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—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858. No. 19.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) 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.

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Executive Department,

ANNAPOLIS, April 1858.

In compliance with the requirements of the act subjoined, which passed at the last Session, 1858, of the General Assembly, chapter 255, the Governor directs the publication of the same, which is entitled:

ACT to provide for the taking the sense of the people upon the expediency of calling a Convention to frame a New Constitution and Form of Government for this State, and to provide for the election of Delegates to said Convention.

WHEREAS, experience has demonstrated the existence of many and serious defects in the present Constitution of this State, and it is necessary that the people should have speedy relief from the inconveniences arising therefrom; Therefore

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the people of this State, as to the expediency of calling a convention of Delegates to be elected by the people to frame a new Constitution and Form of Government, it is hereby provided that on the fourth Wednesday of May next, and at the same places where city and county elections are held by law for the election of Delegates to the House of Delegates, that every person entitled to vote in the election of Delegates to the General Assembly, shall be entitled to vote with reference to the question of a Convention to frame a New Constitution and Form of Government, by writing or in printed form on his ballot he may cast, the words "For a Convention," or the words "Against a Convention," as the case may be, and in case there be any blank ballots cast at said election, the same shall not be counted. The sheriff of the several counties and the city of Baltimore, shall give notice of the election on which by the provisions of this act the people are to vote for or against the Convention, in the same manner as notice is now given of the election of Delegates to the General Assembly.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the several judges of election of this State, who shall be appointed in the same manner as in cases of judges of election for Delegates to the General Assembly, to receive, accurately count and return the number of ballots so cast for and against a Convention, as the case may be, to the Clerks of the Circuit Courts, respectively, in the several counties of this State, and to the Clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore city, as the same are hereinafter required to be returned in the election of Delegates to the House of Delegates; and the said Clerks aforesaid, shall make return to the Governor, within twenty days after said election, of the number of ballots cast for and against the call of a Convention, in the same manner as they return the number of ballots in the case of an election for Governor of this State; and the laws relating the return for the election of Governor, shall regulate govern and apply to the vote taken by the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That as soon as the Governor shall receive the returns as aforesaid, of the number of ballots cast in this State for and against a Convention, it shall be the duty of said Governor to count and cast up the same, and if upon counting and casting up the returns as made to him it shall appear to the Governor, that a majority of the ballots cast are in favor of the call of a Convention, the Governor shall issue his proclamation announcing the result to the people of the State, and ordering an election to be held in the several counties of this State, and in Baltimore city, on the Second Wednesday of October, eighteen hundred and fifty eight, for Delegates to the Convention to frame a New Constitution and Form of Government.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted*, That at the election to be held for Delegates to the Convention as prescribed in the third section of this act, the legal voters shall, by vote, elect Delegates to a Convention; that each county, and Baltimore city, shall be entitled to the same number of Delegates in the Convention as they now have respectively in both Houses of the General Assembly of Maryland; and the laws relating to the election of Delegates to the General Assembly, shall in all respects govern and apply to the election of Delegates to said Convention, and the said Convention shall determine on the validity of the election and qualification of its members; and any legal voter shall be eligible to a seat in said Convention.

SEC. 5. *And be it enacted*, That the Delegates elected to said Convention, shall meet at the city of Annapolis, on the first Wednesday of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and shall continue in session until the business for which they were convened shall be fully completed and finished, and the compensation of said Delegates to said Convention shall be four dollars per day during the session thereof, and the mileage now allowed by law to members of the House of Delegates; and said Convention shall have power to appoint such clerks and other officers as may be necessary to expedite the business of said Convention, and the compensation of said clerks and other officers shall be the same as is now allowed to similar clerks and officers of the House of Delegates; and the said sum of four dollars per day, and the mileage aforesaid to each Delegate to said Convention, and the pay aforesaid of the said clerks and other officers of said Convention, shall be paid to them respectively, in the same way and manner as the per diem and mileage of Delegates to, and pay of clerks and other officers of the House of Delegates are now paid.

