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 a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858. No. 35.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

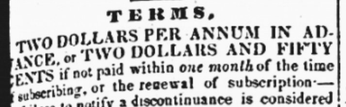
Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) Inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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.

MECHANICAL.

EDW. H. ANDERSON,



WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH
EASTON, MD.

All Work entrusted to his care will be executed with neatness and dispatch. As he requires the cash for work done he can afford to do it as cheap if not cheaper than it can be done on the Shore. [aug 29-1y

SPRING FASHIONS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received the
SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1858,
and is prepared to make up work in the best manner, at his new Shop, on Dover Street, a few doors below Washington street. A good fit guaranteed in every case. Tailoring of all kinds done with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
may 8-tf JOHN R. MORTIMER.

MORRIS & COLLISON,
Carpenters and Builders,

THEY take this method of informing their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute with neatness and on moderate terms, all work entrusted to their charge.—They are prepared to take contracts in this or the adjoining counties, if required, or work by the day on reasonable terms. Thankful for the liberal share of public patronage received since they have been engaged in the above business they are determined to leave nothing undone on their part to ensure satisfaction. All orders addressed to them at Easton will be promptly attended to.
mar 6-6m S

House Carpentering.

G. E. GATTIN. WM. RATCLIFFE.

GATTIN & RATCLIFFE.

THE subscribers beg leave to inform the citizens of Talbot that they have formed themselves into co partnership for the purpose of carrying on the above business. They think from their experience in the business they can give entire satisfaction. They can be found at their shop—"Washington Hall," on Washington street, when not engaged in the country. All orders addressed to them, at Easton, Md., for any kind of work in their line, will be promptly attended to.
feb 6-6m

J. W. STEWART, J. W. BEETLE.

CARRIAGE MAKING.

THE subscribers respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Talbot and the adjoining counties that they continue to carry on the above business in Easton, and are prepared to do all kinds of NEW WORK in the most substantial and fashionable manner, and all kinds of REPAIRING with neatness and despatch.

We have on hand several new YORK WAGONS and ROCKAWAYS, also several second hand York Wagons, which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

All kinds of HARNESS made to order.

With many thanks for past favors we respectfully solicit the patronage of our friends and the public.
STEWART & BEETLE.
Easton, May 22, 1858-tf

ARRIVAL OF THE
Spring and Summer Fashions.

JOHN SATTERFIELD respectfully informs the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties that he has just received from the city the latest styles for cutting Coats, Pants and Vests, and desires the public generally to call and see them; he will (as he has always endeavored in his cutting) make every effort to give satisfaction. All work done by him warranted to fit. For cutting garments the cash will be required.

All persons, whose accounts have been standing over six months, will please call and pay them, as I need and *must* have the money. [apr 24

HOUSE PAINTING
AND
PAPER HANGING.

THE subscriber would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally of Talbot and adjacent Counties, that he has opened a Shop in Easton for the purpose of carrying on the above business. He will undertake work by Day or Job. His charges will be moderate, and thinks he has had sufficient experience in the business to render entire satisfaction.

When engaged in town, all orders left at his Shop near of the jail, will meet with prompt attention, and when in the country if left at Elliott & Hugh's Boot and Shoe Store will be attended to as early as possible. Of the many witnesses he can adduce to testify to his work, he thinks the following will suffice as

REFERENCES:
THOMAS HODGKETT, Esq.,
JAMES DIXON, "
Capt. E. L. F. HARDCASTLE,
E. M. DAWSON, Esq., Talbot County.
SAM'L W. THOMAS, Esq., Queen Anne's Co.
feb 21-1y RD: H. T. COUNCELL.

AT
ELLIOTT & HUGHE'S

WELL known and long tried *Boot and Shoe Establishment*, next door to Thompson & Kersey, can be found by far the handsomest and cheapest stock of **Boots, Shoes,** *Slippers, &c.* in this market. In our stock will be found Gentlemen's Boots, Oxfor Ties,
Gaiters, Patent Leather Prince Alberts,
Sultania Boots, &c.
Ladies Gaiters, Slippers &c., of every description.
Boys Boots and Shoes, Youths do. do.
Misses Gaiters, Shoes, Slippers, &c.
Children's Shoes.—A very large lot of Children's Shoes of every variety.
Servant Men & Women's Shoes for Spring and Summer. Also a large lot of the very best material, which they are prepared to work up in the neatest manner and at shortest notice.

