THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. L. Easton, Talbot County, Md., August 3, 1867. No. 29.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Of one square (six lines,) insertion ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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.

NEW GOODS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

STOP! LOOK AT THIS!!

Great Bargains Open for the Season

Run to EMANUEL'S very quick
For HIGH PRICES are mighty sick,
If you wish to keep him down
Buy the CHEAPEST GOODS IN TOWN,
Take your CASH and BARTER there
He will be polite and fair,
BARGAINS there you all can get
TEN per cent. his profits net,
So rush along be in the ring
And do your trading while I sing,
FRESH ARRIVALS every day
CHEAP and CHEAPER, buyers say,
CALICOES of every shade and
Only TEN CENTS for lowest grade,
Hoopskirts there are pile on pile
The newest shapes and latest style,
MUSLINS, FANCY GOODS, Hats & Shoes
CLOTHING ready made to USE,
So don't delay but push along
While I sing this CHEAP STORE song,
EMANUEL has the cheapest GOODS
And BALMORALS of every style.
So run along and take a peep
At GOODS that all agree are CHEAP,
In thirty-three lines I cannot tell
Of all he has and how he'll sell,
But this I know, he's selling cheap
And profits large he dosen't reap,
"No dead men wanted here," 'tis said
But let them blow high price's dead,
So I'll advise you CALL and TRY
EMANUEL'S when you wish to buy.

Having laid in a large stock of all kinds of Spring, Summer and Fancy Goods, I would ask a share of the public patronage, as they will find prices very low. Call and examine my stock.—Store opposite the Court House. Respectfully.

Easton, April 20 M. EMANUEL.

NEW SPRING GOODS.
LATEST ARRIVAL AND LOWEST PRICES.

POWELL & WRIGHT have just opened a handsome and varied stock of Ladie's and Gentlemen's
Dress Goods,
Notions, &c.,
which for *style* and *price* cannot be excelled in this market. Their stock of
Groceries, Liquors,
Woodenware,
Stoneware, &c.
will be found large and at reduced prices, having been purchased at *latest* decline, and will be disposed of at a very small advance.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore received by them, they ask and will try to merit continuance. [apr 6

O I C
SOMETHING NEW!
JAPANESE GLASS POLISH,
For cleaning Windows, Knives & Forks, Tin Glass, Silver and Plated Ware.
No Soap! No Water! No Slop!

DON'T say you don't want it until you have tried it, or seen it used.

The Japanese Glass Polish is destined to supercede the use of all other articles heretofore used for cleaning windows Mirrors, Brass, Tin, Glass, and Silverware, and in fact everything where it is necessary to preserve *a fine beautiful polish.* Housekeepers will find it indispensable after once trying it. The beauty of the thing is that the work *is done in a minute,* without any labor. Try it. For sale by
SAML. B. HOPKINS,
Agent for Talbot County.
N. B.—Dealers supplied at a liberal discount. Retail price 25 cts. a box. S. B. H.
Easton, Md. may 11 6m.

E. T. LEONARD. EDWARD BLAND. C. R. LEONARD
FARMERS & MERCHANTS' LINE,
Agnes and Tread Haven.

ON and after Saturday, March 11, one of the above vessels will leave Easton every *Wednesday,* and Baltimore every *Saturday.*—Every effort will be made to make this a sure Line, and all goods delivered in Easton when required. Let your grain and goods come and every effort will be made to give satisfaction.—Goods and Freight of all kinds will be brought from the city as cheap if not cheaper than by any other line. All freight must be paid on the delivery of the goods. Feeling thankful for pase favors, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.
mar 4-1y LEONARD, BLAND & CO.

P. S.—All orders must be accompanied by the cash and all bills for freight will be present e on the delivery of the goods.

Orders left at Dawson & Bro.'s, Easton, and W. S. Pawson's or Lloyd & Lowndes', No 95 Smith's Wharf, Baltimore, will be attended to.
L., B & Co.

OFFICE—In same room occupied by R. B. DIXON, opposite the residence of Judge H. H. Goldsborough.

