PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. H. Concell—Printer.

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. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857. No. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserted THREE TIMES 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.

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

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

ALFRED P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Easton, Md.,

WILL practice in Talbot and adjoining counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care. CLAIMS of all kinds collected and payments promptly made over

☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office.
sep 27—tf

A. B. PRITCHETT.
CABINET MAKER,

HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. Saml Pritchett will receive prompt attention.
may 12 y A. B. P.

FASHIONABLE
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

JOHN R. MORTIMER begs leave to inform the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the latest and most approved Rules of Cutting, and having fitted up his establishment, immediately opposite Campbell's Drug Store, he is now prepared to execute, in the neatest style, all orders committed to him.

He earnestly solicits his friends and the public to give him a trial. sep 27—tf

LOOK
FOR YOURSELF.

THE subscriber last just returned home with a first rate assortment of *Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings* of all styles and grades, such as handsome Black & Fancy Cloths. Also, Cassimeres of all colors and quality, and Vestings to match.

My Overcoating is also of first rate quality, suitable for young and old.—Come and see for yourself at my old stand, No. 1, Smith's Row. JOHN SATTERFIELD.
oct 18

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

HAS this day been formed between the undersigned for the purpose of *Grate Bricking, Street-Paving, Repairing and putting up Chimneys.* They will keep constantly on hand Bricks of the best material for Graves, which they will furnish at moderate prices when called on so to do. They will execute with dispatch all work in their line of business at short notice and in the best manner. When not engaged in the country they can be found at their residence in Easton.

JOS. NEAVNAM.
JAS. R. WRIGHT.
August 18, 1856. [aug 23—tf

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber informs the tax payers of Talbot county that he is prepared to receive their State and County Taxes for the year 1856. I hope they will be promptly paid, as I shall aim to close my collections within the time prescribed by law. The commissions paid for collecting the taxes are not sufficient to justify me in riding the county to make repeated calls on delinquents, therefore I shall expect tax payers to call on me at once, and settle their taxes. To enable persons to save the *four per cent* discount on their State tax, which they may do by paying in it taxes during this month (September,) I shall be in Easton every Tuesday, at Trappe every other Saturday, beginning with to day, and at St Michaels when not on a cruise in other parts of the county. Mr. Charles Robinson, in Easton, will receive and receipt for taxes for me during any day in the week for the Easton, Trappe and Chapel Districts.
sep 6—tf JAMES HARRISON, Jr

COACH AND HARNESS
MAKING.

THE subscriber (surviving partner of Anderson & Hopkins) takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has taken the shop stock, &c., of the late firm, and will hereafter carry on the

COACH-MAKING BUSINESS

in his own name. From his long experience in the business he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction, and in every a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit a continuance of that favor and patronage which have heretofore been so liberally extended toward him.

He is prepared to manufacture Carriages of all kinds to order, in a very superior manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Repairing also executed with neatness and despatch.

He has now on hand and ready for sale a fine assortment of Carriages, Harness, &c., both new and second hand, of various patterns and finish, which he would respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and all new work warranted for 12 months.
may 20—y SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

H. F. BYRNE.

I S again manufacturing *Ethereal Oil*, which he guarantees to burn clear and without smell. This Oil burns 25 per ct. longer than Balm Oil and has the advantage of being *manufactured fresh every day.* H. F. BYRNE.
dec 6 St. Michaels.

FOR CHRISTMAS—A beautiful assortment of Embroidered Collars, Handkerchiefs, Undersleeves and Sets of Undersleeves and Collars—very cheap—just the thing for useful Christmas presents, at
dec 13 J. H. GRACE'S.

Razors! Razors!!
Just received another lot of those excellent Razors at 25 cents, that have given such great satisfaction. We hope all those who have called and been disappointed in getting them will secure one without delay.
dec 20 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

PHILADELPHIA WATER CRACKERS—A fresh supply of these celebrated Family Crackers, just received. Also constantly on hand Soda and Sugar Crackers.
dec 6 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

TRIMMINGS! TRIMMINGS!!—We have just opened another lot of Velvet and Moire Antique trimmings of all widths, both plain and fancy
dec 6 GOLDSBOROUGH & DAWSON.

