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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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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.

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

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, accidity 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 dull 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 rivaled 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 dissentery. 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 12th 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 dead 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,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

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

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

From the N. Y. Mercury.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY DR. FRED. HOUCK.

The last rose of summer! say, where shall it bloom?
On the grave of the warrior, the soldier's sad tomb?
Shall it mark by its color the fate of the brave
Who has fallen in battle his country to save?

Shall it bloom on the sea while in silence it floats,
An omen, responding the sea-bird's sad notes?
While drifting alone on the salt-water wave,
Shall it point to the tomb, the sailor's deep grave?

Shall it bloom on the heath, where the wild flowers grow,
Entangled with thorn or the wild mistletoe?
Its odors unnoticed, its beauty unseen—
Oh say, shall it fade as it were but a dream?

Shall it bloom in the vase, in beauty's parterre,
Attended with joy and a maiden's best care?
Caressed by the lovely, adored by the gay—
Shall it bloom but for this, and droop and decay?

Oh no! let it bloom o'er the grave of the blest,
Marking out by its presence an infant at rest;
Let it bloom in its beauty upon the green sod,
While the soul rests in heaven, in union with God!

BRIGHT DAYS IN WINTER.

Bright days in winter are as jewels set
Within the dark rim of an iron crown;
Or as the rich smile, almost never met,
Upon a face stern habit trains to frown.
The birds are joyous, and would fain forget
Their scanty food, and limbs numbed by the breeze,
Warbling low notes, which seem to say, not yet
Dare we pour forth our true-love melodies.
The leafless trees, adorned with shining moss,
And silver lichens on their rguged roots,
In the bright sunlight, half redeem the loss
Of their spring robes, or richer autumn suits.
Are not bright days stray links of the great chain
Of beauty, which encompasses the year?
They gently lead our memory back again,
And make the duller moments feel less drear.
The wild-fowl standing in the warming rays
Plume their gay feathers, or plunge within the pool,
Hiding their lustre in the sparkling sprays
They scatter from the water clear and cool.
The cattle move more freely o'er the plain,
The rooks ascend with cheering ceaseless sound,
And old men seek the genial air again,
And sunlight lures the insect from the ground.

HOW THEY MARRY IN GERMANY.

For all information about weddings—about marrying and being given in marriage—commend me to a lady. Participating in the wedding ceremony equally, a man somehow has not so nice a discrimination—so delicate a tact—so quick an eye for detail in all that relates to marriage as is possessed by members of the general sex. (I like that adjective better than *softer*, as being less ambiguous.) Ladies, I fancy, are endowed with a special talent for the study of marriage alliances, descents, and pedigrees—such matters, in short, as pedantic individuals might call "the preliminaries, concomitants, consequents, and various relations of connubial life."

Did you never remark (if not, pray do—it is worth while) the difference of style between a man's and a woman's study of history? A man will seize the broad philosophical traits of a period—will draw together in imagination contemporary rulers, comparing their political deeds, and endeavoring thus to convey to his mind a right impression of the influence exercised by each in moulding the characteristics of an age. Thus: Given, the reign of Henry VIII; a vivid picture will be presented to the male mind, *imprimis*, of the Reformation and its consequences; of Venice waning in national importance because of the discovery of America; of Turks elbowing their way into Europe, and of unfortunate Saracens fast being elbowed out of it; last, of contemporary monarchs and their doings.

To the female mind another set of memories would present themselves more vividly. To ladies, our British Bluebeard's unhappy wives would be the centre of attraction; and I suspect that some peculiarity of look of figure—something distinctive, whether of trait or gesture, about each one of Bluebeard's better halves—would be impressed on the memories of most female students of that portion of British history. For my own part, I remember, on this interesting topic, that Anne Boleyn was *petite*; that she had six fingers on one hand, if not on each (of which I am not sure;) moreover, that she was somewhat pretty, in despite of uneven teeth. I have a distinct memory, too, that Anne of Cleves—peacock-like—had not the prettiest of feet; and that Catherine of Arragon introduced the fashion of wearing whalebone in stays. Beyond these slights, unsatisfactory, and meagre details, my memory has nothing more authentic to fall back upon in this department than the waxwork modles of Madame Tussaud.

