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TERMS.

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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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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 pall 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 nine-teen cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, [purely vegetable,] Lists 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 proprietors 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 20th 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 kinly procured 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 Umted State.

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

From the Annapolis Gazette.

Nellie and I.

BY VIOLET.

The day was nearly past,
Twilight deepened fast,
Perhaps its shadows cast
A silence on us as we watched the bright sky,
With its golden tints fading, sweet Nellie and I.

The busy honey bee
Now rested lazily,
While the robin's song of glee,
Kept time with the noise of the brook near by,
And we listened together, sweet Nellie and I.

A face so fair and bright,
I paused in my delight,
To wonder if I might
Just kiss her once, as we watched the bright sky,
While we stood there together, sweet Nellie and I.

Why did she gently sigh
And look so very shy,
I'd wait till by and by,
Least she spurn me there under the maple tree,
And come no more in gladness to me.

I know I loved her well,
And yet I could not tell,
The pretty little Nell.
My heart beat so fast, I could not say why,
So we stood there together, sweet Nellie and I.

And when she bade me go,
What made her tremble so?
I'm sure I did not know,
As I held her soft hand, and gazed in her eye,
While we lingered there still, sweet Nellie and I.

Next time she did not come,
My voice with fear grew dumb,
As trembingly came one,
And whispered low under the maple tree,
She had gone to Heaven from earth and me.

How would I live? Oh, how?
I pressed my aching brow,
And prayed then even more,
As I lay there under the maple tree,
Death would kindly come to me.

The bright joys that beamed,
So dark and dismal seemed,
I wondered if I dreamed,
As I lay there under the maple tree
Where so oft she had wandered, sweet Nellie and I.

A little grave is there,
Flowers fresh and rare,
Are ever kept with care,
Over the new made mound under the maple tree,
Where she used to sit, my Nellie with me.

Now the bird has changed the tone,
Of its song into a moan,
As it sings to me alone—
As it sits on a branch of the maple tree
Watching my Nellie's sleep, with me.

Memory never dies,
And oft my spirits rise
Beyond the quiet skies,
As mercy my Farther, oh! let me die,
And by her loved side forever i'd lie.

Beyond life's troubled sea,
She'll soon be joined by me,
In blest eternity.
Together we will rest, under the maple tree,
In peace and in silence, my Nellie and me.

THE BRIDE IN HER NEW HOME.

BY MRS. STOWE.

Young people who cannot expect by any reasonable possibility to keep more than two or three servants, if they happen to have the means in the outset, furnish a house with just such articles as in England would suit an establishment of sixteen. We have seen houses in England having two or three house-maids and tables served by a butler and two waiters, where the furniture, carpets, china, crystal, and silver were in one and the same style with some establishments in America where the family was hard pressed to keep three Irish servants.

This want of servants is the one thing that must modify everything in American life; it is, and will long continue to be, a leading feature in the life of a country so rich in openings for man and woman that domestic service can be only the stepping-stone to something higher.—Nevertheless, we Americans are great travellers we are sensitive, appreciative, fond of novelty, apt to receive and incorporate into our own life what seems fair and graceful in that of other people. Our women's wardrobes are made elaborate with the thousand elegancies of French toilet—our houses filled with a thousand knick-knacks of which our plain ancestors never dreamed. Cleopatra did not set sail on the Nile in more state and beauty than that in which our young American bride is often ushered into her new home. Her wardrobe all gossamer lace and quaint frill and crimp and embroidery, her house a museum of elegant and costly gewgaws; and amid the whole collection of elegancies and fragilities, she, perhaps, the frailest.

Then comes the tug of war. The young wife becomes a mother, and while she is retired to her chamber, blundering Biddy rusts the elegant knives, or takes off the ivory handles by soaking in hot water—the silver is washed in greasy soap-suds, and refreshed now and then with a thump, which cocks the nose of the teapot awry, or makes the handle assume an air of drunken defiance. The fragile china is chipped here and there around its edges with those minute gaps so vexatious to a woman's soul; the handles fly hither and thither in the wild confusion of Biddy's washing-day hurry, when cook wants her to help hang out the clothes. Meanwhile, Bridget sweeps the parlor with a hard broom, and shakes out showers of ashes from the grate, forgetting to cover the damask lounges, and they directly look as rusty and time-worn as if they had come from an auction-store; and all together unite in making such havoc of the delicate ruffles and laces of the bridal outfit and baby *layette*, that, when the poor young wife comes out of her chamber after her nurse has left her, and, weakned and embarrassed with the demands of the new comer begins to look once more into the affairs of her little world, she is ready to sink with vexation and discouragement. Poor little princess!—Her clothes are made as princesses wear them, her baby's clothes like a young duck's, her house furnished like a lord's, and only Bridget and Biddy and Polly to do the work of cook, scullery-maid, butler, footman, laundress nursery-maid, house-maid, and lady's-maid. Such is the array that in the Old Country would be deemed necessary to take care of an establishment got up like hers. Everything in it is *too fine*—not too fine to be pretty, not in bad taste in itself, but too fine for the situation, too fine for comfort or liberty.