LIQUORS—Pure Wines & Brandies for Medicinal purposes, also constantly on hand a large supply of *that famous* old Whiskey.
oct 11 H. C. MACKEY.

TOBACCO and Cigars, a very large and various stock of choice brands, just received.—Persons in want of a good article had better call soon
(dec 13) H. F. BYRNE.

For the Easton Gazette.

THE DESERTED FIRESIDE.

BY NORMAN.

Awake my Harp! thou tuneless shell awake!
Must thy proud soul, this hapless wreck forsake?
Will thy loose cords, no pitying minstrel brace?
No swelling heart, harmonic language trace,
In tender notes, the happy moments flown?
And thou, hang cheerless in the attic grown
Musty and old, all tuneless without tone!

Oh, then awake! if there be yet a spark,
Still left, to light the past, to many dark—
If there be yet a thought to soft illume,
Hours that are gone, and hopes enroled in gloom!
If there be yet a string, down which to glide,
And picture scenes of home, the fireside,
The dear old hearth, and mantle high and wide!

The old brass clock, that in the corner told,
The passing hour, in ring clear, rich and bold;
In measured tick, the flight of time declared,
To merry souls, who thoughtless, little cared
How swift they flew, how fast the moments sped—
Alas! dear hearts! how numbered with the dead!
They sleep, within a cold and narrow bed!

The fine old paintings of Grand Sires and Dames,
That graced the walls and smiled in costly frames;
Fine looking men, in velvet coats, and hair,
Profusely powdered, curled and brushed with care;
And handsome women, robed in colors gay,
By artists famed, ah, famous at this day!
Tho' long beneath the tomb, long passed away.

Come memory! let thy mirror now portray,
The happy moments of that happy day;
When the proud father, 'midst his offspring sat,
And fondly listened to their pleasant chat;
When the dear mother, round the circle smiled,
With tender rapture, kissed her youthful child,
The household pet, the little boy so wild!

And when at close of eve, all labor done,
The party gathered for a little fun,
Some neighboring friends have joined the merry ring,
To add their mirth, play thimble, laugh or sing—
Oh, then, how proud were the hearts of all!
How lily the the voice, in jesting laughing call,
To cheat the BLINDMAN, in a romping fall!

With the first glimpse, the soft gray light of morn,
The master stirring, blows the waking horn,
To start the hireling from his easy bed,
Ere the bright sun, above the forest, red,
Smiles a rich glow on landscape, lawn and stream;
Ere the bright wood-fires, on the hearth-stones gleam,
Ere the bright faces 'round the fireside beam.

And hark! the music of proud chanticleer,
Rings from the farm-yard, afar and near;
And bustling innocents come hast'ning down,
Once more the blazing fire to gather round,
Its genial warmth, its cheerful rays to feel—
And at the foot-stool of their God, to kneel,
Ere they partake of mornings smoking meal.

Oh! oft in memory, do I see them still,
That happy family, with a gushing thrill
Of pleasure stealing through my swelling heart,
In tender throbs, no language can impart—
And oft I hear their gentle voices come,
Up from the past, a low sweet thrilling hum,
Like whispering echoes, echoing from the tomb!

But now where is that father, gentle, kind?
That mother, tender, of a virtuous mind?
The old brass clock, that ticked the time away—
Those fine old paintings, of the older day?
The dear old fireside that oft' around
We circled, happy, in the cheerful sound,
Of friendly voices, hearts, in love-links bound?

Deserted, gone, ah, never to return!
Gone are the hopes, in youthful bosoms burn;
Forever gone the past, the loader past!
Old hoarded Time, has swiftly sped, how fast?
But in the mirror of the soul, I see,
His glimmering foot-tops, looming sweet to me,
Looming and glimmering, oh, how happily!

And where is now, the homestead, gray and old,
With sloping lawn, and prospect fine and bold?
The little creek, that, see! a labdet smiles,
And now flows winding, midst its lovely isles,
Seeking an exit, in the broad bright bay,
That dances gayly, all the livelong day,
And steal the hours, the thoughtful hours away?