We take this method of returning our thanks to the public for past patronage, and as we intend to pursue our usual straight-forward manner of business, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of past favors. Very respectfully,
apr 24 ELLIOTT & HUGHES.

100,000 FT. of Lumber, Scantling, Joists, &c., always on hand at Baltimore prices for Cash (mar 20) R. THARP.

LIME—20 bbls. fresh Lime will be received in a few days and for sale by
mar 20 R. THARP.

THE subscriber will receive per to-day's steamer an additional supply of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters of all qualities and prices, which added to his former stock, comprises the best assortment in Easton. [june 26] G. C MACKEY

For the Easton Gazette.

Passing Away.

BY ROSE.

I hear it in the zephyr's wail,
Mourning sadly through the vale;
I hear it in the breezes sighing,
Moaning softly, "Dying—Dying."
I see it in the flowrets fair,
That cast their perfume on the air,
The wind soon wafts their leaves away,
And leaves them naked to decay.

I see it in the hectic dye,
On Beauty's cheek, the brilliant eye,
Soon must that fair and fragile form
Claim kindred with the loathsome worm.
I see it in the little child,
Full of life and spirits wild,
But death can take it far away,
And place it in the realms of Day.

I see it in the man of fame
Who seeks on earth to keep his name;
But Death can bow that haughty head,
And place it in a lowly bed.
I see it in the silvered hair,
And brow all furrowed o'er with care,
For he is hast'ning speedily
Unto the end—Eternity.

I see it when the shades of night
Disclose the moon in silver light;
I see it when the golden ray
Of morning sun unfolds the day.
I see it in each mighty deed
Of God, a warning thus to heed,
That we are hast'ning speedily
Unto the end—Eternity.

From the New York Mercury.

ALEX. ALL-SORTS.

ANOTHER "THUMB NAIL SKETCH."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The subject of our present sketch was nothing more nor less than contradiction personified. His parents were perfect opposites in character, feeling, desires, views and actions. His birth was announced during a "spell of weather" so contradictory that, if one said it rained, a gust of snow would controvert his statement. If another affirmed that he saw a patch of blue sky, a friend at his elbow would be found ready to contest the statement with as much pertinacity as the knight of the olden tale did the remark of the stranger knight as to the color of the shield, or be as assiduous in pointing out the absurdity of the assertion as were the learned individuals whose celebrated discussion upon the colors of the chameleon is one of the memories of schoolboy days.

The announcement of his arrival upon this mundane sphere was inauspicious. It brought a look as black as a thunder-cloud and a scowl terrible as sat upon the brow of any one of that celebrated army which "swore terribly in Flanders," to the features of the father, while the mother rejoiced as well as she was able to, under the circumstances.

Within one hour subsequent to the transpiring of this important event, a family convention was called to decide upon the color of his eyes. One aunt asserted that they were raven; another, they were hazel; another, still (an old maid and a detestable "blue") asserted that they were "as cerulean as the sky at mid-day, when the full flush of the God of day ascended horrizontally on plain and sea" (exact words, reader). Then the father had his say, ending in a "I don't know—one minute I kinder think, and then again I don't, that the child's eyes are hazel," and his better-half still under the sway of a factious, contradictory spirit, immediately "reeled him up" by saying "hazel be hanged; you don't know anything about the matter; *you hain't had any experience*, and consequently am't capable of judging. The darling's eyes are soft and dreamy, and of the hue the God's adore," leaving those who listened, slightly mystified as to her meaning.

