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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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# THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Of one square (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.

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

**SEED WHEAT.**

large lot of Seed Wheat on sale by
THOMAS C. NICOLS, Jr.,
ept 8 Farmers' Depot.

**WANTED,**

GENTS, male and female, to sell a new patented article, something new and someg every family must have, one of the best entions ever patented. Agents are now makfrom $10 to $20 per day. No humbug in For particulars address with stamp
ug 11-1m J. G. CRANE,
Church Hill, Queen Anne's Co., Md,
District or County Rights for sale by sending my address at once.

**R. A. S. HOPKINS,**
**Watchmaker and Jeweller,**
**NEW STORE,**
COURT STREET OPPOSITE THE MARKET,
S now fully prepared to execute all work in his line in a superior and satisfactory manner.
WATCHES & CLOCKS, REPAIRED and
*HAIR JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER.*
isfaction guaranteed; all work warranted one ar, prices moderate, and terms Cash.
may 11 S & J

**SPRING GOODS,**
**POWELL & WRIGHT**
HAVE received from Baltimore and Philadelphia a very complete stock of
**THING GOODS,**
bracing in part as follows:
A beautiful assortment of Cloths,
Cassimers,
Cottonades, Jeans,
Heavy Linen Drills,
d Ducks, Manchester, Lancaster, and Fine ngham, Delaines, &c.
Their *line* of Prints will be found to be *very* ll and well selected as to style.
GROCERIES AND LIQUORS.
They can offer inducements to purchasers of roceries and Liquors, not to be surpassed in e market. Come and see, and you will be nvinced, as we are determined to sell at a very all advance. [mar 10]

**FRANK L. MORLING,**
**orist, Seedsman, and Nurseryman,**
ORE—*No 2 On Eutaw Street, Balt.*
URSERIES—*On the Hockstown Road, adjoining Druid Hill Park.*
WOULD invite the attention of the citizens of Talbot county to his stock of
GARDEN SEEDS,
FLOWER SEEDS,
FRUIT TREES,
rape, Vines, and all small Fruits. Evergreen d Ornamental Shade Trees. Green House, ot House and Hardy Plants, Roses and Flowing Shrubs. All kinds of Vegetable Plants.
may 26-1y

**Easton Female Seminary.**
**Wm. H. D. Harper—*Principal.***
TO meet an urgent necessity in this community I propose to open in Easton, a *first-class* Seminary for Young Ladies and Misses, assisted by accomplished Instructors.
There will be two departments, the Primary and Senior; embracing a thorough and practical course of instruction, from the simplest rudiments of an English to the most finished studies of a Classical education, together with French, German and Music—vocal and instrumental.
The Scholastic year will be divided into two terms of five months each, commencing on the first Monday in September, and ending on the last Friday in June.
I will take pleasure in obtaining pleasant accommodations for those living remote, desiring board.
All who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity will address me at Easton, on or before the 15th of August, and I will send them a Circular containing full information.
aug 4-tf

**Ready Made Clothes!**
**Cheaper than the Cheapest!**
**SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK**
*JUST RECEIVED.*
MOSES HERZ has the pleasure to inform the public that he has just returned from the city with a splendid new stock of
READY MADE CLOTHES,
consisting of
OVER-COATS,
SACK-COATS,
DRESS-COATS,
PANTS, VESTS
AND UNDER-GARMENTS,
Also, a fine assortment of
HATS,
CAPS,
AND TRUNKS,
all of which have been purchased at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold at a small advance He returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore received, and invites the public to call and examine his stock, satisfied that he can sell them suits cheaper than they can be bought on the Eastern Shore.
may 19

