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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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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, mill 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.

MERCANTILE.

CARPET WARE ROOM!

Thompson & Kersey's

CARPET *WARE ROOM* is now stored with the choicest stock of
Carpets, Oil Cloths,
Druggets, Mats,
Rugs, &c., &c.,
That has ever been offered to this community, and which they are prepared to sell at even less than city prices.

Then why should any one go or send to the city for an article which they can buy as good and as cheap at home? [oct 2

CHEAP
CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a full supply of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a large lot of family

GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE,
HARDWARE, TINWARE,
Woodware, Brooms and Rope Traces.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call. As I sell for cash only, I think I can sell them bargains.

oct 9 W. PHILIP MACKEY.

1858.
NEW FALL AND
WINTER GOODS.
CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the city with a handsome and well selected stock, viz:

Ladies' Dress Goods, of all the different styles and varieties; Gentlemens' Wear, of various styles and latest patterns; Children's wear, of different styles and latest fashions, together with a supply of *Domestic Goods*,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, &c.
which they invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine. [oct 16

TO THE LADIES.

IN addition to our usual assortment of EXTRACTS for the handkerchief we have just received a supply of

FRANGIPANNI and
MUSK MELOLONTHE

the two most *fashionable* and *popular* odors.

Also German and American *Cologne, Pomades, Hair Oil, Soaps, &c.*, in great variety.
Head Brushes
of superior quality and modern styles.
Dressing Combs
of Shell, Buffalo, Gum and Horn.
Fine Tooth Combs
of Ivory, Buffalo and horn of *extra* quality, and various other articles necessary to a well regulated Toilet, and all at prices to suit the times.—Call and examine them at

oct 16 DAWSON & BRO's.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS

J. RASIN has just returned from the cities, and is now opening at the old stand, opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever before offered by him; such as Dress Goods for Ladies and
Gentlemen, Boys and Misses,
Heavy Goods for Servants' wear;
Also a large stock of Family Groceries,
Liquors of all kinds;
HARDWARE, CHINA, GLASS,
QUEENSWARE, TIN and
WOODWARE, &c.

Having paid particular attention to the selection of these Goods, with a view to sell them at prices suited to the times. I will be pleased to dispose of them on my usual accommodating terms.

Dry Goods generally on first floor.
Farming Implements on second floor.
Carpet Ware Rooms on third floor. [oct 9

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS

THE subscriber is now opening in the town of St. Michaels, a large stock of Goods selected from the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore and adapted to the present and approaching seasons; having taken great pains in the selection of my Goods, I think that I can offer such inducements to purchasers as would insure advantage in giving me a call.

I have a very handsome selection of *LADIES' DRESS GOODS*, nice quality, at moderate prices. Also a large stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
3-4 and 6-4 Full'd Kersey's,
Sattinetts, Tweeds, Flannels,
Ozna burg Prints,
Fancy Calicoes, twilled & plain Ozna burgs of the very best fabric. Also a very large stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, TINWARE,
Buckets, Brooms, Tubs, Horse Collars, Plows, Plow Castings and a great variety of goods too numerous to mention. To which an early call is solicited.

JAMES D. MANSFIELD,
oct 9 St. Michaels.

1858.
NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, and now opening a full and complete stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

which have been bought on the very best terms, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

FOR THE LADIES—a beautiful stock of Dress Goods of all the new styles; a beautiful assortment of fine Shawls, entirely new; Embroideries of every kind; French Worked Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c

FOR THE GENTLEMEN—a very large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

Also a nice lot of Boys', Misses' and Childrens' goods, notions, &c.

A very large stock of extra nice FULLED KERSEYS for Servants, and every kind of heavy Domestic Goods, Cassinetts, Jeans, Brown and Bleached Muslin, &c.

Also a very large stock of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE,
TINWARE, &c.

To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.

oct 9 JAMES H. GRACE.

The Voiceless.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers number—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Lucandian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-hunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth as sweet as heaven!

From the New York Mercury.

THE LUCKY REPLY.

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM LINN TIDBALL.

In all my life I have never known a more singular man than Nathan Wiswell, forty years ago a merchant, a banker, and a successful speculator in the City of Churches.

