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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Crone or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness of 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 vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and 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 adventurers, 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.

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JONES & EVANS,
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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

MY HUSBAND USES TOBACCO.

He sits in his chair from morning till night,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke.
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out,
'Tis chew, chew, chew.
Now, a cloud of smoke pours from his throat,
Then, his mouth sends a constant stream afloat,
Sufficient to carry a mail or a boat,
'Tis, chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a smoke or fog,
'Tis puff, puff, puff.
He growls at his wife the cat and the dog,
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only answer when I give him a jog,
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all over from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke,
In whatever room my way I wend;
If I take up his old clothes to patch or to mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will even ascend,
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke.
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear,
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

Young ladies, beware! live single indeed,
Ere you marry a man who uses "the weed!"
Better that husbands you ever should lack, O,
Than marry a "husband that uses tobacco."

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I pray,
Let me ever keep in view
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest to-night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my heavenly Father's care;
Thanking him for all his love
Sent me from his home above;
Praying him to kindly make
Me his child for Jesus' sake.

STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW SHALL I TRY TO BE USEFUL.

'You can all be useful if you will, boys,' said a teacher to his class on Sabbath. 'If you cannot do a great deed you can a little one.'

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. Clearly, they did not believe they could be of any use, so he added:

'Well, only try.'

'*How* shall we try?' asked one of the boys timidly.

'Keep your eyes open and your hands ready all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other,' said the teacher.

'We will,' replied the boys.

The next Sabbath those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips and eyes so full of light they fairly twinkled like stars. He smiled in response and said:

'Ah, I see by your looks that you all have something to tell me.'

'We have, sir. We have,' replied the boys in a chorus.

Then each one told his story. 'I,' said one, 'thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep on doing it for her.

'And I,' said another boy, 'thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read.—I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give the old lady a good deal of comfort. I can't tell you how much she thanked me.'

A third boy said, 'I went walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me and asked me to hold his horse. I did. He gave me five cents. I have brought it with me to put into the missionary box.'

'I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us,' said a fourth boy, 'when I saw a little boy crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry for I would help him to find his money.—I did find it, and the little chap dried up his tears and ran off feeling very happy.'

A fifth boy said, 'I saw my mother was very tired one day. The baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby into my little wagon. She did, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had heard him crow and seen him clap his hands, it would have done you good; and oh how much brighter my mother looked when I took baby indoors again!.

Thus by trying, all the boys had found some way of being useful during the week.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE.

In a small house in the outskirts of the village of C——, lived a poor widow. She supported herself by her labor as a washerwoman There was a small garden attached to her house. In it she cultivated a few vegetables and flowers.—It also contained a peach tree, which bore excellent fruit.

One year this tree was laden with fruit, when all other trees in the vicinity were barren. As the peaches approached maturity, they were watched with covetous eyes. Some of the more vicious boys determined to rob the poor woman. They formed their plan, and in the dead of the night they entered the garden, and surrounded the trees. They were disappointed. They found nought thereon but leaves. Whether the owner of the peaches suspected their design is not known, but just before sunset, on the very day or night appointed for the robbery, she gathered her fruit and thus saved it.

Angry in consequence of their failure, they drove some swine into her garden and went home.

In the morning she discovered the mischief that was done. While driving out the swine, she found near the peach tree a knife with the name of Henry F——, engraved on the handle.

Summer was succeeded by autumn, and autumn by winter. The lone widow was without the winter vegetables which had been destroyed through the wantonness of those whom she had never injured.

A revival took place during the latter part of the winter. It took some professing Christians by surprise, as it found them busy in giving and going to parties of pleasure. It did not take the poor widow by surprise. She had been praying, waiting and watching for it.

Among the first hopefully converted were those who had been carefully instructed in divine truth. By degrees those who seldom visited the house of prayer became interested. Some of the hardened and hopeless once there, in the judgement of charity, born again.

