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., July 4, 1868. No. 44.

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, inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their business, without an additional charge.

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

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.

THE LATEST SPRING STYLES OF Millinery & Fancy Goods,

LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS AND PATTERN BONNETS.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lynch

HAS just returned from the city with a large and full assortment of the above Goods, which have been selected with great care and at very low prices. She invites her friends and the public generally to give her a call, and feels confident of pleasing *all* who may so favor her. She also has a *very fine assortment of ready-made Bonnets*, calculated to *please* the most *fastidious*.

☞ Bonnets made to order, and repairing done at the *shortest* possible notice. All kinds of fancy work done.

Thankful for the patronage bestowed upon her in the past, she will leave nothing undone to merit a continuance of the same.

E. A. LYNCH,
Cor. Washington & Dover Streets.

apr 25.

NEW STORE,

At the Old Stand, Formerly Occupied by A. DODD & SON.

THE undersigned having purchased the Store Room formerly occupied by A. Dodd & Son, (at the Southwest corner of Dover and Harrison streets,) and having just received and opened a fine assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

offers them to his friends and the public generally at a *small advance for* CASH.

Among the stock will be found

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Rice, Crackers, Soaps, Candles, Coal Oil, Tobacco, Snuffs, Pipes, Family, Extra, and Super Flour,

(Duer's brand,) which is considered superior to Gambrill's.

Also, a fine lot of STONE WARE, (white and colored,) among the white I name Cups and Saucers, Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Cream Pourers, Tea Pots, Plates, Dishes, &c. Among the colored are Jugs, different sizes, Crocks, do., Pitchers, do., Jars, do., Bowls, Spittoons, &c.

He has also a nice article of

Rye and ommon Whiskey

and many other articles too tedious to enumerate here, all of which have been purchased at a *low figure for cash*, and will be sold at a small advance, on the SAME TERMS.

He respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine his stock, feeling assured they will be pleased with the *prices* and the *quality* of the goods.

The public's ob't serv't,
jan 18-1y ARTHUR BROWN.

NEW STORE! New Goods!!

NEW STAND,

AT THE SIGN OF THE

RED FLAG.

O Dover Street in the town of EASTON.

Cash Buyers look to your interest!
One cent saved is two made!!

NO MONOPOLY!
FREE TRADE!!
EQUAL RIGHTS!!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has fitted up a store room on Dover Street opposite Nicols & Bartlett's cheap hardware store, where he has opened a stock of goods just received from the city and selected with great care and at low prices. His stock is now ready for inspection and an invitation is extended to all to call and examine for themselves. It is no trouble to show goods, and his motto is "live and let live." His stock consists in part of Calicoes of the latest Spring styles, Brown and Bleached Mushns, Drills, Oznaburgs, Linens, Domestics, Shirtings, Flannels, Mens' and Boys' wear, Notions, Hosiery, Fancy Goods and Boots and Shoes.

The attention of Housekeepers is especially directed to his fine assortment of family Groceries, consisting in part of Brown and White Sugars, Super, Extra and Family Flour, (Duer's Brand,) at retail or by the barrel, Bacon, Lard, Pork, Beans, Coffee, Tea; a variety of washing Soaps, Baking and Washing Soda, Molasses, Syrups, Coal Oil, Salt, Pepper, Spice, Segars, Smoking Tobacco, best Garret Snuff, Confectionery, Dried and Green Fruits, Corn, Corn Meal, Mill feed and many other articles not herein named.

☞ Remember NEW STORES SELL CHEAP.—Call early and get bargains as I am determined not to be undersold.

He returns thanks for the liberal share of patronage extended to him and solicits a continuance of the same at the sign of the RED FLAG, on Dover street, where he promises to sell cheaper than formerly. Country produce generally on hand and for sale, and taken at all times in exchange for goods.

mar 21-1y J. H. T. HUBBARD.

SOMETHING NEW.

BRAZILIAN RAT-TAIL CIGARS.

I HAVE just received a few of the above fine and new style Cigars, which I invite my friends to call and try.

mar 14 M. M. HOOPER.

PRICE REDUCED—Coal Oil of superior quality, warranted to be above the standard, for sale at a reduced price by

may 2 DAWSON & BRO.

"COSTAR'S" PREPARATIONS

EVENYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

Are you troubled by Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. box of "Costar's" Exterminators.

"Only Infalible Remedies known."—"Free from Poison." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Rats come out of their holes to die." Improved to keep in any climate.

Are you annoyed with Bed-Bugs? Can't sleep nights! Buy a 25c. or 50c. Bottle of—"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.

