THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., February 8, 1868. No. 23.

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.

1867. 1868.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

Millinery & Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. A. LYCH has just returned from the city with a new assortment of all kinds of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, such as Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ruchings, Corsets, and a great variety of all kinds of goods in the above line too numerous to mention. She invites her friends and the public generally to give her a call. Store corner Washington an Dover Street, Easton, Md. oct 12

STILL LATER & STILL CHEAPER.

JOHN W. CHEEZUM has just returned from the city, and has now open, the largest stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ever offered by him, and purchased at the great decline of prices the last week.

For Ladies'—a great variety of dress goods, adapted to the season. For gentlemen—cloths, cassimeres in great variety of styles and prices, kerseys and flannels, red and white, cotton flannels and heavy drills, bleached and brown muslins.

He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call to examine his stock and prices. [oct 12]

Look Here!

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he always keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving new supplies of

Ready Made Clothing,

such as

COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDERGARMENTS, &c., &c. Also, Trunks and Hats.

His supply of Fall and Winter Suits is very large. Selling at Baltimore prices.

Being thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him since he has been in Easton, he hopes by strict attention to business, and keeping a good stock of goods, to merit a continuance of the same. J. L. STEINEM,

jan 4-ly One door from Talbot House.

NEW

Fall & Winter

GOODS,

AT TRAPPE, MD.

JAS. T. MULLIKIN & CO. have just returned from the city with a new and very large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, viz:

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES
CLOTHING,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, TIN & WOODWARE,
Groceries, &c., &c.

Particular attention given to the selection of Ladies' and Gents' DRESS GOODS.

The above stock will be sold at as reasonable terms as any house will sell them on the shore.

N. B. Mr. WM. FRANK MADDUX has been admitted to an interest in our house from Oct. 1st, 1867. oct 22-1y

Fashionable Millinery.

NEW STYLES FOR FALL AND WINTER, 1867.

MRS. M. A. STEWART, has just returned from the city, with a full and complete assortment of all kinds of the best fashionable MILLINERY GOODS & NOTIONS. All of which have been selected with care and judgment, and will be sold very reasonable. All kinds of Millinery Work. *STAMPING FOR BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY,* done with neatness and dispatch.

Thankful for past favors, she hopes to merit a continuance of them. Stand 3d doors below the M. E. Church.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, sold and repaired at the above place by

oct 12 C. H. STEWART.

FASHIONABLE

FALL AND WINTER

Millinery for 1867.

MRS. E. A. MASON, has just returned from the city with her usual variety of the above goods. She would name in part all the latest styles of Bonnets and Hats; also a full supply of Bonnet Materials, which will be made to order in the latest styles, ribbons all colors and widths, very cheap, Belting and Belt Buckles a large lot. Velvet Ribbons all colors and widths—full supply, latest styles Dress Trimmings. In Notions, she would name Ladies' and Childrens' Gloves, Childrens' Merino and Yarn Hose, Ladies' Merino Vests a fine article; Woolen Goods, such as Hood and Breakfast Shawls, Yarn and Zephyr Worsteds—all shades, Braids of all kinds, Skirt Braids, best quality, fine Mohair Braids, Whale Bones, covered Steel Corset Springs, the Empress Corset—best in use, and a great many other articles too tedious to name.

Having purchased her goods with great care, and to the best advantage, she will be enabled to sell them at the lowest possible price for the *cash*.

She returns her thanks to the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of the same.

☞ She will have her regular opening of ready-made Bonnets, on Saturday (to-day) and Tuesday, to which she invites the ladies generally.

Stamping, of all kinds done as usual.

DRESS MAKING.

She has secured the services of a first class Dress Maker from the city, and is now prepared to carry on the above business.

All the *latest fashions* received monthly.

oct 19

ROBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP.—Saves time, saves labor, saves money, saves clothes, saves women. Sold by.

sep 14 SAML. PATCHETT.

PLASTER—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.

apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED.