It stands a monument of crumbling walls—
And soon its porticoes and paneled halls,
Its splendid stair case, circling grand and wide,
And dear old hearth-stone, dear old fireside!
Will all be crumbling, with the rust of time—
Thank God! the landscape beautiful sul time,
Ma oft' enlist the pen, of gifted rhyme.

January 8, 1857.

THE DEAD LETTER.

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

I was one evening sitting alone in my little study, a copy of the "*Genius*" on my lap, it having grown too dark to read, and my mind wandering back over incidents of past experience, dwelling here upon a bright spot of enjoyment and happiness, and skipping there, over a gloomy nook in memory's vast grave-yard, where stood the headstone of some buried hope! I was, naturally enough, where memory recalls more sorrow than happy reflections, drooping into an atmosphere of sadness and apathy, and my eyes began to grow fangard in the succeeding stage of depressed nature, when I was suddenly recalled to surrounding circumstances by a faint tap on my study door. Rising and opening it, with the expectation of admitting one of my little juvenile acquaintances who sometimes visited me for the consideration of a few sugar-plums—for none but a child I thought would knock so feebly—I was surprised to confront a female, dressed in humble garb, not free from patchwork and closely bonneted, so that in the evening's gloom, I could not make out her face.

"May I come in?"

The question was asked in a feeble, child like way, and a more feeble, child-like voice, both of which revealed to me the name and character of my visitor. I had heard that same simple question, asked in that same feeble voice, before—often before. It was Mrs. Lee, my next door neighbor. I will not tell you now who Mrs. Lee was, you will learn that by the story.

"Certainly, my dear madam, walk in."

"I fear I trouble you too much," said that same feeble voice, in a deprecating tone, as she stepped into my little room.

"Do not mention it, madam; I am at perfect leisure and shall be glad if I can do anything for you" I struck a light.

Mrs. Lee stood there on the floor, like a young bird upon a thin wire, almost afraid to move.

"Pray be seated, madam," I said, pointing to a chair, at the same time resuming the old arm supporter, upon which, a few moments ago, I had been rambling over the dim, uncertain past."

"Have you inquired lately?" said the feeble voice, issuing from thin, pale lips, now visible in the light of the lamp.

"It was a strange question, "Had I inquired lately?" But I knew its full meaning. That question had been asked me several times a week for the last three months. I had grown used to it. I had grown used to the slight figure, the pale yet beautiful face, and the feeble, trembling voice, with its strange question.

"I inquire every day, madam," I replied, in as gentle a voice as I could command.—I'm afraid it was almost as *tremulous* as my visitor's.

"Nothing?" asked the pale, beautiful woman, as a slight beam of hope sparkled in her eyes.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Strange!" murmured the feeble voice, still more tremulous. I noticed two drops of heart-brine on her lashes, as the lamp flashed up suddenly.

"I regret, exceedingly, Mrs. Lee, that I am compelled to give you the same answer to your question, so frequently, and assure you it would afford me much pleasure to reply in the affirmative. I sympathize with you, and should be glad to give you any assistance in my power. Is there anything that I can do for you? Shall I repeat my application to the head of the department?"

She studied a moment—

"Just once more if you please," she said, in a faint, pleading tone, bearing a world of conscious dependence in its cadence.

"A dozen times, if it will accomplish anything, madam."

I do not mean to insinuate, reader, that I possess any extraordinary amount of good nature or Christian charity. But who would not encumber, himself with a few duties to add a little strength to that feeble voice, a little color to those pallid cheeks, a little lustre to those tear-dimmed eyes? It needed no Samaritan heart to answer the appeals of such a petitioner. She was one of those pure, spiritual beings, who pass thro' the world like a beam of light, in whose presence drunken men are silent and sober, and the yelling rabble hush their rude brawls. There was that about her which immediately won your sympathies, even though ignorant of her story, and I have seen children stand and gaze sorrowfully in her pale and beautiful face, as if they read some perplexing wonder there.

"You are *too* kind," she said, "how shall I ever repay you?"

I felt myself amply repaid, tenfold, in the deep gratitude welling in her voice.

"If you think you owe me anything, I will give you a receipt in full." I said, trying to make her smile.

But she did not. She said as she rose to go:—

"Perhaps it may all be well yet."

"I trust so, my dear madam; but I forgot to inquire after my little pet. How is Willie?"