What ensues in a house so furnished? Too often, ceaseless fretting of the nerves, in the wife's despairing, conscientious efforts to keep things as they should be. There is no freedom in a house where things are too expensive and choice to be freely handled and easily replaced. Life becomes a series of petty embarrassments and restrictions, something is always going wrong, and the man finds his fireside oppressive—the various articles of his parlor and table seems like so many temper-traps and spring-guns, menacing explosion and disaster.

There may be, indeed, the most perfect home-feelings, the utmost coziness and restfulness, in apartments crusted with gilding, carpeted with velvet, and upholstered with stain. I have seen such, where the homelike look and air of free use was as genuine as in Western log-cabins; but this was in a range of princely income that made all these things as easy to be obtained or replaced as the most ordinary of our domestic furniture. But so long as articles must be shrouded from use, or used with fear and trembling, because their cost is above the general level of our means, we had better be without them, even though the most lucky of accidents may put their possession in our power. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

How Climate Affects Character.

Observe the inhabitant of German Switzerland; everything is neat about his dwelling; his wells and springs are clean, his stacks of fodder and manure substantial, his folds comfortable, his garden trim. This spirit of order he carries with him into the administration of his family and into the public affairs of his village. The cultivators and laborers of the South of Europe, on the other hand, never subject themselves to fixed rule; in the winter, the washwomen pursue their avocations by night as well as by day. These people of the South retire within their houses only for slumber, which they take at the odd hours suiting them best; thus, to the man of the South, his house is never an indispensable thing, for he can exist comfortably wherever he finds the sun, a tree, and a spot unmolested by an enemy.—But to vanquish the man of the North it is only necessary to obtain possession of his dwelling.—In the South riches of the soil and a fine climate make the inhabitant not only wealthy in various products, but he has also leisure to bestow on their cultivation; in the North a narrow variety and climate which interdicts work during the months of winter prevent the inhabitant of that region from devoting himself to agricultural labor for much of the time that the Southern man gives to it. It is evident, then, says our author, that the system of agriculture in the North gives to the home-bound man leisure for thinking, and favors the growth of the intellect and the propagation of ideas; while in the South, broad sunshines and the senses in constant activity send the thoughts out into the world of realities and objective beauties.

Indifference to the future is a remarkable trait of the Southern character. How can precaution be generated in the climate producing a harvest almost every month in the year? It is as true to-day as when the author wrote that throughout Italy, for instance, it is customary to consume the whole day's provisions, even in hotels and well-regulated families, such a thing as laying in a stock of any articles is almost unknown; literally from hand to mouth is the manner of life. In the North, on the other side, the necessities of life and the means for providing for them are as far apart as if separated by an immense abyss during the season when the fountains of nature are sealed by the cold of winter. Accordingly, there is for the man of the North a season consecrated to forethought and reflection; the necessities of life stimulate his thinking faculties; he must construct houses for protection against coming cold, and must lay in supplies of food against the season of famine. In the South, continual crops, the unfading luxuriance of foliage and flowers, and her ever bountiful present, keep out of mind and out of sight the future.

