THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

WILLIAM K. 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 a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted one TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger 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 additional charge.

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

Vol. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., February 22, 1868. No. 25.

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 42]

1867. 1868.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

Millinery & Fancy Goods.

MRS. H. 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, Ruffings, 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

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 1y 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 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 door in rear 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

DOBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP.—Saves time, saves labor, saves money, saves clothes, saves women. Sold by SAM'L. PATCHETT.
sep 14

PLASTER.—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.
apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED.

SAGE, BERSWAX and FLAXSEED, by
nov 2 DAWSON & BRO.

AXES, AXES—Stewart's best, just received and for sale by
nov 23 T. H. A. HARDESTY.

A Hundred Years from Now.

The surging sea of human strife
Forever onward rolls,
Bearing to the eternal shore
Each day its freight of souls;
But though our bark sails bravely on,
Pale Death sits at the prow,
And we shall know we ever lived,
A hundred years from now.

Oh, mighty human brotherhood,
Why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space
For everything alive?
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed,
Are waiting for the plough
Of progress, that shall make them bloom
A hundred years from now.

Why should we toil so earnestly
In life's short narrow span,
On sudden stairs to climb so high
Above our brother man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine
Our souls in homage bow?
Our gods will rust, ourselves be dust,
A hundred years from now.

Why pursue so much the world's applause?
Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice,
Of censure or of fame;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn,
That dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams
A hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time!
Like breakers on thy shore,
They rush upon thy rocks of doom,
Are seen—and seen more;
The starry wilderness of worlds
That gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes,
A hundred years from now.

O Thou, before whose sleepless eyes
The past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling
To thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are naught to us,
If we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
A hundred years from now.

Fill no Glass for Me.

O, comrades! fill no glass for me,
To drown my soul in liquid flame;
For if I drink, the toast should be—
To blighted fortune, health and fame,
Yet though I long to quell the strife
That passion holds against my life,
Still boon companions you may be,
But, comrades, fill no glass for me.

I know a breast that once was light,
Whose patient sufferings need my care;
I know a heart that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have nestled there,
Then while the tear drops nightly steal
From youthful hearts that I should heal,
Though boon companions you may be,
O, comrades, fill no glass for me.

When I was young I felt the tide,
Of aspiration, undefiled,
But manhood's years have wrouned the pride
My parents centered in their child.
Then by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions you may be
O, comrades, fill no glass for me.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN.

"I could 't think of such a thing."

"But you must. My happiness depends upon it. Here, put on the thingumbobs, and what's his name?"

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitating gaze a suit of feminine apparel. His idea was that I should personate his lady love for one day, to prevent any one from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them that nothing but a special act of the Legislature could untie.

The scheme was not so actually absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and, at that time, I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so, that, in fact, there was very little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and but few persons would have suspected that I was not really one of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D——, a small village where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D—— river to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should ship off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my—shirt sleeves were too short or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me to D—— by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble.—Several of the pic-nicers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (everybody knew Bob Styles) asked if he was going with them, etc. He told them that he was not.

"Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go though. I had just time to bring Miss Lee over to go with you, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee. Miss Witherbull, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a long string of brief introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating, a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking gentleman, with a hook nose and eye-glass and puffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my personelle, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out:

"Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little look out on her, will you?" then lowering his voice, "not a bad match for you, old fellow, she's rich."

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.

"On my honor," said Bob. "Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Good day," and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D——, he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She like a dutiful daughter, bid him good-bye, and kissed him; and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as old Lee's drove away from the front, and the old story of head-strong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us, of the pic-nic excursion, we had a delightful sail down the grove, but I did not enjoy myself as much as I should have done.

When I walked on the boat, I felt awkward as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket (the boat was a regular excursion packet,) and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent exposure. But it was not with him I found my *role* the hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie for three years. Of course she was glad to see me when she found out I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times in a manner that made my fingers' ends tingle for an hour. It was very nice, but if I had been in *propria persona* I should have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I was obtaining goods under false pretences, and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables in a falsetto voice; but the others, lord bless you, how they gathered!

Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her little love affairs, and she became so pleasantly confidential about other matters, quite innocent in themselves, but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give it up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach the city, where the Styles family lived and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jenny, my little friend from the boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered:

"My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing terribly high; your ankles will be the town talk with the gentlemen!"

Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open worked stockings, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggery my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable, but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me, and I burst out into a sort of strangulated laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little filagree laced handkerchief. The ladies all looked at me in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh the more. Fortunately, Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and himself among the crinoline.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air, which nauseated me as coming from one man to another, "you are as kind as you are fascinating!"