"The doctor thinks him better this evening, thank you. O' I wonder what made Dr. B. call? Did you tell him, sir?"

"No, madam." Was it right, reader?—I could not place the poor woman under more obligations; her grateful voice pained me.

"'Tis strange," she murmured.

"I suppose some of your friends ordered him in," I remarked, endeavoring to rebuff the suspicion, which I saw beaming in her eyes.

"My *friends!*" she echoed, looking at me with her sad face now mantled with a cloud of despair. "Alas! what friends have I, but you?"

"Plenty of them, my dear madam, if you did but know it," I said cheerfully, turning away the while to conceal the effect of her sad, thrilling words.

"Well," she sighed, after a moment's pause, "Heaven will reward him, whoever he may be! And now I must return; pray pardon me, sir, for such frequent annoyance, but—"

I checked her with a gentle word, and I was soon alone.

Resuming again my old arm chair, my mind ran back over the sad experience of another life than my own. It was not memory, no, but fancy that flitted back into the darkened mysteries of the past, and endeavored to portray that early life of the sad, beautiful visitor who had left me. Poor Mrs. Lee! What contrasts of light and shade, gleam and gloom, would have fallen upon her heart, had she but trod in memory, the same path.

Her story was not uncommon. She was the only daughter of a proud, wealthy father, who declared her to be the idol of his heart. I have seen a portrait of the haughty individual, looking very much like Mr. Turveydrop, in "Bleak House." I believe every time he called his daughter "idol," he lied! Fanny Grey must have been a beautiful child, an innocent child, and a good child, and a child every way worthy of her haughty father's regards, but still I believe he lied. Why! Her history will answer. When Fanny was sixteen, she became acquainted with a young man by the name of Lee, whom she soon grew to love. Frank Lee was handsome, intelligent and every way worthy of the love, the heart, the hand, of Fanny Grey; but—he was a mechanic. This was enough to place him under the ban of excommunication; and excommunicated he was from the residence of Mr. Grey, as soon as that dignified gentleman discovered the relations existing between his daughter and the mechanic.

"The honor of Mr. Grey's family was not to be jeopardised by the foolish alliance of a silly girl. His family was wealthy—had always been wealthy"—so Mr. Grey said. "It was a name known in almost every grand speculating company in the history of the country, and none of the daughters of that family had ever married mechanics; none of the sons of that family had ever married poor girls. *His* daughter shouldn't marry a mechanic—*his* family shouldn't be the first to bring disgrace on their name—he'd let her know they shouldn't."

Such was Mr. Grey's remonstrance.

But Fanny was true to her heart—true to her love. She loved her father well; but she loved Frank Lee more. She married him, and bidding a lieu to that parental roof-tree where she had been nestled in luxury and wealth, the beautiful, timid girl went forth upon the sea of life, sharing the frail bark of her husband.

Fanny's mother had died some time before—of consumption? Perhaps not. Perhaps it was cold neglect, or the rude contact of her blustering, unfeeling husband, that wore out her sensitive soul, that shrank away in the deepest recess of her heart, and pined and died from want of sympathy, affection, love. Who knows? But the doctor said she died of *consumption*, and perhaps she did.

When Fanny left her home, therefore, the dignified Mr. Grey found himself alone, with nobody to shrink or smile, according to his changing humor. He could rant and rave now, to his heart's content, but no one heard him but the walls, and sometimes the servants in the kitchen. And it appears, from subsequent history, that the honor of Mr. Grey's family soon began to subside in his individual representation, as he soon began to grow very furious against the principles of the Maine Law, and perfectly anacreontic in his laudations of "sperits."—"Greywood" soon became a dreary mansion, and Theopholus Grey, Esq., a very dissipated representative of family honor.

But Fanny was happy. She did not fail to remember the brutal curse which her father had prayed would follow her through life—that she might live and die in abject poverty—but Frank was industrious, kind and affectionate, and what more could she ask? A year passed. Willie—a bright-eyed, goldenhaired child was born, and there was a happy family in the little cottage at the verge of the town. Frank Grey had built that cottage and paid for it. He had a home for his family, and he was proud of it. But he soon became ambitious. As property and money began to acquire in his hands—he began to feel a thirst for gain—gain more rapid than the present way. He suddenly conceived the idea that he might, by some means, become as wealthy as Mr. Grey. What a glorious triumph it would be! How humiliating to the stern father in-law, who desired to see his daughter die in poverty.