SAGE, BEESWAX and FEATHERS, by

nov2 DAWSON & BRO.

AXES, AXES—Stewart's best, just received and for sale by

nov 23 T. H. A. HARDESTY.

Dressing for Church.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have?—dear me, I know full well!
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe,
Please, Lucy, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Tho', to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses;)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day?
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses?

Now, Lucie, pray feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give.
My Rats and Mice, do they set straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie," as I live:

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset and my hoop,)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, damp this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—its big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop.)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Luce, you are blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion, now, you know,
(Pray does the paint and powder show
Through my loose vail?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

The Golden Rule.

BY KATE LITSCOMB.

What might be done if all mankind
The golden rule would follow!
Then friendships smile would prove less false,
And friendships vows less hollow.

Then every one would render love
And justice to each other,
The rich would on the poor man look,
And kindly call him brother.

True worth would then exalted be,
And sin would hide its head;
Fair virtue's flowers would vice uproot,
And sweetly bloom instead.

The best affections of the heart
Would never then be slighted,
But those would keep their promise true
Who faith and love had plighted.

Then the false smile of treachery,
Which causes so much pain,
Would from the human face depart,
And ne'er be seen again.

O, yes, through life you ever should
This precept keep in view—
Do unto others as you would
Have others do to you.

DAN HOLLOWAY'S COURTSHIP.

"Dan, supper is ready."

Dan knew it, but he had not stirred from the old five barred fence where he lent, plucking the long grass spears in the field on the other side, and chewing them as though they were his natural food. His trousers were tucked into his boots. His coat was somewhere in doors, and his straw hat had a hole in it. No one unused to farmers' ways could have guessed that (giving Dan his money value) he was worth more than many an exquisite promenading the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue. He had a grand, well-tilled farm, a bank account of value, and a homestead solid as an old castle with its massive granite walls. Yet, as he lounged there, chewing straws, he said to himself, with a kind of savage scowl, "I wonder what I was made for? I'm nothing. I haven't got anything worth having. Every one is better off than I. I wish I was at the bottom of the mill pond—I do. Hang it! what's the use of living such a life?"

And all that, because an hour before, he had seen Miss Lucy Lee pass up the road in a gig with young Morris, both so deeply interested in their conversation that they did not even see him.

"It's just what I might expect—exactly my luck," he said savagely, "I've always had it so. Other boys have had mothers—mine died before I knew her. Other boys have had sisters—I never had *one*. No woman ever cared for me or will—and why should they? A clumsy clod-hopper, who knows nothing beyond sowing and reaping and driving the plow. I'd rather be the preacher with his four hundred dollars a year and pretty wife. I'd rather be the lame schoolmaster who teaches the young uns in the hollow yonder, for I saw him with his arm 'round Kitty Dean's waist, last night—and poor and lame as he is, I expect she'll marry him. Nobody ever loved *me*; nobody ever will. I wish I was dead."

"Dan, tea is ready."

"Confound it, I know," muttered Dan, and slouched in, old nurse Peabody greeting him with a "Lawful sakes, things is all cold. Why will you shilly-shally so?"

She sat pouring out the tea, an old grim-looking woman, who might have been made of cast iron, so hard were her features. After the first remark, she said nothing more, but helped Dan, as she had done ever since the time when she came to the farm to keep the house and see to the motherless child—and eat her own supper in silence. Dan shoveled his in as only a Yankee farmer could, leaving no time to chew, and left the table the instant he was done.

He was not in the habit of finding a social occasion in a meal at home. First he fed the "critters" and then himself, in much the same spirits. In his actions there was no tinge of romance—in his speech, less. He was burly and brown, and had a way of answering strangers that made them shy of speaking a second time. First he started, then he paused—then he put his answer into the shortest words capable of the longest abreviations to be found in the English language, and muttered them without looking at the party, addressed—and all because, in his inmost heart, he fancied that do what he would, nobody could like him—Lucy Lee in particular, who always seemed to him the best and prettiest thing in the whole world, and as far above him as the stars are above the muddy earth.