Pampered in his infancy by his purse-proud parents and their parasites, he had early acquired an insolent manner—a manner always unpopular.

During his minority it had rendered him an object of dislike among his school-fellows, and almost wholly deprived him of youthful associates—the want of whom, as a consequence, had soured his temper, and increased his haughtiness.

When he attained to manhood, and assumed the responsibilities of business—a kind that made him master of the time and talents of other men—this characteristic underwent but little modification.

He never bandied words with those in his employ, and on all occasions extracted the most obsequious submission. His anger and violence knew no bounds when he was crossed or contradicted.

But there was one great redeeming trait in his character, which must be particularly mentioned, as upon it hinges this very incident.

I allude to the sudden happy influence of the lucky reply, which was, all things considered, the most remarkable feature of his singular conduct.

This is a peculiarity which belonged to some of the most distinguished men of former ages, and many instances have been recorded by the biographer and historian.

Not only the life and liberty of individuals, but the prosperity and permanence of nations have been affected by it in a most unexpected manner.

But no person ever lived more susceptible to its influence than Mr. Wiswell.

He has been known to dismiss men from his employ, for some real or supposed offence, and reinstate them within an hour afterwards, because of chance remark, probably uttered in anger, which tickled him at the moment.

Marion, his only daughter, was seventeen, graceful and good-looking, and deeply in love.

The object of her attachment was a young man, with nothing to recommend him but an unblemished character and fine business talents.

These ought to have been sufficient, but Mr. Wiswell was not so easily satisfied as his sensible daughter.

Thaddeus Maguire was a clerk in the bank, and Mr. Wiswell was a stockholder. In a pecuniary sense, therefore, the difference between them was very considerable.

But Thaddeus, like his devoted lady-love, thought, as they were united to each other in feeling, that his poverty ought not to be made the ground of objection.

Mr. Wiswell thought otherwise, and when he discovered the attachment, enjoined his daughter to have no intercourse with her penniless lover, whom he dismissed with angry reproaches.

But the ardor of love is not often cooled by opposition, and it was not in this instance.

In Mr. Wiswell's mansion there was a little back parlor, with a single window that looked out upon the garden, and a single door that opened from the hall.

It was a neat, little, out-of-the-way place, the quiet of which was seldom disturbed save by the lovers, who, on that account, preferred it for their stolen interviews.

About seven o'clock one evening—a beautiful midsummer evening—they sat together before the open window, engaged in conversation.

By chance Mr. Wiswell stood underneath, in the umbrage of a luxuriant lilac, an unobserved listener.

"I think," said Marion, continuing the conversation, "that I can persuade him to make us happy."

"I wish you may," replied the youth, earnestly.

"He has no daughter to care for but myself," she continued, "and when he sees that my happiness depends upon our union, I am sure he will consent."

"If he will, Marion," replied the youth, "I am the very last person who would advise an elopement, which is always to be deprecated."

"Yes," said Marion, "but suppose—"

"Oh, it is a course I should not hesitate to pursue," replied the youth to her half uttered interrogatory, "if there was no other that led to happiness."

"And in that event I shall not falter!" returned the maiden.

"You are a brave girl, Marion."

"But I apprehend a different result!" she replied.

"I have very grave doubts, my love,"

"Father is passionate," she returned, "but not unreasonable."

"That is decidedly rich," muttered Mr. Wiswell through his shut teeth, but too low to be overheard.

"At first he may object," continued Marion, "but finally he will consent."

"Not I, at first or finally," muttered the parent, as before.

"I feel that my poverty will prove an insuperable objection," said Thaddeus.

"I know that my father would prefer a nabob for a son-in-law," replied Marion, "but I prefer a gentleman for a husband."

"So, then," muttered the listener again, "my daughter thinks De Camp is not a gentleman. Pretty well, that! pretty well!"

"I desire happiness more than luxury," continued the maiden, "and if I cannot have both, will endeavor to secure the former."

"Bah!" muttered Mr. Wiswell."

"I have sometimes feared," said Thaddeus, "that the deprivations to which every poor man's wife is subjected, might occasion regret or disappointment."

"If you knew the depth of my love," replied the warm-hearted girl, "you would dismiss such idle fears!"