"Destroys and prevents Bed-Bugs."—"Never fails." A Liquid, used by Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ships, Boats, Public Institutions, and Housekeepers everywhere.

For Moths in Furs, Woolens, Carpets, &c., &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Flask of—"Costar's" Insect Powder.

Destroys instantly Insects on Fowls Fleas on Animals. "Nothing exceeds it in power and efficacy." "Free from Poison." Imported and prepared only by "Costar."

"A sure thing." Thousands testify to its merits. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Box of—"Costar's" Corn Solvent.

For Corns, Bunions, Warts, &c. "Try it." It is positively efficacious. Take away the cause. Apply the Corn Remedy, to your comfort. Then tell your friends about it.

Don't suffer with Pain! A Wonderful power of Healing! Every family should keep it in the house. Buy a 25c. or 50c, Box of "Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.

Its effects are immediate. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Sore Breasts, Piles, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itch, Scrofula and Cutaneous Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Lips, &c., Bites of Animals, Insects, &c. This Salve has proved a comfort and blessing to thousands.

"A Universal Dinner Pill," (sugar-coated) 30 years administered in a Physician's Practice. 25c. and 50c. Boxes—"Costar's" Bishop Pills

Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

"That Cough will kill you. Don't neglect it. Take home the Cure—the nicest improved article. 25c. and 50c. Sizes "Costar's" Cough Remedy.

The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

For the "Toilet," for Beautifying the Complexion, giving to the skin a transparent freshness. Bottles $1.00 "Costar's" Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms

Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express.

Address,
HENRY R. COSTAR,
482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by LEVIN H. CAMPBELL, Easton, Md., and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

Trust Your Mother.

Trust your mother, little one;
In life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel;
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth—
Turn not from the paths of truth;
In Temptation's evil hour
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong;
Trust your mother aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair;
Love will guide your steps with care;
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart;
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother to the end,
She will prove your constant friend;
If 'tis gladness wings the hour,
Share with her the joyful shower;
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile and she will bless,
O, be trustful, loving, true,
That she may confide in you.

Shopping.

She stood behind the counter—
The day I'll ne'er forget—
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet;
I watched her playful fingers
The silk and satin toss;
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
And nodded at the boss:
"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Baregh and satin turk,"
She said, "I want to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The clerk was all obedience,
He traveled "on his shape,"
At length with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape.

From the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (which is in the tait uv Kentucky, May 24, 1868.

The Chicago Convention—Mr. Nasby attends it and gets on a Heavy Disgust—A Lecture on Democracy.

I wuz at Chicago one day, and that one day satisfied me. My ears was stunned with rors for Grant, which ever way I turned my eyes I saw nothing but Grant badges and Grant Medals; the bands wuz all playin the Star Spangled Banner and sich, and even the street organ grinders hed attooned their lyres to the same Ablishun melodies.

On my arrival I askt a vishus boy (which I knowd wuz Dimekratic, from the fact that his little shirt wood hev hung out uv his little pants if he'd hed any shirt,) if he cood show me where the Ablishun Convenshun wuz a holdin itself.

"Certainly I kin, my old buffer," said he, "it's in that yer bildin," pintin' ez he spoke, to a rather gorgus edifice with a steeple to it.

I entered it, and wuz surprised, not only at the fewness uv the delegates on the floor, but at ther pecooliyer appearance. They didn't look like delegates to any Convenshun I hed ever attended. Ther noses wuzn't uv the color I hed ben accustomed to. They wuz all solemn lookin chaps with gold spectacles, black coats, high foreheads and white neckerchers. "Is this," thot I to myself, "the uniform delegates wear at Republican Convenshuns?"

At this pint I turned to a man sittin beside me, and in an undertone askt wich wuz ahead on the last ballot, Colfax or Wade?

"Sir," sed he, "are you a Johnson post-master?"

"I am," sed I definantly. "How didst thou determine that pint."

"By your breath," sed he. "Yoor mistaken in the place, my friend. This is a Methodist Conference."

That wikked and perverse boy hed intenshunelly deceived me.

On my return we wuz a settin in Bascom's, discussin the nominashuns. Deekin Pogram wuz indignant, "Good Heavens!" sed he, with horrors in his sainted face, "Kin it be that men perlessin nashnel views wood offer sich an insult to Kentucky ez to nominate sich a man ez Grant, who sword in hand, devastatid her fertile fields and piled the bodies uv her nootral sons who resisted his advance mountains high? Kin it be that—"

"Easy, Deekin," replied I, "stiddy! stiddy! Don't take posishen rashly. It ain't improbable that we may hev to nominate Hancock or some other solier. In that event—but I've sed enuff."