"You flatter me."

"I! No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."

"O, sir, really you are a very naughty man," I said in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band, engaged beforehand, awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and Mr. B. led me out for a schottish. It was hard at first for me to take the lady's part in any dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little fun at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him purposely jealous, by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my proper character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man who was a great woman killer—a sort of easy, devilmay-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to "play off" against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally look at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stired Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the band to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.

"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I—have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?"

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucca or the Schonnebrunnen ring in my ear, I can go on if it is for a year.

Not so with Bimby. He pleaded the want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I will give you a turn then!"

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much longer."

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

"Ah, a-you not getting tired?"

"Oh, no! I feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw bone hung down, and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

"This is delightful," I said, "and you Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily."

"On—ah—yes—very—delightful," he gasped.

"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?" and they played *a la* whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum, which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and swinging eccentrically away, pitching headlong into the midst of a small bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, and walking to my seat, sent the young woman-killer for a drink of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water. I got some idea from this of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jenny came running into the pavilion which served as a ball room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched in her dress, and I positively shuddered as she whispered to me:

"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are coming down!"

What could I do? I was in agony.

A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself twenty-five hundred miles away, and amathamatized Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly with fearful maledictions.

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of the gentlemen who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went.

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then. However, I nerved myself up to the task, and I accompanied Jenny to the house designated. An old lady accompanied us to her chamber, and Jenny, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so, a—pardon my blushes—a petticoat fell to the floor! She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

"Stop!" I cried, frantically, and forgetting my falsetto, "stop! don't undress, for God's sake."

She opened her great bright eyes to their fullest extent.

"And why not?"

"Because I am—I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"

"Why, yes—how frightened you look.—Why, what's the matter Maggie? You—why—oh! oh! oh!"

She gave three fearful screams.

"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth.

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument.

"O, sir," said she, "I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"

I told her the story as briefly as possable, and extracted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door and waited until she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie Lee and others, and wanted to hear of all the particulars; so I sat down by her and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness quite wonderful for the first time.—Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them all back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up timidly and said:

"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."

When I returned I found Lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jenny, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like another waltz. He didn't take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jenny to stroll off in the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great grey rocks leaning over the river. On one of these latter a little bench was placed, in a nook, sheltered from the wind and from sight.

Here we sat down in the full tide of the moonlight, and having just had supper, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly I went back to a little stand near the ball-room and purchased several of the wondering women who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all the fears and cares of my *incognito*, and revelled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight, and little Jenny's presence.

How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performs all the nonsensical things common among young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until the present time, for ought I know, had not the carriage been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begat questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valliant. They called and looked, and listened, but a position down in the sheltered nook, among the rocks, prevented them from hearing us or we from hearing them.

At length they hit upon the path, and all came along, single file, until, they got to the open space above.

There I sat, puffing away in a very unladylike style, at a highly flavored Choncha.

'Just think of poor—what's the name—Bimby! Suppose that he knew that he had been making love to a man!"

'Hush!' cried Jenny. "Look! there he is—and, oh! my good gracious! there is the whole company!'

Yes, we are fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that. Besides by that time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless 'one flesh,' and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the whole story.

Longer Bimby was in a rage! He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and slunk away to take a private conveyance back to D——.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is JENNY.

Address of E. L. F. Hardcastle, Pres. Md. & Del. R. R., Delivered at Hillsborough on Saturday, February 8th, 1868.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

I am here to say a few words to you in regard to the completion of the Maryland & Delaware Railroad. I shall not attempt to do more than present to your consideration a brief statement of the present condition of the road, and then submit to you my views as to what is necessary to insure an immediate resumption of work, its speedy completion to Hillsborough, and its continuation on through Queen Anne's and Talbot.