Her father was the village banker, a gentleman who stood high in the estimation of the best families; and Lucy was accomplished, beautiful and good. But for all that, Dan Holloway need not have despaired as he did, for Lucy, from her pew in church, had often cast a sly glance at the brown, broad shouldered farmer, with his glittering black curls, and glowing cheek, and thought him the handsomest fellow there. So he actually was, in his Sunday toilet, to quote the words of old nurse Peabody, "Dan Holloway became dress."

Once, too, when the dun cow in the meadow frightened Miss Lucy, Dan had proved himself quite a hero, and had afterward actually escorted her home, though all he said was "Not at all," when she thanked him. He was in his Sunday dress, too, that morning, for he had been to town, and was just driving through the gate of his own garden when the dun cow lowered her horns. He had no time to think what he should do, and had done it all the better for that and since that day Lucy Lee had liked him more than before. Sometimes going to the bank to deposit money or to draw the sum he needed, Dan used to see her at the window, or in the garden, for the house and bank were near each other, and then he always bowed, sometimes spoke—just a few words in his old sulky way. But Lucy felt sure this apparent sulkiness was only shyness, and that there was a great deal of good in Dan if one could but come at it.

For months after the affair of the cow she felt that he was quite a friend; but even her good natufe failed at last, and she was piqued by his constant silence into taking no notice of her, unless it was absolutely necessary. Other men were anxious to talk to her. Other men admired her, and it was absurd to care for one who never took any notice of her. Notice!—Ah, if she had only known. He used to steal across the fields at night, and sit under the great elm by the rode-side staring at the windows of the house, and wondering which room was hers. He used to watch her coming and going, and once had been so anxious to see her ride away that he had gone upon the roof of his house, and stayed there until she and her pretty black horse had faded in the distance, and when she passed him, with some one else at her side, he felt himself the most miserable wretch in creation.

"If she should ever marry," he had said to himself, "I should have to sell out and go. I should, I'm sure. I couldn't stand it where I could see her. Not one of these fellows will ever love her as well as I do, though she can guess that."

So the time passed on. Dan more and more in love. Lucy more and more indifferent, as Dan continued his sulky silence, and young Morris, as every one called him because there were three older Morrises, grew deeper in her liking. She was not of a suspicious nature, and she knew herself handsome, and it never entered her mind that the reputed wealth of her father had anything to do with this wooing, or that, being poor, young Morris would have sooner thought of one of the plain Misses Greens, who were known to be greater heiresses, than of herself. She believed all that was said and looked and acted came from the heart, and when a girl once thinks herself believed it is easy for her to love in return. The thought of being Mrs. Morris, once by no means an attractive one, grew daily pleasanter.

Who would have fancied that queer, crafty-looking cashier, Peter Absly, whose nose and chin nearly meet, who seldom spoke, except on the subject of money, and who was Lucy Lee's grand detestation, should have anything to do with her destiny, especially when love affairs were on the carpet? But so it was. And though no one guessed it, certainly not the thief himself. The night on which, sinking down to the bank vaults from his little room in an upper floor, Mr. Absley unlocked the safes, and perpetrated a gigantic robbery, was the turning point in Lucy's life. But for that on the morrow Mr, Morris would have been accepted and found herself, in a month or so Mrs. Morris.

But for that—for in the excitement of the hour, the servant girl, who first heard the news, rushed all about Appleblow with it, and over his breakfast Mr. Morris heard that "Lee, the banker, was ruined."

He started up with a flush on his face, and a muttered, "I've ten thousand dollars in the bank," and set off in quest of certain tidings.

As far as he could learn, the girl's words were correct. There would be a run on the bank that day, and some were calling Lee a rascal already.

Morris posted hot haste to the bank and drew his ten thousand. He saw from the faces around him that something actually was wrong, and heard from one or two that Absley had positively decamped.

