its snowy windingsheet, and now the swelling vegetation is bursting forth again, but the eyes that smiled at their innocent beauty and the poor hearts that gladdened at the sight of the lonely, lovely little heralds of the Spring, do not behold them now. They lie very deep, closed on the moldering cheek and heed neither sun nor flowers in that dark, narrow abode.—God grant, I weep, that they may be smiling at the flowers imperishable in the sun shine of eternal day.

While musing thus and walking in the little courtyard surrounded by the high walls of the town, where only a few peach blossoms, some leaves springing around the borders indicating where the flowers would be at a future day, and the tender green grass I was treading, gave indications of the beauty of the season, my eye caught for the first time a little cluster of violets growing in a corner. At first I was surprised not knowing that there were any there, but a sudden rememberance flashed across my mind—I remembered where I had heard of those violets before and turned away to weep as I thought of whose poor hand had planted them, whose sad eye had watched for their blossoming with such childish eagerness. The affection of a lonely heart that had little—alas! to love, was lavished on that humble bed of flowers.

Hers was a sad tale. Those who scorn my story and its heroine may turn from it with disdain and cast their glances over things more congenial; it was not written for the cold and unfeeling, only for those whose gentle hearts can sympathize with sorrow wherever found, in the breast even of the lowest.

She was one of the humblest of God's creatures—a poor black with scarcely the intellect usually allotted to her race, and in her appearance all their characterising features were peculiarly prominent; the dull, heavy eye that seldom betrayed emotion of any kind, the flattened nostrils and thick lips. Apparently she was almost devoid of feeling, so that few perceived the heart was capable of sensibility, as susceptible of love and tenderness as those far more favored ley nature, that the poor benighted mind where the light of reason had scarcely penetrated, was capable of drawing distinctions and receiving preceptions to a degree that none would have suspected.

They passed her by, as we do many thousand others like her, without taking the pains to find out whether they are sorrowul or happy, well or badly treated. So few paused to notice her, or to bestow a passing thought upon the humble, quiet creature, that did their biddings when she came in their way; so humble that the slightest consideration would have been like a cup of cold water to the weary, parched traveler. Yet for those who did notice her, who would give her a kind word or a little present, she conceived the most unbounded affection, showing them by many litle deeds of attention, such as were in her humble power to bestow, thus rewarding them a thousandfold for the chance kindness. How she grieved and pine in secret when they were grieved, and sickened when they died, or rejoiced over the happiness that she knew so little of by experience when she heard that they were gladened by good news.—There was a world of feeling concealed under that stupidly passive demeanor, and a treasury of remembrance in the clouded intellect, that few would have perceived as existing there.

I know not who it is, but her history touches me as none other could. The thought of the poor dark face that I miss so sadly, and the coarse rough hands that tended me so willingly, will bring the bitter tears to my eyes, when no sentimental image of beauty pining away in a luxurant chamber, or death-bed scenes where the loved one passes from earth, surrounded by weeping friends, is mourned for through life and retained a place in each grieving heart, over whom "the storied urn," or monumental bust is erected, even kept in honored, affectionate remembrance.

No, I can read, can know intimately of all this with a dry eye and a heart little ruffled by sorrow for those who are mourned so extensively. My pity and sympathy is reserved chiefly for the unfortunate; for those, who, scarcely thought of, lightly passed away from the place that had known then, for whom there are few to care and none to weep, and others taking their places ere their corpses are cold in the ground, they are immediately forgotten. Let me not be thought hard hearted. I feel kindly towards all, but to these my heart turns with singular warmth and a sympathy that nothing else can arouse to the same degree.

Her life must have been almost unhappy one;—there was not a plesant circumstance connected with it, scarcely a redeeming feature in her mere existence. As there was nothing to brighten her, her demeanor was ever dull and impassive. With no motive for arousing herself and no object in existence, she always moved about with a dull, heavy step and a lack of almost every appearance of life. They called her stupid and stubborn and roughly drove her hither and thither, without meaning to be as cruel as they were. The family she lived with more bustling, active people, with high, passionate tempers, and without intending to be so unkind, they had no patience with the inferior intellect that would have brightened under gentle, patient teaching. The slow, heavy step might have quickened into life and animation under the influence of kindness and an encouraging word given accidentally.