"I have never doubted it, my dear. And yet, from the zenith of affluence to the nadir of poverty, is a dangerous journey, full of pit-falls and precipices, and very few accomplish the descent without broken hearts and shattered constitutions."

"Oh, Thaddeus! have done with your apprehensions. I am full of hope and confidence. We are rich in each other's love."

"And besides our love," replied the young man, hopefully, "I have two thousand dollars, with which to commence business."

Mr. Wiswell heard no more.

Gliding away unobserved, he hastened toward the little parlor, crimson with passion.

"Two thousand dollars," he muttered, grinding his teeth. "A pretty business such a sum would establish! And yet my daughter is to be supported off its profits!"

This thought fairly maddened him

"Let him say as much to me," he continued, "and I'll give him two thousand blows to help him carry out his good intentions."

By this time he had reached the little parlor, which he entered, with his bamboo staff raised above his head, in a manner at once menacing and dangerous.

Yet sudden as was his appearance, Thaddeus was not unprepared, or in the least disconcerted.

"Mr. Wiswell," he said, anticipating the outburst of passion, "I have a very great favor to ask of you—that you will give me your daughter in marriage?"

There was an audacity in the request that completely astonished the banker, and greatly increased his indignation.

Suddenly his hand clutched the stick with a tighter grasp, and raised it several inches overhead.

His crimson face became purple, and the froth of his mouth escaped through his parted lips.

In a savage voice, resembling the howl of the March wind, more than human utterance, he shrieked in the young man's face—

"What would you do with my daughter?"

And he followed the words with a scowl of his heavy brows, darker than the summer storm-cloud, and a stamp of his foot, that rumbled throughout the mansion.

Thaddeus, though pale and apprehensive, stood up before the infuriated parent, with his left arm outstretched over the crouching form of the frightened maiden; and he replied, in a tone full of feeling—

"I would love her, sir, with all my heart!"

The melifluence of this tenderness, so unlike anything expected, touched the proud heart of the aristocrat, and the demon of his rage instantly forsook his presence.

The fingers relaxed their hold, and the stick fell clattering to the floor.

The lowering brows went up like clouds of fog, when the sun illuminates the east.

The scream of the March wind subsided into a human tone.

"As the Lord lives, you shall have her!"

Immediately he added, grinding his teeth, as if to show how great his anger might have been—

"But, if you had mentioned business, or dollars: oh! if you had, I would have beaten you to a jelly!"

Then turning to his daughter, he continued—

"Get up, Marion; he is worthy of you, and will make you a good husband."

Mr. Wiswell picked up his cane, and left the lovers, but he left his blessing with them.

"The young rascal!" he muttered, as he strode away. "He took me by surprise.—He had me at an advantage. But I'll punish him for it. He shan't have but ten thousand to begin with."

And the savage old miser fairly chuckled over the punishment he contemplated.

A HARD CUSTOMER.

A green looking customer observed a sign hanging over a grocery store, reading thus: "Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen, until he got facing one of the clerks, who was exhibiting some fine sugar to a young lady, when he broke out with:

"Say, Mister, who's boss here?"

"The proprietor has just stepped out, sir."

"Well, be this a retailing shop?"

The young man hardly comprehending greeny's thoughts, simply answered:

"Yes, sir; a wholesale and retail store."

"Guess you understand your trade."

"O, yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, "what can I do for you."

"Well as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I mought as well come and give you a job."

"I don't understand you, stranger," replied the clerk, who began to think the fellow was in the wrong box.

"Zactly so; well, I'll tell you."

"Explain what you mean, my friend," said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat.

"Well, as I said before, the cold weather's coming on, I thought I mought as well be fixin for it. Come mighty near freezin' t'other winter, tell ye did, but—"

"Stranger, I hope you will tell me what you want, so I may serve you, interrupted the clerk, seeing there were a number of customers waiting to be served, but who, in fact, had almost forgotten their errands in the rich conversation between the clerk and his droll customer.

"Certainly, sqnire, certainly, I always do business in a hurry, and just as quick as the old master will let you, I want you to retail these old shirts! Let 'em come down to about the knees, kase I don't wear any drawers!"