**Will Wonders Ever Cease?**
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES, AT
**T. H. A. HARDESTERS.**
HAVING just returned from the city with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of seasonable goods, which we are selling and will continue to sell as cheap as can be bough in Easton. We will sell beautiful Challie Detlanes, Nansook, Swiss, Swiss Muslin, Brilliant, Calicoes, Heavy Drill, Cotton Duck, Domestics, Ginghams, Tickings, &c., that will surpass any of our former efforts.
The largest assortment of Gentlemen's and Boy's Spring and Summer cassimeres ever offered in Easton, at prices to suit the times.
HOSIERY AND GLOVE DEPARTMENT, Undoubtedly the newest and largest variety in town and at extremely low prices.
One of the cheapest stock of Queensware, and Tinware in all his branches, ever offered in this Market. Woodware consisting of Brooms, Tubs Buckets, Churns, &c., Also a large assortment of Glassware, Groceries, such as Coffee, Sugar, Chocklate, Rice, Molasses, Syrup, Coal Oil.
Our motto:—Justice to all, and no trouble to show goods. Country produce taken in exchange for goods.
apr 24 THOS. H. A. HARDISTERS

SPONGES.—A large lot of coarse and fine Sponge, for Carriages, Bathing &c., for sale
july 16] DAWSON & BRO.

**HELMBOLD'S**
**FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,**
For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel or Brick Dust Deposit, and all Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings.

**H**

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BACHU FOR WEAKNESS ARISING FROM EXESSES ORING DISCRETION.
The Constitution once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which Helembold's Extract Buchu invariably does. If no treatment be submitted to, Consumption or Insanitary ensues.

**E**

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In affections peculiar to females, is unequaled by any other preparation, as in Chloosis or Retention, Irregularities, painfulness or supposition of customary evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, imprudence, or in the Decline or Change in Life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH,
Will radically exterminate from the system diseases of the Urinary Organs arising from Habits of Dissipation *at little expense, little or no change in diet, and no exposure;* completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous *remedies, Copaiva and Mercury* in curing all those unpleasant and dangerous diseases

**L**

USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In all cases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.
Those sufferings from Broken-down or Delicate Constitutions, procure the remedy at once.
The reader must be aware that however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect his bodily health, mental powers, and happiness, and that of his posterity. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

**M**

PHYSICIANS, PLEASE NOTICE.
We make no secret of the ingredients. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is composed of Buchu, Cubebs and Juniper Berries, selected with great care, and prepared in vacuo by H. T. Helmbold, Druggist and Chemist, of sixteen years' experience in the City of Philadelphia, and which is now prescribed by the most eminent physicians, has been admitted to use in the United States Aarmy, and is also in very general use in State Hospitals and public Sanitary Institutions throughout the land.

**BUCHU.**

(*From Dispensary of the United States*)
DIOSMA CRENATA. BUCHU LEVES.
PROPERTIES—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic; their tastes bitterish, and analogous to mint.
MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.

**B**

—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the *Urinary Organs*, producing diuresis and like other similar medicenes, exciting diaphoresis when circumstances favor this mode of action.
They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.
*Helmbold's Extract Buchu* is used by persons from the ages 18 to 26, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed-wetting in children.

**O**

☞ DR. KEYSER IS A PHYSICIAN OF OVER thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College and the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia

MR. H. T. HELMBOLD:

*Dear Sir.*—In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used or known to be used, in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, that it has been extensively employed in the various diseases of the bladder and kidneys, and the reputation it has acquired in my judgment is warranted by the facts.

**L**

I have seen and used, as before stated, every for, of *Buchu*—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction tincture, fluid extracts,—and I am not cognizant of any praparation of that plant at all equal to yours.—Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits, and without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others. I do not value a thing according to its bulk, if I did other *Buchus* would out-do yours, but I hold to the doctrine that bulk and quantity do not make up value—if they did a copper cent would be worth more than a dollar.
I value your Buchu for its effect on patients I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the bladder and kidney than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietory compound of whatever name.
Respectfully, yours, &c.,
GEO. H. KEYSER, M. D.,
140 Wood Street Philadelphia, Pa.
August 11, 1866.
Are for Helembold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