A FINE assortment of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff, in store and for sale by
GEO. M. DAVIS, Druggist,
ju 15 St. Michaels, Md.

BOWDERS' MOTH DESTROYIG PACKET—for preserving cloths, Furs, Carpets, Robes, Blankets, and all woolen goods from *Moths* and all other destructive Insects.—For sale by [apr 20] DAWSON & BRO.

FOR STOCK—Altringham or field Carrott—Sugar Beet—Large White Norfolk Turnip—Ruta Baga Turnip—Dalis Hybrid Turnip—Large field Pumpkin.
apr 20 DAWSON & BRO.

EXCELSIOR REAPER & MOWER.—The best Reaper in use without an equal as a Mower—a complete machine in either.
ju 15 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

WANTED—
50,000 lbs. Wool, washed or unwashed. Highest prices paid.
jul NICOLS & BARTLETT.

CHEAP HOOP SKIRTS.—There can be found at EMANUEL'S cheap cash store, Hoop Skirts, selling as low as *fifty cents.*
apr 20

LIME—No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime, by the barrel or Hogshead.
R. B. DIXON.

WHITE-WASH BRUSHES, of various sizes and qualities for sale by
mar 9 DAWSON & BRO.

$20. AGENTS WANTED. $20

$75 to $200 per month—male and females—to sell the only Genuine Common Sense *FAMILY SEWING MACHINE*
Manufactured. It will hem, fell, stitch, tuck, bind, braid quilt and embroider beautifully.—Price, only $20, including Barnum's self-sewer and self-turning hemmer. Fully warranted for five years.

CAUTION.—Beware of those selling worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name as ours. For circulars and terms address, C. Bowers & Co., 355 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ju 1-1m

1867. 1867.
Spring Goods

JUST returned from the city with a full and complete assortment of Spring Goods, which were bought at the latest decline in prices, and will be sold accordingly. A large assortment of
Ladies' and Misses Dress Goods,
Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs,
Cambric Edging and Insertings, &c., &c.,
CASSIMERES AND CLOTHS
for gentlemen and boys' wear.

A full stock of Groceries, Queensware, &c., &c. All of which were bought with care and for Cash and will be sold at the lowest market prices.

My customers and the public generally are invited to an examination.
apr 13 JAS. H. GRACE.

Lumber! Lumber!

JUST landing at my yard at Easton Point, a full assortment of White Pine and Hemlock Lumber,
Lathes,
Bricks,
Hair,
Lime,
Shingles
and building material generally. Also Cumberland coal for Blacksmithing, all of which I will sell at lowest Baltimore prices for cash.

Doors, frames, Shutters and Sash furnished to order at factory prices. Respectfully,
ROBERT B. DIXON.
Office Washington St., Easton, Md.
may 18

A CARD
TO THE PUBLIC.

WE take this method of informing our friends and patrons and the public generally, that we have just returned from the city with an elegant stock of new and beautiful
SPRING GOODS.

We would also embrace this opportunity to return our thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage bestowed upon us for the past twenty years, and we trust we may be allowed to indulge the hope, that by strict attention and untiring perseverance in business, we shall merit and receive a continuance of the same.
The public's obd't. servants,
mar 30 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

Spring & Summer Fashions,
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. E. A. MASON, has just returned from Baltimore and Philadelphia, with a splendid assortment of
Millinery and Fancy Goods,
which she has selected with great care and at the lowest cash prices, which will be sold at small advance.

She has added to her business a full set of Embroidery and Brading Stamps, and will do stamping of all kinds at city prices.

Being thankful for the liberal patronage she has received heretolore, solicits a continuance of the same, [apr 13

FOR GENTLEMEN—A very large and superior stock of Fancy Cassimeres for Pants—Pants and Vest—and Coat, Pants and Vest, and a complete assortment of Trimmings of all kinds and greatly reduced prices.
apr 13 J. H. GRACE.