A thirst for vengeance is also a prominent trait of the Southern character, as distinguished from that of the North, especially among the inferior classes. Vengeance is a passion peculiar to people roused by the imagination; the habit of being constantly face to face with eternal objects, without any compensating turning of the thoughts within, gives the senses a prodigious control, and consequently the passions which they call out. The self-control of an irritable man in the North is such that, in duels among the Norwegians, for instance, knife-blades of only a certain length were used, and each combatant held his weapon so as to inflict no deeper wound than that which the stipulated measurement of his blade would allow. It was said that no instances were known of this regulation having been violated, even in the heat of the contest. Perpetual resentment is, moreover, a distinguishing mark of the southern character. Memory but resuscitates our experiences. The remembered things of the imagination are stamped with passion; and the man of the North, drawing his feelings through his reason, becomes gradually quiet in thinking of the object of his rage. Thus time, which calms down the man of reflection, does but furnish fuel to the man of imagination. The man of the North turns his thoughts within himself, and reflects; the man of the South opens his whole soul and body to the external world, and feels. The man of the South will sooner attain a high degree of civilization than the man of the North, but the latter, advancing slowly, fixes himself on sure principles of reason. The man of the North, neglecting his education, degenerates faster than the man of the South; for the latter has always the education of the outward world and of the passions. In the South, civilization ebbs and flows rapidly; that of the North, based on principles, is slower in its march, but infinite in its flight.—*M. Bonstetten.*

Noon in a Brazilian Forest.

An almost death-like quietude reigns, but it is a quietude induced by the furnace like heat of the vertical sun, whose rays pour down with a direct fierceness from which there is no shadow, except actually beneath some thick tree, such as the mango whose dense and dark foliage afford so absolutely impen-trable nombrelia in the brightest glare. Such, too, is the smooth-barked mangaberia, a tree of vast bulk, with a wide-spreading head of dense foliage, beneath which when the sun strikes mercilessly on every other spot all is coolness and repose. The birds are all silent, sitting with panting beaks in the thickest foliage; no tramp or voice of beast is heard, for they are sleeping in their coverts. Ever and anon the seed capsule of some forest-tree bursts with a report like that of a musket, and the scattered seeds are heard pattering among the leaves, and then all relapses into silence again. Great butterflies, with wings of refulgent azure, almost too dazzling to look upon flap lazily athwart the glade, or alight on the glorious flowers. Little bright-eyed Lzards clad in panoply that glitters in the sun, creep about the parapitties of the great trees, or rustle the herbage and stares at the sound themselves have made. Hark! There is the toll of a distant bell. Two or three minutes pass,—another toll! A like interval, then another toll! Surely it is the passing bell of some convent, announcing the departure of a soul. No such thing; it is the note of a bird. It is the companere, or bell bird of the Amazon, a gentle little creature, much like a snow-white pigeon, with a sort of soft fleshy horn on its forehead, three inches high. This appendage is black, clothed with a few scattered white feathers and being hollow and communicating with the palate, it can be inflated at will. The solemn clear bell note uttered at regular intervals by the bird, is believed to be connected with this structure. Be this as it may the silvery sound, heard only in the depth of the forest, and scarcely ever except at midday, when other voices are mute, falls upon the ear of the traveller with a thrilling and romantic effect. The jealously recluse habits of the bird have thrown an air of mystery over its economy, which heightens the interest with which it is invested.

Old Time Winters.

In 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick.—Almost all the birds perished.

In 1692 the cold was so excessive that the famished wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and the winters of 1697 and 1699 were nearly as bad.

In 1708 occurred that famous winter called, by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. In the South of France the wine plantations were almost all destroyed. The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean about Genoa, and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716 the winter was so intense that people travelled across the straits from Copenhagen to the province of Senia, in Sweden.

In 1726, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. And the lakes in England froze.

In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1751 and 1755 the winters were very severe and cold. In England, the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered in fifteen minutes with ice one-eight of an inch thick.

In 1771 the river Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776 the Danube bore ice five feet deep, before Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny tribes perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly in the latter, in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army

Talking Too Much.

Schoolmasters talk too much, far too much for their own good, and for the good of their pupils. Take an example:

"The next lesson will be the first six examples on the 98th page—98th page, first six examples. I want all the class to understand it—to morrow, you will take the first six examples on the 98th page. Every day I have to tell you over again three or four times; now I want you to remember, this time, that your lesson will be six examples on the 98th page."

"Begin at the top of the page, teacher?"

"Yes, begin at the top of the page, and take six examples."

Surely it would seem that after so much repetition, scholars must remember *where* their lessons are. When the time comes for preparing the lesson, Thomas or Mary very innocently inquires where the lesson is. The teacher pauses in apparent vexation, and surprise, and inquires:

"Were you in the class yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, but I did not hear you give out any lesson."

"Charles, what did I say about it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Joseph, where is to-day's lesson?"

Joseph, at a venture,

"You said take the same lesson again, sir."