In his selfish heart he had but one thought—joy that he had saved his money, and that he had not already gone too far in his courtship to draw back.

The example of young Morris had its effect. Everybody rushed to the bank to draw their savings. The banker was in despair. Time would have saved him; but time he could not have.

There was one man whose coming he dreaded more than of any other, and that man was Daniel Holloway. There were twenty thousand dollars to his account, and his call for them on that day would have been the fatal blow.

Lucy knew this. And when, at high noon, she saw Dan riding on his pet horse White Beauty, up the road, her heart sank. She had no power to leave the garden pailing where she stood, and fell faint with anguish.

He tied his horse to a post and came on toward her. Close beside the gate he stopped and touched his hat.

"Good day, Miss Lee," he said.

"Good day," she faltered.

"I thought I'd speak to you first," he said, looking anywhere but at her as he spoke.—"There's trouble in there, ain't there?" and he nodded at the bank.

Lucy's tears fell despite all her efforts.

"Is it serious?" he asked.

"It need not be," said Lucy. "Papa says he only needs time; but no one will give him that. They are afraid."

"That's natural," said Dan.

"Yes," said Lucy, "but they needn't be."

"Tell me all about it," said Dan.

He looked at her now. She looked at him. As well as she could she told him the exact truth.

He listened quietly.

"Miss Lucy," he said, when the story was done, "I think I understand. I think it's all right with the old gentleman, and no fault of his if it ain't. Now tell me this—if I don't draw my money, as I came to do, won't that help a bit? I should think it would. Of course I shouldn't like to loose it, but I can't believe I will, and the truth is now, shan't I ruin the bank if I draw my money?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "You can ruin or you can save us."

"Then, by George!" said Dan, "I won't ruin it. I'll trust in your father, and go home.—Good-bye, Miss Lucy. Tell him please. It might keep him from worrying, and at his age worry does no good."

He turned away, but Lucy stopped him.

"How shall I thank you?" she said.

Dan looked more sheepish than ever.

"Don't say anything," he said, "I've had an old father myself," and he fairly bolted, leaving Lucy in a state of mind quite indescribable.

The run continued; but only for small sums, which was promptly paid; and when Beal the butcher stopped on his way to the bank to warn Dan Holloway, he found him ready to go to town.

"As for drawing my money, I shan't," said Dan. "Let others be fools if they will."

And Beal, who knew the sum Dan had there, actually faltered in his purpose, and rode home. So matters grew more pleasant at the bank, and the hour of closing found no sign of failure.

Before the hour Dan was in New York.—Something which he mentioned to no one took him there.

On the previous week he had business with the captain of an ocean steamer lying at a certain dock, and sat talking with him in the office where passengers purchased their tickets.

As he sat there, hidden by a screen, he heard a voice he knew and looking around the desk, saw Absley. He was engaging a passage for some one of the name of Smith, and came back twice to be sure of the hour for starting.

As he departed Dan also arose, and the cashier saw him. He looked up in a startled, disconcerted way and nodded.

"Pleasant day, Mr. Holloway," he said.—"I've been engaging passage for a friend. Not for myself, thank fortune, I should dread a sea-voyage."

"I should like one," said Dan.

"Ah, you are young," said Absley, "and then I'm so sea-sick—wofully sea-sick."

There they had parted, and Dan had thought no more of the matter until to-day. Now he felt sure that for himself, and no other, had the cashier engaged the passage. The day on which the vessel left port was the next—the hour, sunrise. If he were right, he could overtake him yet.

With this thought he travelled to New York, sought the proper authorities, and before dawn next day stood in sight of the great steamer.

Its captain was, of course, on board. Daniel sent for him. The conversation was a brief one. It ended by an introduction to a certain window looking upon a state room.

"There is Mr. Smith," said the captain, "Is he your man?"

"No," said Dan, with a sigh.

Then he gave a start.

