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

TERMS.

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

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., April 2, 1864. No. 16.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

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 pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

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

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

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

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

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

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

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

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

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

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of 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 26th 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 entirely 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 Steinman, 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 United 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 New York Mercury.]

The Sunset.

The sun with golden brightness
Was sitting in the west,
While clouds of fleecy whiteness
Were guiding him to rest;
When, by a streamlet flowing
With rippling murmurs by,
I sat, while music gushing
From song-birds rose on high.

And while I sat and listened
To every joyous sound,
The fading sunlight glistened
On hill and rising mound;
And pressing golden kisses
Upon each flowery dell,
He gathered up his brightness.
And bade the world farewell.

But soon the glowing brightness
Had deepened into night;
The clouds had lost their whiteness,
And sunk away from sight;
The darkness, dull and chilling,
Spread over the scene so fair,
And hushed the music breaking
Upon the perfumed air.

The stars in heaven were twinkling
With soft and gentle light,
And dewdrops bright were sprinkling
The flowers then hid from sight.
The birds had all departed,
Their music sweet was hushed;
And darkly through the shadows
The rippling streamlet rushed.

'Tis thus that mortals, dreaming,
Think fondly on their bliss,
While Fortune's smiles are beaming,
And Friendship gives a kiss;
But when their fortunes darken
Before the frowns of Fate;
In vain they seek the friendship
Which gladdened them of late.

Ay, thus it is that ever
Our summer-friends depart,
The bonds of love they sever,
Nor heed the bleeding heart,
And leave us in the darkness
Alone to bear our grief,
Till Faith—a star at even—
Shines forth and brings relief.

NEW YORK CITY.

LONG AGO.

I've been dreaming of my childhood,
And my happy cottage home—
Of the streamlet and the wildwood
Where my footsteps loved to roam;
And the schoolhouse by the wayside.
Beneath the walnut tree,
Where every day at noontide
I played so full of glee.
And though vain regrets are banished,
Yet the tears unbidden flow,
For my childhood years are banished
In the far off "long ago."

And now my dreams are laden
With a vision fair to see,
I am dreaming of the maiden
Whose love was given to me;
To her my troth was plighted
In youthful love and pride,
But soon my bliss was blighted—
My darling Mary died;
So now I'm old and lonely,
My step is sad and slow,
For I still love Mary only
As I loved her "long ago."

And thus an old man's dreaming
With grief is overcast,
For his thoughts are ever teeming
With memories of the past;
If this be found repining,
The sin may God forgive—
His mercy on me shining,
I still can wait and live;
For I know that "time is fleeting,"
And will, in its ceaseless flow,
Bear me onward to the meeting
With the friends of "long ago."

WHAT CAME OF JOHN WILBUR'S VALENTINE.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850 two young men sat in a comfortable furnished room in a large New York boarding house.—A bright fire glowing in the grate, well-chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry-goods dealers, No.—Broadway.—They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar, and knocked away the ashes, "to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose, too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked.

"I don,t know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant, or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?"

"That's my secret," said Tom, laughing.—"I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, *et la viola*! Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?"

"I had not thought of it before," said John, thoughtfully, "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor seamstress, who occupies an attic in the house."

"You, I have met her on the stairs two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her.—I think I'll send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy, in surprise. "Wait till you see the kind of valentine I will send."

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a a sheet of note paper, drew from his portmonnaie a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written, "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "my valentine has cost me as much as yours, and I venture to say will be as welcome."

"Yes are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased, I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages, it was indeed a bitter day.

An attick room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pail and thin. She was cowering over a scanty wood-fire—the best she could afford—which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way through the crevices.

Poor child! Life has a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, tho' she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort:

"Is it worth while living any longer?"

But she recoiled from the sin of suicide.—She might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought, she continued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants. She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the post-boy just brought Miss Morris."

"A letter for me!" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand.—"Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, miss," said the girl, laughing. "You know this is Valentine's Day. More by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karater (caricature?) so mistress calls it.

"Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash tub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A banknote for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper—"From St Valentine!"

"Heaven be praised!" she said, folding her hands greatefully. "This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had viewed."

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new-made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of 1857, when houses that seemed builted upon a rock, tottered all at one to their fall. Do not many remember that time all too well, when merchants, with anxious faces, ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks?

And how was it in that time of universal famine without friends—Stacy & Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations, and were rapidly growing rich, when this crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note for two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But, alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employe in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one!" superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 14th of February.

"How much have you got towards it?" asked Wilbut, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired the partner, turning pale.

"All."

"Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been every where. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

"Then the crash must come," said Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six minutes they had been struggling with the tide. They could see shore, but in sight of it they must go down. At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger. It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained these few words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No.— Fifth Avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage."

There was no signature.

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. What does it mean do you think?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I advise you to go at once."

"It seems to be in a feminine handwriting," said Wilbur thoughtfully. "Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?"

"None."

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horsecar, and was on his way to No.——Fifth Avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, superbly furnished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing said, "You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," said he, in perplexity. "We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. "But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"The note due is two thousand dollars.—Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five."

"Excuse me, a moment," said his hostess.—She left the room but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us," exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, a "a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging house, eight years since?"

"I do, distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I thing her name was Helen Morris."

"She stands before you," was the quiet response.

"You, Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury."

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair. With it I put my wardrobe in repair, and made application for the post or companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that.—I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. 'I have never forgotten you, having accidently learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if every fortune put in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me.—That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced, and respectfully took her hand "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He should his delighted partner the check which he had just received.

"I haven't time to explain," he said, "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came and the firm was saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No.—Fifth Avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

TOMATO CULTURE.

The *Tomato or Love Apple*, was introduced into England about the year 1596. The Italians were the first to use it largely as an article of food. Subsequently the French people began to appreciate its excellent qualities, and after them the whole world adopted it as one of the indispensables of the table. Within the last fourth of a century, it has won its way to the first rank amongst our garden vegetables, and is cultivated more extensively, perhaps, than any other single esculent, if we except potatoes and cabbage.

It is grown from seed, which, if early fruit is desired, should be sown in hotbeds in March, or in pots or boxes in warm and well lighted and ventilated apartments. If sawn in a hotbed, the drills should be made about five inches apart, and half an inch deep. When the plant attain a height of two or three inches, they should be transplanted or pricked out into another bed, or in some small pots. When the latter plan is adopted, the whole of the earth in the pots may be permitted to remain attached to the roots when the plants are finally set out. Twice or thrice transplanting has the effect of rendering the plants more sturdy and branching. Set them out in the beds in May, as early as the weather will admit, but not until all danger of frosts has passed.—They should be planted at least a yard apart, to allow of the full spreading of the vines. Water freely when first transplanted, and if hot sunshine follows, shade them for a day or two.

There is a diversity of opinion in regard to the after culture of tomatoes. Some prefer to allow the vines to cover the ground at will; others prefer trellises or frames. The French method is as follows: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible, they top the stem down to the cluster, so that the flowers terminate the stem. The effect is, that the sap is immediately impelled into the two buds next below the cluster, which push strongly, and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively.

By this means the plants become stout, dwarf bushes, not above 18 inches high. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers, and after the fifth topping, all the laterals whatsoever, are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by any other means.

There is an endless variety of the Tomato. A few, however, of the best are all that a family require. The *Large, Smooth Red* is an excellent variety, not early, but productive, and fine flavored. The *Apple Tomato* is early and productive, but apt to be hollow-hearted. The *Perfected Tomato* has recently and deservedly become a great favorite. The fruit is of large size, pinkish red, very solid and firm fleshed, with few seeds, and yielding a large return when cooked. It is medium early, and is sold in our markets as the "Fejee." A new and very superior variety has recently been introduced to general public notice, though for several years past it has been for sale in the Philadelphia markets. A full description, with an external and internal view of it, were given in our December number, to which we refer the reader.—We consider it one of the best, if not the very best variety yet introduced. The seed can be procurred in small quantities from Mr. Dreer, of this city.

