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. XLVI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., November 7, 1863. No. 47.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted 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.

FALL & WINTER SUPPLY OF BOOTS & SHOES.

Columbus Elliott

TAKES pleasure in announcing to his customers, and the public generally, that he has just returned from the city with a large lot of Boots, Shoes, &c., to suit the present and approaching seasons, which he offers at his Store, on the most accommodating terms. His stock has been selected with great care, and on such terms, that he can compete with city prices—consisting of all kinds, sorts and sizes of Ladies', Gentlemens', Misses', Boys', Youths' and Childrens' wears, such as:

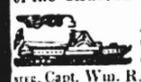
Ladies' and Misses' Heeled Gaiters,	Gentlemens' and Boys' French & Calf Boots,
Morocco Balmorals,	Opera Boots,
Morocco Boots,	Patent Leather and Calf Gaiters,
Leather Boots,	Oxford Ties,
Morocco Jeffersons,	Mocroes,
Leather Jeffersons,	Gentlemen's Slippers, &c.
Kid Boots and Shoes,	
Slippers, &c.,	

Childrens' Morocco and Leather Boots, Gaiters, and Slippers, of all sorts and sizes.

He has also purchased a large lot of superior leather, which he can make into Boots and Shoes, and repair at the shortest notice and warrant to fit.

The public's obedient servant,
oct 10 COLUMBUS ELLIOTT.

EASTERN AND WESTERN SHORE STEAMERS,
of the Individual Enterprise Line.



STEAMER KENT, Captain John H. Kirwan; STEAMER CHAMPION, Capt. John R. Griffith; STEAMER PIONEER, Capt. Wm. R. Norman.

On and after MONDAY, August 3d, 1863, these steamers will run as follows, leaving Light street wharf, foot of Camden street:

To Annapolis and West River, daily and return, (Sundays excepted) leaving Baltimore at 7 A. M., and returning leave West River at 1 P. M., and Annapolis at 2½ o'clock, P. M.

To St. Michaels and Miles River, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving Baltimore at 7 A. M., and return every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Miles River Ferry at 7 A. M.

To Cambridge, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Baltimore at 7 A. M., and return every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

To Oxford and Easton Point, every Thursday, and return on Friday, leaving Easton Point at 7 A. M.

To Choptank River and Landings, as high up as Lloyd's Landing, every Tuesday and Saturday, and return Wednesday and Monday, leaving Lloyd's Landing at 7 o'clock, A. M.

FARE.

To Annapolis,	75
Round Trip,	$1 00
To West River,	1 00
Round Trip,	1 00
To St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry,	1 50
Cambridge, Oxford, Easton and Choptank River,	2 00

MEALS EXTRA.

C. K. CANNON.

N. B.—By the above arrangement every inducement is offered to all citizens of Baltimore, who, for the benefit of health as well as relaxation of mind, can any day in the week (Sundays excepted) inhale the invigorating breeze of the noble Chesapeake, or enjoy the calm quiet of country at West River for several hours, in a beautiful grove fitted expressly for this purpose. Also the variety of going on one boat and returning on the other. [sep 12-tf

United States
INTERNAL REVENUE.
FIRST COLLECTION DISTRICT,
State of Maryland.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, ELKTON, MD.

PURSUANT to the provisions of Section 19, of an act entitled "An act to provide Internal Revenue to support the Government and to pay interest on the public debt," approved July 1st, 1862, notice is hereby given to all persons liable to pay duties or taxes under said act, in the First District of the State of Maryland, comprising the counties of Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's, Caroline, Talbot, Dorchester, Somerset and Worcester; that the Collector of said district, has received from the Assessor thereof his annual collection list pursuant to the provisions of Section 19, of said act; that the duties and taxes assessed by the Assessor have become due and payable; that the said Collector, or his Deputy, will attend to the collection of said duties and taxes assessed for Talbot county, at the *Easton Gazette* office from 8 after Tuesday, the 10th day of November, until the 14th day of November, 1863; and that all persons in Talbot county who shall neglect to pay the duties and taxes so assessed upon them, to the said Collector, or his Deputy, within the period of time aforesaid specified, shall be liable to pay ten per centum additional upon the amount thereof.

☞ Office hours from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

JAS. T. McCULLOUGH, Collector,
oct 17-tf First District, State of Maryland.

JESSE HUGHES.
NEW SUPPLY OF BOOTS & SHOES.