LAWNS, LAWNS—Just received a splendid lot of French and Domestic Lawns and for sale very cheap at H. ISAACSON'S & Co.
may 25 Store opposite the E. N. Bank.

MUSLINS.—Bleached and unbleached in great variety, at prices that can not fail o please, at [apr 27] H. ISAACSON & Co.

AXES.—A very superior lot of Mann's celebrated cutting Axes received by steamer. For sale by [oct 13] BARTLETT & TRIPPE.

BED BUG POISON and Poison for Fleas, prepared and sold by
apr 27 L. H. CAMPBELL.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. M. H. BATEMAN, offers his professional services to the citizens of Easton and vicinity. Office with Dr. Earle on Washington street, adjoining the residence of Mrs. Bartlett, where he can be found at all times when not professionally engaged.
mar 30-6m

Boarding.

HAVING recently opened, for the accommodation of permanent and tranzient boarders, at corner 231 Pratt & Sharp Streets, Balto., Md., I take this method of informing my friends that they will find, not only home comforts, but can rely on my table being suppled with all the substances and luxuries of the market. The house, for cleanliness and ventlation, is unsurpassed and has just been furnished throughout with new beds and furniture. It also has bath-rooms for the accommodation of patrons.
GEO. GOSLIN,
No. 231 Pratt & Sharp Sts.,
mar 30-tf Baltimore, Md

1867. 1867.
Spring and Summer Hats
Beaston's Store.
(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1840.)

THE subscriber, after returning his grateful thanks to the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last 27 yers, informs them that he still keeps on hand a large and well selected stock of plain and fashionable HATS and CAPS, at Baltimore prices for the *cash.*

Ho! all ye! who have "shocking bad hats," come and let him fit you with *new* ones. Store 5 doors south of the Bank.
THOMAS BEASTON.
Easton, March 23d, 1867.

Spring & Summer Fashions.
Millinery and Fancy Goods.

MRS. E. A. LYNCH, has just returned from the city with a well selected assortment of
Millinery Goods,
Fancy Goods,
Dress Trimmings, &c.,
which she has selected with great care and at the lowest cash prices which will be sold at small advance. A large stock of Pattern Bonnets on hand, and all kinds of repairing done at short notice. The public is requested to call and examine for themselves.

Being thankful for the liberal patronage she has received from her friends and the public generally she solicits a continuance of the same.
apr 20

NEW
SPRING GOODS,
THOMPSON & KERSEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS,

HAVE just returned from the city with their usual large and complete stock of
NEW SPRING GOODS,
of which have been bought during the heaviest pressure on the market and at the lowest net cash prices, and in view of the scarcity of money, the backwardness of the season, the dullness of trade, and other circumstances of the times, they propose to sell their goods at unprecedented low prices.

As it affords them pleasure always to exhibit their stock, they hope their friends and the public generally will call and examine for themselves. [mar 30

ENCOURAGE YOUR HOME
Institutions.

Tuthill & Avery are prepared to furnish at their Agricultural Works and Foundry, Implements of all descriptions, and will sell for cash, lower than can be bought of any house in Maryland. We are manufacturing McCormick's wheel Cultivator and Gang Plough, unequalled for its kind.

Cultivators for one horse or two of every description,

Harrows, Double, Tripple and Single Ploughs,

Harman's Horse Rake, Gleaner's Fans, Corn shellers,

Grain Drills and everything found in first class Agricultural Houses.

At the Foundary, we are prepared to do job-work of any description:—Boiler Grates, Ship work &c., Iron Railing &c. All work garanteed.
may 4 TUTHILL & AVERY.

EDWARDS & LAWRENCE
EXCELSIOR
CLOTHING HALL,
S. E Cor. Second & Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

CLOTHING
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings.

DEPARTMENT FOR CUSTOM WORK!

AGENTS FOR OILED CLOTHING.
may 11-10m

PLASTER—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.
apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

LATHS—No. 1 White Pine Laths, for plastering and lattice work. R. B. DIXON.

NAILS, $6 25 cts., per keg.
ju NICOLS & BARTLATT.