The matter was finally postponed until "a more convenient season," and the subject of his nose, or more technically writing, his nasal protuberance was brought before the Paul Pry-ish convention. One would have it that it was "pug"—a glance at the profile of the speaker revealed the cause of the opinion so confidently expressed. Another, as plainly recognized "Grecian" outlines, while still another saw the "Roman" contour incipiently developed in the infant. Still another hinted that it was *hooked*, after the manner of its paternal progenitor, who quietly remarked—feeling of that prominent facial organ as he spoke—that "it was not hooked from him, as his was where it had been for more than thirty years," which sage remark was unanswerable, in point of fact. The "critter" was passed around, handled, commented upon, examined, tickled, until he cried (though some asserted it was a laugh) and finally laid by his mother's side; the questions of "eyes" and "nose" still unsettled, and waiting for further developments ere a decision was rendered.

Alex. grew up. But such a growing up was never seen before. His days were nights, his nights were days. He was cuffed by one, and kissed by another; dandled by one, and *darned* by the next person he met.

At last he arrived at the "important age" when it was considered proper to send him to school. There had been considerable argument about this, some thinking seven years proper, and others urged the propriety of waiting until he was nine. So they split the difference by dispatching him on his eigth birthday to the halls of learning. We wish an artist could have seen him as he set out for the school-room; he would—had he transferred the vision then, and then presented to canvas—have immortalized himself and conferred a benefit upon the age, incalculable and never-to-be-forgotten. This *tout ensemble* betrayed his character. His shoes were not pairs.—One leg of his pantaloons was striped, the other cross-barred. His coat, like "Joseph's of old," of "many colors." His collar was turned down on one side of his neck, and turned up on the other. One side of his face was dirty, and the other clean. And, on the whole, he was *sui generis* in the true sense of the term. Alex. All Sorts was "of his own kind" indeed.

How he passed through school—of the numerous scrapes he got into—of his capers and his cuttings-up, we would like to tell, but time and space forbid. Suffice it to know that he left the shrine of learning with academic honors (on his back), a recommendation (visible in his face) and a diploma, which, after enumeraing his wonderful powers, concluded in this wise:—"And we find him perfect in no branch—a donkey, lacking only the ears, and one well worthy the attention of those who make a business of gathering animate curiosities for the benefit of the "public generally, and their pockets particularly." Possessed of this precious document, Alex. was proud and prince like, although some had temerity enough to hint that the compliments it conveyed were "over the left" But to insinuations like these, Alex. designed no response. On the footstool of egotism and conscious intellect he stood, looking scornfully down upon those who endeavor to depreciate his honors. Like our eagle with olive-branch and arrows. So Alex. All Sorts, with diploma from which streamed the blue ribbon so suggestive of truth, in hand, wheeled in the orbit of self-conceit, grand, opinionated, omnipotent.

About this time Alex.'s parents died.—Sad loss. The disease that caused their decease, never has been, never will be, discovered. Some said it was an affection of the brain; others averred that they *had* no brain to be affected. At any rate, atropos had cut the thread of their existence to a certainty. There was no mistake on this point—no point on which to hinge arguments *pro.* and *con.* They were buried, and Alex., in mistake, planted flowers on another mound, close by the right one.—He shed tears at the interment: but some envious reported that his handkerchiefs were dipped in rain-water, and that an onion was rubbed in close proximity to his organs of vision before he appeared in public. But, of course, this was not so: oh, no!

By-and by, Alex. got lonesome. He found that everything went wrong with him and his frieds began to *get married*. They even went so far as to cast about for a suitable person for him, as he seemed to be too timid to do it for himself. A lady of an uncertain age was proposed, but the honor of her hand was declined, though he added, *naively*, that "her purse would be very acceptable." Some said he meant *puss* for the lady was a great admirer of the feline race, and had a large number of specimens of all ages, sizes, colors and conditions, while others said he didn't. So the matter rested for a while, when a new candidate for matrimonial honors made her appearance upon the stage.—Alex. was all taken aback, asked a day in which to consider the matter, with the following result, *viz* a random paper picked from his portfolio:

Item—Jerush has yellow hair. Don't like it.

Item—Jerush is somewhat *embonpoint*.—Prefer slimness.

Item—Jerush squints. Worse than all.

Mem.—Decline a further acquaintance, and shall request all my friends to bring no more specimens. Feel able to suit myself.