The effect may be imagined, but, as the novelists say, can't be described. The loud burst of laughter which followed, served to convince the poor fellow he had committed himself, and his long legs were put in motion at the rate of 2.40.

PRESIDENT TILGHMAN'S ADDRESS.

General Tench Tilghman, of this county, and President of the United States Agricultural Society, delivered the following address before the Society at Richmond, Va., the exhibition of which was brought to a close last week. The address is very highly spoken of—and its brevity will, doubtless, induce our readers to give it a perusal:

Brother Farmers of America, Ladies and Gentlemen of whatever Clime and Profession:

You have listened to the language of eloquence and cordial hospitality with which we have been welcomed to this ancient Commonwealth by the distinguished President of the Virginia Central Agricultural society.

It becomes my pleasing duty to acknowledge the obligation which has thus been conferred upon us, and as the official organ of the Agricultural Society of the United States, to extend to all who are here assembled a greeting to this, its sixth annual festival.

Gentlemen of the two Societies, allow me to congratulate you, and those who are our especial guests on this interesting occasion, upon the success with your efforts have been crowned, in the magnificent spectacle by which we are now surrounded.

From the granite-hills of New Hampshire to the verdant rice fields of Carolina, from the swarming cities of the Atlantic border, to the fertile valley of the Mississippi, Ceres and Pomona have vied with each other, in contributions from the richness of their stores, and in the varied products of the farm and the garden, the mine and the ocean depth, the worksop and the laboratory which are here collected together, we behold an epitome of our country's greatness and an evidence of its enduring prosperity.

A still more pregnant indication of the importance attached to the calling in which we are engaged, is to be found in the magnitude and character of the vast concourse which has assembled to witness our exhibition, and in the number and distinction of the representatives from other States, who have come to participate in our proceedings. The study yeoman has left his fields and his herds; the mechanic has deserted his workshop; the learned professions have contributed from their members those who have earned the highest distinction in the varied walks of science and of literature; the highest dignitaries both in Church and State, are here to honor us with their presence; and beauty has sent a chaplet of her choicest flowers, whose richness forms the crowning glory of the scene, and holds the admiring spectator entranced and spellbound in mute admiration of its loveliness.

Among the many remarkable developments by which the growth of our country has been attended, few have afforded greater cause for surprise and gratification than the rise and progress of the United States Agricultural Society.

Its great prototype, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, had been in successful operation for many years, sustained by all the wealth and enterprise of that powerful and enlightened nation, before it ventured upon the experiment of migration in its Fairs, which has since been found to be so highly beneficial in its results. Even there it is still regarded as an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude, and yet the actual extent of their migrations is less than those of the State Agricultural Society of New York, whilst the smallest distance between the locations of any two consecutive Fairs of the United States Agricultural Society, has been greater than the entire length of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

It is an interesting incident in the history of these two greatest Agricultural nations of the world, that the present mode of conducting their National Fairs, was commenced almost at the same period, and has been attended with results which evince a remarkable degree of coincidence.

Their exhibition for the present season was held in the ancient city of Chester, and many of the most distinguished of the nobility and gentry attended their meetings and participated in the proceedings. Among those whose eloquence contributed most largely to the interest of this memorable occasion, was the Rt. Hon. W. Gladstone, M. P., now one of England's greatest commoners and purest statesmen; and I was forcibly struck with his impressions of the effect of such gatherings in England, and their applicability to our own Society.

"I think it may be truly observed," said Mr. Gladston, "that this—I must say, distinguished—I may say, illustrious Society, appears to me to supply a want which is the greatest inherent want of Agriculture. If we look to the case of manufactures, it is their nature to collect themselves in enormous masses around great centres of industry. If we look to Commerce, incessant communication between every part of the commercial system of the country is the very vital air it breathes and is naturally inseperable from commercial development. But with agriculture the case is different, for on the contrary, its nature is to be gathered around local centres which, under ordinary circumstances, have little or no connection or communication with one another. It is, in comparison, an isolated art; and therefore it might follow, under general circumstances, that agriculture was languishing in various quarters of the country, simply from the wants of a knowledge of the progress achieved in other portions of the land. Well, now, if I am right in saying that this is the besetting danger and difficulty of Agriculture, is it not true and obvious, that the society whose festival we commemorate to-day, is by the very principle of its construction, adapted effectually to supply that want?—for its business is to bring together the men and the minds of all portions of the country. The stock of Davenshire, the horses of Suffolk, the various products of England, are exhibited in the yards to-day. The agriculture of England, through the means mainly of this society, is rapidly attaining to the position to have but one heart and one mind—one common pulse that causes the circulation of the vital fluid throughout the whole system,—one common stock, into which everything that skill, that industry, that intelligence, that capital had achieved in every single part of the country, is made the common property of every other portion of the country."