"By George! it is, though—in a red wig and spectacles, and a mustache that don't belong to him!" and spoke so loudly that the *soi distant* Mr. Smith, hearing, made a dash shoreward, where his progress was cut short by the policeman there on guard.

Late in the day, the bank of Lee & Co., still open and the run still continuing, a carriage stopped at the door, and Dan Holloway sprang from it, his face beaming, his eyes aglow.

"Come for his money at last," groaned the banker, and stood mute and motionless as, marching into his very office, the young farmer doffed his hat.

The banker could hardly gasp; "What can I do for you, sir?"

The answer was an unexpected one:

"You can come and take a look at Mr. Absley, if you like, sir. We've got him out there—money and all," and then Dan Holloway told his story.

So the bank was saved and no one ruined, and Lucy, happy as a bird, could have kissed Dan instead of merely shaking hands with him; and he, conscious of having done great good, and being really liked, if only for that, was quite a different person from sulky Dan, who had no words to spare for anybody.

The banker would have him dine with him that day, and in the evening he walked with Lucy in the garden. The moon was rising yellow and round behind the dusky poplars.

"It will be a splendid night," said Dan.

"Yes," said Lucy, "and to think what a wretched night it might have been for us."

Dan looked at her.

"The idea of your being wretched," he said. "Why, I'd rather die myself than think of it."

Lucy shook her head. So Morris had often said and she knew all about him by this time.

"Dying is no easy matter," said she.

"It's easier than living sometimes," said Dan; "and believe me or not, I'd be willing to die to night if I could be sure you would never care."

Lucy looked at him with tears in her eyes, and something in her face set Dan's shyness quite to flight. He caught her hand.

"Lucy," said he, "if you could only like me well enough to be my wife, I'd be the best man to make you happy as long as I lived. Can't you, Lucy? If you only knew how long I had loved you, I think you would."

He waited. She made no answer. A moment more he bent over her and kissed her.—She kissed him back.

So before long there was a wedding, and the world of Appleblow went to church to witness it, and a few wondered "what Miss Lee could see in Dan?" and others whispered how well he looked and how happy. And young Morris—now engaged to the plain Miss Green, who had the most money—shut himself up that day with his cigars, under plea of a bad toothache, and was in no pleasant mood for long days after.

As for the brief courtship, it was not repented of at leisure, for if ever there was a happy couple, and a happy home, they are to be found at the Holloway farm, now happy and homelike as a mortal dwelling may be.

Heat it Hot, Sam.

Col. McHettan came from Virginia to this State (Illinois) in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown, and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of traveler's home. The Colonel, by a lucky investment in wild land, became in time a rich man, but he kept up his habit of hospitality; and if the guest was well to do in the world, did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One cold, blustering, winter evening, a horseman drew up to the house and asked accommodation for the night. A half grown lad answered to the affirmative, and ushered him into the sitting room, where the great woodfire of itself gave him a cordial welcome. After supper, the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale and rosy as any bonfiace would be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken a cold which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it is so inconvenient, I have been recommended to try a poor man's plaster, and if you will excuse me I will have it put on.—Sam, Samuel, Samuel McHatten!"

"Here, father,' said the lad before mentioned, hastily swallowing a piece of mince pie which he had been quietly enjoying.

"Here, Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me and put on my back. Heat it hot, Sam.'

Saying which, he handed the plaster to his son, and seating himself astride the chair, with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back and his shirt over his head. "Now, Sam," said the Colonel, "if the poor man's plaster is hot, you may put it on; but you may wait a little; I'm afraid it's not hot enough. Heat it hot, Sam, heat it. Can you tell," he continued, turning to the traveler, who was seated in the corner, "Can you tell why this is called the poor man's plaster—sometimes the poor man's friend? eh? give it up?—laughing to himself—because it sticketh closer than a brother! eh?

Poor Sam who had been watching his chance to speak without interrupting his father, now ventured to say;

"I guess its hot enough now, father."

"What do you know about it?" said the old man testily.

"I say, heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot."