Soon after, Alex. All-Sorts made a ten-strike in the alley of connubial bliss.

He went over to Deacon Clark's and proposed to Mehitable, the deacon's oldest "darter," to take charge of himself and his farm on shares, payable semi-occasionally, at uncertain periods. Mehitable remarked "as how he couldn't get a worser one," and axed him *yes*.

They went to the parson's to get the knot tied.

In his hurry, the bridegroom said *yes* where he should have said *no*, and *vice versa*. Kissed the parson's daughter instead of his new rib, and asked the parson to lend him a quarter to pay marriage fee.

At last the ceremony was over, and Mehitable duly installed mistress of Alex. All-Sorts establishment.

After a week of wedded life, Alex. All-Sorts made *all sorts* of discoveries; some of them no way flattering to his powers of discernment. He found that Mehitable wore a wig, rejoiced in the possession of a full set of false teeth, understood to perfection the mystery of *rouge*, and had adopted various and sundry manoeuvres well-known to ladies, to conceal natural defects of form. This discovery was a terrible blow to the sensitive Alex., and never got over it. He grew melancholy, neglected his farm until it became a wilderness of weeds. He occasionally sowed wheat, but it came up tares; he planted rye, and it came up chickweed; he bought pegs for melon seeds, and then wondered why the fruit of his labor did not arise above the ground.

Thus he managed to live by the rule of contraries, until his first child was born.—He found this "promise of better things," cross-eyed, knock-kneed, spotted on one cheek, and crossed on the other, and in despair, sought the gin-shop for comfort, and found it—in a horn. The first night he came home fuddled, he could not find the door. He declared it went round with him, that the street was turned up side down, that the old willow tree nodded to him, that a sapling had the audacity to put its branches around his body, that the key-hole was lost, and he could not find it, and that a pig asked him *when he was coming to bed*, and that things generally were topsy turvey, or he was, he did not know which.

This was but the beginning of the end. It lasted about three months, and then came to a full stop. Alex. drank *aqua fortis* in mistake for *aqua ardiente*, and dropped down like a log. She took him up and carried him to a pump and soused him, thinking he was drunk, but at last made the discovery that he was defunct. The neighbors buried him, and that was the last of Alex. All-Sorts. Mehitable, with the non-descript before-mentioned, returned unto her father's house, and in less than six months, wedded a widower named Dido, with ten "responsibilities," putting the "offspring of the dear departed" in the poor house, and the portrait of that respectable gentleman in the garret.

Poor Alex., will we ever look upon his like again?

A SCHOOL MASTER'S STORY.

A LESSON FOR TEACAER'S AND PUPILS.

"When I taught a district school," said he, "I adopted as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "Strive under all circumstances to do right,' and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

"If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask. "Was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

"All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be when measured by the standard of the golden rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge, were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

"In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it,' which for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

"In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholar, as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

"In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquirred a new power of cultivating and directing them.

"In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful: honest, trust-worthy and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends, and with each other.

"Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle, by one of my scholars, George Jones, a large boy, who partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly through a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these:

"A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who had committed the offence?

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes sir."

"Who was it."

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it," said George, firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

"He stopped as requested but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said:

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

"With a triumphat look, as though conscious that he had cornered me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied, 'I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by.'

"A few years earlier I should have deemed a reply thus given as an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft-quoted rule, was—to judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was falacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet, that I should do great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing, if he really believed it to be wrong.

"After a little pause, I said, 'Well George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow.'

"I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars—as was my wont—on various points of duty and gradually led the conversation to the golden rule.

"'Who,' I asked "are the persons to whom as the members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by?—Your parents, who support and send you here? your school-mates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? the citizens of the town, who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school? the school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare? your teacher? or the scholar who carelessly or wilfully commits some offence against good order?'

"A hearty 'yes' was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

"Then, addressing George, I said:—'Yesterday, I asked you who had committed a certain offence. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to re-consider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of th[illegible], the school committee and your t[illegible], all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said: 'To the first: it was William Brown who did it."