These, gentlemen, are some of the considerations on which we invite your assistance and co-operation. The great principle which has achieved such wonderful results in our own country, is that of *associated enterprise;* and yet, how little has been done by the farmer to avail himself of its benefits. How few of those who see the fruits of their honest labors wrenched from their grasp, by the iron clutch of the remorseless speculator, or rendered valueless by the over productions of some of their most important products, ever reflect that there are now in existence in the United States, nearly eight hundred Agricultural Societies; and that by the contribution of a single dollor from each one of their members, a fund might be raised sufficient to secure on a permanent foundation, the organization which the United States Society have already successfully established. One of the most important features of this organization is the Monthly Bulletin, which has been issued since the month of February last, from the office of the Society in the city of Washington, and, which, together, with the annual volume of its transactions, is furnished gratuitously to those who become life members of the Society, by the trifling contribution of ten dollars, to its treasury.

Unpretending in its appearance, and avoiding all intrusion upon the legitimate sphere of the various Agricultural journals, which are laboring so successfully in different parts of our country, the "Monthly Bulletin" presents a claim upon the confidence of the farmer, which no one of these journals possesses in the same degree. It has no other possible interest to subserve than that of the farmer, whose journal it is—not even that of the Editor, by whom it is conducted, and who is the permanent Secretary of the Society. It relies solely upon the gratuitous contributions of the farmer for its support: and were those contributions ever so generous, they would be devoted entirely to the benefit of the whole farming interest of the country.

How easy, then, would it be for the farmers of the nation to establish an almost telegraphic intercourse between every section of our extensive country, by a simple system of monthly reports from all the Agricultural Societies and prominent farmers, to the Secretary of the United States Society at Washington. The information thus obtained from each would be combined and transmitted to all. The opportunity for speculation would be greatly diminished.—Humbugs that are often so rife throughout the country, and of which the farmer appears to be the favored victim, would be fearlessly exposed, and in a silent time a fund of statistics would be obtained, from the collection of which important results might be deduced.

The benefits derived from such a commencement would increase the desire for their extension, until, at no distant day, the Society might hope to obtain by endowments and other contributions, the means of establishing a "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture," in whose columns those most deeply versed in the Arena of Nature might discuss the abstruse principles upon which the most important results are often found to depend, and yet which do not possess sufficient attractions for the superficial reader to obtain for such a journal a support sufficient to secure its existence by subscription alone.

It is not a little surprising that the portion of our country in which the Agricultural interest is most important, should have been the last to lend its co-operation towards the advancement of this Society.

We are now assmbled, for the first time, upon Southern soil, and I hail it as a good omen that the *Old Dominion*, the mother of States, and whose fair daughters have been the nursing mothers of Presidents, should have been the first to welcome the United States Agricultural Society to her territory and to her capital. The atmosphere by which we are now surrounded is redolent with the memories of those illustrious statesmen and great farmers, who constituted the Cincinnati of your youthful Republic; and it is impossible to look upon yonder noble river, whose banks are now teaming with the fruits of commerce and agriculture, without remembering that here lived the graceful Pocahontas, and here too were the cornfields of Powhatan and Opecancanough, which preserved the lives of our famishing progenitors in the infant colony of Jamestown.

The route by which many of us reached this hospitable city, conducts the traveller to that shrine which has become the Mecca of the Patriots of all land. As I passed, in the solemn stillness of night, the spot where rest the ashes of the Father of his Country, I felt an influence pervading the scene, as if his spirit was still lingering in the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, and as if the vocations which attached so much of his thoughts and attention whilst on earth, are still regarded as not unworthy of his remembrance. "Go tell your brethren," (he seemed to say,) "that they are engaged in a noble and holy cause." "Tell them to persevere in an effort which only requires perseverance to achieve success, and which, if succesful; must have a powerful influence in cementing those institutions to whose foundations my life was so largely devoted."