Sam whose face was at a red heat, had held the plaster to the fire until it run and dripped down on the hearth, and he made no reply.

"Well," said the old man, looking around "may be it will do now, Sam. Clap it on now."

Sam, armed with the plaster approached him, and if my word can be taken, did clap it on.—The old man gave one yell, like a wild Indian, and jumped clear over the back of his chair, kicking his old fashioned breeches off his feet, dancing around with pain. The traveler laughed until he cried, and the more mine host roared the more the traveler laughed. When the first agony was over, the Colonel began to swear, our traveler thought it would be prudent for him to retire, lest he should share wrath with Sam, who he observed was making good his distance.

The next morning, when leaving, he handed the Colonel five dollars, saying with a twinkle of his eye:

"I don't want any change. It is cheap at that." After he was seated upon his horse, and out of range, he called;

"Heat it hot, Sam, heat it hot. It sticketh closer than a brother."

SEA-VOYAGE DOTTINGS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

1st mo., 24th, 1868, 12 M.

On board Steamship "Fanny," off Fortress Monroe

DEAR COUNCELL:—Having promised to give a little account of our trip whilst in the sunny South, I will begin from starting. Took stage to Bridgeville, on 22d, and arrived just in time to take the up train for Wilmington—had the stage been detained three minutes longer we would have been too late. Left Bridgeville 15 minutes before 12 M. and on our arrival at Smyrna junction, found our fellow townsman, Capt. E. T. Leonard, already there—having come by the way of Greensborough and left Easton, as he stated, half hour later than the *Bridgeville* stage, and was there some time, waiting for our train. Here let me state what I think to be to the interest of the citizens of Easton: that is to get the mail route established at once to Ridgely. I signed a petition to that effect, before I left, but some one should go on to Washington and have it arranged at once. I recollect in 1862, we had a petition for over 6 months in Washington, to get the mail re-established to Federalsburg, but nothing was done with it until I went on to Washington, and within two days had it granted; the new route proposed to Ridgely must be made by Congress, before the P. M. General can grant it. When it is established and a daily stage put on the route all the travelling upward from Easton, will be that way, which will benefit our rail road. But I am digressing from our trip. We cast loose from wharf, Baltimore, at 3½ o'clock P. M. on the 23d, and had some difficulty in getting out, owing to much ice in the river and bay. We can barely see Fortress Monroe and the Ripraps as we pass down the Bay. 2 P. M.—We are now at the mouth of the bay—Cape Charles light house on the one side and a few miles lower down is Cape Henry, on the other. Around Cape Henry the white sand is blown up in large hills, some probably 30 or 40 feet high. 3 P. M.—We are now out in the ocean, but in sight of Virginia shore—a white sandy beach all the way along. We are steering straight to make round Cape Hateras—nearly a southeast course and making about eight knots an hour, as the sailors call miles. 25th—we passed Cape Hatteras last night and are now steering a straight course for the entrance to the Savannah River, nearly a southwest course and are over forty miles from land. The wind is fair and we have our canvass spread; the wind is due north, but does not appear so cold as when at home, and it is blowing from the same point. To-day we have seen two steamers and one brig. We see a few sea gulls, a whitish kind of a bird which follows us at times, but no other living thing is to be seen except a school of Porpoises, now and then playing with the prow of our steamer; they sometimes jump out of the water and at other times swim on their back and sides—they seem to enjoy themselves much, jumping into the large seas as they strike into the bow of our boat. It was quite rough about mid-day, the white seas could be seen off for miles away on every side. We talk of the grandeur of the falls of Niagara, but what are they to the mighty ocean as seen by us to-day; we have seen both and believe that there is no grander sight to be seen by mortal man than the *sun and skey* above and the mighty sea beneath, with its mighty billows on every side, as far as the eye can behold. 26th—we have it calm this morning and beautiful almost as spring, but I presume it is quite cold at home, if the wind blew from the North there yesterday. 27th—we have landed at Savannah and just dined off fresh shad. Will hear from us again at Fernandina, or Jacksonville, Florida. K.