"My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle was complete: and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was especially designed."—*Professor Robert Allen.*

A TOUGH DOSE.

There is a doctor in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania, who is especially remarkable for being, as the women call him, short and crusty. A week or two since, he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a violent attack of cheap whiskey.

"Well doctor, I'm down you see; completely floored: got the Tremendous Delirum, you know."

"Tremens' you fool; where'd you get your rum?" asked the doctor.

"All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor."

"Served you right—where'd you get your rum?"

"Father died with the same disease: took him under the short ribs, and carried him off bodily."

"Well, you've got to take something immediately."

"You're a trump, Doc—here wife, I'll take a nip of old rye."

"Lie still blockhead. Mrs. ——, if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in about an hour, just give a dose of that trunk strap, may be that will fetch him to a sense of his folly."

The docter sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirum Tremendous," in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school, came up, and laying her hand upon the doctor, said:

"I gave him the straps as you directed."

"Did you thrash him well?"

"Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it."

"O! O! doctor," roared the victim, I—I swallowed the leather, but—but—

"But what?"

"I swallowed the whole strap, but couldn't go the *Buckle!*"

KISSES MORE PRECIOUS THAN JEWELS.

A night or two ago, a fair, sweet girl, residing on Race, near fourth street, was partially awakened from her slumbers by a man in her chamber, but not fully aroused, she lay with closed lips for a minute, when, the sound being repeated, she started up and saw by the light of the little jet upon the gasburner, a man's form disappearing through the window. She screamed involuntarily, and the father, armed with a revolver, was in her room in a few moments, greatly agitated and alarmed.

The parent was disposed to think his daughter had been dreaming; when in looking around he observed upon his daughter's dressing bureau, where a beautiful enameled watch, a pair of heavy bracelets, a diamond ring, and a necklace were lying, a a slip of paper, on which was written:

FAIREST, DEAREST GIRL:—I came here to rob, but your beauty made me honest for the time.—I saw these jewels, but believing them yours, I could not take them, I have stolen what I value more—three delicous kisses from your unconscious lips. Do not be offended, they were gentle and innocent.

AN UNKNOWN LOVER.

This story sounds romantic, but we are assured upon the best authority that it is strictly veracious, and we publish it as an evidence that the age of gallantry and sentiment is not at an end; that the race of Rinaldo Rinaldino is not extict.

A RICH CALIFORNIA WOMAN.

Mrs. Eliza Todd, who owns a ranche a mile below Weaversville, is a remarkable woman. In 1852 she walked from Shasta to Weaversville, without money, began the business of washing for six dollars a dozen. An acquaintance, who lived near her domicil, says that for a long time she was bending over the wash-tub at daylight in the morning, at noon, and at 10 o'clock at night. Business prospered, and after a while she bought two claims which turned out well. Then she bought chickens, which laid eggs, and which she sold at half a dollar a piece; then she bought a pig for $125, and sold its progeny for an ounce or $25; then bought cows and sold milk. Business still increased, and she began buying real estate, lending money at ten per cent. a month, and speculating in claims; always was fortunate: every touch turned something to gold.—Now she is one of the largest property holders in the north.—*California Ex.*

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OUT OF A WHISKEY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to a grog-shop. When you want a dram, take the price of it in your hand and start to go to the grog-shop; go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung-hole, take a good drink of water, and return home. Repeat this operation until the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

A WILD MAN.—A human being, supposed to be a wild man, is said to have been seen in the neighborhood of Lancaster, N. H. He was completely covered with hair, and when seeing any one, would make for the woods with the swiftness of an antelope. He was once discovered in the pasture, helping himself to milk with the gusto of a nursing infant, from one of the cows.

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a shy young lady. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me, if you like."

HORRIBLE CONFESSION OF A PIRATE.