SEC. 6. *And be it enacted*, That if any vacancy or vacancies occur by death, resignation or otherwise, in either of the delegations hereinbefore provided for, either before or after the qualification of said delegates, the sheriff of the county, or of the city of Baltimore, in whose delegation the vacancy or vacancies may occur, shall, upon the order of the Governor of this State, if the Convention shall not yet have assembled, or on the warrant of the President of said Convention, if said Convention shall have assembled, immediately issue public notice for holding a special election to be held at the usual places for holding elections in the county, or Baltimore city, as the case may be, in not less than five, nor more than ten days after said notice, for the purpose of supplying said vacancy or vacancies.

SEC. 7. *And be it enacted*, That in the case of refusal or neglect of any of the judges of election, or of any clerk of the court, or sheriff of any county, or of Baltimore city, to make any of the returns, or perform any of the duties required of them respectively, by the provisions of this act, such judge, clerk or sheriff so refusing or neglecting, shall be liable to indictment for such offence, and upon conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to a fine of not less than five hundred dollars, and to imprisonment in the jail of the county or city where such offence may be committed, for a term of not less than six months.

SEC. 8. *And be it enacted*, That the said Convention shall first report and pass upon a Constitution and Form of Government by articles and sections, and after the same shall be so reported and passed upon by articles and sections, then the said Constitution and Form of Government shall be passed upon by said Convention as a whole instrument, on which the vote shall be taken by yeas and nays, and no Constitution and Form of Government shall be considered as adopted by said Convention, nor shall any Constitution and Form of Government be submitted to the people for their adoption or rejection, which does not upon the vote being taken thereon as a whole instrument as aforesaid, receive the votes of a majority of the whole number of Delegates to said Convention.

SEC. 9. *And be it enacted*, That the Constitution and Form of Government adopted by the said Convention as aforesaid, shall on the first Wednesday of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, be submitted to the legal and qualified voters of this State for their adoption or rejection, and the said voters shall on their ballots, plainly designated, express their assent or dissent to the adoption of the Constitution and Form of Government submitted to them as aforesaid, by the following words written or printed on their ballots, namely: "For the New Constitution," or "Against the New Constitution," which said ballots shall be received and accurately counted by the Judges of the State Election held on that day in the several counties of this State, and in Baltimore city, and the number of the ballots given for and against the adoption of the said Constitution, as the case may be, submitted to the people as aforesaid, shall be returned by the said Judges of Election to the Clerks of the Circuit Courts of the several counties of this State, and Clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore city, respectively, within five days after said election, and by said respective clerks returned to the Governor of the State of Maryland, within fifteen days after said election.

SEC. 10. *And be it enacted*, That when the Governor shall receive the number of returns of the ballots cast in this State for the adoption and rejection of the Constitution and Form of Government submitted by the Convention to the people as aforesaid, if upon counting and casting up the returns as made to him as aforesaid, it shall appear that a majority of the ballots cast are in favor of the adoption of the New Constitution and Form of Government, he shall issue his proclamation to the people of the State declaring the same, and he shall take such steps as shall be required by the said Constitution to cause the same to go into effect, and to supersede the present Constitution of this State; and should any ballots be cast with any other designation than that prescribed, the same shall not be counted for or against the said Constitution.

SEC. 11. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Governor to cause this act to be published once a week for three successive weeks previous to the said fourth Wednesday of May next, in one newspaper in each of the counties of this State where a newspaper is published, and in two newspapers published in the city of Baltimore.

SEC. 12. *And be it enacted*, That the said Convention, if it shall assemble in pursuance of this act, shall have no power or authority, directly or indirectly, in any manner whatsoever, to alter, amend or change, or to recommend any alterations, emendations or change, in any of those parts, articles, sections or provisions of the existing Constitution and Bill of Rights, which recognise, protect or establish the institution of negro slavery, and the relation of master and slave in this State.

SEC. 13. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the day of its passage.

BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNOR:
JAMES R. PARTRIDGE,
April 24—3t Secretary of State.

GOOD.—On a certain occasion the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the court on a certain point, and a dispute arose.

"If the court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book for a moment," and at the same time picked up a law volume.—

"There's no use of you referring to any book," exclaimed the court, angrily; "I have decided the point."

"But, your honor," persisted the attorney.

"Now, I don't want to hear anything on the subject" yelled the court; "I tell you again I have decided the point."