If I shall succeed in doing this to your satisfaction, I shall feel gratified that I have discharged that much of my duty as the President of the Company. The first thing I desire to impress upon your minds is the simple, but important facts that railroads cannot be built without money. Plain and simple as this proposition is, too many of our people overlook it entirely. While they are anxious to have the road built, they hang back and do not subscribe a dollar towards building it. Now, to all such I would say it will be impossible to complete this important work without their aid and co-operation. And I want everybody to understand that I cannot build the road, and shall not undertake to do it, until means are provided to pay for it. You all know, as well I do, that unless he is furnished with the means, *no* man *can* do it. This being so, the question is, where is the money to come from? The answer to this question presents the point which I want to bring home to each and every one of this community who is to be benefitted by the road. It is folly and nonsense to suppose that other people are going to raise the money to build a railroad for your benefit. They may assist you, but you have first to put your hand in your own pockets, and do what you can yourselves, before calling on others to help you. People who won't make an effort to do what they can for themselves, don't deserve, and have no right to expect, assistance from others. I am not here to flatter you with promises that are never to be fulfilled, but to ascertain whether you mean to abandon or carry on this work. Therefore, I say to you in all candor, if the road is to be carried forward under my administration, I am dependent upon the support and confidence of the people for whose benefit it is being built, and I must have that support in a substantial form—in other words, I must have the subscription of *good men*, as a basis to stand upon, before beginning the work—otherwise I can do nothing, except it were to awaken hopes to be disappointed. This I do not wish to do.

First, let us consider the present condition of the road, which terminates at Ridgely, about four miles from here. The work having stopped at this point, for the want of funds to carry it further, of course it cannot go beyond its present terminus unless means are raised to pay for its further construction. This is a plain statement of the situation of the road on my taking charge as President—not an encouraging prospect, you will admit, to begin with. When the position was tendered to me, I positively declined it; and it was not till after the urgent solicitation of friends and prominent gentlemen connected with the work that I was induced to take the place, upon their assurance that the people for whose benefit the road was being built would come forward and provide the means to complete the work. Relying upon that assurance, I consented to assume all the responsibilities attached to the office, and I am here to-day to ascertain whether you, representing a portion of the people, are ready to make good that assurance by every man doing what he can to aid me in carrying forward the work. But there was another and important consideration presented by the capitalists who had furnished means to build the road to Ridgely that influenced me, as it ought to influence you, to make an effort, and if necessary, some sacrifice, in order to secure the road as far as it is now built.—For unless you do so, I fear the road will go back instead of coming forward, and you will loose all that has been expended upon it, as well as the benefit that was expected to be derived from it—as I will explain to you.

A large part of the payments for the work done was made in bonds of the company—which are first mortgage liens upon the road and its franchise. Now these bonds are held by capitalists who receive not a dollar of interest, and they are not to receive any until the road is completed to Hillsborough and turned over to the company in compliance with the terms of the contract. Let me ask you as practicable business men whether you would continue to hold a preferred mortgage upon property without receiving interest, and with no prospect of soon receiving any if there were any remedy to make your money? Rest assured these bond holders are not different from other people—they want their principal, if they don't receive punctually their interest; and they have recently given us notice to that effect, by saying that if the company is going on with the work they are satisfied to wait for their interest until the road is completed to Hillsborough—but if the road is not in progress they must close up the matter, and have a settlement. The meaning of this is they intend to force us to go into it quite soon, which would result in our road being sold to the highest cash bidders, who could afford to take up the iron and re sell it to some other company. This is an aspect of the case, which I deem of great importance, and I want every one who feel an interest in the permanency and prosperity of our road, to consider and weigh well the consequences of delay in pushing forward the work in its present critical condition. I feel it my duty to inform you in regard to these matters, that you may see and know for yourselves that now in the important crisis in the affairs of our road. If you decline or hesitate to do your duty, by disregarding what I have said to you, the responsibility with all its consequences will rest upon you—not me. If in the future what I have indicated should take place, and by your procrastination it be then too late to save the road as far as now built, you cannot say that I failed to warn you in time to have prevented it, if you would have done so.

I will now proceed to suggest what I consider your duty in the premises—in other words what is necessary to resume work and bring the road *at once* to Hillsborough. I come directly to the point by saying that if the people of Caroline will subscribe in stock to the amount of $10,000 I will go to work and undertake to build the road *at once* to Hillsborough. This is a small sum to raise among those of you in close proximity to the line of the road, if you will take into consideration the enhancement in the value of property and the many other benefits that will accrue not alone to the man of property, but to every man of enterprise. All that is necessary is that each one should subscribe according to his ability. I don't want, nor do I ask, any one to subscribe a dollar more than he is able to pay. Let every one do what he is able, and the amount will soon be made up.—There is no difficulty about it whatever, if the people of this town and in the neighborhood of the Road, will come forward and do their duty. In order that you may have no doubt about the purpose to which the money is to be applied I propose the subscriptions shall not be payable until the Road is built to Tuckahoe creek.—Don't delude yourselves with the false idea that you already have the road to Ridgely, or that other people will contribute the money to build the road for your benefit. Let every man ask himself the question how much he expects to be benefitted by the road. He can then determine how much he will be the loser if the enterprise fails. But it ought not to fail, and it will not fail, unless the people of this county are blinder to their interests than I think they are.