Frank looked around him. What else could he get at, that would prove more lucrative? Speculation? Mr. Grey was a speculator. No, he had not capital enough for that. California! How he leaped from his work-bench as the idea beamed upon his mind! Yes, he would go to California—go for a few years and return rich—rich as Mr. Grey. He went home.

Fanny did not like the plan.

"But do what ever you think best; I will consent to anything." He took the sweet face between his hands, and kissed the beautiful lips that had uttered these words.

In a few months Frank Lee bade his wife farewell. He had left her with a few hundred dollars for the first year's expenses, and would send her the same amount regularly. He would be gone three years, no more, and then he would return—rich!

A year flew by, bringing numerous letters to Fanny and at the close, a check for two hundred dollars. He was doing well—had high expectations of rapid success—would soon return—rich!

Another rolled by, and another check for two hundred dollars came. Fanny had written him that that was sufficient to keep her comfortably, and he, therefore, sent no more. But he would be home by the end of the year, he thought.

Mrs. Lee bore her widowhood patiently, resignedly. Her cheek, it is true grew paler, and her eye more quiet and lustreless, but she was stil cheerful, hopeful, faithful. She found company in her bright-eyed boy—the image of its father, her heart's heart—and the time passed slowly away until another year had rolled round.

This time no check arrived! No husband came. Worst of all, she had received no letters from him for several months.—Perhaps he wanted to surprise her, she had pleasantly argued, he will be here anon.—But the time had arrived, and brought no Frank Lee to the cottage door. Weeks—a month passed by. The pale face grew still paler, the weak eyes more downcast and sad.

"Will you inquire for a letter for me?" she asked, one day as I was passing the door.

"Certainly, madam."

I inquired. None had come. I regretted it much for I saw that she was pining with sorrow. Months rolled by, and poverty stared her in the face. The two hundred dollars had given out, and she had already sold at vendue the most useless articles of her furniture. The winter set in; one by one they went, until the little cottage once so neat and beautiful, was now barren and comfortless.

At last Willie became sick, and medicine must be procured. There was no money in the house—no dispensible article for the auction room.

It was at this time that I began to learn the true condition of Mrs. Lee. I had never visited her—had no further acquaintance with her troubles, than that seen in her face, as she asked me to enquire daily, at the Post office. Passing by one day, I enquired where Willie was. The little fellow was a daily visiter to my room, and for several days I had not seen him.

"He is very sick, sir."

I was very sorry to hear it. I ventured to see him, and was surprised at the bare walls, carpetless floor, the utter *poverty* of the room. I read it at a glance, however, and concealed my astonishment, in examination of Willie. He was very sick; needed medicine. I could not wound her woman's pride by offering her money. I thot of an alternative. I talked playfully with Willie for a while, then slipping some money in his little hand, I told him "that would get him some medicine," just as I would give a child a cent and tell it to buy candy. I promised to call again and see him—talking all the while to the child—and then took my leave. As I turned to go, I saw a tear trickling in the mother's eye. I hastened, out and left her to weep alone.

I had not heard from Willie for some days until the evening referred to at the commencement of the story.

And I now sat in my room, my head resting on the back of my arm chair, thinking of Willie, Frank Lee, and poor Fanny Grey—wondering if that hard-hearted old father's curse was to be fulfilled. I wonder what there *is* in this old arm chair of mine? Has it brains, and power to impart its thoughts? I do not know, but my head had not rested long against it before a new idea came into it. I would try a new plan to fined out some of the mysteries relating to Mrs. Lee's misfortunes. I had asked at the office so long, had written to the Dead Letter office, twice, and was not yet without hope. Might it not occur that a letter by some incidental mishap, had been misplaced? The thing had occurred a thousand times, I believe. My course was taken.

The next morning, I executed it. I went to the newspaper office.

"Do you print the letter list?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Will you allow me to look over your files for the last few months?"

"Certainly."