Think Gently of the Erring.

The publication of the following beautiful and impressive lines were suggested while listening to the remarks of a reverend gentleman over the remains of a departed friend, and we commend their careful perusal to our readers with the hope that their soothing influence may have the effect either directly or indirectly of staying the hand of some fellow being who may even now meditating the destruction of his own life:

Think gently to the erring;
Ye know not of the power,
With which dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour;
Ye may not know how earnestly,
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of darkness came,
And darkly thus they fell.

Speak gently to the erring;
Oh do not once forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage—
Child of the self-same God—
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast but feebly trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and grace are gone
Without thy censure rough;
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring;
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorney track.
Forget not thou has often sinned
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one
As God has dealt with thee.

Philip's First Baby.

Mrs. Philips was on the very pinnacle of felicity. She was the mother of a boy which weighed eleven pounds.

He, Philips, bid fair to lose his mind entirely. He danced and sang, and fired guns from the top of his corn house, whistled Yankee Doodle while eating his breakfast, and rang the heads off all the fowls on the place, to make a chicken pie for the celebration.

This worthy couple had been married ten years, and this was their first child. People had laughed at them ten years on account of their luck; people who were overrun with children, and whose lives were made miserable by the scoldings and speaking they found it necessary to inflict upon their wretched little olive plants.

Now, Mrs. Philips said, she guessed they'd laugh out the other side. There had never been so large a baby born in Smithfield before.

Mrs. Jones only weighed nine pounds and had a pug-nose. Mrs. Swayer's was read haired, and had a mole on his right foot—a sure sign that it would come to a bad end—and it only weighed seven pounds fourteen ounces! She guessed folks had better look at home before they laughed.

Baby proved to be a Tartar. He had a temper like a wind mill, and seemed determined to develop his feet and lungs to the utmost while he had leisure, for he screamed and kicked twenty-three out of twenty-four hours.

But his mother declared he was an angel.—We never come to imagine an angel with puffy red cheeks, heels elevated in the air, sucking a sugar teat, and being bounced about in a pillow cradle to the tune of "High diddle dee!" but then our imagination is not by any means so vivid as it might be.

From the hour in which he was born, he was the autocrat of the household; everything had to bow at his nod.

The scullery door creaked, it was taken off the hinges, and the servant was in the draft all the time, because she might disturb the baby.—For the same reason the coffee mill was removed into the woodshed, the washing was done in the barn; all the clocks in the house were stopped; the dog was muzzled, and the cat was choked—all from the fear of disturbing the baby.

Mr. Philips paid a blacksmith, who was located within a quarter of a mile, one hundred dollars to move his shop, and Biddy was moved to the cockloft of the woodshed on account of snoring. The child's diseases were legion. It was a wonder that it could draw its breath with so many terrible ailments clinging to it. Mrs. Philips was continually on the watch for some new demonstration.

"Charles!" cried she, waking her husband from slumber one cold winter night, "it seems to me the baby don't breathe just right."

Mr. Philips sprang up and listened; "Good gracious, he's got the snuffles, ain't he?"

"Oh, dear, what shall we do if the baby is going to be sick?"

Mr. Philips got a light, and the anxious parents brought it to bear on the face of their child.

"Oh, heaven!" cried his mother, "his face is actually purple! he's going to have the scarlet fever. See that red spot on his elbow."

"It may be where he's laid on it," remarked Mr. Philips.

"Laid on it, eh! you unfeeling man, you unnatural father! And there, it's sucking its thumb; I've known it from first it wouldn't live; it sucked its thumb so much."

"Seems to me that I've heard my mother say that it was a sign of a healthy child to suck its thumb, but I won't be certain. Any way, it is a good sign or a bad one, I forgot which."

"Run, Charles, run for the doctor! Its going to die—I know it is! Oh, don't stop to dress—don't! It may die while you are waiting. Call Granney Bates, and tell her to bring som etanip, and saffron, and peppermint—tell her to bring all the herbs she's got! and do hurry, Charles, do! Mercy on us! It's sucking both thumbs! Run—run!"