**D**

☞ Direct letters to
HELMBOLD'S
DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE
No 594 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
OR
HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT.
No. 104 SOUTH ST., BELOW CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
*BE WARE OF COUNTERFEITS.*
*ASK FOR HELMBOLD'S*
TAKE NO OTHER.
oct 7-1y

MAGNESIUM SPIRAL LIGHTS—These give a light equal to 72 Stearaine candles; can be seen 25 miles; can be carried safely in the pocket, and be ignited with a common match. For sale at the Drug Store of
june 9 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

SPEAR'S PATENT FRUIT-PRESERVING SOLUTION—for the preservation of all kinds of *Fruits, Vegetables, Jellies, Wines, Cider, &c.*, with but half the quantity of sugar, and without sealing, or air-tight jars. For sale by
aug 18 DAWSON & BRO.

LATEST AND CHEAPEST
**GOODS**
**IN THE MARKET FOR**
**SPRING AND SUMMER,**
**1866,**
CAN BE FOUND AT THE STORE OF
**James D. Mansfield,**
ST. MICHAELS.
HAVING just returned from the city with a beautiful selection of Spring and Summer goods, consisting of every varity of Dress Goods for Ladies and Children, also a fine selection of Cloths and Cassimers for Men and Boys, Cashmerets, Tweeds, cottonades, Drills, Worsted Plaids &c., also a large stock of
**DOMESTIC GOODS,**
such as Bleached and Bro. Muslin, cotton drills, shirting stripes, Ticks, &c., together with a great variety of notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats Mattings, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Quennsware, Woodware, &c., &c.
Would respectfully solict from my friends and the public generally an examinton of the above, feeling confident in my ability to give satisfaction either in variety, quality or price.
JAS. D. MANSFIELD,
apr 21 St. Michaels.