It was one beautiful April morning, and her face recovering from the sullen expression it had assumed after a sharp word from her mistress in passing, was all beaming with smiles, when she entered the room where I was, and laid a bunch of violets in my hand.

It was her all, her little treasure, and it afforded her infinite happiness to give them to me.—It was all she had to give in the world and I prized them more than the most splendid present I could have received. I thanked her for them and smiled, yet I grieve now that I was not even more pleased and hope that there was no disappointment mingled with her joy in presenting them to me. Poor child! whatever of happiness you could feel, I trust that it was enjoyed to the utmost.

She had been watching for her flowers for some days, eagerly desirous of their appearance and these, the first that had perfumed the little border, she had culled and brought to me. It had given her so much delight to part with her little treasure—and this had been the anticipated joy weeks—the moment when she would lay the poor little tribute of affection and gratitude in my hand. Gratitude for what? for a kind word and smile occasionally, or a little present, and her face beamed with pleasure and animation as I had never seen it before. Oh! the power of a kind word to those who seldom get them, none but them can tell. Yet they are so easily bestowed, a blessing within the power of every one. As the dew on the thirsty plant will rise again in vapor to the heaven that sent it, so will gentle words to such as these ascend as a prayer from their hearts to the God who is love itself to be garnered in the treasures above where Jesus receives them to be placed as jewels in the crown of the donor.

The flowers are blooming there, sole moments of her existance, but where is she, who planted and tended and watched over them so lovingly? Her fellow creatures, by whom she was hardly regarded as such, loved her not, but God did and He took her from a world that had so little room for her. He took her and placed her where I fervently trust she is happier.

She pined and sickend, lagging about with a duller, slower step than ever, saying nothing of her sufferings, yet going when they drove her to her tasks, calling her more stupid and obstinate day by day as her strength decreased and she was failing under her work, like a beast of burden urged on by cruel drivers and, driven at last to make an expiring effort; rises but to fall down dead after the last exertion.

So this fellow creature of ours died, dropped from her place which knew her no more, and the little mound of earth in a field alone tells that she ever lived. Ah! yes, the God that made her knows, and in my heart her place be kept warm forever.

I remember her sickness well. She could go no longer as was her want, and I could see her setting on the steps when alone, leaning a heavy head on her hand. The cross fat, quarlesome cook would see her thus, and rate her with loud angry tone and vicious, snapping eyes for being so lazy, and drive her from her seat. I could see her rise to do as she was bid but soon the heavy steps would lag again, and the poor sick head would seek a resting place.

She did not murmer, and told no one of her sickness, so I repeat that they were not intentionally cruel. But she gave up at last and sank upon her humble bed, to rise no more till she was forcibly removed to a long, last home.—Poor child! the heavy tears are falling now when I think of that last scene, and my heart swells with unuterable emotion.

She was delerious and her eyes had a wild, scared look in them, as she started up and threw herself about the bed. She fancied herself with those whom she had lived with as a little child, and spake to them in pitiful accents that wrung my heart with anguish. The gaze of the startled eyes was fixed far away, as if it sough at home it had never seen on earth, when she would rise with a sudden impulse and talk to some imaginary person she seemed to see far beyond the window. Did the angels whisper to her a loving message from the Father to quiet her restlessness and bid her go to sleep, that He might take her, his poor, despised creature above, to be placed where those who had rendered existence a misery would not? God knows, but she sank away towards daylight.—The restless tossings ceased, the painful moanings grew less frequent, the head fell back restlessly when I tried to force the medicine between the clinched teeth. The heart rending, beseeching voice ceased, and the eyes grew less wistful as the soul died out from them. The heart beat slowly and more slowly, the pulse lowe and more low. The last struggle came and with a few contulsive quiverings all was over. All over! Oh! my Father, do such as these cry to thee in vain? The unremembered millions of Thy children perishing for kindness, for the refreshing dew of loving words, is it not so that thou carest for them? Yea, I believe I *know* that Thou dost. Then accept my love and prayers for the poor castaways, whenever found and of whatever race or color!