"Well, at all evence," sed the Deekin, "it's a most hoomiliatin thing to hev thrown in our faces a infamous proposishen to pay a debt incurred in a infamous attempt to subjoogate us—to pledge our labor to pay a debt unconstitooshnally inkurred. and un—"

"Deekin," sed I, "yoor zeal I do admire, but yoor reely indistinct. It may be necessary to carry Noo York to nominate Belmont's man, who will be pledged to do this very thing. Go a little slow."

"Well, however that may be, it's a burnin shame to throw into Kentucky's face a Abolishnist—two uv em in fact—and—"

"Deekin," (I spoke this time severely) 'yoor very indiscreet to-day. It's possible, and I may say probable, that that noble patriot, Chief Justice Chase, who hez bin a friteful Ablishnist, and who, if he runs, will for obvus reasons, make us swaller at the beginin a porsien uv his heresies, may be our candidate. Say nothin, Deekin, that yoo'l hev to take back."

Feelin that rite here wuz a splendid chance for an improvin discourse on the nacher, objicks, and aims uv democracy, I opened out onto em.

"Dimocrisy," I remarkt, "is distinguished cheefly for its elasticity in adoptin means to ends. One wood suppose that Post Offis is its cheel end. In one sense it is. Dimocrisy is willin to sacrifice any thing which it hez for Post-Offis. It might raise Deekin Pogram'sire to sejest the nominashen uv Hancock, on akkount his slawterins, or Belmont's candidate on account uv his insultin on payin off the Nashional Debt, or Chase who hez bin in his day suspected uv bein tainted with Ablishinism. But my brethring let it be remembered that success is the main object. Success is what Bascum wants, that I, bein continyoually in offis, may hev the means to pay for the liker I consoom, and to avoid the necessity uv bein continyoously rekested to chalk it down, which practis he esteems disgustin, and one wich greatly increases his labors. Captain McPelter wants success that he may continyoo to hez Assessors, Collectors, and Revenoo offisers with which he kin divide the profits uv the $2 tax on the whiskey he makes, and Deekin Pogram wants success that he may hev his niggers agin, or at least that he may hev the privilege of hirin em for $4 per month, deducting 25 cents per day for each day's absence, without no Burrow offiser or other military satrap hangin about to melest er make afraid. Success is the main pint, and el Hancock is the way, walk ye in it—el Chase or Seymour is the way, walk ye ditto, for with either uv these men all things we'll hev. When they come to us they leave ther former slaves behind.

"But methinks I hear one say, Hanbock is a soljer, Seymour a anti-rapudiator, and Chase a Ablishnist! Wat uv that? They may be wat they like when they go into offis—assosiashen with us fetches em sooner or later. Kin yoo tech pitch and not be befiled? Doolittle, Cowan, and Dixon wuz Ablishnists. When they split from Ablishnism—the minit they fell into our embraces—they became ez satisfactory Dimokrats ez I cood wish. The road down is a easy one to travel. It's easier to slide than to climb, wich is the reason why so many more are damned than saved. Democracy, like Bascom's new likker, holds a man when it gits him. Johnson wuz a good enuff Ablishnist till he called unto us for help, and then he wuz lost. Let Chase stay with us a week and he'd forget all his old ideas, you bet. Shood you poke that silver pitcher at him the niggers give him at Cincinnati, for defendin a fugitive, and he'd swear like Peter he never saw it—only differin from Peter is that he'd stick to it. And there is no go in back, for the principal ones. Ther remorse kind o' drives em deeper and deeper, till they finally are worse than ez tho they originally wuz uv us. Let us, my brethrin, never reject any help we kin git. Let it come in any shape and from any source, it'll finally assimilate to us and be uv us. Remember, Johnson, Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon swore, when they started at Philadelphia, that they never cood go into the ranks uv the Democrisy; in a year they wuz makin speeches for us in Connecticut.

Ez I conclooded my remarks, my circle agreed that it was sale to take whatever we cood git from the enemy, and we retired, feelin that whatever other localities mite do, the Corners wuz safe. Wat an outrage it is, though, that the Ablishnists nominated sich a man for Vice President ez to make Grant perfectly safe from bein removed as Linken wuz. Ef he's elected he'll serve out his time.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

A Romance In Real Life.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond has lately taken place in Paris, and thus described in a journal: Mr Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished *elegant*, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and mediaeval relics, but for his care skill as a designer and painter hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whombe had never seen, keeps at the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view of making his acquaintance.