**CONSUMPTIVES,**
READ WHAT DR. SCHENCK IS DOING.
DR. J. H. SCHENCK.
DEAR SIR:—I feel it a duty I owe to you, and to all who are suffering under the disease known as Consumption and Liver Complaint, to let them know what great benefits I have received from your Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic in so short a time. By the blessing of God it has cured me thus far.
Dr. Schenck, I will now make my statement to you, as follows:—About eighteen months ago I was attacked with a severe caugh, and it settled on my lungs; I could not retain anything I ate, and suffered with evening fevers and night sweats. I was very much reduced. The whites of my eyes were very yellow; likewise my skin; my appetite all gone, and unable to digest what I did eat; bowels swolen, irregular and costive. I was very low spirited, and had such violent spells of caughing when I laid down at night and when I arose in the morning that they would last one or two hours.
I then would be nearly exhausted, and was entirely unable to lie on my left side. I cannot describe my wretched suffering as I would wish to do. Every organ in my body was diseased or deranged. Such was my situation at this time, and I was confined to my bed from the last of February, 1862, to June, 1862, not able to sit up. I had the best of medical attendance the whole of the time. My cough was so very bad that it racked me very much. I at this time raised a large quantity of thick, yellow, offensive matter—sometimes with blood, and it was generally accompanied by nausea and a furred and thick coated tongue. At the time of coughing so badly I would have sharp, shooting pains in my left side and heart, nigh sweats, and soreness all through my whole chest; had much inward fever, pain in my back and under my shoulder blades and in the small of my back, and at times so severe that it would throw me into spasms. Now my physician gave me up to die. Others I had, and the best of them, but they could do nothing for me, and at that time I was nothing but skin and bones. I then was in the western part of Missouri. In June last we left there for the East, and in August last we came to New York, and I was so reduced that I could only walk a little with my husband's help. After I had been here a short time the salt water breeze made me feel much better for a time and then I had again to call a physician for aid. We had four of the best physicians of New York on the diseases of the lungs, and doctors of all kinds, but of no avail.—They said I was past cure, and that my lungs were too far gone for any one to cure me. But at this time I was on my feet about the house, not able to do much of anything. In November last I grew worse, and the consumption diarrhea set in and lasted about eight weeks. We had tried all and everything that I could grasp at like a dying person for my diseases—consumption and liver complaint—but of no avail.
In January, 1863, I was brought down again on my bed, and was not expected to live the night out. My husband stayed at my side, and other friends, and they all give me up to die. At this time every one who saw me did not think I would ever leave my bed a living woman. The first night I was attacked with spasms, and was deranged most of the time. A friend, Mrs. Harris, came to see me the last of the week, and brought the Sunday Mercury. In it was an account of a great cure performed by Dr. Schenck. She read it to me, and it was so much like my disease that I asked my husband to go and see him for me. At this time I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again, and made my peace with God, to be ready whenever he called for me.
On the 27th of January, 1863, my husband called on Dr. Schenck, 32 Bond street, New York, and stated to him my case, with a request for him to call and see me, which he did, and examined me with the respirometer. When he was about to go I asked him if he could cure me? His reply was: "I cannot tell, both lungs are diseased, as the bronchial tubes are affected on both sides." And yet he seemed to think there were lungs enough left to effect a cure if the diarrhea could be stopped. He said in order to do this, he would have to give me Mandrake Pills in small doses at first to carry off the morbid matter, and then, with astringents, he hoped to check it, which he did but the constant coughing, night sweats, and diarrhea had prostrated me so that he was affraid my vital powers were too much prostrated ever to rally, and yet he seemed to think if I could live to aget enough Pulmonic Syrup through my system to cuse expectoration there were lungs enough left for me to recover. He wished me to try the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic at once, saying it would do me no harm, if it did me no good. The first week it seemed to give me strength, so that on Sunday after I sat up in bed and ate hearty for a sick woman; but the next week I lost all hope and wished my husband no to give me any more medicine. But the doctor had warned him of this, and when the medicine was clearing out the system it made them feel somewhat restless, and to persevere; and he insisted on my taking it; and now I feel the benefit of it. For after eight days I began to gain my strength, and, with the exception of a cold that put me back some, I have been gaining strength of body, my cough is going away, and all my pains are gone; no soreness of the body, my bowels are regular, and my breath is sweet, and I rank God that I am now going about, and sew and read as well as ever I could. I have taken sixteen bottles of the medicine, eight of each. I now have a good appetite and rest well at night; my cough does not trouble me in getting up or lying down. I would here say to the afflicted with consumption or liver complaint, that Dr. Schenck is no humbug. You can rely on what he says. Delay not; it is dangerous to trifle with these diseases. If you would be cured, go at once; and any one wishing to know the facts as herein stated can call at my residence, 117 Wests Houston st., New York city.
MRS. MARY F. FARLOW.
We the undersigned, residents of New York, are acquainted with Mrs. Farlow, and know her statement to be true. We also know that she used Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, and have reason to believe that to this medicine she owe her preservation from a premature grave.
B. FARLOW, 117 West Houston st.
EUGENE UNDERHILL, 676 Greenwich st.
Mrs. EUGENE UNDERHILL, 676 Greenwich st.
AUGUSTA UNDERHILL, 676 Greenwich st.
A. F. HARRIS, 117 West Houston st.
EMILY GLOVER, 117 West Houston St.
J. L. COLE, 33 Cottage pl.
M. E. LEIGHTON, 483 Broadway.
Mrs. BENJAMIN CLAPP, 19 Amity pl.
I am well acquainted with Mrs. Mary F. Farlow, and with her husband, Mr. B. Farlow, they having, for a few months past, attended at my church, and I am convinced that any statement which they might make may be relied on as true.
JOHN DOWLING, D. D.,
Pastor of Bedford St. Baptist Church, N. Y.
Dr. Schenck will be professionally at his principa office No. 15 North Sixth street, corner of Commerce Philadelphia, every Saturday, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.; No. 32 Bond street, New York, every Tuesday, from 9 to 3; No. 38 Summer street, Boston Mass., every Wednesday, from 9 to 3, and every other Fridry at 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—All advice free, but for a thorough examination of the lungs with his Respirometer, the charge is three dollars.
Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each $1,50 per bottle, or $7,50 per half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.
dec 17

**SORROWFUL RECCOLLECTIONS.**

O, to watch by memorie's gateway,
Looking down the lane of years—
How plainly seen, each sorrow,
All along the path appears!
Each sorrow left its shadow,
And each shadow lingers yet;
For the sun has never risen,
That so dim and darkly set.