Among those was Henry F——. While under conviction he had felt inclined to go to the poor widow and confess his faults, and ask for her prayers, but something prevented his visiting her until he was rejoicing in hope. He then went and made his confession to her.

'I knew it was you, said she. 'I knew it the next morning.'

'How did you know it?' said he.

'That informed me,' handing him the knife.

'Why did you not send for me and make me pay the damages?'

'There was a more excellent way. I took that.'

'What was it?'

'To pray for you in accordance with the Master's directions.'

THE MODEL BLOOMER;

OR

HEZ'S ACCOUNT OF A COUNTRY PIC-NIC.

BY TOM TWIGGS.

To get away from hot weather, dust and other summer accompainments, I took a run up into the country—spent a week among the fresh clover fields, and five or six rosy, bouncing cousins, and altogether had a rich time of it.

While there I picked up a story—a good one—just one of the kind for those who like fun—and I'm going to try to tell it.

A rain storm had one day prevented us from indulging in our usual out door amusements, and we were all seated in the parlor, endeavoring to entertain one another as best we could.

The party present was composed of half a dozen plump, rosy-cheeked girls—just such ones as they raise in the country for life comforters to young farmers—myself, and a downcast cousin, Hesikiah Greet.

Cousin Hez, as the girls called him, was one of the best specimens of a Green Mountain Yankee that I ever looked at—he was a character—could tell a good story—was always ready to do so—and he told them in his peculiar dialect, they were amusing.

The girls were exhausted talking about this thing and that. They wanted something to dispel the gloominess of the day, and Hez, was asked for a story.

"Come cousin Hez. give us a funny story, now—something to make us laugh," said little Fanny, a rural beauty of "sweet sixteen."

"Yes, yes, Hez, do tell us a story," chimed in the rest of the girls.

"Well, I declare to gracious, girls I've told so many stories lately, that I'm about give out—you must let me off."

"Oh, no you don't said Fanny, interrupting Hez.

"Well now, Fanny, I swow, I know but one more story, and that I don't rally think the gals would like to hear, particularly you, Fan," good naturedly replied Hez.

"Oh, never you fear of offending the girls, and you know, Hez, I wouldn't get angry at anything you said," replied teasing Fanny.

Wall now, Fan if *you*, won't get hufty, and the rest of the gals will pay attention, I'll tell the only story I know, it's real genuine one, however—it actually happened."

"We all promise, and what's more, you tell a story, and I'll reward you with a kiss," said Fanny, by way of inducement.

"Will you, tho," Fan? Well, by gull, I'll du it—I *will*.

"You must know, gals," began Hez, 'bout the time that the distinguished female, Misses Bloomer, made up her mind that petticoats, corsets, frocks, and them ere fixins' was hurtful to the female constitution, the gals to hum—the place where I was raised—concluded they were ten, and sich a tarnal 'citement as was kicked up 'among the petticoats was a caushun to timidly of all qualities. Lots on 'em rigged themselves out in the Bloomer costom, as they 'called it, all complete—pantaloons an' all—and sich another sight I never did see; when they paraded the streets. There was little fatty Brown, a right good little body, she got the Bloomer maney, teu, and sich a sight as she was Golly; a hogshead cut in two and dressed up in petticoats could hold no comparison to her. And then there was Peggy Brooks, the shoemaker's wife—she had twins every year—she had the maney teu, 'long with the rest; and gracious sakes! she looked even worse than fatty Brown. But Peggy was rather a sensible woman though and finally concluded that Bloomers wasn't becoming teu a female as was a good many gals though, as hadn't cheek enough to come out in pantloons, just to see how the things would feel on a feller, as some one used to say. Fan here—

"Hush Hez," interrupted Fanny blushing a little, and seeming angry. But Hez appealed to the company, and was allowed to proceed.

"Wall, now, I shant say anything 'bout Fanny at present, but I'll try to finish the story as soon as I can."

"The gals and fellers were gettin' up a grand flare up—a nick-picker, picker-dicker, or—"

"Pick-nick," suggested one of the girls.