These being my sentiments, the above my testimony, it is no marvel that, when the desire of knowing something about what in Germany are called "silver weddings," and "golden weddings," came upon me, that I should address myself for information to a German lady.

She sat down, and applied herself to the task of exposition, with the true gusto of one who is about to be employed on some highly congenial occupation. Some of my readers who are acquainted with Eastern romance may remember how, at the end of each day's march, little paunchy Fadladeen sat himself down shut his little eyes—the better to favor meditation—and pronounced his opinions oracularly; all the while he did so, never ceasing to interlace his little fingers, and twirl his little thumbs. Whenever a "party" falls into this attitude, and adopts this bearing, it is a sure sign of some highly elaborate utterance speedily coming to pass—of the intention to deal with the case in hand from the beginning onwards, to exhaustion.—Such was the attitude and bearing assumed for the occasion by my German lady informant.

"The silver wedding," said she, musingly, "the golden wedding. Oh yes; but I will begin with the real wedding. No (after a pause;) I must go back farther—must begin with the 'polters abend.' No; father back still: in short, with the beginning."

Somewhat apprehensive that my fair informant would commence with the birth, rearing and education of the two illustrative lovers that were in process of time to become two spouses (bride and bridegroom,) lastly, husband and wife; not forgetting to expatiate on the little ruffliings which disturb the current of all true love, I ventured to tell my fair friend that the very slightest notice of preliminaries would suffice for the occasion. She bowed assent.

"When, in Germany, a gentleman experiences a tender sentiment for a lady," (thus spoke my informant,) "the first thing he does is to speak to her mamma and papa. If mamma and papa look approvingly, then the gentleman asks consent to pay his addresses to the young lady; if not, there the matter ends."

I opened my eyes.

"Has the young lady nothing to say on her own behalf?" demanded I.

"Not much; 'tis not like in England. We do things differently in Germany. Our way is better—far better."

"Why *better?*" I somewhat hurriedly exclaimed; more hurriedly, perhaps, than might have seemed polite.

"Why *better!*" she echoed; "simply *because it is.*"

I could be otherwise than satisfied with the lady-like logic of the answer.

"If the lady's papa and mamma see no objection, and if the gentleman's papa and mamma see no objection, the two young people exchange rings, become engaged, call themselves bride and bridegroom, and advertise their engagement in the newspapers."

"Pleasant," thought I.

"But if the lady should happen to see a gentleman she loves better," remarked I, deferentially.

Quick as quick could be, my last words caught up.

"A woman never loves twice," observed my informant. "Women are not like men."

I did not argue the point, but went on, quite deferentially, to suggest the hypothetical case of change of feeling and opinion on the gentleman's part.

"A German young gentleman is only too happy to get a good wife," said she. "*He* doesn't want to change his mind. *He* wants somebody to clean his pipes, cook for him, make his coffee, and bring his slippers. Germans are quite different from Englishmen."

"Different! How? Why?

"*Because they are,*" said she.

I could not be otherwise than satisfied.

"If engagements are thus irrevocable," I inquired, "why don't the young people get married at once?"

It was a stupid question; I ought to have reflected upon the pecuniary means. That was not, however, the point of view from which my fair questioner contemplated the marriage postponement.

"The bride and bridegroom wait a long time—years sometimes," she informed me—"occupied in studying each other's characters. Moreover, it is a pretty practice, at least, in some parts of fatherland, for the lady, however poor, to furnish the house and find all the linen.

It was explained to me that a lady's want of dower did not prevent this, inasmuch as each of her friends would give a present—none of the trumpery trinkets such as people give in this country, but good, substantial household goods—one, a wheelbarrowful of crockery, we may say; another a stove; yet another, what shall we say?—a bed, perhaps, and thus to every detail. In Germany almost the majority of people are Government *employes;* and in this case a man's income is known to the farthest penny. A young lady does not expect to begin wedded life with all the luxuries owned by her parents.

"At any rate," continued my informant, "early marriages are more frequent in Germany than in England; and inasmuch as the battle of life is more easily fought in Germany than here, I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, married life is happier. The wedding day being fixed, we come to the "polters abend."