HAVING returned from the city with a supply of BOOTS & SHOES for the present and approaching seasons, I would call the attention of my friends and the public in general, to an examination of the same, feeling confident that I can furnish them articles that will not fail to please, in quality, price and terms. I would name in part

Gentlemens' Boots,
Balmorals, Gaiters, &c.
Ladies' Gaiters, Morocco
Boots, Slippers, &c.
Misses' Morocco Boots,
Slippers, &c.
Boys' Misses' and Childrens work of every description and price.

For Manufacturing I have also purchased a large stock of prime LEATHER, which I am prepared to make up into BOOTS and SHOES at short notice. Repairing done with despatch. Feeling thankful for the liberal support I have received since I have been in business, I would beg a continuance of the same from a generous public.

oct 10 JESSE HUGHES.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A Highly Concentrated
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia; Jaundice, Cronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vission, dots or webs before the sight, fever and poll pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, [purely vegetable,] hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventures, have opened upon suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs; and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The propietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, physicians and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were frequently used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 29th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procure a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th. Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St.

JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

☞ For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices [July 21 1863-1y

WEEP NOT.

DR. JOHANN HOFEL. 1600-1863.

O PRECIOUS word, by Jesus brought
To the poor widow—Weep thou not!
When other comforts all depart,
That memory stays to cheer my heart.

When sore privation is my lot,
My Jesus whispers, Weep thou not!
God is thy Father; trust his care;
He listens to the raven's prayer.

When feeble, faint, and sick I lie,
And naught can do but moan and sigh,
My good Physician comes unsought,
And says, Poor sufferer, weep thou not!

When, plagued by Persecution's hand,
I find no rest in all the land,
Then Jesus whispers to my thought:
Thou has a home in heaven, weep not!

When Death dissolves love's tenderest tie,
Weep not, saith Jesus, it is I
Who take away and give again;
Remember what I did at Nain!

When I, too, meet that mortal fight,
Lo, Jesus hails me in the night;
I am the life, weep not! he saith,
He that believeth tastes not death!

O precious word, by Jesus brought
To every sufferer—Weep thou not!
While in my heart those accents dwell,
I bid all gloomy grief farewell.

—*Religious Magazine.*

THE CORN BEEFED BOARDER.

A few years since, the capital of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house—which was a very creditable establishment by the way—and at which, at the present time you can make sure of very comfortable and satisfactory accommodations, on reasonable terms. Then, as now, this was this temporary house of the Solons and Lycurges of the State, when their legislative duties drew them to the capital.

Mr. F——, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had all sorts of men to deal with, the State Representatives being composed of farmers, shipbuilders, and land-sepculators, lumber merchants, etc.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable oratorical talents, or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact his notions of private economy, altogether predominated as the following anecdote will show.

With his constituents Mr. G—— took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. F——. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinners of turkeys of mess-meat and other corresponding accommodations; but really the rate of board was more than he felt himself able to pay. Accordingly, he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

"I should be very happy to accommodate you," said Mr. F—— politely, "but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are so large that I could not live if I were to reduce the prices."

"No way at all—in my case?" inquired the representative, ruefully.

No—I don't see how I can. I have to pay uncommonly high, this season, for my turkeys, eggs, etc."

"Now see here," interrupted Mr. G——, "I suppose the fixins are worth all your charges for board. I would not complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now why not let them that want to eat the turkeys pay for 'em? For my own part, I would as lief eat corned beef as not. I won't eat your turkeys, and don't see why I should pay for 'em."

"Very well," said the obliging landlord, with an indulgent smile. "If you are willing to confine yourself to corned beef, as far as meals are concerned, and to eat other things accordingly, I suppose I can make some deduction in your case."

The representatives was highly gratified.—He promised to eat corned beef, and to abstain from various costly dishes, which were named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargin was made.

Accordingly everybody who observed Mr. G—— at the table from that day, were much astonished at his singular choice of food. Of course the bargin was a secret—confined to the two parties by whom it was made; and the unconscious waiters laid before the representative temptation after temptation, which he, no doubt, found it hard to resist.

"What shall I help you to sir?" they would ask him. "Turkey, chicken, vension steaks roasted—"

"Corned beef!" would be the self-denying exclamation of the scrupulous boarder.

Day after day it was the same. Sometimes they would through mistake, we may suppose, place before him a choice plate of the forbidden luxuries, which made his heart ache to send away again, with his modest call for "corned beef."