Peter Williams under sentence of death at Auburn, Me., with a colored man named Abram Cox, for the murder at sea of the captain, two mates, and one man of the brig Albion Cooper, of Portland, has made a confession, which is printed in the Lewiston Falls Journal. Williams represents that he was born in Ostend, Belgium, in 1830, his father being a sailor; he ran away from school, and had never learned to read. He first went to sea when nine years of age, and has served on shipboard in all parts of the world ever since—at one time on a German man of war, and again in the employ of the East India Company, acting as captain of the main top in one of their vessels. In July, 1857, he became acquainted with an Irishman named Thomas Fahey, and both went to Portland and shipped in the Albion Cooper. The brig, soon after leaving port, was found to be leaky; the second mate is stated to have treated both Williams and Cox, the negro, with great barbarity, and finally Williams stabbed him, for which he was placed in irons. Afterwards the mate called him into his room, drove a nail into a beam, and hung him up by the beam, the forward part of his feet just touching the floor. He was in great pain, and finally fainted.

Finally Cox broached the project of a murder of captain and crew, and supplied some knives and razors, which Williams fastened to sticks. The Irishman Fahey was alone taken into their confidence.—They first killed Capt. Humphrey, who was asleep on the deck, with two blows on the head with a hatchet. His head partially turned, but he died without a struggle. He then went behind the second mate and struck him in the head with a hatchet.—His cries brought out the first mate, who was also struck in the head. He retreated to his cabin, where he had a hard struggle with his murderers, but was finally dispatched. As he came out Williams met the second mate, whom he had left for Cox, and finished him with a few blows of the hatchet. The last murder was of a seaman named Burns or Davis. They put iron with the bodies and threw them overboard. Afterwards they set the vessel on fire and abandoned it, and were picked up by another vessel, when Fahey disclosed the horrible tragedy in which they had been engaged. Williams and Cox will be hung on the 27th inst.

THE ATTALA COUNTY (MISS.) COURT HOUSE BURNT—*Loss estimated at* $100,000.

On Thursday morning about a quarter to 3 o'clock, our citizens were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of fire and the ringing of bells, and to their utter dismay found the roof of the court house in a blaze. It was some time before many had reached the scene of destruction, and by that time the devouring element had so progressed that none would venture in the second story to endeavor to rescue the court records, valuable papers, &c., and then, too, there were no ladders or water at hand; in one hour the entire fabric and contents were a mass of ruins. The loss is ditficult to estimate at this writing, (we write on Thursday noon,) but nothing short of $100,000 will approximate to the amount.

Valuable Receipts.

BLACK TONGUE IN CATTLE.—Of late much has been said of this deadly malady in southern cattle. A friend who knows, by experience, its virtues, recommends the following recipe as a certain cure: Mix copperas with the juice of sour oranges, and bathe the tongue with a sponge or rag, three or four times a day. We should suppose that in the absence of sour oranges, some other acid might do. The remedy is simple, and should be tested.

A REMEDY FOR AGUE.—As this is the season when many are troubled with the ague and fever, perhaps your readers would like to know a simple, safe and *sure cure*. Put a teaspoonful of grated wild turnip into two tablespoonfuls of brandy, sweeten and take just before the fit comes on. Try it a few times, and you will have no more ague.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO REMOVE SUNBURN.—Milk of almonds made thus: Take of blanched bitter almonds half an ounce, soft water half a pint; make an emulsion by beating the almonds and water together, strain through a muslin cloth, and it is made.

TO PREVENT TURKEYS STRAYING FROM HOME.—It was stated in conversation that turkeys will not leave the yard in which they are put, if a *strip of red flannel is tied around the wing*, long enough to trail on the ground. The receipt is simple and easily tried, and, if effective, would prove of great benefit in removing a source of much loss and annoyance to the turkey breeder. The vanity of the fowl is probably affected by this means, as he wouldn't wish to run the risk of seeing strangers with such a drag upon his dignity.—*Country Gentleman.*

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one half-bushel of tomatoes, scald them, and press them through a common sieve. Boil them down one-half: then add two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half of cloves, one-half of cinnamon, and one-half of mace.—Mix well, and add one teacupful of vinegar. Bottle and seal, and set in a cool place.—Preserved in this way, they retain their natural flavor.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe; scald them until the skin will slip off easily, and sprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain off the juice, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, scald it, and pour it on them again, every two days for a week, and they will require no farther care.