"If you consult your German dictionary," said she, "you will find that 'polter' means a great noise—what your English boys call 'kicking up a great row." Well, bride and bridegroom, bride's friends and bridegroom's friends meet together on the evening before the wedding, and eat and drink and make merry together. As to amusements, they are a matter of taste, and vary, as you may suppose, with the rank of bride and bridegroom; but singing, dancing, music, and blindman's buff are usual. Well, the next day comes the wedding, of which I need remark no more," observed my fair informant, "than what may seem to you, an Englishman, the peculiarity of an *exchange* of rings—one being given by the gentleman to the lady, the other by the lady to her husband. This exchange I consider fair," musingly, and a trifle dogmatically, remarked my informant.

"And next the honneymoon," began I, leading off into a new train of communications.

"Well, no," said she, "not a honnymoon, in your English sense, for the whole married life of a German couple is one lasting honeymoon," (if there be any exceptions my fair informant leaves them inferentially;) "they never bicker, never get tired of each other. Incomes are mostly small, but certain; hence there is no money anxiety. People, knowing what they have to live upon, live upon it. Everybody being aware of the extent of everybody else's means, there is no field afforded for the display of that sort of small pride which shows itself in living or dressing beyond one's means. German ladies make the best of wives," continued my informant, the German lady. "They pet their husbands more than is the custom with English ladies; are, in short, more solicitious. A German lady does not *order* her husband's pipe and coffee, but herself fetches them. She brings his slippers as a mayer of course; and, as for his dinner, the cooking of it is sure to be at least superintended by the lady; still more probably she will have cooked a portion of it with her own fair hands; and there is none of that shabby evasion of cooking implied by cold meat—no yesterday's mutton bone—a thing so dreaded by some husbands.—You have a custom here in England, they tell me, of presenting a flitch of bacon to any married couple who can prove that they have not quarrelled for seven years, and that neither has desired to be unmarried. To carry out this practice in Germany would be impossible; pigs enough could not be laid hold of to supply the bacon. So you see if it should please God to grant twenty five years of married life to a German couple (being an equivalent expression to twenty-five years of married happiness,) it is strictly natural to suppose that some sort of rejoicing should take place. The ceremonial of that rejoicing constitutes what is known by the appellation of 'silver wedding.' Twenty-five years is a long span; people's tastes have altered in that time. Singing, dancing, blindman's buff—'polters abends'—amusements, in short, would be out of place. There is a quiet meeting of friends, for all that; and on the morrow there will be what you may call, if you please, another wedding. The couple go to church, where a service appropriate to the occasion is read, and this is called the 'silver wedding.' Oh, I forgot to tell you that presents from friends come dropping down; presents of remembrance, more than of utility this time, as you might have inferred, considering the thoughtfulness of the people.

"And lastly, now, about the 'golden wedding.' Alas! it falls not to the lot of many married folk to number fifty years of married life. Death in most instances, has been laying his cold hand on man or wife ere then. It happens sometimes, however—the occasion for this golden wedding—and when happening, it is celebrated with all the visible ceremonials of tender regard and devout thankfulness, that you might have expected from a thoughtful and imaginative people.

"There, now, I have told you all about the silver and golden weddings," said the German lady..

I thanked her, and went away musing.—Making all allowance for a certain exaggeration in the style of her recital, (an exaggeration, the product of strong national feelings,) I cannot but think that much that the German lady told me is worthy of our regard.

A BATCH OF WHYS.

Why is a London milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

Why is a blade of grass like a note of hand? Because it is matured by falling dew.

Why does a person that is poorly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

Why are rats better than tomatoes? Because tomatoes make only catsup, while rats make a cat supper.

Why is a beehive like a rotten potato? A beehive is a bee-holder, and a beholder is a spectator, and spectator is a rotton potato.

Why does a cabman think it a fine day when it rains hard? Because he considers it fare-weather.

Why are railroad companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed the whole country, and sometimes do a little mangling.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

Why are indolent persons' beds too long for them? Because they are too long in them.

Why is the new patent mousetrap a cowardly affair? Because it's a pusillanimons (puzzle-atry mouse) contrivance.

Why is the polka like bitter beer? Because there are so many hops in it.

Why are certain nomadic tribes of Asia called Tartars? Because they are continually pitching their tents, and into each other.

Why is a waiter like a race-horse? Because he often runs for a plate or a cup.

Why is a carpenter more ugly than other men? Because he is a deal plainer.