"Wall, a pick-nic. They was a gettin' up one of these arrangements, and a great time was expected. One of the gals what was going had one of these ere Bloomere dresses—a real nice one—but she never wore it in the street—too modest for that. Wall, she was going to surprise the party—take her dress with her steal off in among the bushes, put it on, and then come back and exhibit herself. This is the way she meant to surprise 'em—and wait time by, and you'll see if she didn't do it handsomely, teu.

"The great day arrived. The gals looked as smiling as infants, and as sweet as strawberries, and the fellers all looked 'ceedingly scrumpshus.

The gal wat intended to surprise the party, made a nice little bundle of her Bloomer, and stowed it away in her bag. Bime-by the party made a start, for the eatin' part of the arrangement was to take place, which was a quiet little spot in the woods where nobody could see their carryings on.

"Well they got them at last and the gals commenced to spread the dishes on the grass, and the fellers went to huggin the gals—and the whole thing presented an animated picture, as the Bible says. Wall, while all these things was going on the gal with the Bloomer dress slips off among some trees and commences fixing herself up. She darsent be gone long for fear they will suspect something. So she went to work in earnest and in a few minutes she came bounding among the party like a young deer with dogs after it.

"You see she done all this to surprise the party, and if you'd seen the capering of the gals and fellows, you'd believed she'd succeed most beautifully

"As soon as she made her appearance among the party, the gals screeched like owls, and hid their faces with their aprons. The fellers, they bollowed like all-fired—and some rolled on the ground among the dishes and fixins, just as if they had been eatin' green apples, and they didn't set well on their stomachs—and such a lively time as there was can't be imagined. And all this time there stood the Bloomer gal larfin just as if she would colapse. Bime by one of the gals got up and put for the bush—and party soon the whole went just like a lot of sheep. This kinder took the gal by the surprise herself—she didn't recon on so much as this. She looked round, and seeing nobody but the fellers; and they all hollerin' and caperin' like mad—and then she kinder sotter cast her eyes down to the ground; such another screech as she left off, you wouldn't think a little body like her was capable of containing, then she started off, too, after, the rest of the gals, and the way she did go! Telegrafs were nowhere."

"But, cousin Hez, what made her run so?" asked one of the gals.

"Wall, now gals, just hold yourselves a minit, till I get to that part of the story. You see the gall was in such a darn'd hurry to get on her rig that *she forgot her pants!* Fact—true as gospel. And sich another sight as she was—Christopher! There she was, with nothing on but a little froc like, just big enough for a good sized baby—her legs naked—presented a picture worth looking at by any individual. And all I've got to says is, if half the girls can show as pretty and plump a pair a legs as Fan—"

Here Hez was cut off suddenly by a loud laugh from the whole party, and a good slap along side the ears, administered by Fanny's soft little plump hand, and the party separated, Fanny refusing to give Hez the kiss promised and Hez declaring he'd never tell another story.—*New York Dutchman.*

Three Things for the Rebels to Think on.

There are recent events that may well command the serious contemplation of the rebel leaders.

I. The last hope of aid and comfort from Northern dissensions, as demonstrated by late elections in the loyal States, is gone—a hope that the rebels have greatly relied upon.

II. The final refusal of the British Government to receive Mr. Mason in an official capacity and its seizure of the rebel rams building in the Mersey; and the fact, that the British people support the measures, as shown in the public opinion evoked by Mr. Beecher's speeches.

III. The seizure, by order of the French Emperor, of the six rebel rams building in French ports. This act must be especially discouraging, as Mr. Slidell had been accredited with great influence at the French Court, and the Emperor has generally appeared inimical to the loyal cause, and seeking pretexts to intervene. The support of France was the last hope of the rebel magnates. One of the Richmond Administration papers went so far as to say: "We must have the aid of France, and can pay for it."