The light in the eyes had gone out. I closed them, wondering if the poor, benighted mind within was irradiated with His presence, and sobbing with a grief that the decease of the dearest friend could not have aroused, I folded the hands that had brought the flowers, wetting them with bitter tears, as I thought of her innocent pleasure, almost the only one of her miserable life, disposing her decently to rest.

They carried her to a field where others of our race reposed already, and left her there to mingle with the clod from which it would soon be indistinguishable. But from that lowly grave there speaks to me a voice, a pitiful wail to which my ears can never be deaf, nor my heart untouched at the mention of her humble name.

The Late President and the New President.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, Feburary 12, 1809, and consequently, at the time of his death, was in his fifty-seventh year. When he was eight years of age his father removed to Spencer county, Indiana, then an almost uninhabited wilderness. Here young Lincoln obtained his education, by industry and perseverence, almost unaided by tutors. In 1830 his father removed to Decatur Illinois. In 1832 Mr. Lincoln raised a company for the Black Hawk war, and was made captain. After his military service was over he entered into business for himself, but did not succeed, and in 1834 commenced his political career in the Legislatuere.

After his first term expired he studied law; in 1836 was admitted to practice, and in April, 1837 removed to Springfield and commenced business in partnership with John T. Stewart. He was three times elected to the Legislature and then remained six years in private life. In 1844 he took his seat in Congress as the only Whig Representative from Illinois. In 1848 Mr. Lincoln canvassed his State for General Taylor. In 1849 he was the Whig candidate for United States Senator, but did not succeed. He took an active part in the political campaign of 1854, stumping the State against Mr. Douglas. 1858 the State Convention nominated Mr. Lincoln for United States Senator. He was defeated by Mr. Douglas. In 1860 he was nominated, May 16, at Chicago, for President of the United States, and was elected November 6.—On his arrival at Harrisburg a plot for his assassination, as he passed through Baltimore, was discovered, and he reached Washington in disguise. He was inaugurated March 4. 1861.—He was re-elected November 8, 1864 and re-inaugurated March 4, 1865. Just when peace was dawning upon his country; just as he was about to enjoy the fruits of a wise administration of affairs, on the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Sumter, he falls by the hand of an assassin, and died on the morning of the 14th, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock.

ANDREW JOHNSON,

Vice President of the United States—who now, by the provision of the Constitution, becomes President—was born in Raleigh, N. C., December 29, 1808. At the age of four he lost his father, at ten he was apprenticed to a tailor, whom he served seven years. While learning his trade he also learned to read, and is emphatically, as was his lamented predecessor, a self-taught man, and of plobeian origan. In 1824 he went to Laurens Court House, S. C., where he worked nearly two years. In May, 1826, he returned to Raleigh, where he remained until September, when he removed to Greenville, Tenn. The first office he ever held was that of Alderman of the village. He was re-elected twice, and in 1830 was chosen Mayor. In 1835 he was elected to the Legislature, in 1837 was defeated, and in 1839 was re-elected. In 1840 he served as Persidential elector and canvassed the State for the Democratic ticket. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1843 was sent to Congress, where he served until 1853. In that year he was elected Governor of Tennessee and again in 1855. He was in 1857 chosen United States Senator for the full term ending March 4, 1863. When Nashville was captured by our forces in the spring of 1862, he was made Military Governor of the State by the President. November 8, 1864, he was elected Vice President, and succeeded to the Presidency by the death of President Lincoln April 15, 1865.

THE ASSASSIN.

Details of Booth's Death.

Additional details, but few new facts, are given in relation to the death of Booth, the assassin and Harold, his accomplice. We give all that appears of special interist:

How Booth was Tracked.