I searched some time. At last I read in the published list of August 15th—Mrs. F. Lee. I cut it out, and repaired to the Post office. I knew the Post Master—a kind, easy, honest, but negligent man. I stated my case—I had enquired of him and his clerks every day since the first of August—nearly six months ago—for a letter for Mrs. Lee; there was none. I had written twice to the Dead Letter office, there was none there. Yet I found that on the 15th of August there was a letter advertised for her. How was it? He *really* didn't know—some strange mischance. He would write and see.

I left. Several days passed, and Willie got better, and poor Mrs. Lee got worse. I heard nothing more from the Post-master. Mrs. Lee seemed glad, for a moment, when I told her of my discovery, but after thinking what I had done to find it, she said it was doubtless lost; Frank was dead—all was gone. And then she wept. A few days more, and Mrs. Lee was unable to be out of bed. The neighbors now began to pity and visit her. From the time her husband had left for California, she had been the butt of their jeers and sneers—she was a "grass widow"—a "proud, reserved aristocrat"—and many other things, which her lonely, faithful life suggested to an ill-tempered heart.

"Docter, has Mrs. Lee the consumption, do you think?"

The kind physician shook his head.

"Then what is the matter with her?"

The Docter put his hand on his heart, and walked away.

I had learned as much. Something must be done. I went to the post-office in a nervous mood, and was about addressing the servant of the Administration with some unmistakable language, when he coolly handed me a letter, in the easiest way in the world. I read the superscription—"Mrs. F. Lee." It was postmarked,—San-Francisco, Cal., July 3d."

"How is this?" said I, in no very amiable mood.

"W-e-l-l it's one of the s-t-r-a-n-gest things in the w-o-r l-d," drawled the good-natured Post-master. "Do you see that box?" pointing to a series of pigeon holes, either of which might have been the one he wished to designate.

"Yes, I saw it.

"Well, that is our Dead Letter box.—And there were some old papers—Dead Papers—sticking in the box below it, and it appears that this letter must have slipped down, by some means, and stuck behind there ever since. It's very s-t-r-a-n-g-e."

It was very strange, indeed; but I had no time to talk to the Post-master. I hurried off to Mrs. Lee.

"I've a letter for you."

"A letter?"

With what eagerness she snatched it from my hand—what a brilliant light flashed in her eyes and how suddenly her cheeks wers aglow with excitement. She broke the seal, and opened the letter, leaning upon her elbow on the verge of the bed. A piece of paper dropped upon the floor, but she did not see it. She read the letter audibly. Frank was sick—had been very sick, but was rapidly recovering—it would necessarily protract his stay some months, to enable him to settle up his business.—He therefore sent a check for a hundred dollars. Fanny should not be uneasy—he would soon be with her—and he was coming home *rich*—yes, rich as old Grey.

"Where's the check?" exclaimed the overjoyed woman, trembling in every fiber.

I picked up the paper from the floor, and was about to hand it to her, when the shadow of a man passed before me in the doorlight, and another hand seized the paper, and a manly form knelt before the sick woman.

"Frank!"

"Fanny!"

I looked out of the door, and beheld the city hack, and the coachman carrying in trunks. I looked into the sun-burnt face of Frank Lee.

We all turned aside, to allow the happy couple their tears of joy and happiness.—Presently our attention was attracted to the door, by the sound of horses in full speed. Looking down the road, we beheld a splendid span, attached to a light buggy, in which was an aged man—dashed along with the speed of fright. People ran into the street and by shouts and gestures, endeavored to arrest their progress. It was a fatal policy. The horse diverged from their course, and dashing round a corner, the vehicle upset, and the man was thrown violently upon the pavement, a few yards from the cottage door. He was lifted up by the by-standers and brought into the cottage. But he was dead—his brains were dashed out!

Suddenly Frank Lee rose from his wife, and turned to look upon the corpse. Their gaze rested upon it at the same moment, and a simultaneous exclamation broke from their lips:

"Father!"

"Mr. Grey!"

Yes, it was alas! too true. The dead man was Mr. Grey, the wealthy, dignified man, who had driven his daughter from his home with a curse. He now lay dead in her cottage.