True at times a little gleaming
Shines upon me from afar,
But tis only from the flashing
Of some foreign meteor star,
And the sun has never risen
That so dim and darkly set,
For the pangs that left their shadows,
Pained too deeply to forget.

**THEY SHALL RETURN.**

Break, break upon my breaking heart, O Sea,
My woeful heart, that beats upon thy shore,
Break, break and crumble, to depart with thee,
My freighted shallops that return no more.
Nay, saith Time's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's rolling drone,
Bear thou thy sorrow still,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

Roar, roar upon my rueful heart, O Sea,
My rueful heart, that groans upon thy shore,
Fain to forget, and to depart with thee,
Like my lost shallops to return no more.
Nay, saith Times's monotone,
Nay, saith Time's dreary drone,
Wait thou thy Maker's will,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

Wait, wait upon my woe ful heart O Sea,
My writhing heart, that may not yield nor flee,
My dearest hopes shall not part with thee!
Return—return—give up mine own, O Sea!
Nay, sayeth Time's monotone,
Nay sayeth Time's weary drone,
Wait thou his day, until,
Whether for good or ill:
They shall return.

**My Hunt After The Baby.**

I had been to the corn lot in hope of finding a few roasting ears for supper; but there were none ripe enough, so I walked slowly back to the house, with my hands under my apron to save them from sunburn; and the moment I stepped into the sitting-room I saw the baby was missing.

The bady was one that had been left with us—sister Bell and me—while the dear mamma went to see the dear papa sick in a distant hospital. It was a plump, peachy little thing, nearly a year old, named Maude—familiary called Madge and more familiarly called Midgit. She was as full of mischief as she could hold; crept all about the house throwing things out of the door, or into the fire as came handiest; thrust her hands behind her and screeched like a hyena if any one approached to interfere with her operations and slept about five minutes twice a day. Her usual time to be crawling around under foot was in the early part of the day when the kitchen work was in progress; in the afternoon when the work was all done, and we ready to frolic with her ladyship, the little nuisance might generally be found sequestered in a corner, hugging a bosom full of matches or sticking postage stamps all over her chubby arms.

This time I had left her asleep. She must have been asleep for she didn't wink and when the little deciver was coaxing me she was always winked desperately. I laid her on a rug in cool corner, and, leaving the door open, walked down to the cornfield and back in about seven miautes, as nearly as I can judge.

The baby was missing! There was the print of the little moist head on the pillow; there was the little blue hints of shoes just as she had kicked them off in play. Hurriedly I went through room after room searching and calling. Not a glimpse of her little white frock, not a lisp from the prattling tongue.

"Baby! baby! where are you?" I cried. O dear! Mr. T. B. Aldrich! It wasn't our baby, you had in mind, was it, when you wrote those lines:

"Oh, where is our dainty, our darling.
The dantiest darling of all,
Rushing to the foot of the stairs, "O Bell!"

I shouted, "have you seen baby?" "No I haven't I guess not, why?" I knew by the way Bell spoke she was not half awake, but her coolness annoyed me.

"You guess not; well. she's lost, I went to the lot after roasting ears, and when—"

A fretful exclamation from Bell interrupted me.

"O dear me! have you looked in the parlor? I're no doubt but that she's there poking over my photograph album. Do look, please, sis."

Tears overmastered my strong desire to fling back a snappish answer to this aggravating remark. Down stairs again I threw open the parlor door, which having been tightly closed I had not before tried. All undisturbed and quiet.—How thankful I should have been just then to have seen every thing turned topsy turvy, the phantom and boquets in the ruins and Bell's album in the smutty fingers of the little culprit.