"I know that," was the rejoinder. I am satisfied of that—but this is a volume of Blackstone; I'm certain that he differs with your honor, and I only want to show you what a great fool Blackstone was."

"Ah; indeed!" exclaimed the court, smiling over—"now you b[illegible]"

THE PROUD LOVER.

BY RICHARD H. STODDARD.

I never yet could understand
How men could love in vain,
I hold it weak and wrong to love,
And not be loved again.
For me, I must have heart for heart,
Deny me this and we must part.

There be who love, or think they love,
Without return for years;
They waste their days in fruitless sighs,
Their nights in hopeless tears.
Not such am I: my heart is free,
I love not her who loves not me!

"TELL ME YE ANGELIC HOSTS."

Tell me, ye angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?

The angel bands replied—
To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!

For the Easton Gazette.

THAT RIDE TO THE SPRINGS.

BY SOLITAIRE.

"Come, Hal, let us go out to the mountains this afternoon, it is very pleasant and I have no recitations to make."

"Yes, but I have, a couple of them."

"No difference, the Prets. will excuse you for one evening. Get permission, and we will hire a couple of horses and take the trips on horseback."

"Well, I'll see."

This conversation was carried on by Jes. D. and myself as we were returning to the College after dining. I went to see the Doctor, and having obtained his permission paid a visit to my "patron," whom I prevailed upon to supply me with funds, although he expressed doubts as to what my father would say (a customary thing with him) which I reconciled by telling him that I would be responsible for any misunderstanding on that score. Provided with the "dust," I next sought out Jes. and we started for the livery stable, where we found only two horses that were not already spoken for. Both of them were fine looking animals and we at once took possession of them. The one I was mounted on was a beautiful jet black; Jes's was a deep blood bay. I soon discovered that my horse bore very hard on the left rein, and was constantly manifesting a stubborn inclination to go on the sidewalk to the left, requiring all my strength to keep him off of it, until finally in spite of every exertion I could make he succeeded in reaching the pavement, and not satisfied with that would go right up against the houses, stumbling over door-steps and cellar doors in imminent danger of his breaking my neck and his own too. The free use of the spur—I only wore one and that on the right foot—only made him go sideways the more earnestly and stubbornly, until I contented myself with hallooing to the pedestrians to "get out the way;" but an old apple woman not moving "her washing" soon enough, crash went my charger over her table upsetting it and sending the cakes, apples, pea-nuts, ginger-balls, molasses candy, and the jug of persimmon beer into the gutter, while "Dinah," rolling the whites of her eyes in terror shouted murder at the top of her voice, while her gray wool was kinking, from the force of her fright, so much tighter than usual that it was a matter of impossibly for her to shut either her eyes or mouth. I was breathing dire anathemas on the "infernal beast" from the centre of a cellar door where my mortal remains had been deposited by the shock, and just recovered my senses in time to understand the meaning of the man with a star on his coat, who had one hand on my shoulder and was insisting that I should go with him to the 'Mare," (mayor) but I informed him that I had my hands full with this horse, let alone a *mare*. Asked a fee of a dollar to release me which I paid, thankful to be rid of him. All the counter jumpers and loafers in the neighborhood were cachinating at my misfortune; small boys kindly inquired after my health, while my charger, the cause of all the disturbance, was standing with his foot in my hat, looking as innocent as a lamb. Then there was "old aunty's" bill to settle; picking the "goodies" up, was out of the question, as an innumerable number of ragged urchins were revelling in stolen sweets. However got started off, the obliging policeman leading my rosinante off the side-walk and giving me some advice.—Concluded it was time to look for Jes. of whose arms I had caught a glimpse as I was falling, moving up and down like a forge hammer Got along pretty well, going sideways like a crab and working at reverse occasionally, as I was free from sidewalks and in the country. Arrived at the top of a hill—there was Jes. at the bottom picking himself up off the ground something after the manner of a hog—that is grunting and groaning heartily. Rode down—held a consultation. Jes' horse had suddenly made a full stop at the bottom of the hill, and his rider being one of your go-ahead characters had kept on—over his head—D.'s horse very rough—made a discovery—my poney is *blind* as a bat in the *left eye*—thus accounting for his lop-sided motion—changed my spur to the left foot—took a pull at Jes' brandy flask, mounted and away. Old "one eye" worked to a charm; in fact I—or, rather the *spur* had got on the "blind side" of him—commenced conversation.