Entering the counting-room he found a good-natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you also have seen my advertisement, and come to apply for that situation as designer?"

For a joke M. Robert replied that he had.—Mr. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what Mr. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—"*a point.*"

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work."

M. Robert, being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel, silver, enamel, or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his works in shop windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of Mr. B., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him he had never met with any one like her. Step by step the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Maria fifty thousand francs," said he with a little air of boasting. "Eh; *mon garcon.*

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

"Jonas, do you love me?"

"Yes, Sukey, I does."

"How do you know you loye me, Jonas?"

"'Cause, whenever I see you my heart jumps up and knocks agin my stommock so hard that I don't have any appetite for a week afterwards.'

A lady meeting a girl who had left her service inquired:

"Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please ma'am, I don't live nowhere now; I have got married."

A Scene of Retribution.

A picture of representing the sale of quantity of old furniture seized for rent was exhibited some years back in the window of a dealer in the Place de Madaleine, Paris, and attracted considerable attention. In the foreground was placed a poor woman, holding in her arms a child, and watching with a sorrowful eye the progress of the sale. The sweet face of the child stood out in strong contrast to the distressed countenance of the mother. Further back were the personages connected with the sale, represented with great vigor. The following is stated by a Lyons journal to be the history of the scene depicted:

"A few years since, the painter of the picture in question, an eminent artist in Lyons, while passing through the Rue des Terreaux, approached a number of persons who were gathered together witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman.

A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she had in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation; but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent which was due him.

"The artist was much affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord.

"There he is," replied the woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale.

The man was recognized by the painter as a person who had amassed considerable property by usury, so that to make an appeal to his feelings in behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable daub, which, in the summer, the poor woman had used to hide the hole through which the stove-pipe passed during the winter. It was put up for one franc.

The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge of the landlord. He went over, examined the picture with great attention, and then called forth in a loud voice.

"One hundred frances!"

The landlord was astounded at the bid, but conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double what was bid, therefore he boldly offered two hundred francs.

"Five hundred," said the painter.

The contest between the two bidders now became so animated that the prize was a length knocked down to the land-lord at two thousand and two hundred francs!

The purchaser then addressing the painter:

"In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now tell me sir, at what value do you estimate that picture?"

"About three francs and a half," replied the painter, "but I would not give that for it."

"You are surely jesting," said the uneasy landlord, "for you bid as high as two thousand one hundred francs for the picture."

"That is true," replied the artist, "and will tell you why I did so. You, in the possession of an income of twenty-five thousand a year have seized on the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of two hundred francs. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize upon your goods for the liquidation of the debt."

The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having announced her good fortune is the poor woman, walked away."

Gen Grant—Democratic Testimony to his Abilities before he became a Candidate.

The Pittsburg *Post* is the leading Democratic paper in Western Pennsylvania. Last winter it published an editorial from which we take this extract:

"Ought we to nominate a man in opposition to Gen. Grant? Ought we to charge him with being an enemy to his country, or in favor of unjust measures, merely because he may have received said nomination? * * *

"We are inclined to believe that more depends upon Gen. Grant than any other individual in the United States. We believe him to be far superior to the far-sighted politicians who have been ruling the nation without bringing peace or economy to our legislation. He is known to all the people as a straight forward man, and so far as can be judged, a man well disposed to deal fairly with the people of all sections of the Union. Certainly if such a man were nominated by the Democratic party, we would advocate his election in the hope that his election would conduce to the public welfare. The question is, then, if he is nominated by the Republican party, whether we shall as a party oppose his election? * * * In the first place, if the people generally believe Gen. Grant to be the man we think he is, no individual in the United States could command a corporal's guard of votes against him—*on any plea whatever.* In the second place, it would be an unjust and very injurious action for our Democratic leaders to attempt to place the Democratic party in a false position before the world, representing them as Enemies or opponents of Gen. Grant. * * What better thing can we do in case of Gen. Grant's nomination by the Republican party than to vote for him for the Presidency? Our aim should be to strengthen his hands; to render him as much as possible independent of party and to elect him as the President of the people: If unanimously, so much the better. We solemnly believe that if the people generally of the United States can come together with real unanimity on Gen. Grant, in regard to the Presidency, it will be the happiest thing for our country could possibly occur. The future good effects of this course are almost incalculable. We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully."