With a groan I shut the door and commenced the search anew. I opened all the closets and presses that I had opened before, looking under bureaus and sofas, shook the ironing basket, in the swill-barrell. All vain! vain! No baby—no Midget.

Then I ran out to the currant bushes, where a few tempting red bunches were still hanging. Bell saw and hailed me from the chamber window.

I looked up to see the provoking girl sitting by the open blind, braiding her tangled hair, and told her to come down and help me find this child.

"Have you looked in the ash hole, the bandboxes, and the big churn?" asked this trying sister of mine; but I saw her eyes open very wide, and in two minutes more she was flouncing about the kitchen with her unfastened braids hanging about her shoulders in a very original style of "waterfall."

Her movements were peculiar and characteristic. She shook the door mat, jerked the pump-handle, examined the breadtray and the flour barrel. Then her eyes fell upon the sink drain.

"She couldn't have got in there, now, could she?" questioned Bell, with terror in every feature. The horried sewer, you know." And she looked a whole chapter of Victor Hugo at me in one wretched instant.

"Of course not through a four inch spout! and put the strainer in after her! what a preposterous notion!"

And Bell does not know to this very day that not five minutes minutes before she came down I was working the broom-handle down that very spout with all my might and main.

Out of doors we went! examined the outhouses and clumps of elder, looked over the fence, up street down street, and finally returned disconsolate to the kitchen.

"Midget! Midget! dear, precious little angel, where are you?" moaned Bell, dropping down upon the settee. I did not say triumpo, pestiferous little angle, for Bell's distress was too genuine to be mocked. So, as we sat with our arms round each other, crying, we heard a very slight noise in the direction of the little kitchen, which contained no furniture but a stove and table. We had glanced round this room once or twice; but as there seemed to be no hiding places the thought of searching had never occurred to us.

The stove was a large sized Stewarts, with one oven occupying the lower part. Well, to cut the story, the baby was in the oven! We knew it, Bell and I, as soon as the noise was repeated, and simultaneously rushed for the cook-room. There she sat—the mischief—bolt upright in the oven, with her head in the high part and her feet in the low, treating herself to the contents of a blackberry pie which had been left in from the morning's baking. She had taken off the upper crust whole, spreading it on her bosom like a napkin, and was imployed in picking out the black-berries one by one and conveying them to her mouth. She looked up at us, and oh, such a face! What with cunning, fright and blackberry juice, I have never seen such a face before nor since.

Bell caught her out, kissed her camparatively clean, scolding all the time. Then she carried her to the sink and pumped water on her without the least fear of washing her down the spout.—As soon as the little lady recovered her breath, she screamed furiously and pointed to the oven with decided demostrations of a plan to return to her repast. Bell begged the privilige of putting her back to finish the pie; but I steadily set my face against such an indulgence, and when she and Midget both insisted, I set the matter at rest by kindling a huge fire in the stove, and making vigorous preparations for an early tea.

**Position of Gen. Grant in Relation to Political Contests.**

The Chicago *Republican*, in a letter from its reporter traveling with the Presidential party, makes the the following interesting statements in connection with Gen. Grant's refusal to present himself to the soldiers, who attempted to call him out in advance of the President's arrival at Cincinnati:

The fact is, that Gen. Grant knows, as has been patent to every one during the whole of this trip, that continued efforts have been made to embitter, if possible, his relations with the President by exciting the jealousy of the latter, or by making invidious distinctions between them, and he is determined that no act of his shall lend any encouragement to any such contemptible proceeding on the one hand, or those that have been made with like persistency to identify him with the political views of the President on the other. Gen. Grant feels that, next to the President, he is the head of the army of the United States, not the head of a political party. He does not consider the army a place for a politician, and therefore will not permit himself to be committed to the support of either of the present political parties, nor that the army shall be made a party machine.