"I did not. I said take the first six examples on the 98th page."

After all this, it will be strange if some of the class do not bring in the wrong examples, and others come wholly unprepared, because they "did not know where the lesson was."

This example will serve to illustrate how teachers too generally multiply words upon the various affairs of the school-room.

The matter of discipline is a theme fruitful of words; repeated warnings, cautions, threats, expostulations, and entreaties falling continually upon the ear of the pupil, until they become so matter-of-course, that they are scarcely heard, and much less heeded. It is not strange that when night comes the teacher is exhausted. He who talks in the dust and atmosphere of a school-room six hours per day, must have lungs of leather, a throat of brass, and an iron constitution, to enable him to continue such labor for many years.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

The above we believe, has an application equally forcible to many parents as to the management of their children.

The Big Trees in California.

There has been considerable loose statistics in the press concerning the size and age of the mammoth tress in Tuolumne county, California. A letter from an eminent scientific gentleman, who has lately visited them, gives us some reliable information, which we condense. They are situated on high, cool territory, (5,000 feet above the sea level) and the spot is a favorite summer resort alike for this fact and to see the trees, and is much crowded in July and August. The big tree cut down,—and a fair specimen of the monsters,—is twenty-three feet in diameter where cut off six feet from the ground, and perfectly sound. Over this base a pavilion has been erected, and it makes a large and elegant saloon for dancing, social parties, and even literal stump speaking. A section of the upper part of the trunk makes the bed of a bowling alley. Our correspondent devoted the most of one day to counting the rings in the wood of the trunk, in order to ascertain exactly the age of the tree; and he found twelve hundred and fifty-five of them at thirty feet above the ground, as the trees stood. The outside layer of one hundred years of growth occupied but three inches, and the inner centuries from three to ten and even thirteen inches each. The rings denote the years of life or growth; and though it has been always claimed that these trees were three thousand years old, there has been no exact date for the assertion; and this examination proves that this individual one,—and probably as old as any,—was not more than twelve hundred and fifty-five years.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.—The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to an increased amount of population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People nowadays have something else to do than talk; not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over open pages; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupations of life they read. The fact is incontestably true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word that superstition of the nineteenth century.—*Chamber's Journal.*

☞ DR. DODSON having a number of relatives and friends in this county, the publication of the following correspondence may be of some interest to those whose notice it may have escaped. It occurred on the 11th and 15th of February:

Biracy Barracks,
BALTIMORE, Md., February 13, 1864.

To the Eds. Balt. American:

Your issue of the 11th instant contains the following paragraph:

"COMMUNICATED.—I request the Committee—Surg. Dr. Dodson, Capt. Hancock, Lieut. Axer—to state what has become of the 'TWENTY DOLLARS,' which I contributed to the relief of our Prisoners of war in Richmond.—All the officers and men of this regiment received credit, even for the smallest amount, but my name was left off the list. Should this mistake still continue to be neglected and not corrected, I shall consider the affair a malicious and fraudulent act, unworthy of officers and gentlemen.

"V. E. KOERBER,
"Capt. 1st Md. Cavalry.

In reply I submit the following statement of facts:

In December last the 1st Maryland Cavalry contributed $706,50 for the relief of Union soldiers in Libby prison. In this amount is included a subscription of TWENTY DOLLARS from Capt. A. V. Von Koerber.

The *American* of the 21st of December, 1863, contains the following:

"RICHMOND RELIEF FUND.—The following letters were received on Saturday, together with the sum of $706,50, contributed by the 1st Maryland Cavalry for the relief of Union prisoners in Richmond."

In the list of subscribers' names, with amounts of subscription attached, the name of Captain Von Koerber and Lt. Bankard were both accidentally omitted by the editor. A reference to the subscription list shows that it requires the addition of the Captain's $20 and also the $10 of Lieutenant Bankard to make the sum, the receipt of which you acknowledge. That no injustice was intended to these gentlemen is proven by the fact that the omissions were corrected as soon as noticed, and in the *American* of the 22d, the following correction was published:

"In the list of contributions by the 1st Maryland Cavalry yesterday, included in the total of $706,50, there was accidentally omitted in the list a contribution of $20, from Captain Vancoerber, for Company D, of the same regiment."

And on the 23d appeared a short paragraph giving credit to Lieut. H. C. Bankard for a subscription of $10. Thus is answered the question "What has become of the *twenty dollars* which I contributed to the relief of our prisoners of war?" It was given into your hands and has doubtless long since found its way to those for whose benefit it was designed.