At twenty-five minutes past four o'clock on Monday afternoon this force left the Sixth street wharf in the steamer Ida. They were directed that when they arrived at the leading place—Belle Plain—they should shove or swim their horses to the shore, if they could not make a landing, for they mus t have the horses on land. That night the party went down the river four miles, but heard nothing satisfactory. They finally at daylight brought up below Port Royal some miles. They returned, finding no trace of the criminals till they got to Port Royal Ferry. Lieutenant Baker rode up, found the ferryman, and made inqueries. The ferryman stoutly denied having seen any such persons as those described. Lieutenant Baker throttled him and threatened him, yet he denied any knowledge o the persons sought. By the side of the ferryman a negro was sitting. Lieutenant Baker pressed a likeness of Booth and Herald. The negro looking at these exclaimed: "Wy Massa, them's the gentlemen we brought across the river 'yesterday." The ferryman then admitted that he had brought Booth and Herald over the river in his boat. The cavalry was started off, and went fourteen miles beyond Garrett's place. There they met a negro who said he saw two men setting on Garrett's poarch that afternoon. The description of one accorded with that of Booth. Lieut. Baker and his party returned to Garrett's house. Garrett denied that the two men had been there. Baker threatend to shoot him if he did not tell the truth. Garrett's son thereupon came out of the house, and said the two men were in the barn. The barn was at once surrounded.

The barn was locked on the outside of the main entrance, but there were side entrances, the doors of which were hasped on the inside and under the control of the criminals.

Booth at Bay.

Young Garrett unlocked the door of the barn and entered, but on approaching Booth, who at that time appears to have been laying in the hay the latter called out to Garrett: "Get away from here! you have betrayed me!" and Garett states that Booth then threttened to shoot him, upon which he beat a retreat.

Booth then called out to Lieutenant Baker, "What do you want?"

Lieutenant Baker—"I want you!"

Booth—"Who are you, and what do you want of me?"

Baker—"We are here to make you a prisoner. We know who you are. I will give you five minutes to surrender. If you do not give yourself up in that time I will set the barn on fire.

Booth—"That's a hard case. Who are you? Perhaps I am being taken by my friends."

Baker—"It makes no difference who I am.—You must surrender your arms and come out of that.

Booth—"I am lame, with only one leg. Give me some show for my life. Withdraw your men fifty yards from the door and I'll come out and fight you."

"Baker—"We didn't come here to fight you, but to take your prisoner and we will take you, dead or alive."

Booth—"Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me! I could have picked off half a dozen of your men if I had wished. I had two or three chances to shoot you yourself, but I don't wish to kill any body."

Baker—"Well, we've talked as long as we can about this. If you mean to come out do it."

At this moment an altercation was heard going on between Booth and Harrold. What Harrold said, as he spoke in a low tone, could not be heard, but it was evidently an intimation to Booth of his purpose to surrender, from Booth's angry exclamation:

"You d—d coward! Would you leave me now?—Go! go! I wouldn't have you stay."

Booth then called out to Lieutenant Baker, "There is a man inside here who wants to go out."

Baker—"Let him bring his arms and come out."

Harrold then came forward and said "Open the door and I'll surrender."

Baker—"Hand out your arms."

Harrold—"I haven't any."

Baker—"You carried the carbine; bring it out."

Booth—"Gentlemen he hasn't arms. I have them, they are mine."

Baker—"He carried arms, and he must bring them out."

Booth—"Upon the word and honor of a gentleman the arms are with me, and they are mine."

Col. Conger here, to cut the matter short, ordered Harrold to be taken out, and he was handcuffed and tied securely to a tree in the vicinity.

The Death of Booth.

After Booth was shot Col. Conger and Lieut. Baker rushed into the burning building and bore out the body of the dying criminal, laying him first on the grass in front of the barn.

He was then taken to the poarch of the house and a physician was sent for at Port Royal, who on his arrival, promptly decided that his case was hopeless.

Booth appeared particularly anxious that his high-sounding phrase about dying for his country should not be lost, and repeated to Lieut. Baker what he had said to Col. Conger, adding, "I thought I did what was for the best," and soon after exclaimed, "Kill me! kill me!"

He then asked to be turned on his face. He was told that it would not be possible for him to lie in that position, and he was placed on his side. Being still restless, he was turned upon the other side. He then asked Conger to press his hand on his throat—hard—after which he made exertions to cough.

He was now paralyzed, with no muscular action save in the throat. He could utter no audible words, but made motions for drink, &c., which was given him.