I feel sanguine about building the road, at least as far as Easton, if it can be got to Hillsborough—for the people of Talbot have taxed themselves for a large amount, and are prepared to do more whenever the road reaches them. The gap between Hillsborough and Ridgely is the difficulty to be overcome—it is your place to overcome it—you can easily do it, if you will; and I am here to help you do it, if you will make the effort. I know what I am saying when I tell you that Tuckahoe neck can raise the amount required and never feel it. I have recently gone through the Neck, and I say, without hesitation, there are no more prosperous farmers in our whole State than are to be found in that beautiful and highly improved section of your county. I was amazed as well as gratified to observe the great improvements that had taken place there, as well as in other sections of my native county, during the past 20 years.

Having told you what is necessary to be done, I want to know, my friends, who of you are going to put your name to the subscription book. When you have done that I wish you to go to work and induce your neighbors to do likewise. If you will give me the management I will take hold of the work with energy. But candor compels me to say that I am not going to undertake to build a Railroad for you without means. The contractors are ready to go on as soon as I assure them the company is prepared to pay for the work when done—but this I shall never do until good and bona fide subscribers put down their names for the amount required.

I thank you for your kind attention to what I have said. Turn it over in your minds and consider well the plain propositions I have presented to you. You can then determine for yourselves whether you will make a united effort to carry on the work and save the road as far as now built, or whether you will abandon the road to its fate, and lose the benefit of all the money and all the labor that has been expended upon it.

HOW CAR-THIEVES OPERATE IN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives an account of his adventures with a gang of pick-pockets who had been "working" the horse cars from Forty-second street to Grand street, in New York, as follows:

"On turning the rather sharp curve into Centre street the speed was naturally diminished, and after turning, the former rate was not at once resumed. Presently I heard some one say 'Earle's Hotel.' I was not sure it was the conductor's voice. It seemed to be a little too soon, but the slow motion of the car indicated a stop for passengers to get out. I stepped upon the rear platform to look, saw that we had not arrived, and attempted to return, but found my retreat into the car cut off. There were three men on the platform beside myself. Two of them, one on my right hand and one on my left, pressed against me, as if to crowd me back and enter the car first. I exclaimed against the needless crowding. The man on my right—the same, I think—who had sat down on my right hand, as above stated, seized my traveling bag. I pulled it from his grasp and immediately placed my left hand upon my pantaloons pocket to defend my pocket book. But the pocket book was gone, and looking up I saw that the two men were gone. We were about opposite the east end of Howard street, the character of which is well known.

"The conductor, during all this, stood close by the open door within three feet of me. Entering the car, I asked him whether he knew those men. He answered, "No, I did not pay any attention to them." I told him they had picked my pocket. He paid no attention to that. Perhaps he thought it none of his business. I cannot prove or make oath that he knew anything about it, but if he had been their accomplice, I do not see wherein he would have behaved differently."

A WESTERN JUDGE.—The Hon. Ben. Tappan, once a Senator from Ohio, was on the bench when the Buckeye State was admitted into the Union. He was famous in his time for being very ugly, very talented, and very cross eyed, crabbed and sarcastic. On one occasion he was holding court in the wilderness, when one log cabin had to be used for the court house, tavern and bar room. The stable near by was used for a jail. The Judge had just given some malefactors a very severe sentence, when a rough backwoodsman, who had been practicing at the other bar, exclaimed:

That's right; give um thunder, old gimlet eyes.

'Who is that?' screamed the irate and indignant judge.

'It's this old hoss,' answered pioneer giving his breast an approving slap.

'Mr. Sheriff,' retorted Tappan, 'put that old hoss in the stable, and keep him a week on bread and water.'

SWEET SIMPLICITY.—As a weary traveller was wending his way through the far West region of the country, he discovered a young maiden seated in front of a small log house. He rode up in front of the cabin and asked the girl for a drink of water. He drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days offered a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and the dime. The traveler was about to resume his journey, but the girl never before having seen a dime, asked: "What am I to do with the dime?" "You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "it's yours." "If that is the case, said she, 'I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

☞ Mr. Pullup, coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking very slippery, and he exclaims: "V-v-ery singular, whenever water freezes it allus freezes with the slippery side up. Singular!"

It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness—bad to see her husband sued for finery.

It's a good sign to see a man advertised in the papers—bad to see the Sheriff advertise for him.