I have submitted the above to the General, *who entirely approves of what I have written, and says that it fully and exactly expresses his views.* I will, however, state that as originally written, the concluding sentence was in these words:—"When he becomes a partisan he intends immediately to resign his present position," and to this the General objected, saying that it might be taken to imply that at some future time he did intend to become a partisan, whereas his only intention in using those words was to express, as an officer of the army, his disapprobation of any attempt to identify him with any political party whatever.

The above conversation with Gen. Grant took place in the baggage and refreshment car attached o the train, in the presence of Major Gen. Rawlins, Chief of Staff, to Gen. Grant and others.

In further conversation with the reporter, the General made the following assertions concerning the Copperheads:

He felt that it was above all things desirable for officers of the army to avoid participation in political conflicts, except it was their duty as citizens to support only men who could show a record of consistent loyalty. Whether a man's sentiments were Johnsonian or Republican, he said he felt that it was an insult to any loyal man to ask him to vote for any candidate who was not a loyal man in 1861. In this connection he said that, without expressing any viewt of his own for or against the Johnson policy, he yet felt it to be a misfortune for Mr. Johnson that the advocates of his policy in the States through which he had just passed, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, had in some instances put on their ticket men who in 1861 and 1862 had been guilty of known disloyalty to the Government; because (and this was said in a very emphaiic manner) he felt that to ask men whose sons had shed their blood for the Union to vote for men who had been disloyal to it, was the greatest insult could be offered. Southern men he could make allowances for, and he could ride through the South and get out on a platform and shake hands in friendship with such men as Lee. Johnson or Forrest, because, though they had been almost educated into secession, they were now truly honest and loyal in their adherence to the Union, and were seeking to strengthen it. But he did not feel in that way toward Northern men who had once been disloyal, and neither desired to associate with them nor have them for his friends. *No such men should have his support, nor ought they to be supported by Mr. Johnson's friends throughout the Northern States.* He particularly instanced, as a specimen of this objectionable class of men, Heister Clymer, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, saying that to ask any soldier to vote for such a man, of at one time known disloyalty, against another who had served four years in the Union army, with credit to himself and benefit to his country, was a gross insult. If men desired to support Mr. Johnson's policy let them but at all events, let them vote only for such men as were true to their country in 1861.

HAIL STORM.—Westminister Md., was visited with another remarkable hail storm on Friday afternoon of last week. Large quantities fell, much about the size of hickery nuts, often larger, round and solid like pebbels. It was severest at the lower end of the town, where not less than two thousand panes of glass were broken in windows which happened to be exposed to the north and west.—*Westminister Dem.*

☞ "If the poor can't get bread enough," said the French Princess, "why don't they eat cake?"

☞ What kind of braces do ladies prefer? Ess-braces.

**General Grant.**

Somebody publishes a private letter from General Grant's father, in which he says:

You say something about my Soldier Boy.—I forget what, but I believe you say you want to go to Washington when he is inaugurated President, and ask me if I will go with you. Oh, yes, certainly I will go, and hope we may have a nice time of it. Stranger things than that happened, but not more strange things than that would have been four or five years ago.

You know that Ulysses is not, and never was, an aspirant for any personal favor or promotion. When the war broke out he felt that, as the Government had educated him for a soldier, and as it was likely soon to need his services, he would not withhold them, so he was among the first to volunteer for the war, and, to say the very least of it, his career has been a very remarkable one. You know he never asked for an office, a promotion or a command, or agreed to accept such when consulted. But when appointed, promoted or ordered, he took right hold, and has commanded larger armies, fought more battles, taken more prisoners and more ordnance than any other General history gives any account of.—You may have notice that the Government and the people fully appreciated all he has done, and a good deal more. He was promoted from a private up to Brigadier General in a few months, and all the time placed in imp rtant commands. He was promoted, until there was no longer any rank to promote him to. Then the Congress created a new rank of Lieutenant General, and he was promoted to that rank. Not satisfied with that, Congress has created a still higher rank, of what is called a full General, and yesterday the Senate confirmed his appointment to that rank. I suppose they will have to be content, as there is no other rank which can be created. But that is not all. The deople have moved in every way; besides the promotions I have described, and the large substantial testimonies he has received, the people everywhere are disposed to do him honor. Take that altogether, don't that seem a little strange to you? It does to me.