Why is snuff like a letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

Why is a benevolent landlord who lowers his tenant's rent like a man who draws up a new code of philosophy? Because he reduces it to assist 'em (a system.)

Why should the stars be the best astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens ever since the creation.

Why had the Roman soldiers so much filial virtue? Beause they never went to war without first seeking the blessings of their Mars.

Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is no better.

Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because we have to look out for him when the bell rings.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

Why are blacksmiths confirmed sinners?—Because they have hardened vices.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it is pasturage.

Why is a photographic album like the drainer on abar-counter? Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates anybody.

Why does the atmosphere of a dungeon resemble a great philosopher? Because it is Vault air (Voltaire.)

Why is making honey like whipping? Because it is a bee-laboring business.

Why is it impossible for "Mawworms" to avoid hypocrisy? Because they cant.

Why is life the riddle of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

Why is a musical instrument like the open sea? Because it's often sounded.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration? Because it always takes four knights to play a game.

Why is the chimney-stalk of a large manufactory like a false alarm? Because it ends in smoke.

Why are embassadors the most perfect people in the world? Because they are all excellencies.

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Because he doubts whether to give up the worship of Jug-or-not.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer. Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

Why are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school.)

Why are mountains like invalids? Because they look peakish.

Why is a surgeon operating on a tumor like a Broadway dandy? Because he is cutting a swell.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

Why do little birds in their nest agree?—Because it would be very dangerous to fall out.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark?—Because she had sufficient ground for remaining.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A Because it makes men mean.

Why are bookkeepers like chickens? Because they have to scratch for a living.

Why ought lawyers to make the best soldiers? Because nothing could stand before their charges.

Why is the letter C like a Rebel victory?—Because it makes us cus.

Why is the air of Germany bad for consumptives? Because it is too tonic.

Why are there, strictly speaking, only 325 days in the year? Because forty days are Lent and never returned.

☞Say, Mr. Clerk, have you a good strong Porter about the hotel?"

"Yes, sir, we have the strongest one in the State."

"Is he intelligent?"

"Quite intelligent, for a Porter."

"Do you consider him fearless—that is bold, courageouss?" "I know he is: he would'nt be afraid of Satan himself."

"Now, Mr. Clerk, if your Porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 107, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed-bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

The Commutation Clause.

It is proposed that Congress shall abolish the clause in the enrollment law which allows a drafted man to commute for service by paying $300. Referring to this, the Philadelphia Ledger truthfully remarks:

"This clause has been the subject of considerable misrepresentation, and it has been used to array the poor man against the law. But the law as it stands is really a protection to the poor man, for without it the price of substitutes will rise so high that only the rich could afford to escape service in the army. It matters not much to a rich man if he has to pay $1,000; or even $2,000 for a substitute. But how many persons working for wages or salaries that yield only a living could afford to pay such a price? An industrious mechanic making $10 a week at his trade, could afford to give $300 to release him from a service of three years, equivalent only to $100 a year out of his wages, and still be pecuniarily a large gainer, comparing his wages with the amount the government gives in pay, bounties, &c. Repeal the exemption and compel him to give $1,000 for a substitute, and not one out of a thousand would be able to pay it. If the purpose is to drive these men into the army, a repeal of the $300 exemption would do it. The commutation fund, according to dispatches from Washington, has yielded up to the present day $12,000,000, which, divided into bounties of $300, ought to have produced 40,000 men for the army as government substitutes. This is as many as was obtained directly by drafting, according to the report of the Secretary of War. It is doubtful if as many men for the army could be got out of the same draft, if the price of substitutes was considerably increased over $300. Unwillingness to serve in the army, and the heavy cost of being relieved of the service, would add largely to the number of desertions or attempts at escape or secretion.

Another Johnson Island plot Discovered.

The Rebels to Escape on the Ice—Where is the Michigan?

It is reported that intelligence has reached the authorities of another plot to release the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, and take them over to Canada, after doing what mischief they can on this side. The exact details of the information have not been divulged. but it is believed that the leading features of the plot are as follows:

The ice is now making rapilly in the lake, and if the present weather continues, there will soon be a safe passage across the lake from Point Pelee, Canada, by the way of Point Pelee Island, and the American cluster of islands to Danbury township on the peninsula, closing in Sandusky Bay. From the mainland of Danbury township to Johnson's Island (Bull Island) is only half a mile. The plan is to get a sufficient number of desperate men over from Canada, secrete them in the woods of Danbury township, and signal the prisoners.