Thus the Rebellion now stands alone, bereft of the sympathy of the world, and its eternal weakness confessedly increasing daily. Does any man in his senses doubt that it will be finally and utterly suppressed, and the Union restored?

The True and only Democratic Party.

We are heart and sole a democratic people; and the only party entitled to the democratic name is the party which best embodies and carries out the popular inspiration. That party just now is not the one which is in sympathy with the wicked insurrection formed to destroy our institutions (and which on that account ought to be called the party of the destructives,) but the one which is earnestly struggling, at the cost of so much blood and treasure, to preserve whatever is good and valuable in those institutions. The Union War party, therefore, composed of the sincere men of every previous party, which does not keep its voters at home to divide the pickings of office, but sends them in a stalwart phalanx to the field, to defend the menaced life of the nation, is the true and only democratic party. It alone expresses those great popular truths which lie at the foundation of our system; it alone as it appears by the late elections, possesses the popular confidence or the hearty good will of the people; and it alone promises for the future to bear up that noble inheritance freedom which we received from our ancestors, and to apply in all its justice and beauty that magnificent theory of equal human rights which has been the source of our prodigious growth and prosperity heretofore—of our unexampled development of the finest and highest power of civilization—and which is certain to lead us onward in a career of wealth of strength, and of glory—of popular content and happiness, and of national grandeur—which the great historic nations of antiquity, at the summit of their fame, but dimly foreshadowed and prophesied.

ARRIVAL OF WEALTHY REFUGEES.—Yesterday morning there appeared at the military provost marshal's office five refugees from the South. They had escaped from Richmond and made their way to the Potomac river, and then secured a passage to Baltimore in a steamboat. After they had got aboard the steamboat they were accosted by a government detective, and at once gave themselves up, and stated they were refugees, &c. At the provost marshal's office their trunks and valises were examined, and gold bars, gold dust and gold coin, American and foreign, was found amounting to about $50,000, together with jewelry, consisting of valuable gold watches, diamonds, &c. The wealth of the entire party was computed to be from $70,000 to $100,000, Three of them had their families with them. By their own statement it cost them about $1,700 to get out of Richmond; one of them alone paid $600 for a pass to leave the city. They informed Captain French, assistant provost marshal, that a man they had employed to act as their guide to the Potomac had been killed on the route by a Codfederate bushwhacker. They represented that they had been engaged in the clothing and general merchandise business in Richmond and other parts of the South. It was a novelty to examine the gold bars and gold dust they had in their possession, to say nothing of the quantities of tens and twenties that they had carfully wrapped up and placed in leather bags.—The following are the names given by them to Capt. French:—A. Brussell, Joseph Blumauer, J. Israel, H. Brill, and D. Epstin. The four first named signed the parole of honor, usual for foreign subjects, and Epstin took the oath of allegiance. They were then all released, and allowed to take with them their precious mentals.—Sun.

TOOMBS ON THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.—The speech which Robert Toombs delivered before the Legislature of Georgia, on the 9th of November, is a singular recital of misfortune and misery Though he spoke before Grant had achieved his grand victory at Chattanooga, he admitted the ruinous condition of the military power of the Rebellion. 'Tennessee is overrun,' he said, 'and the Mississippi, from the falls of St. Anthony to the Belize, is in the hands of the enemy, and thus cutting in twain the great valley of the Mississippi. The fall of Vicksburg inflicted this terrible blow upon us, and it fell with scarce a blow in its defence. A portion of Virginia has also been lost to us, our islands are lost; our coasts are ravaged, and our seaports captured or threatened. The enemy besiege Charleston, and recently have set their vandal feet upon the soil of our own State.' 'Our finances,' he continued, 'have fallen into disorder, public credit has sunk so low that Government avows itself practically unable to support it, with our military establishment, without a resort to methods or collecting supplies inconsistent with the fundamental law of the land, the inalienable rights of a free people, and, in my judgment, inconsistent with the public safety and dangerous to our cause. Discontent is taking the place of enthusiasm, and distrust is sup-planting confidence.'