This state of affairs afforded a great deal of amusement to the waiters, boarders, guests, everybody, except Mr. G—— himself, who was grievously annoyed. At last, human nature could bear it no longer. One day Mr. G—— called for his favorite dish three times, and received successively roasted veal, steak, moose, and broiled chicken. Glowing and swearing with perplexity and wrathful impatience, he sent away the last named dish, with an emphatic request for "corned beef!" The waiter, stupid fool! returned with smoking, odious turkey.

"You thickskulled rascal" cried the furious representative, can't you understand, I ain't a *turkey* boarder. I'm a *corned beef* boarder. Do you hear? *I'm a corned beef boarder.*"

The waiter heard, the table roared, the representative perspired profusely but he was never ofterwards troubled with refusing the dishes he had fore-sworn. The waiters enjoyed the joke and left the representative of the corned beef, in quiet.

THE THREE GREAT NAVIES.—In view of the present threatening aspect of our foreign relations, the following statement of the New York Journal of Commerce, is of interest and importance:

Stated in the aggregate, the navies of the three leading commercial nations comprised last year as follows:

	Iron-clads.	Steam vessels.
France,	16	325
United States,	54	*323
England	16	†341

*All classes, 427 †Including all.

France and England each have four iron-cased ships at sea. The former has two more, nearly, if not quite ready, for sea and ten on the stocks. England has four more launched and eight in an advanced state of construction. The United States, at the date of the last annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, had 54 iron-clads, including 32 armored iron vessels, (many of which were unfinished,) and a number have been added since."

The Power of Ciphers.

THE enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and millions, but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the vast bodies of water that cover nearly three fourths of the whole surface of the globe were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by the two words "eighteen septillions," and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four ciphers to the number 18 (18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity, as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above; for although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of about one inch and a half of ordinary print, yet if each particular drop were noted by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to wind round the sun six thousand billions of times.

Now observe, if you please, the marvellous power or value which the ciphers or "noughts" insignificant in themselves, give to the significant figures 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cipher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by every school-boy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells, or beads, used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oraton for Roscius, the actor, in order to express 300,000, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbrous notation — CCCIↃↃↃCCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ—which may admit of the very liberal translation: Three c's, one I, three inverted c's; three c's, one I, three c's, inverted; three c's, one I, three c's, upside down. How very odd this looks in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXIII!

Many very curious and interesting things might be said concerning the history of numerical charactors used in ancient and modern times but, not to prolong this article, they must be reserved for some future occasion.

The simple interest of *one cent*, at 6 per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the present year, 1863, would be but the trifling sum of 11 dollars, 17 cents, and 8 mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman, and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrot gun were discharged at one extremity while a man was stationed at the other—light travelling 192,000 miles in a second; the initial velocity of a cannon ball being about 1500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate; and sound moving through the atmosphere 1120 feet in a second—he would see the flash after waiting 110,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74 billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries. Again, if all these masses of gold were fused into one prodigious ball, having the sun for its centre, it would rech out into space, in all directions, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two millions of miles, almost reaching the orbit of Herschel or Uranus; and if the interest were continued till the end of the present century, it would entirely fill up the solar system, and even encroach five hundred millions of miles on the domains of the void beyond the planet Neptune, whose orbit, at the distance of two thousand eight hundred and fifty millions of miles from the sun, encircles our whole system of worlds.

The present system of figures is called the Arabic method, but it should be more properly termed the Indian method, because it had its origin among the Hindoos of India, from whom the Arabs learned it; and they, in turn, carried the art into Spain, where they practiced it during their long occupation of that country.

The publication of their astronomical tables in the form of almanacs was the principal means of gradually spreading it abroad among the surrounding nations; but so slow was the progress, that it was not generally established till about the middle of the sixteenth century.—*N. Y. Post.*

COUNTING CHICKENS BEFORE HATCHED.—About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Habron, a certain Doctor T——, who became very much enamored of a young lady, a resident of the same town. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian; and his lady loved a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of their approaching nuptials when the doctor remarked:

'I am thinking my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life.'

'And pray, what may they be, docter?' replied the lady.

'One is the hour when I shall call you my wife for the first time.'

And the other?

'It is when we shall present our first born for baptism.'

'What! sprinkled?'

'Yes, my dear sprinkled.'

'Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled.'

'My children shall be sprinkled.'

'They shall be, hey?'

'Yes my love.'

'Well, sir: I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night doctor.'

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel was that the doctor never married, and the lady died an old maid.

GOT WHAT HE WAS AFTER.—Young gent is discovered surrouded by his friends who are jesting with him concernig his attention to a young lady.

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket-book that I am after."