A WORD TO BOYS.—A writer in an educational journal makes the following pertinent and truthful remarks to boys, which we deem worthy a prominent place in our columns. Boys, listen:

"The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force there is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards to relation to man. If I were going to give you a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say: Turn them upon their own resources with moral and religious truths when they are boys and teach them to "depend on self, and not on father."—If a boy is thrown on his own resources at fifteen, with the world before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life self-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than average share of ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to "plow, and sow, and reap and mow," but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be better than either of these. Wipe out from your vocabulary every such word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hands to the plow, or whatever tool you may take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even slight your person to see that it is straight; don't be consistent, but be simply true. If you go out to "see a reel shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence."

An Historical House in Knonville.

A Knoxville [Tenn.] correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says the house of Col. Armstrong, near that city, is historical. During a part of the siege of Knoxville it was occupied by Rebel sharp-shooters, and only escaped being battered down, because Burnside had but few cannon balls or shell. Nevertheless, one of the latter, a twenty-pounder, crashed through the walls, and several others marked it in different places. The side next Fort Sanders is dented and flecked, and spotted with hundreds of bullet-marks. Several musket balls may be seen partially embedded in the window sills and frames. In the parlor stands a large piano, exactly where it stood during the fight. Two balls came through the windows and lodged in the wood of the instrument, where they are yet visible. The tones of the piano are still as beautiful as though the casing did not contain those grim evidences of a day when no music was heard save that awful kind which accompanies upon the field of battle, the messengers of death. In the lower there is a more frightful trace of the fray.

The tower is perhaps six feet square, with three long and very narrow windows. Among the enemy's sharp-shooters, when they held the house, was a young South Carolinian, who, with several others, occupied the tower. Peeping from one of the windows, a bullet, which must have come three-quarters of a mile, crashed into his brain, and passed entirely through his head. The blood poured out in two sanguinary streams, as his comrades dragged him below, and from the spot where he fell to the very bottom of the stairs, the two streams, now running parallel, now momentarily coinciding, and anon, crossing each other, are still distinctly visible. The round hole in the glass through which the bullet penetrated is also seen. With great good taste Col. Armstrong has preserved as far as possible the traces of the conflict about his house. It is true, several vigorous efforts have been made to wash away the blood, but it had been too thoroughly soaked into the wood before Col. Armstrong's family returned to the residence, and now it will remain there as long as the mansion endures, a fearful reminder of the consequences of war."

LITTLE FRANK—"Great Cæsar, mother, what a big apple!"

Mother—"It's wicked, Frank, to say Great Cæsar. I've often reproved you for using this bad word, which you have learned from the boys in the street, but you keep on repeating it. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will give five cents not to say 'Great Cæsar" any more"

"It's a bargain, mother," cried the little four year old; and the money was paid.

Two or three days afterward little Frank came running into the house from his play on the street, his eyes glistening and his cheeks red with excitement.

"Mother, mother, I've learned a new word from the boys, "it's 'Great Peter.' Give me five cents more, and I'll quit saying that, too!"

STRIKE THE KNOT.—"Strike the knot!" said a gentleman one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the axe to his son, saying—

"Always strike the knot."

That was good advice. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face a difficulty? Are you leaving home to live for the first time among strangers? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as a bold lion hunter looks in the face of the lion.—Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up and do it. Yes, strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties. Strike the knot, and crack it goes.

PUNGENT.—Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?

"No; how was it?"

Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the *sauce*, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knifeful into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trousers and commenced wiping his eyes.

"What troubles yer, Jimmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and it was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung!" he replied, shrewdly.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had as suddenly use for the handkerchief; whereat Jimmy as coolly inquired, and what troubles yer, Pat?

"Troth," he replied, "that you wasn't hung with yer father."

☞ THE following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel may be of interest to our readers:

		POUNDS.
Of	Wheat,	60
"	Corn, shelled,	56
"	Corn on the cob,	70
"	Rye,	56
"	Oats,	33
"	Barley,	40
"	Potatoes,	60
"	Bran,	20
"	Clover seed,	64
"	Timothy seed,	45
"	Flaxseed,	45
"	Hemp seed,	44
"	Buckwheat,	52
"	Blue grass seed,	14
"	Beans (castor,)	46
"	Peaches (dried,)	33
"	Apples (dried)	24
"	Onions,	57
"	Salt,	50

An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to find room for it."

Prentice says stuffing improves the fair as well as the fowl.

A miserable old bachelor, who knows that the present is leap year says:

"If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

WANTED.—One line to fill out this column.