☞A private letter from Detroit says: "Vallandigham is terribly cast down by the result in Ohio. He is fast putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains." He put his trust in copperheads, and if he is not careful he will see some of the snakes in his boots.

THE SCARED HORN.—Chaplin Gladdie said, at the commencement of his speech, that even preachers might get mad under certain circumstances. He illustrated this by narrating the following: 'At a camp meeting once, an old brother was detailed to bring some sinners to the alter of repentance by sounding a horn. During temporary absence from his post duty, an unregenerated person filled this horn with soft soap. When the brother came back to resume the vocation of Garbriel, he discovered the trick that had been playe d upon him. Said he, 'I have been a member of the church for forty-five years, and a minister of the gospel for thirty-five. I have never sworn an oath in my life, but d—n me if I don't whip the man who soaped my horn.' Pretty soon the after was crowded with mourners, and spirit's influence was manifesting itself very satisfactorily, except in one heart that seemed very stubborn. The proprietor of the horn approached this obdurate case, and asked him how he felt. The poor sinner could not feel his sins forgiven, and he knew there was no use in petitioning to the Throne of Grace. He had committed an unpardonable sin, he said. 'Ah,' said the preacher, 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' 'All except one I've committed,' said the sinner. 'What can it be brother—is it murder, arson, rape, or adultry?' 'Worse than that, sobbed the unconverted one. The minister looked at his stony-heared subject a moment, and then suiting the action to the word, said, 'Will some brother hold my coat? Here is the rascal that soaped my horn.' The preacher whipped the sinner, who, soon after receiving the punishment, became thoroughly converted.

TRYING TO FIND THE CONVENTION.—A rural gentleman, who came to Hartford lately to attend a convention, got considerably 'mixed' in his attempt to find the hall. He opened one door after another in the building to which he had been directed but couldn't see it. One suite of rooms in the building is occupied by a man and his wife. The wife was in her bed room, which leads from the hall way, taking a bath, and was, therefore, not in proper dress to receive a visitor, when the rural gentleman opend the door to her room, which she had neglected to lock. He had got within the doorway before the lady discovered him, and he was so astonished that he moved neither one way nor the other. She employed her time pretty lively in gathering up some articles of apperal about her person, when suddenly the wondering mortal at the door burst out: 'Madame. I'm trying to find the convention, in—Hall, but I judge, from appearance, this isn't the place.'

ENCOUNTER WITH A MAD WHALE.—The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury has the following in reference to an encounter with a mad whale:

"Capt. Hagar, of the bark Tropic Bird, which arrived at this port on the 26th inst., says, while on the western ground, on the 1st of October, he lowered two boats after a lone whale. Each of these succeeded in putting an iron into the monster, but were soon after struck and stove in pieces by him, when one of the boatsteerers, Mr. Reed, of Dartmouth, was drowned. Noticing the situation of the boats' crew, the captain at once moved to their assistance with the bark, when the whale angrily attacked the latter, striking her under the quarter. As he passed along the side of the vessel Captain Hagar threw a lance at him, which so infuriated the whale that he turned at once and again struck the bark under the bow, tearing off the copper, and causing her to tremble from stem to stern. Night soon came on, and leviathan was seen no more."

LATEST REPORTS FROM RICHMOND.—The New York Times has the following in a Washington special of Thursday:—Andrew Johnson, Jr., nephew of Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, captured some time ago, arrived here to-day from Richmond. He was exchanged for Col. Chandler, of Baltimore. He says that the prisoners in Castle Thunder suffer for good food, but that this prison is a Paradise compared with Belle Island. Among the prisoners in Castle Thunder is Lewis L. Beard, of Campbell county, Tennessee, who is an old man gradually sinking under his sufferings. He has five sons and eight grand-sons in the Union army. Deserters from our army fare no better than other prisoners. The construction of gunboats is abandoned. The feeling in Richmond is very desponding. Rebel officers despair of success. Mr. Johnson represents our prisoners as suffering everything that has been heretofore stated.