Now there is another thing which seems equally strange. The most ultra Radicals, the worst Copperheads, the desperate Secesh, and the true Union men, all say: "Give us Grant—we want no other platform than that he has written with his sword."

You know enough about Ulysses to know that to accept the Presidency would be to him a sacrifice of feeling and personal interest. He could not well stand the trial of being a candidate for public favor; and his present position is every way a much better one than that of President. But if there should seem to be the same necessity for it two years hence, as now, I expect he will yield. Yours, &c.,

J. R. GRANT.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of Wednesday contained the lollowing paragraph: For the recovery (dead or alive) of Jas. Graham, cashier of the Elkton National Bank, Md., last seen in this city on the 10th inst., having two thousand dollars then in his possession, a reward of five hundred dollars will be paid by Chief Detective Benjamin Franklin.

Mr. Graham is forty years old, five feet six inches in hight, weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has full whiskers and moustache, has but a little of light brown hair on his head. He was dressed in dark cassimere pants, black frock coat, linnen duster and straw hat.—He had a black travelling bag, and carried a hunting case watch marked "Jules Jergensen, maker, Copenhagen, Denmark. No. 5,301." He was quite near sighted, leaned forward in walking, and was so badly afflicted with the asthma as at times to be delirious from its attacks.

KILLED.—On Saturday night, the 15th ult., a colored man named Boon Lockerman, in the employ of Satterfield & Moore at Greensborough in this county, came to his death under the following circumstances. He had been, in company with others, at work on the grist mill in Talbot county, about two mile beyond Hillsborough, hauling logs and timber for the mill which is in the course of repairs, and was returning to his home at Greensborough on the night named above, and when between Hillsborough and Boonville he got off the timber wagon and cut a switch to hurry up the team, and as he was about to remount the team started at a rapid pace, he fell under the heavy wheels which passed over him, killing him instantly. The deceased is said to have been a good worker and an excellent teamster.—*American Union.*

DROWNED.—A young man named C. Francis Barkalow, aged about 24 years, son of Mr. John Barkalow, residing about three miles from this place, and formerly from New Jersey, was drowned in Bryan's mill pond, at Stock landing, in this county, on Wednesday evening, the 19th ult. The young man went alone to the pond on the evening named above for the purpose of putting out a stake net, and it is supposed he fell into the water from the boat in which he was standing, and in the fall received an injury which rendered him helpless, as one of his eyes was badly injured, and he was bruised below the eye and about the mouth. His body was found next day near the net, and a jury of inquest held, whose verdict was in accordance with the facts stated above. His body was interred in the M. E. Church yard in this place on Friday last.—*American Union.*

ASSESSMENT COMPLETED.—The assessors appointed by Governor Swann in May last to value and assess the real and personal property of this county, closed their labors last week. We have not learned the amount of the assessment for the county, but as soon as the several districts are footed up, we will publish the result.—*Denton Union.*

A DAILY IN WILMINGTON.—A daily newspaper was to be started in Wilmington on Monday last. The enterprise was originally commenced by a man named Tyler, who recently sold out to the firm now putting it in operation. Its political complexion will be Republican.

☞ A recent report issued by Major General Howard states that in Maryland there are 86 Schools for freemen, 101 teachers and 8,144 pupils.

☞ There are about 30,000 beggars in England called "tramps," whose lives on the people amount to some half a million dollars.

☞ Secretary Seward returns an income a Auburn, N. Y., of $10,623.

☞ The tobacco crop of Kentuckey this year is said to be the best ever grown in the State.

☞ When are soldiers like good flannel?—When they dont shrink.

☞ What is the best way to keep a gentleman's affections? Not to return them.

☞ When is a man thiner than a lath? When he's shaving.