I need not say much more. Frank Lee has fully realized his wishes; he has amassed a fortune, and returned once more to his lovely wife. It now become apparant, that Fanny was not a consumptive, for she was soon out of bed, and is now healthy and beautiful again. Theopholus Grey, Esq. was buried with every respect by his children, and his harshness, if not forgotten, is at least forgiven by them. They have "enough and to spare." Little Willie has just stolen into my room, and stands gazing into my face. "Here are your sugar-plumbs, Willie."

"Tank'ee, sir.",

The door closes—little feet are heard pattering down the steps—and I am again alone in my old arm chair.

A CALIFORNIA WIFE.—We have been told that when John Bigler, late Governor of the State of California, was a member of the State Legislature, Mrs. B., his wife, absolutely washed the clothes of some of the honorable gentlemen for so much a dozen At the time of his election Bigler was very poor, and his per-diem was hardly enough for himself and wife to live on in these prodigal times. To make both ends meet, and save something against a rainy day, Madam Bigler put her shoulder to the wheel, as above related.

Now, won't this be rather startling to the pale faced attenuated damsels of the East, who scream and faint at the sight of a wash tub or cob web? Think of it. The wife of an ex-Governor, with her sleeves and gown tucked up, bending over the wash tub, while her husband, with his clean dickey standing upright, chafing his ears rose to a question of privilege, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. S-p-e-a-k-e-r!" And then think of the ex-washerwoman being feted, three years after, as the wife of the Governor of the State of California worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!—enough money to make the heads of universal snobdom duck and dive like an affrighted waterfowl in a thunderstorm.

Good for the Pennsylvania Dutch girl!—Five hundred years hence, when the historians lifts the veil from the catacombs of the past, and writes the history of the unforgotten dead, he may, perhaps, append this little episode to the history of one of California's Governors; and the little ragged girls that then go down to dip water from the Rio Sacramento, may think better of their mother who have to labor, because a long time ago Mrs. John Bigler, the Governor's wife, filled her wash tub from the same noble river.

There are the pioneer woman of California: there are many such, as strong willed and as true, who quail not at their own footsteps in the woods, whose hearts swell with hope at

The banging of the hammer
And creaking of the crane.

PRESERVATION OF MANURES—Exact practice has clearly settled the following facts, viz.:—That manures should never be exposed to the sun and air, as in an open barn-yard. That they should be kept under cover, and the heap so arranged with a cistern at its lowest end, supplied with a pump, that the fluid drainage may be pumped back on the heap twice each week, or oftener if required, to prevent *fire-fanging*.

That the fluid manure should be led from the stables through inclosed gutters to the drainage cistern, and when the heat is so dry as not to supply the necessary amount of draining to keep it thoroughly wetted, that water should be added to make up this deficiency.

That when manure is given off its odor, the owner has a hole in his pocket.

That manures are most retentive of ammonia when thoroughly moist throughout, and if any escape of ammonia is then perceptible, that a small quanity of sulphuric acid added to the drainage of the heap then pumped back, so as to effectually prevent such loss.

That manures should never be carted to the field until the farmer is ready to spread and plough them under.

That heaps of manure exposed to the sun and air in the field are continually losing ammonia, and during high winds this is carried away despite the power of colder portions to retain it.

That during winter rains, when the ground is frozen, the washing of the manure cannot be received by the soil, and thus the volatile portions are carried off by the agency of the sun and air.

That the fluid manure of three animals is worth as much as the solid manure of four.

That the value of barn-yard manure are materially increased by being composted with charcoal dust, swamp muck, pond and river bottoms, head-lands, etc., before their fermentation.—*Working Farmer.*

INTERESTING FROM CHINA.—The Emperor of China has refused to receive a communication from President Pierce, forwarded by Dr. Parker' who is at Foo-chow-foo A letter from the Queen of England, forwarded some time since, met with a similar fate.

George Luscombe, third officer of the American clipper ship Eagle Wing, had been committed at Hong Kong for trial on the charge of murdering a Chinese.

The trouble between the English and Chinese authorities at Canton, in regard to the cutting off the heads of the crew of a lorcha under English colors, is likely to lead to serious results.

A man has been brought to confess having killed Mr. Cunningham, an American, and is to be executed forthwith, so that all pretext on the part of the U. S. Consul to longer withhold payment of export duties will be removed.