THE GLORY OF THESE TIMES.—The greatest glory of these times lies not in the triumph of battle-fields; not in the victories of physical force not in the splendid success of military skill; not even in the saving of a nation's life, but it lies in the noble qualities of manhood that the time has called forth; in the capacities for firm endurance and uncomplaining suffering that are everywhere displayed; in the heroism, devotion, and self sacrifice with which so many youths and men of the noblest stamp have left all that was attractive at home to give themselves to their country; in the beautiful submissiveness and heroic generosity of the home that have opened their doors and consented to be robbed of their dearest treasures, that the nation and humanity may be enriched; in the hopeful sympathies and charities that have made every community and almost every home among us holier; in the extraordinary fortitude shown everywhere by the wounded soldiers in the hospitals; and, finally, in the triumph through all these sublime qualities and deeds, is being achieved for the sacred principles that are the true inspiration of the nation's life.

A SUIT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT FOR TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.— We learn that Mr. Milton Whitney, of Baltimore, is here investigating a claim for two millions of dollars made against the government by certain persons in this city. The claim grows out of an alleged contract made by Postmaster General Hubbard, in 1853, and certain other persons for the benefit of the Mexican Ocean Mail and Transit Company, for the carrying of the mails between New Orleans and San Francisco, through Mexico, by way of Vera Cruz and Acapulco. It is alleged that the company equipped the overland route and made provisions for transporting the mails, when Postmaster General Campbell abrogated the contract; and this claim of two millions is made for damages sustained in consequence.

The claim has been before Comptrollers Medill, Whitney and Taylor, and both Houses of Congress, and other departments of government, having been made the subject of controversy for the last ten years. Reverdy Johnson and William Curtis Noyes have appeared as counsel for the claimants, and Milton Whitney of Baltimore, has been retained by the government to protect its interests. Mr. Whitney has been here during the week taking testimony which, it it is understood, will take a considerable time.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Union men of Tennessee do not perplex their brains with refinements which vex our Northern politicians. A few days ago they met in Nashville and adopted the following, viz:

Resolved, That we consider Slavery as the original cause of this unnatural war, and that in its emancipation we see the only salvation and preservation of the Union of our fathers, of our freedom, and of the great principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence.

A GOOD HINT.—Send your child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

☞There is a man who regularly visits one of the river towns and buys up all the cats that he can find, taking them to New York. The country people are in doubt whether they are bought for furrers or the sausage markets.

Shelter for Animals.

Animals differ in no degree from ourselves in the appreciation of a dry bed and a dry skin—a warm corner in winter and a cool one in summer. How imploringly will cattle and sheep stand at the field gate in bad weather, when they know that there is better shelter for them elsewhere. How quickly sheep will avail themselves of a wooden hurdle, a hard road, or even a wheelbarrow or piece of board to lay upon, so as to avoid contact with the wet ground (damp sheets.) It is a well known and admitted fact, that a an average of one third in food results from providing shelter when required.

Exposure even in dry weather, to a sharp wind, abstracts an immense amount of caloric from the body, which must be made good by the fuel or fat of the food. Even with well-wooled sheep, this takes place in a degree, and it must interfere with their repose, for we cannot rest well when cold.

It is surprising how easily one may extimporise effective shelter. I find it desirable to house animals at night, and turn them out in the day; the extreme variation gives them cold. I therefore, after threshing my first wheat, stack the straw, thatch it ready for next harvest, place it on a pasture, surround it at some distance with hurdles, throw down a little straw close to the stack and make this the night-fold yard for my cattle. Here they get their cake, bran or dry food. Bullocks soon establish, by rubbing and grooming themselves, a comfortable arcade of straw on either side or at each end—according to the wind. Under this they lie comfortably esconced, free from driving rains or strong cold wind, and in the day time, weather permitting, go to the feeding ground.