"How does your horse go Jes?"

"Ea-e-e-sy as rol-rol-l-l-l-ing off a-a-a-log," answered he as he bounced up and down in the saddle, the motion causing his words to come out like a broken pipe—all in pieces.

"Fine country this, Jes!"

"Ye-e-e-yes, v-v-ve-very fi-fi-fine. Goo-goo-go-good s-s-soil to-too."

"N-n-no, as p-pl-pleasant a-a-as a chair, ve-ve-very e-e-easy in-ind-indeed."

In due course of time we arrived at the springs, and after "smiling" Jes proposed riding up the mountain to the "observatory" and off we started, with flask replenished for fear of *accidents*. For a while all went "merry as a marriage bell," and as we had to walk our horses Jes. could talk without leaving an impression on the mind that he was "tight" he had been indulging in some flights of fancy when descending from the sublime he exclaimed in the words of one of mother gooses melodies—

"Here we go up, up, up,"

"And there *you* go down, down, down," added I as his horse stumbled and falling, laid poor Jes., not in the softest manner, on the bosom of mother earth. "Get up Jes! what are you laying there for like a dutch galliott in a gale of wind—on your beam ends. Try it again—better luck next time," said I, quoting "Jacob's Faithful's" consoling adage.

Without further accident we gained the "observatory" and having with feelings of delight drank in the rich beauty of landscape extended below us, concluded it would be advisable to take a drink of something else which, though it was of a *spiritual* nature was more substantial than our aforementioned draught. But horror of horrors! Jes. with a rueful and wo-begone countenance, uttering an ejaculation of chagrin withdraws his hand from his pocket dripping with blood and "otard" in about equal proportions, for in his "lowland fling" the flask had shattered into atoms, and the ruby nectar had been running down his side laving it in liquor fit for the gods, and he all the time unconscious, only remarking once during the ascent that 'he was perspiring very freely,' and had only become aware of the true state of the case by cutting his finger with a fragment of the bottle. No use to cry over spilled brandy however, and nerving ourselves for the coming struggle and holding our horses well in hand we commenced the descent. Now if going up was comparatively easy—such a "gettin' *down* stairs" I never did see.

"Whoa! y-y-yo-you b-b-br-brute!" exclaimed Jes

"Ho, one-eye! softly pony, so-ho!" chorussed No. 1.

"W-w-ho-whoa-w.w-who-a" shouted Jes. as he passed me under good head-way, while I was tugging fiercely at the bridle of "Bustamento."

"Whoa! you wretch,' cried I and off I went

The race now became interesting—over rocks, roots and fallen trees; dodging stumps, branches and stones, floundering through ruts, holes and mud; stumbling over logs and butting our brains out against the pommels of the saddles. Blood and breeding will tell—one-eye was gaining. "Good-bye Jes. I'll tell the folks you are coming," cried I, as the "blind 'un passed the 'high-flier.' But I was exulting too soon—counting chickens before they were hatched.—We were now nearing the foot of the mountain, our speed accelerating from force of gravity every rod of the descent. I was leading in fine style sitting my beast like as if rooted to the saddle, while Jes' horse was puffing in the rear like a high pressure engine.

I was felicitating myself upon 'no bones broken,' when crash! there I lay on the ground, with my head resting lovingly on a stump, my pedal extremities in a mud-hole of fabulous depth, and my digitals feeling *upwards* for something tangible which they soon found and grasped in the stirrups of the saddle, which was swaying gently in the breeze perched across the limb of a dwarf pine. Remove my hat from over my eyes and getting on my feet with many ejaculations of doubtful import, stretch my bruised limb—no serious fractures—look around for Jes.—see him fast disappearing in a gigantic mud-hole—boots just discernible—nerve myself to action, grasping said boots, tug at them with energy—boots *draw* and throw me about in the shape of a "double bow knot,"—rush to my friend's rescue—just in time to grasp him by the ankles,—pull, tug, strain every nerve—rewarded with success. Jes. comes forth looking like an immense mud-turtle; wash the mire from his face in *another mud-hole—rub* him down with a couple of *pine sticks*—condole with him—his wrath hard to appease. Replace my saddle and mount our horses who have been standing, chuckling over the trick they have played us and looking as innocent as—as—horses. Stop at the springs, wash the mud out of our throats and off for town. My wits at work to have revenge on old 'one eye'—bright idea enters my head. Here we are nearly in town—I dismount, change my spur to the *right foot*—in the saddle again—use the spur freely—'one eye' begins to make some demonstrations of affection for the left side of the road Enter town—give 'rosinante' a raking fire with the spur—goes crab-fashion—strikes the curb-stone, here we are fairly on the pavement.