At a concerted signal a simultaneous attack will be made on the guards by the prisoners within the enclosure and their friends without. If the movement is successful, the rebels will then arm themselves, destroy the Government establishments on the Island, proceed to Sandusky and burn it down, seize everything they can carry off, and then either continue their work of destruction in Ohio or make a straight course for Canada across the ice. It is said the rebel sympathizers in Ohio have full intelligence of the proposed plot.

In this juncture the inquiry comes up as to the position of the United States steamer Michigan, with her powerful armament. For some inexplicable reason she has been taken to Erie, where she can be of no possible service, and has been laid up for the winter. Why the Michigan should ever make Erie her headquarters has always been a mystery, but the fact of her wintering at that place, when her presence is so urgently needed to overawe the rebel prisoners, and protect the lake border from rebel assaults, is a puzzle past finding out.—*Cleveland Herald, 24th.*

WHY PARSON BROWNLOW LEFT KNOXVILLE. At a war meeting held in Cincinnati on the 16th Parson Brownlow gave the following reason for his recent "change of base:"

I understand that this is a war meeting, and that you are assembled here for the purpose of drumming up volunteers. In this matter I am in a somewhat awkward position, having recently taken to my heels like a greyhound and made three hundred miles in a short time. In the last two years, as you well know, I have done some brave talking, which the rebels remember. Were I sure that I should be treated as our soldiers taken by them are—incarcerated in their lousy prisons, their Libbys and Castle Thunders—I should have stayed, for I could endure the lice. I did not run out of cowardice, but I well knew that if they took me I would have to pull hemp without a foothold, (laughter) so I ran.

THE DIFFERENCE.—While the people of the loyal States are subscribing to the Government by millions daily, the want of confidence in the rebel Government is so great that the Government is obliged to think of the expedient of forced loans to enable it to raise the means for keeping itself in existence. The despotism in the South has become so absolute that they talk now of seizing upon the money or property of the citizens to carry out the war, as they have long since done upon the citizens to supply the losses in their armies. The condition of the rebel treasury must be desperate, indeed, when his system of forced loans—practiced only in such countries as Mexico—is considered the only relief. The expenses of the rebel Government are put down at four hundred millions a year.—This is an enormous tax upon the industry of the country, and to be borne by a population not more than one third of that of the loyal States.

ANGER.—Anger unfits the mind for prayer; therefore, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" for no angry man can pray aright—Jeremy Taylor beautifully illustrates this:—

"Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, directly contrary to that disposition which makes our prayers acceptable to God. Thus, the lark rising from his bed of grass, soars upward, singing as he rises, but the poor bird is beaten back by the sudden blast of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it can recover by the vibration of its wings, till the little creature is forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm is over, and then it makes a more prosperous flight, and rises still and sings, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel."

☞A youth of sixty years has been arrested in Rhode Island for whipping his mother. He said the old lady's morals was bad.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, in a recent letter to that paper says:

"The fugitive slave law continues to be duly executed in this city, in a case here and there, where owners in Maryland think it worth while to follow or seek the abscondents here. Such an instance occurred on Saturday last, when a colored boy named Gusty Bullen was arrested in the market-house, on a writ, as the property of Mr. Henry Thorne, of Prince George's county, and taken before Commissioner Cox. Mr. George E. M. Day, well known in that connection, soon appeared as counsel for the boy, but Mr. Thorne readily taking the required oath of loyalty, and proving by a neighbor, Mr. Luther W. Kirbey, his ownership of the negro, and also producing a letter from Dr. John H. Bayne, of the Army, endorsing his loyalty, the Commissioner considered the proof sufficient, and remanded the servant to his master."

WHY HOGS EAT ASHES, ETC.—Mr. Mechi, of Tip-tree Hall, England, has discovered that pigs, when shut up to fatten, are very fond of cinders, and improve in condition by eating a certain portion of them every day. Some persons are unable to account for this single propensity in swine. Poultry are very fond of egg shells, lime, sand, &c., and it is well known these substances are necessary in order to form the shells of eggs, and to furnish material for the bones of fowls.