Mr. Philips caught up the first articles of clothing he could lay his hands on, which proved to be his wife's embroidered petticoat, but he was in too much haste and although to much excited to notice dress particularly. He flung the garment over his head, and tied it around his waist—slipped on his shoes and plunged into the keen air. The doctor was asleep, and did not care about turning out, but on being told that it was a case of life or death, he yielded at once.

Mr. Philips left him dressing and sped to the residence of Granny Bates. The old lady was wise, but she was very superstitious, and believed in warnings and apparitions. Philips gave a thundering rap at the door, and directly a night capped head appeared at the upper window.

"What do you want at this time of night, and who be you?" said a cracked voice.

Philips stepped out and stood plainly revealed by the light of a dim moon.

"Good gracious, massey!" cried the old woman, "it's got a scalloped petticoat on. Land! I didn't think they wasted their time on such vanities as they are!"

"It's a dying!" exclaimed Philips "come down quickly."

"Not I! I ain't so green as to trust my old body to a ghost!" and down went the window with a bang. Philips pounded at the door until he was tired, and then made tracks for home.

Mr. Gray had just arrived. Mrs. Philips was preparing to go into hysterics as soon as she heard his opinion.

Baby was much worse; it not only sucked its thumbs, but wiggled its toes. It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubben her mistress with camphor. Mr. Philips stood by, wiping his eyes with the drapery of the scant attire.

"Oh, doctor! doctor! will it die? Only save it doctor, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Philips, wringing her hands. "I'll go down on my knees to you and thank you for ever.

"Keep your sitting, marm keep your sitting," said the doctor taking a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't keep me in suspense! Only see its precious little arm! What is it? For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the worst!"

"Well, marm, if I speak out, you promiset not to blame me?" asked the doctor gravely.

"No, no!"

"Marm," said he, with his long face still more learfully elongated, "it is my opinion as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bed-bugs, or else he has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."

"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us?"

"By no means, sir; I repeat it—"

"No, you don't!" yelled Mrs. P. "It's enough to insinuate that I have bed-bugs, to say nothing of the libel on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond!" and seizing the butter ladle from the table, where Biddy had laid it full of hot pepper tea, she flung it at him. The doctor knew enough about women to realize that in flight lay safety, and with a hasty bow he backed off the step and started for his gig. The ground was inclined and quite icy. His heels flew up, his head went down, and his whole body spun down the hill like a steel shod cutter. Mrs. Philips nothing daunted, rushed after him and shared the same fate The two brought up together at the foot of the hill in a water trough, but no words of sympathy were exchanged. The doctor got up as quick as he could, and galloped home, and Mrs. P. followed his example.

The baby lived and throve. As it grew older its dictatorship became more and more absolute Philips was down on all fours for the greater part of his time that the baby might ride on his back; and Mrs. Philips went without crinoline and left her arms bare the coldest weather because the steel spring and her dress sleeve hurt the baby.

Baby made a complete wreck of all the crockery in the house—pounded it with a hammar; he kicked his heels through the looking glasses and tore the inwards out of pa's gold watch, unmolested. It pleased the deary weary seary baby, his mother said—the little mity sugar plummy baby.

One day when the wonderful baby was a year old the village inhabitants were startled by the disheveled apparition of Mrs. Philips, and wearing a wild expresssion of countenance—hurrying at a frantic rate to the joiner's shop, where her husband worked; and instantly re-appeared, followed by Philips at a dog trot.

Old Squire Smith saw them, and being a man who lived in constant dread of fire, he thought it must be the residence of Mr. Philips was in flames. The old gentleman was perfectly insane on the subject of conflagrations, and at the top of his lungs raised the cry:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

"Where?" cried a score of voices.

"Charles Philips' house!" said the gentleman.

The fire company gathered, got out the engine, and ran with speed to the fatal house. But to their astonishment they did not so much as smell a puff of smoke in the region.

The head fireman, who was something of a wag, knocked at the door; Mrs. Philips appeared absolutely radiant.