"Halloo! you sir, keep out of the way or you'll get your corns mashed· Look out for your crinoline, ladies,—horse unmanageable—has a great aversion to hoops and false curls. You there, look out for *breakers*, and *breakage*; you and your images will both go to Purgatory if you don't get from before my horse—policeman, help, added I, as I saw the same 'Charley' who had arrested me for the first offence making his way towards me.

"Aggravated offence! Young man you are contumacious—must go with me to the Mayor's office—disorderly conduct," said that functionary—"come get off!"

I did so while the crowd gathered around were grinning at any misfortune. "Look here Charley," said I, "I'll just bet you five dollars you can't ride that infernal beast off the pavement."

"Done!" said the M. P,

"Stake your V," said I, and he doing so I placed another one in the holder's hands:

"Loan me that spur?" and I buckled it on his *right foot* myself—he mounted and headed 'one eye' for the street using spur freely and savagely—no use—here he came—slam into the porch of a worthy merchant—again and again did 'Charles' repeat the trial—no use—

"You've won sir, take your money—never saw such a horse in my life. But sir this wont excuse you—you must go with me to the Mayor's office."

"Very well Charley—but recollect you have compromised yourself—you have been riding on the pavement too. You inform on me and I'll lodge a complaint against you. Turn about is fair play, eh Charley! shall we go to see the Mayor?"

"Sold!" shouted the crowd, in a roar of laughter.

"Sold!" muttered Charley as I claimed the stakes, from the holder, remarking—

"I guess this will over match the dollar I gave you to say nothing. Mind how you play your tricks on travellers. Look here see *what* foot I put this spur on," continued I buckling it on my *left* foot and leading the horse off the pavement. "Mind! and always ride with the spur on the *blind* side," ended I, as off we went up the street—an admiring shout following us—and soon we were quaffing some of S—s 'best Sherry,' on the strength of that five dollar note.

HOW BYRON KEPT HIS FAT DOWN.

Byron had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of absolute starvation. He was of that soft, lymphatic temperament, which it is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly as, in his case, his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to this weight, even standing was painful; so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself.—He said everything he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow and deposited on his ribs. He was the only human being I ever met with who had sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist this proneness to fatten. He did so; and at Genoa, where he last weighed, he was ten stone and nine pounds, and looked much less. This was not from vanity about his personal appearance, but from a better motive; and as, like *Justice Greedy*, he was always hungry, his merit was the greater. Occasionally he relaxed his vigilance, when he swelled apace. I remember one of his old friends saying,

"Byron, how well you are looking!"

If he had stopped there it had been well; but when he added,

"You are getting fat," Byron's brow reddened, and his eyes flashed.

"Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog?" and, turning to me, he muttered, "The beast, I can hardly keep my hands off him."

The man who thus offended him was the husband of the lady addrssed as 'Genevra,' and the original of his "Zuleika," in the *Bride of Abydros*. I don't think he had much appetite for his dinner that day, or for many days, and never forgave the man who, so far from wishing to offend, intended to pay him a compliment. Byron said he tried all sorts of experiments to stay his hunger, without adding to his bulk.

"I swelled," he said, "at one time, to fourteen stone, so I clapped the muzzle on my jaws, and, like the hibernating animals, consumed my own fat."

He would exist on biscuits and soda-water for days together; then, to allay the eternal hunger knawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it down like a famished dog. On either of these unsavory dishes, with a biscuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine, he cared not how sour he called feasting sumptuously. Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish or vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered,

"I have an advantage over you: I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me."