He now began to sink rapidly and die a great physical pain, and the torments of the damed upon his soul, at ten minutes past seven, having been shot at fifteen minutes past three in the morning.

Thus miserably perished the most attrocious criminal that the world ever knew!

The ball entered two inches below the left ear, coming out an inch and a half higher under the opposite ear, the ball passing through the coat collar and clipping the shirt collar. It barely touched the spinal column.

Booth stood sideways to Corbett when the latter fired, and in a higher position, causing the ball to ascend in its track.

After Booth's death the body was placed in a blanket and put in a farm wagon, with broken top and negro driver, and thus conveyed to Belle Plain:

Harrold was secured on a horse, with his feet tied under the horse's belley, and taken to the point, from whence, as we stated yesterday, they were brought up to the Navy Yard.

It seems that Booth reached Garrett's on Monday, having crossed the Rappahannock at 1 P. M. of that day, and riding thence to Garrett's three miles distant. Booth gave his name to the Garrett's as Boyd and claimed to be a Marylander.

Garrett's house is some three hundred yards from the road, and the barn is (or rather was) some sixty yards back of the house. The house is a two story frame, and, like most Virginia houses, has a number of out-buildings, carriag-house, corn-crib, &c., &c.

The inmates of the house appeared to be the three Garretts and two or three women, with several negro servants.

The Remains.

Very great curiosity prevails as to the disposition to be made of the remains of Booth, but it seems the authorities are not inclined to give his wretched carcass the honor of meeting public gaze, and it will probably be deposited in whatever place promises the most utter obscurity for them.

Yesterday a photographic view of the body was taken before it was removed from the Monitor.

It was then placed in an ordinary gray army blanket, in which it was sewed up. A plain casket shaped box, measuring six feet by two, had been previously made in the joiners' shop for the remains, but this was not used.

The Identification and Autopsy of Booth.

The legal identification of the body of Booth, the assassin, took place, and an autopsy of the body was held. The shaving off the moustache, the out cropping of the beard, the untidy and disordered appearance of the body had so changed the assassin's looks that his stage and street acquaintances would hardly have recognized the corpse as that of J. Wilkes Booth.—There were a plenty of evidences to establish his identity, however, amongst which was the testimony of a surgeon who one removed a tumor from Booth's neck. The wound, when partly well, broke out again, and, on finally healing left a peculiar ridgy scar, which was easily recognized by the surgeon.

An autopsy was held by Surgeon General Barnes, who reports that death was caused by a ball from a pistol. It appeared that the spinal column was about half cut in two by the bullett about the third or further joint from the top of the vertebræ.

Booth's identity and the cause of his death having been established, we suppose that nothing was left for the Government but to put his carcass out of sight, and we presume the place of his interment will not be made known.

Booth had in his possession a diary, in which he had noted events of each day since the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The diary is in possession of the War Department. He had also a Spencer carbine, a seven shooter, a revolver, a pocket pistol and a knife. The latter is supposed to be the one with which he stabbed Major Rathbone. His clothing was of dark blue, not Confederate gray, as has been otated. His leg was bandaged where it was bokeso, Harrold says by his spur catching in the flag festooning in the President's box, and tripping in his leap upon the stage. He suffered excruciating pain from this wound, the splintered end of the bone piercing the flesh.

Harrold.

David C. Harrold, the accomplice of Booth, better known as Dave Harrold, is about twenty-two years of age, and for the most part of his life has resided in the Sixth Ward, where, after he left the school at Charlotte Hall, St Mary's county, Md., he entered a drug store. His lamented father held for many years a responsible position at the Navy Yard, and none stood higher than he in the community. Dave, however, is not a chip of the old block in every respect, and is best known for his braggadocio style and vagrant habits. He is a great talker, and the wonder of those who know him is, that he was ever trusted by Booth with any knowledge of the conspiracy. Another wonder is that Harrold managed to keep Booth's secret.

Last summer he left the drug store of Dr. F. S. Walsh, where he had been for a considerable time employed, and made some effort to obtain an appointment of Surgeon's Steward on the Potomac Flotilla, but in this he failed. He has been out of employment since, and has lived rather fast, keeping a horse and riding out frequently, dressing in flashy style, and all without and visible means of support. He has always been known as a Rebel sympathizer.