PAPA. "Well, Sissy, how do you like your school?"

SISSY. "Oh, so muts."

PAPA. "That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day?"

SISSY. "I have learned the names of all the little boys."

A man cut off by his baker for non-payment of his bills is "struck off the rolls."

FOR THE FARMER.

Bread and Butter.

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweetheart flutter,
With hope to get that dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter.
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal or cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter,
But says if he will sow and reap
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

Gas Lime as a Fertilizer.

An officer of the Edinburg Gas Company writing to the *Scottish Farmer* concerning gas lime as a fertilizer, says:

"I believe that waste gas lime is equal in efficiency to fresh lime for most of the purposes aimed at in its use in farm lands, I sold all the lime thus produced at the gas works in Forfarshire, for sixteen years to several farmers, who uniformly expressed their satisfaction therewith. One very useful application of it was its mixture with the large pile of weeds and tangled roots of grass cleared off the fields annually.—On being composted in this way, the time gradually killed all the vitality of these weeds, and returned them to the land in the way of manure. It also served the purpose of opening up stiff clay soils, being first spread over the surface, and then ploughed down."

Greasing Wagons.

But a few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axletrees, and castor oil for iron.

Just enough grease should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus, put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder-bands and nut-washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes.

To oil an axletree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Practical Hints.

A coating of three parts lard and one part rosin, applied to farm tools of iron or steel, will effectually prevent rust. Common nails heated red hot and dropped into cold water, will clinch and answer the purpose of wrought nails. The sharp corner of a common Indian arrow head, or flint will cut glass effectually. A good wagon jack may be made of boards two or more feet long. Place the board in front of the wheel, one end on the ground and the other just under one of the spokes, close up to the felloe; then take hold of the spoke on the opposite side of the wheel, and lift it, at the same time placing the second board under the axle. In this way a loaded wagon may be lifted with ease. Rusty nails may be drawn from wood without difficulty, by first giving them a blow hard enough to start them a little. A gun will not need cleaning for five years, if the muzzle is tightly corked, and a piece of rubber kept upon the tube under the hammar, when standing idle.

Peach Borer--Killing.

It is stated on authority deemed reliable that to exterminate the peach bore it is only necessary to pour a small quantity of common sperm oil on the bark of the trees, close to the roots, without disturbing the earth. If the scaly bug infests the bark of your trees, rub them with an oiled swab and it will be destroyed also. Oil is the most effectual poison for insects. It closes their spiracles, or breathing holes, on the sides of the body. Essential oils, such as camphor and turpentine, kill or drive away insects for the same reason, and not because their oder is pungent.

How to Fresh Salt Butter.

Churn the butter with new milk, in the proportion of a pound of butter to a quart of milk. Treat the butter in all respects in churning as if it was fresh. Bad butter may be improved greatly by dissolving it thoroughly in hot water. Let it cool, then skim it off and churn it again, adding a small quantity of good salt and sugar. A small quantity may be tried and approved before trying a larger one. The water should be merely hot enough to melt the butter.—*Exchange.*

Wounds on Horses.

One of the best washes that we know of for ordinary wounds on horses is to take one quarter of a pound of salpeter, half a pint of turpentine, and put them into a bottle; shake up well before using; apply to the wound three times a day with a feather. This we have heard highly recommended from reliable sources.

Salt and Ashes for Horses.

Those keeping horses should, twice a week, throw in a handfull of salt and ashes. Mix them by putting in three parts of salt to one of ashes. Horses relish this, and will keep their hair soft and fine. It will prevent bots, colic, etc. A little ground sulphur mixed with salt and ashes, and given once in two or three weeks, is also beneficial. All domestic animals will be thus benefitted.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

If you want to be suited, go to a tailor; if you want to be non-suited, go to law.

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted an able bodied man as a washer-woman."

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not "put on."

A lock of hair from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.