"Is this the house, allow me to inquire, ma'am, that we expected to squirt on?" said the fireman.

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. P., "but the baby had walked two steps—two steps on his own feet alone!"

"Sold by Jupiter!" cried the fireman: "and now, boys, here's three times three to the baby that walked two steps! Hearty my men!"

And they gave three cheers—drank a barrel of cider which Mr. Philips rolled out, then returned home.

☞ If one pine tree can make pitch, how how many will it take to make a pitcher?

☞ Why do old mids wear mittens? To keep off the shape.

GOUGH, THE LECTURER.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS EARLY LIFE.

A gentlemen of this city gives us some reminiscences of this famous man, who, it is well known, has seen a great deal of vicissitude, eating the bread of poverty and passed through all miserable phases of a drunkard's career, until by reformation he has risen to the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame, eclipsing the splendor of the stage and senate by the magic creations of his genius. Our informant, now in middle life, well recalls the time when "John" was a poor and friendless bookbinder in Newburryport, Mass., in the employ of Mr. Tilton, living from hand to mouth consorting with "fire-laddies," the victim of jolly "benders" and desperate straits. He recollected one summer night of sitting on the steps of St. Paul's church, when "John" came sauntering along with a doleful face lost the last friend he had in the world They fell into conversation; and John then told his pathetic story of the bad luck which had dogged his heels from childhood. Mr B., as we will call our informant, was moved by the piteous tale, and bestirred himself to make some friends and business for John, taking him magazines to bind, etc. There was a debating club in the town called the "Cicero," of which B. was a member with other choice spirits, some of which have since become distinguished in different walks of life. B. invited John one night to drop in; he thought at first he was not good enough for such associations, but he was finally prevailed upon to do so. After the several members had spoken their pieces. B., called on John, and with much reluctance he recited the "Sailor Boy's Dream," and with such dramatic effect as overshadowed all competition and electrified the house. B. then persuaded John to repeat the story he had told him on the church steps, and he complied, much to the delight of his auditors. Soon after this a brilliant party was given in town, and our fellow-citizen secured an invitaton for John, who was taken quite aback at such social recognition. B, and his friend eked out John's scanty wardrobe, to make him presentable, and, by a concerted arrangement with the host—Col. J——, the embryo orator was asked for a song and recitation, which were the life of the evening's entertainment. The Col. next day, learning the circumstance of John, gave him a substantial proof of his appreciation. The next incident related by B. was John's first temperance lecture—opened by prayer by Rev. Dr. D. The same night John got on a spree and brought up at Agile Company No 6's engine house, where he burlesqued his own previous effort as well as the prayer of the reverend gentleman who had invoked a blessing. But the ice was broken, John had discovered his "gift," but it was some time after that he found his "mission." It was some years before he became absolutely steady and a temperance lecturer by profession. His name is now a household word on both sides of the Atlantic, and his triumphs as an orator have never been surpassed, in his peculiar style and line. Twelve hundred dollars in gold for a single speech! This beats the earnings of the leaders of the bar, popular preachers and stars of the stage, and eclipses all Greek and Roman fame,

The Fat Man.

"Bridget," said a lady in the City of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in the kitchen," "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him.

"Yes mum," said Bridget.

All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish cloth, kept a bright look out from the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane and looking the very picture of good humor.

"Sure, there's the fat man now," thought Bridget, and when he was in front of the house out she flew, and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me my good girl?" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes sir; wants to speak to you, and says would you be kind enough to walk in sir?

This request, so direct, was not to be refused, so in a stare of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman is in the parlor, mum."

So saying, instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor!" thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered."

But down to the parlor she went, and up rose her fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me madam, that you would like to speak to me. At your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself, and she afterward said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soapgrease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha, ha, ha! as never came from your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he.—"It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha! So she took me for the soapgrease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months. Such a good joke!"

And all up the streets and around the corners was heard the merry ha, ha, ha,! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane, every now and then, exclaiming: "Such a joke!"