These facts were made known to Capt. Von Koerber personally, before he published his communication; and had his sense of justice been equal to his vanity, and were he as careful of the reputation of his brother officers as he seems to be display his aristocratic (?) "Von," with the *princely* offering of $20 attached, he would take greater pains to inform himself of facts before accusing men whose reputation has hitherto been untarnished, either of malice or fraud.

We call upon Captain Von Koerber, if he be an honorable man, to retract any censure designed or implied in his communication., If he fails to do so, not even the uniform he wears can entitle him to the treatment of a gentleman or the courtesies of an officer; and he will find that the weapon he has hurled against the innocent will recoil upon himself. R. A. DODSON, Surgeon,
JOHN AXER, 1st Lieutenant.
JOHN HANCOCK, Capt. Co. B,
all of 1st Maryland Cavalry.

A WIFE'S CURE FOR A BAD HABIT.—A newly married wife, living in New Orleans, recently discovered that her better half was disposed to come home frequently late at night in a state of "oblivious forgetfulness." She determined to cure him of his habits. About two weeks ago he entered at midnight, and, staggering into the bed-chamber, tumbled into the bed, and was soon asleep. The wife said nothing, but when she thought he was sound asleep she procured a larg darning needle, and threading it with a strong piece of twine sat quickly at work sewing him up in the blanket. She sewed good and strong, till, as the grey streaks of dawn began to lighten the East, her task was done. In this condition she left him, and repaired to the dwelling of a friendly neighbor, there to await the result. About ten o'clock persons in the neighborhood were startled by the sound of the most distressing cries issuing from the house, and rushing to the rescue, supposing that murder was being committed, they forced the door, and there found the poor man bound up as tightly as a bale of cotton, in the blanket of his own bed. He begged them to release him, as he was dying from thirst, and could not more. They thought him the victim of some terrible plot—some burgler's scheme; but as they were in the act of extricating him, in rushed the wife, and ordered them to desist.

"Cut not a thread," she cried. "I did it; and he shall lie there till he makes a solemn promise never to come home drunk again." He declared he would in future keep better hours and drink less rum. In future, all the wife has to do when her husband is disposed to take a little too much, is to show him a darning needle and say, "Take care, sir, or I'll sew you up."

☞ A physician took a young student to see a patient who was confined to his bed.

"Sir" said the physician to the sick man "you have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters."

The patient admitted that he had. Returning home, the student asked the doctor how he discovered that the man had eaten oysters.

"Why," replied the doctor, "I saw the shells under the bed."

A few days after, the student was sent to visit the same patient. He soon returned however, saying that he had been kicked out of the house for telling the patient he had been imprudent; he had eaten horseflesh.

"Horseflesh you young fool! what do you mean?" cried the doctor.

"Because, sir, I saw a saddle and a pair of stirrups under the bed."

☞ A Floral Curiosity may be produced by taking a stick of elder, boring out the pith, filling the cavity with good earth, and sowing in the seeds of several flowers that bloom at the same time.

The seeds will soon germinate and the plants grow up together, with their stems, branches and leaves so intermingled that to a common observer they will appear to grow from the same root.

☞ What is everybody doing at the same time? ANS.—Growing older.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cultivation of Sorgo.

The vast amount of sugar cane formerly cultivated in Louisiana may be inferred from the fact, that in 1860 that State produced no less than 297,816 hogsheads of sugar of 1000 pounds each, and 14,535,816 gallons of cane molasses. As we depend chiefly upon Louisiana for these luxuries, their cost rapidly advanced when the supply was cut off by the war. The people of the North began to look about them to see if they could not raise their own sugar, and introduced the cultivation of the Chinese *Sorgo*, or sugar cane. So well is this plant adapted to our soil and climate and so rapidly has its cultivation extended, that in 1862 there were over seven millions gallons of sorgo molasses made in the country, of which number Iowa had nearly two millions. From Michigan to Florida, wherever it has been tried, it was a success. Not only has it been found easy of cultivation, but the yield has been good, and the crop one of the most profitable a farmer can plant.

In view of the continued high prices of all Southern products, we would urge the farmers of Maryland, and especially of Allegany county, to plant a part of their lands in Sorgo the coming season. Any soil that will produce corn will produce Sorgo. The fixtures of its manufacture into molasses, which consists of a horse-power mill to crush the cane, and an evaparator to prepare the juice, will not cost over $200. One mill will do the work of a neighborhood.