Since his capture he has endeavored to keep up a reticence very foreign to his nature, and which was doubtless enjoined on him by Booth. When left by himself in his cell it has been observed, however, that his sham of stoicism gives way, and he burst into fits of convulsive weeping.

On Thursday afternoon his photograph was taken at his place of confinement. He was dressed in dark grey pantaloons, light blue military vest, a faded blue jacket and a black slouch hat. From the sullen frown on his countenance it would appear that he was rather averse to being Photographed.

Sketch of Sergeant Corbett.

Boston Corbett, who shot the assassin Booth, is a native of England. He came to this country when quite a lad, and learned the trade of hatter. On the 12th of April, 1861, he enlisted in the 12th New York Militia, returned to the seat of war with his regiment three times, and was taken prisoner at harper's Ferry when Miles surrendered to Stonewall Jackson. He was soon afterwards exchanged, joined the 16th New York Cavalry, and was captured by Moseby at Fairfax Court House. Corbett was deserted by his companions when Moseby's cavalry came down upon them. He refused to surrender, and setting his back against a tree he used his pistols so well that he kept twenty-six of the Rebels at bay for more than an huor.—His ammunition being expended, he advanced upon them sword in hand, and Moseby, admiring his galantry, ordered his men not to fire upon him but take him alive. He was sent to Andersonville, where he saw his comrades die around him by thousands, and contracted a disease from which he is yet suffering.

Corbett is a member of the Methodist Church. He is said to be an earnest Christian, reading the Scriptures to his fellow soldiers and preaching the Word whenever opportunity offers.—His comrades relate that on one occasion he was sent to the guard-house for reproving his Colonel for using profane language on parade. In person he is slightly made, is about five feet six inches in height, and has a mild and intelligent countenance. He is about twenty-six years of age and a widower.

SOZODONT—for the teeth,
Sterling's Ambrosia,
Kendall's Amboline,
Burnett's Cocoaine—at the
Drug Store of
mar 25 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

Soldiers' Widows and Heirs

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Also PRIZE MONEY, for Seamen and arrears of pay for Officers of Army and Navy, by
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NOTICE OF TRANSFERS.

THE Commisioners of Talbot county will meet at their office in Easton on Tuesday the 25th of April and continue to meet on the following Thursdays, Saturdays and Tuesdays for twelve consecutive days—that is from the 25th day of April to the 20th day of May inclusive, for the purpose of hearing Appeals in relation to, and noting transferers of THE ASSESSED property of the said county, ON OATH, agreeable to the Act of the Genral Assembly of Maryland.

By order of the Board,
M. G. FEDDEMAN,
mar 25 9t Clerk.

☞ Persons making applications for Transfers of property, will be required to comply with the following section of the Act of December Session, Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Seven, chapter two Hundred and sixty-six, entitled, An Ac for the general Valuation and assessment of Property in this State, passed at March session, eighteen hundred and forty-one, chapter twenty-three.

SEC. 14. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That whenever any person shall make application to the Levy Courts, Commissioners or Appeal Tax Courts, as the case may be, to make him or her an allowance or deduction on account of the sale, transfer, a lienation, loss, destruction or removal of any public debt or private security for money, it shall be the duty of the said levy Courts, Commissioners, of Appeal Tax Courts, to interrogate such person ON OATH, in reference to the said property or security and disposal of the same and especially to require him or her by whom the said property has been sold or transferred, the amount of the purchase money, or the money collected and paid, and the same has been invested; and it shall also be the duty of the Levy Courts, Commissioners or Appeal Tax Courts, to interrogate the said person on *oath*, in reference to any acequisitions or investments made by the said person, and not already assessed, and the amount of all such aquisitions and investments, in whatever description of security, shall be added to the assessable property of the person so applying, and charged accordingly, and if the said person refuse to answer the interrogatories proposed, no deduction shall be made on his or her assessments.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.—Just received a lot prime chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Also Cigars of various brands and qualities, by
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