Chorus of friends—Ha! ha!

Second Scene—A parlor. Time, 11 P. M! Young lady seated. Young gent rises to depart, hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks: "Mis Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attention, cannot have been without on object."

Young Lady—"Ah, yes so I have heard and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire." (Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it, displays an old fashioned, empty morocco pocket-book.) "This I have been informed, is that object. Permit me to present it to you, and congratulate you that you have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

Time to Cut Timber.

Ambrose Kimball, of Reading, thus writes to the Boston *Recorder* on this subject:—"A short time since I saw a statement on this subject in a newspaper. I wish to give my own experience and observation for over fifty-five years, constantly working and using most all kinds of timber, more especially oak, ash, and walnut. I have learned by dear experience, for I have much by the effects of worms in my timber, and have found when timber may be cut and have lost no worms, or powder-post, as it is called. Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. Ooctober and November are perhaps the best months and sure to avoid the worms.—You cut from March to June, and you cannot save the timber from worms or borers. May used to be called 'peeling time' in my boyhood; much was then done in procuring bark for the tanneries, when the sap is up in the trunk and all the pores are full of sap; whereas in October those pores are all empty—then is the time to cut, and there will be no worms. Whenever you see an ox-bow with the bark tight, there are no worms, no powder-post, and you cannot separate it from the wood; and what is true in one kind is true in all kinds of timber, and every kind has its peculiar kind of worm. The pine has, I believe, the largest worm; and these work for many years. I have found them alive and at work in white oak spokes that I knew had been in my garret over twelve years, and they were much larger than at first; they do not stop in the sap, but continue into the solid part. I do not think of buying timber unless it is cut in the time above alluded to.

"I have wondered that there has not been more said on this subject, as it is one of great importance, even for fire wood, and especially for ship-building, &c. I have already, perhaps, prolonged this article too much. Now I want to inquire of some of the wise of this enlightened age, whence and when do these troublesome creatures come? Have they any parents? how came they in this solid wood? was there an egg deposited that caused the worm, or how did he come into being? We know that they are there and now, will some one please to show us the way, and all about their origin, &c."

A Thoughtless Boy Punished.

"I shall never forget," writes a corrsspondent of the *Agriculturist*, "an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the road side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to a neighboring tavern and the messengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions.—His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it, and of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old rattlebones!" and the other boys took up the cry with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came round the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, and so, trembling, went into the sitting-room.—To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked, pleasantly, to my father, as he introduced me, "Such a boy was surely worth saving." How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing stock for my companions. I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life-time."

Habit of Exaggeration.

"I will skin you alive if you do that again," exclaimed a mother to a naughty child. It was a sort of hyperbolical expression that has crept into frequent use, with the multitude of expressions of similar character. She did not mean that she would flay her little one as a butcher would a calf or lamb. The execution of her own threat would fill her own soul with horror. She would not have strength to make so much progress in the very barbarous work of skinning her child alive. It would not be motherly.

"I will whip you within an inch of your life," said a father to his erring son. This would be a terrible whipping indeed. Coming so near death's door with a rod would be revolting.—But he did not mean this. He only meant he would administer a very severe chastisement.—No one would be more careful than he not to jeopardise the life of his son. His expression was only a form of exaggeration which society seems to tolerate.

How many precisely such speeches are made in almost every circle. "It was quick as lightning." "It is as cold as Greenland." There is no end to such expressions. And they indicate that the habit of exaggeration in the human family is very strong. Human nature seem inclined to stretch the truth." That is the reason that such strange stories are told, often becoming magnified to such an extent after passing through several hands. "A story loses nothing by traveling," is an old saying. It usually grows, like a ball which school fellows roll. Every tongue that repeats it gives it additional turning over, by which it accumulates. None mean to exaggerate.

It is a fault, however, is it not? May it not be a sin? It is entirely *deceptive* to tell a child that you would skin him alive, when you have no idea of perpetrating the internal deed.—Should we not talk as we mean? Let our yea be yea and nay. At least, this should be done to children.

MEMBER OF PRESS VS. MEMBER OF CONGRESS—'I believe you are acquainted with Hon. Mr.——?' said a gentleman to an editor, as a well known Representative joined a group who were conversing, and was introduced to one or two of them.

'Yes,' was the reply: 'Mr.— has had the honor of an introduction to me.

'The honor, sir! the honor?' said the M. C., bristling up with importance.

'Certainly; why not! Am not I an editor of a newspaper, while you are only Member of Congress? Our profession makes and unmakes such men as you at pleasure!'