The act of grooming themselves gives cleanliness and stimulates circulation in the skin, and pays well in the health and condition of the animal. They know, if their owners do not, that wheat straw is a non-conductor of heat or damp, and they choose it for their bed with unerring sagacity.—J. J. Mechi, in *London Gardeners' Cronicel.*

THE MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.—The members elect should be preparing themselves, before the beginning of the session, for the active duties which will be likely to claim most prominently their attention. One of the subjects which should have prompt attention, is the making provision of the men of our State who shall enlist in the service of their country, and for the families of those needing aid, who may be drafted. The treasury of Maryland is in a plethoric condition, having been the gainer, rather than the loser by the war—and whilst every other loyal State has made large advances and donations towards fitting out the troops raised within their lines, Maryland, if we remember aright, has never expended a dollar for any such purpose from her State treasury—whilst a direct tax has been imposed for the U. S. government, and collected and paid into the State treasury, the proceeds of which can probably be availed of, as Congress suspended the law, since the last session of our legislature, requiring that tax. The great increase of travel on our railroads, in which the State is largely interested, particularly in the Washington branch, by the passage of soldiers thereon, has added largely to our State revenue, and a most liberal disposition of the surplus fund should be made by the legislature towards our soldiers and their families, as has been done everywhere else.

A military law should also be enacted—it was criminal neglect or oversight on the part of the last legislature, that no provision was made for the enrollment of the militia, and the consequence was, that in the invasions of our own State, last year and the present, there was not an organized regiment of State military, that could be called upon to defend us. We hope some of the members elect will obtain copies of the military laws of other States, known to be the most perfect, and prepare a proper bill for the early action of the legislature.

The Treason bill should be revised and made effective, and such provisions made in it, that no one who has ever borne arms against the State, or who has given aid and comfort to the Rebels, shall ever be entitled to any of the rights of Citizenship, or to reside in the State, except a special permission is granted for the purpose by the legislature. The present lame and impotent act has been a dead letter on the statue book ever since it was passed, and it is to be hoped that it will be so amended as to make it operative, to the effectual checking of the treasonable practices which have been carrying on in our State.

Of course, the very first thing which is expected to be attended to, is the passage of a bill to take the sense of the people upon the calling of a State Convention, and the making provision for the assembling of the same, in case the call is sustained by the people, as it undoubtedly will be—this measure should be matured at once, so that the earliest action can be had upon the subject.

These are some of the most important matters that will require attention, and we hope that the members elect will prepare themselves for an early action upon them. Among the most prominent men elected this fall, is the Senator elect from this city; his well know and acknowledged abilities, and ardent patriotism, points him out as the man well calculated to take lead in every great public measure in which the State and the country is directly interested.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

BREAKING HEIFERS FOR MILKING.—This is often made quite a serious affair, in which kicks and bruises are freely interchanged between the frightened brute and irritated master. Many an otherwise excellent milker is spoiled for life by harsh treatment. A heifer, if well broken to the milk pail, is thereby made worth at least twenty per cent more—an increase which will pay for much painstaking. Rarey's reasoning respecting horses applies equally to other animals.—They only resist when injury is apprehended, and their natural instinct suggests danger whenever any unusual treatment occurs. Every one has noticed how shy a creature is in entering a strange enclosure, or at the sight of new objects. The handling of a heifer's bag is to her a very unusual proceeding, and, in addition, the teats are often tender, and the bag caked and inflamed so as to be painful, under even a gentle touch. Training for milking should commence long before calving. First teach the animal to welcome your coming by little presents of an apple, a handful of corn, or salt, or other delicacy. She will soon readily permit the hand to be laid upon her back, and enjoy the gentle rubbing and the scratching which may be given. Extend the handling to different parts of the body, until she will not flinch from grasping her teats, and the work may be accomplished without even a harsh work.

'Well, Jane, this is a queer world,' said Joe to his wife; 'a sect of women philosophers has just sprung up.'

'Indeed,' said Jane, 'and what do they hold.'

'The strongest thing in nature,' said he, 'their tongues.'