Gentlemen, this is the spirit which should actuate every American farmer and every patriot in the land, whatever be his calling or profession. Let me urge you, then, to come up to the good work without delay.—Let it be one of the proudest boast of every American citizen, that he is also a member of the National Agricultural Society.

Gentlemen, it only remains for me to announce to you, that the sixth National Exhibition of Agriculture has now been formally opened.

From the Boston Saturday Evening Express.

A TIP-TOP ADVOCATE FOR CHURCH GOING.

"Well, now really, I don't know about staying from church," drawled young Smack, his head at a right angle with his knees, his patent leathers between two candelebras. "Fact is I don't go to hear Splurgeon, or any other of their reverend divines, not I! Wouldn't give a cent for all their platitudes. What I go for, principally is, to look under the bonnets of the pretty women.

They don't like it? Don't they though? It don't make them swear you had better believe. Truth is, Bragup, they go to be stared at. What else do they wear those cabbage leaves hanging on their necks, all stuck round with vegetables for?

O, pshaw! you havent watched 'em as I have, Bragup. I've made them a study.—What, there's Miss Simperall—seat in front—by Jove! I've seen her come in, thirty-two consecutive Sundays and she always manages to sit on the right side of her little sister so that she can show those fine eyes about a hundred times between the voluntary and the benediction. What an interesting langour she puts on when Nell is restless; and, ye gods! what smiles and pretty nods to signify her appreciation of her quiet. Then Nelly's bonnet must have been made on purpose to show off Miss Simperall, for if she pulls it on once, she does a dozen times, always giving us fellows plenty of latitute for a comfortable stare. That child's head must be sore sometimes.

And there's another enjoyment I have, Bragup, and that's to see the women's hoops go through those confoundedly small doors. By Jove! its capital! the way the flounces stand out, and the crinoline flies up.—I had time to count sixteen ruffles on one petti-gown—they call them, I believe—and I don't know how much further I might have gone if the sexton, who happened to be passing, hedn't backed her in. Facts! first he took his hand, and they wouldn't budge, then he kicked, and finally buckled to it with both hands on the pew-sides.

They went in and he after them, and the last thing I saw was a pair of number twelves, and a continuation of br[illegible]p-side down. I havn't laughed so [illegible] a century. I looked in my hat all prayertime—a very nice fashion—but I don't remember the prayer. Perhaps the people behind me thought I shook with emotion—well I did.

Yes, Bragup, owing to these pleasant things, I take great comfort in going to church. It's respectable you know, and we can see a good many prettly ankles and a good deal of charming embroidery, which wasn't even dreamed of till hoops came in fashion. Then you know if a lady happens to stoop to pick up her handkerchief, or goes up a steep pair of stairs—but I'll reserve that for another chapter.

There's one thing I forgot; if I could be ubiquitous I should know the business of more than half the congregation. I heard last night, now, a beautiful description of courtship and marriage, and can tell the bride's outfit down to the cost of the lace on her nightcap. The other Sunday I learned two receipts for making gold and silver cake—and the sunday before that, listened to the eloquent portrayal of the birth of Mrs. P.'s first baby; so that if I knew that suffering lady I should congratulate her upon several points.

I tell you, Bragup, and young Smack held his cigarette daintily "for real right down sport, I'd rather go to church any day than to the best theatre in town. What with crinoline, first rate opera-music, stuff seats and a reverend whose very handkerchief speaks volumes, a fellow can make himself tolerably comfortably. O! I'm a tip-top advocate for church going!"

HARRY O'SCAREM.

The doctor's fee in New Orleans for a yellow fever case is one hundred dollars, more or less, kill or cure. If taken in season the doctor's attention is not required after the fourth day. One, two and three thousand dollars a week is no uncommon amount of fees for a good yellow fever physician.

Why are ladies like bells? Because you can never find out their *metal* until you have given them a ring.