"Nothing," I said, "disagrees with the natural man. He fasts and gorges: his brains don't bother him; but it you wish to live?

"Who wants to live?" he replied. "Not I. The Byrons are a short-lived race on both sides, father and mother. Longevity is hereditary: I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death a d——: it is her sting! I can't bear pain."

By starving his body, Byron kept his brains clear. No man had brighter eyes or a clearer voice; and his resolute bearing and prompt replies, when excited, gave to his body a muscular power that imposed on strangers. I never doubted, for he was indifferent to life and prouder than Lucifer, that, if he had drawn his sword in Greece, or elsewhere, he would have thrown away the scabbard.—*Trelawny's Recollections of the Last Days of Shelly and Byron.*

EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.—*Remarkable Phenomena.*—The ship Pacific, Capt. Ladd, which left New Orleans April 9th, and arrived at New York on Friday, reports that on April 17th, at 8.45 P. M., in lat. 27 28, lon. 79 28, with a sea perfectly smooth, she felt severe shocks of an earthquake. It commenced wish a noise like distant thunder, and kept increasing until it sounded like a heavy cannonade some few miles away; about the fourth or fifth shock it was so heavy that it shook the ship all over, as if she had struck the bottom, causing all the windowpanes and glasses to rattle and shake, and it seemed as if some one was rolling a large empty cask about the deck. The shocks lasted about twelve or fifteen minutes, but there was one heavy one. The day had been very sultry, and the sky had a very strange appearance at sunset. The earthquake, or rather the sound of it, was in the north and east direction from the ship. There was no swell after the shocks, but, on the contrary, the sea remained perfectly smooth.

"I love to look upon a young man.—There is a hidden poteney concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left his study, sat down and added:

"Thems' my sentiments, exactly, papa—all, but the pains."

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't injure her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable: for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so unaccustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely, every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so.—You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Every thing that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down; or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of house-keeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

We find in the Boston Journal the following singular circumstance, as having occurred on board the brig Helen Jane, of this port, on the passage from Boston to Honduras:

"Capt. Nickerson relates a singular adventure with the steward of his vessel, which somewhat enlivened the usual dull monotony of ocean life. It appears that a white man, having an American protection and giving his name as Hawes Crowell, of West Dennis, Cape Cod, shipped at this port as stewart, and recieved his advance wages before going on board. The vessel proceeded to sea, and on the morning of the first day out the stewart was missing, supposed to have fallen into the sea during the night and drowned. Accordingly, another man was appointed to his duty, and everything went on without suspicion.

The voyage continued prosperously, and nothing occured to admonish the captain that his cargo was leaking in a very unusual manner, and becoming daily beautifully less by an operation which might be compared to some late financial manœuvering ashore. It seems, however, that after some days one of the crew accidentally discovered that the cargo in the hold had been broken into, and an empty basket of champagne was found, with other indications of robbery. The captain's attention was immediately called to the fact, and he of course suspected the crew of committing the depredation, and instantly called them to account; but nothing could be elicited from the investigation to fix the crime on any of the crew, who stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter. Thus the affair rested until their arrival at Teuxillo, twenty-two days after leaving Boston.

On the first night after anchoring, the crew were suddenly startled by the appearance in the forecastle of the lost stewart and so firmly convinced were the frightened sailors of the death of their shipmate, that they all instantly fled on deck from the supposed apparition, and told the captain.—These fears, however, were soon quieted, for the steward had realy appeared, and upon being questioned, confessed that he had secreted himself in the hold on the first day out, under the influence of delirium tremens and for 22 days following had lived luxuriously on champagne, raisins, ham, &c., dining sumptuously every day, and had enjoyed what on shore would be called a 'bender!' He consumed during the voyage eight baskets of champagne six boxes of raisins and other things in proportion. He was left in the hands of the United States Consul, and would be sent home for trial. The loss to the captain will amount to about $250."

The name of Crowell is probably assumed, as the prisoner is undoubtedly English. He was not brought home because, while at Truxillo, he was overheard to threaten the life of the captain. Take it altogether, it is one of the strangest cases on record.—*Boston Traveller.*

Ex-Mayor Crossman, of New Orleans, has been stricken with paralysis.