M. C. had never looked at the matter 'in that light' and this shot between wind and water set him thinking.

Whose Father Was He.

After the battle of Gettysburg a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children, and as he silently gazed upon them his soul passed away. How touching! how solemn! What pen can describe the emotions of this patriot father as he gazed upon these children, so soon to be made orphans? Wounded and alone, the din of battle still sounding in his ears, he lies down to die. His last thoughts and prayers are for his family. He has finished his work on earth; his last battle has been fought; he has freely given his life to his country; and now, while his life's blood is ebbing, he clasps in his hands the image of his children; and commending them to the God of the fatherless, rests his last linger ing look upon them.

When, after the battle, the dead were being buried this soldier was thus found. The ambrotype was taken from his embrace, and has since been sent to Philadelphia for recognition. Nothing else was found upon his person by which he might be identified. His grave has been marked, however, so that if by any means this ambrotype will lead to his recognition he can be disinterred. This picture is now in the possession of Dr. Bourns, No. 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, who can be called upon or addressed in reference to it. The children, two boys and a girl, are apparently nine, seven and five years of age, the boys being respectively the oldest and youngest of the three. The youngest boy is sitting in a high chair, and on each side of him are his brother and sister. The oldest boy's jacket is made from the same material as his sister's dress. These are most prominent features of the group. Of what inestimable value will it be to these children, proving, as it does, that the last thoughts of their dying father was for them, and them only.

THEY RESERVE STRENGTH OF THE FREE STATES.—In an oration delivered last Fourth of July at Jamaica, Long Island, McCormick said:—

A few figures, lately obtained from the Department of Agriculture, tell a story which the world would do well to consider. Our total agricultural exports (exclusive of cotton) in 1860 when we were yet at peace, were $90,849,556, of which the Southern ports exported $19,738,365. In 1861, with half a million of men in arms, and no Southern exports, they amounted to $137,026,505, and in 1862, with a million of men in the field (one-half of them from the rural districts), and no Southern exports, they reached the sum of $155,142,075.

The amount of wheat and flour alone exported in the year ending September 1, 1862, exceeded that of the previous year by over seven millions of bushels. Estimating the force of our army (and its employees) in the field at one million of men, as I have done, and I deem it a seasonable estimate, and the rations per diem to each man to twenty-two ounces of flour, it requires for its supply for a year, 12,800,000 bushels of wheat. Was there ever a country in the wold, one half of which could feed such an army, large made up from its agricultural population, and yet so wonderfully increase its exports of breadstuffs?"

The unfortunate *Great Eastern*, after all her calamities has at last "come to grief." Having already cost almost her weight, in silver if not in gold, the Company is about to be wound up in the Bankruptcy Court. Claim upon claim from half a million of dollars down, have been entered against her, and there seems but little prospect of her escaping a sale at auction.—Who is to purchase her, or to what service she will be applied in future, are questions that no one can solve at present. She is about on a par with Louis Napoleon's Mexican Empire; they are both big elephants that their possessors don't know what to do with.

Grammar Lesson.

Teacher. Class in grammar, take your places John. Parse Vallandigham.

John. Vallandigham is a noun——

Bob. Hain't nuther. He's a traitor.

Teacher. You're right Bob, but let John do his own parsing. Go on.

John. Common noun——

Teacher. No, proper.

John. No, tain't; nothing proper about him. Common noun, because it is the name of a *thing*.

Teacher. Fire ahead.

John. Nominative case (nominated by a lot of hard cases callad Copperheads) governed by Jeff. Davis' understood.

Teacher. What person is he?

John. A mighty mean person, spoken of for Governor of Ohio, and the very last person that ought to be elected.

Teacher. What is his number?

John. There's only one of him, thank God. Had he lived in the days of B. Arnold, there would have been two of them, which wouldn't have been at all *singular*.

Teacher. Do nouns ever have moods?

John. This one has, and it is a very bad one though nothing to what it will be after the election.

Teacher. Well done, Johnny, you can go out and play with the contrabands.

Big Word and Small Ideas.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more 'big words' than people of thorough education.

It is a very common but very egregious mistake, to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improves the styles of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always 'commence.' They don't live, but 'reside.' They don't go to bed, but mysteriously 'retire.'—They don't eat and drink,' but 'partake of refreshments.' They are never sick, but 'extremly indisposed.' And, instead of dying at last they 'decease.'

The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllable of Saxon on derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences while cunning, falsehood, and affectation, delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a 'foot and a half long.'