The cultivation of Sorgo is extending rapidly. Year before last, several farmers in Cumberland county, Penn,, planted a small quantity as an experiment; one of their number having purchased the mill and necessary apparatus. The experiment proved a decided success. Last year many of their neighbors joined them, and the mill yielded the owner a handsome income. This year there will be still more planted, and the *Sorgo patch* is becoming almost as common in the country as the "Potato patch."

The cane in its general appearance and growth resembles the common broom corn. The stem grows from six to eight feet high, and when fully ripe, is cut off at the ground, the leaves stripped off, and in this form taken to the mill. The molasses made from it has a very pleasant flavor and a rich color, many persons preferring it to any other. Let our farmers take this subject into consideration. They will find it great economy to raise at least the molasses for their own consumption.

SOIL FOR GRAPES.—The discussion on grapes at the late meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society at Toledo, among other things introduced the question as to the soil on which the best quality of grapes were grown. There seemed to be but one opinion, and that was that a strong clayey soil or one of loamy clay with a limestone or even slaty clay subsoil produced grapes much heavier, and therefore of better quality, than any variety of sand alluvial deposit. In all cases, however, underdrainage was spoken of as necessary to success in grape growing.—*Ohio Farmer.*

FEED FOR A FOAL IN WINTER.—A correspondent of the Irish Farmers' Gazette asks what he should feed a well-bred foal during the winter. The editor replies: "With good hay, and mashes of bran and linseed meal in equal parts, with a little bruised oats and boiled barley."—If colts get such treatment as that in Ireland, we would advise them never to leave the "old sod."

PEAS.—The pea is one of the first vegetables that may be seeded in the open ground. It is perfectly hardy, will stand a heavy frost without injury and it gives the heaviest crops where it matures before the warm weather sets in. Plant therefore a few rows of early peas the first convenient opportunity, and for a continuous supply repeat the seeding every two weeks.

HOG-PEN.—Keep a sufficient quantity of dry bedding in the hog-house, and in cold weather give warm feed. Pigs should henceforth have warm, comfortable sties and an abundant supply of nutritious food. Cooked potatoes, turnips, mangels, cabbage, parsnips, and carrots, with a liberal allowance of meal and bran, will well pay in feeding this species of stock.—*Working Farmer.*

WINTER KILLING OF THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.—It is a subject of complaint with many that the Lawton blackberry is subject to winter killing. Mr. W. D. Hall, of Hamden, Conn., obviated this difficulty by keeping down all shoots until after the first of July. The canes that start early and get thoroughly matured are the ones that are destroyed during the winter.—*Parmer and Gardner.*

SALT CATTLE REGULARLY AND UNIFORMLY.—A correspondent thinks he has traced several cases of cows slinking their calves to their having eaten inordinately of salt. Either salt cattle regularly and uniformly in the manger, or let a lump of hard rock salt be accessible at all times, which is the better plan.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE TURNIP TASTE IN MILK can be effectually removed by the use of common saltpetre, says an exchange. An ounce of it should be put into a pint bottle, and the same filled with boiling water. A teaspoonful of the solution is enough for an ordinary sized milk pail. The better way to cure the evil, however, is not to feed so many turnips to cows.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MARKETS.—Few farmers can afford to hold their produce for a higher market after a good price is offered. Prices are usually higher in Spring, but corn and all grain shrinks from loss of water, from the ravages of vermin, and from actual waste, enough to make the grain very little.—*American Agriculturist.*

REMEDY FOR CURCULIO.—The *Ohio Farmer* says that coal oil had been found by accident to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against the ravages of the curculio, by placing sawdust saturated with the oil at the foot of the tree.

CARROTS, PARSNIPS, AND BEETS.—Manure heavily, spade the ground very deeply and drill in a few rows of each sort for early use.

☞ A gentleman during the late frosty weather was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it. "I know it papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it.—I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ A bog of marsh in England becoming dry, the people were surprised at the sight of a square mile of frogs moving across the country, the old frogs with little frogs upon their backs, and all led by huge old patriarchs migrating to the nearest water.

☞ An elephant's rations per day are three hundred pounds of hay and two bushels of oats, washed down with two barrels of water. His owner couldn't afford to keep him in rebeldom just now.