Now, it is reasonable to suppose that swine eat ashes and cinders for the purpose of supplying the material for their bones, and this singular instinct in animals so low in the scale of intelligence, is truly wonderful, for ashes contain the ingredients which are necessary to form bones, viz: carbonate and sulphate of lime, and magnesia, clay, silica gelatinized and made soluble by the fire.

When hogs are at large, they take in clay and silica with their food, and eat bones and roots which contain the necessary ingredients; but when they are pent up they endeavor to supply the material necessary for keeping up their frames by devouring ashes and cinders. Let them have plenty of them.

PLASTER OF PARIS FOR PAINT.

A writer in the *Register of Rural Affairs* recommends the use of plaster or ground gypsum, instead of white lead to mix with oil for paint, for outside work. If, as he says, it is equally, in fact more durable, than white lead or zinc white, it deserves to be widely known, as the plaster is very cheap and easily obtained.

Take equal parts of the plaster and white lead, with oil enough to make it the consistence of cream, and run it through a paint mill. This will have a good body, and be very serviceable. For painting the roofs of buildings the plaster and oil answers a good purpose, as it is durable, and when rain-water is collected in cisterns, it will be found to be purer than when it comes in contact with lead. Plaster is sometimes found ground very coarse, and it should therefore be run through a paint mill before it is used.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—The following we see recommended:—"Mix together two pints of the best vinegar, and one pint of soft water. Stir it into a quarter of a pound of glue, broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. The polish should be applied with a clean sponge.

VARNISH FOR A HALL.—Burnt umbre and ochre (yellow) ground in beer are sometimes used to stain church furniture, &c.; also for hall floors. Shake it well when using; apply with a painter's brush, and scrub with a hard, bristly brush whilst it is drying. Common oak varnish is used afterward in many cases. If not dark enough, leave out the ochre.

BEEF-STEAKS A LA FRANCAISE.—Take the inside of the sirloin, free from skin, and cut it evenly into round slices a quarter of an inch thick. Season the steaks with fine salt and pepper, brush them with a little clarified butter, and broil them over a clear brisk fire. Mix a teaspoonful of parsley, minced extremely fine, with a slice of fresh butter, a little cayenne, and a small quantity of salt. When the steaks are done put the mixture into the dish intended for them, and lay them upon it; garnish plentifully with fried potatoes, squeeze the juice of half a lemon on the butter before the meat is placed on it. The potatoes should be fried a fine brown, placed evenly round the meat, and be sliced rather thin. If the sirloin cannot be obtained part of the rump may be used instead.

GRIDDLE CAKE.—Take as much flour as you think will make it the size required, sprinkle a little salt in it, rub in with the fingers some pieces of butter, then add currants to your liking, or leave them out if you like, then add as much water as with a spoon will make it into a paste; now roll it out on the paste board, and then sprinkle a little flour over it and on the board, then thumb in pieces of butter, about the size of a shilling, all over it: roll it up, and roll it out again, and if required to be very rich, thumb in more butter: now roll it out to about the thickness of half an inch, and lay it, with the two hands and arms beneath it, carefully on a moderately warm griddle. Watch it baking by inserting a knife between it and the griddle, and, when the under side is done enough, place the griddle and the cake in front of the fire propped up at an angle, and this should bake the upper side. A skillful cook turns it on the griddle on the fire with her left hand, and a knife under it in the right one. When done enough, cut it into squares about three inches by two and a half. Split them with a knife and put plenty of butter in. Here, in the north country, it is our canny pitman's especial favorite. Formerly, his family, during the pay week, (as long as his money lasted,) used to reveal in cakes of this kind. He calls them "singing hennies," and always charges his wife to put plenty of small coals in them—meaning the currents, of course. It is frequently had recourse to, in country places, if strangers drop in unexpectedly to tea. As long as there is a well-piled plate of this on the table there will be no appearance of deficiency. It is a standing birthday treat amongst a family of children, and is always claimed. It is usually called a "knead cake"—pronounced "ned."—*English Receipt.*

☞On the occasion of a magic lantern exhibition, the scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was given, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sung out, "Burnside crossing the Rappahannock."

☞What is the difference between a horse and wagon? One can't go when it is hired, and the other can't when it isn't.