AMALGAMATION.—The author of the pamphlet on miscegenation says of the white people of America:

"They are perished for want of flesh and blood. They have bone and sinew; but they are dry and shrivelled for lack of the healthful juices of life. The cheeks are shrunken, the lips are thin and bloodless, the under jaw narrow and retreating, the teeth decayed and painful, the nose sharp and cold, the eyes small and watery, the complexion of a blue and yellow hue, the head and shoulders bent forward, the hair dry and straggling."

This is his picture of men; that of the women is scarcely more flattering:

"The waists of the women are thin and pinched, telling of sterility and consumption; the general appearance guant and cadaverous from head to foot. You see them," he adds, "with eye glasses and spectacles, false teeth, artificial plumpness to the form;" while the social intercourse of the sexes he describes as being "formal, ascetic and unemotional."

☞ A SKILLFUL housekeeper says that the unpleasant ode arising from boiling ham, cabbage, &c., is completely corrected by throwing whole red peppers into the pot—at the same time the flavor of the food is improved. It is said that pieces of charcoal will produce the same effect.

MONEY.—Money is a queer institution very! It buys provender satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything revolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question of life or death for his salary. Money makes the man; therefore man must make money, if he would be respected by fools; for the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives to church in splendid equipages, and pays the rent of the best pews. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady—it commands the respect of gaping crowds, and commands obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathens, to remove domestic indulgence. It gilds the rugged scenes of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread, the rude scenes and turmoils are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stop short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hands spare none; but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor humanity that it is nothing but dust.—Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity; the beggar and the millionare rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons.—*Mercantile Journal.*

OUR COLORED SOLDIERS.—A Captain in one of the African regiments at Vicksburg, writing to a friend, says:

"I will tell you how the black soldiers answer the purpose, as far as my experience goes.—They are easily disciplined, and, as to fighting I would just as soon go into a fight with them as with the best of white soldiers, and I have seen both white and black fight. I will give you an instance: Last summer my company seventy men, and another of about the same number, were attacked by the Rebels with four hundred infantry, the same of cavalry, and thirteen pieces of artillery, and we held them three or four hours. It is true we were partially fortified, but look at the odds against us. They (the blacks) go into a fight perfectly reckless of life and consequences. All they need is the officers to lead them."

BITTER AND SWEET.—Lady Worthy Montague, the famous wit and beauty, made the most sarcastic observation that was every published about her own sex. "It goes far," she said, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no danger of ever marrying one!"

What if a man had said that? But as an offset we give the remark of Lola Montez. In one of her lectures she said:

"I never behold a beautiful woman, but I fall in love with her myself, and wish I were a man that I might marry her."

WHY THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactories of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its fiunctions.—In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So they eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead to the heart, but because there is not a tear drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.

VERMIN ON CATTLE.—As the period is at hand when colts and cattle are subjected to the attacks of vermin, it may be serviceable to some to print a handy and speedy remedy, which is simply greasing the parts affected, and rubbing it in thoroughly. Grease (say linseed oil, lard, etc.) penetrates the enemy, and destroy it in short order. Unless the skin of the animal be well rubbed and manipulated, the work will be only half done; tobacco water is an injurious applications and should never be used as a wash upon cattle.

WHAT "COPPERHEAD" MEANS.—For the benefit of those who do not find Copperhead in the dictionary we give the following analysis:

C onspiracy.
O pposition to the war.
P eace on any terms.
P iracy.
E nmity to the Union.
R ecognition of the C. S. A.
H atred of the Government.
E arnest sympathy with traitors.
A narchy.
D isloyalty.

WOOD FOR PAPER.—There has been quite an active trade going on in the northern part of Chester county in poplar wood. It is in demand for making paper. The mills at Springville, Chester county, are very extensive, and are worked by New York capitalists. The price of wood delivered on the line of the Chester Valley Railroad is four and five dollars a cord.

☞ A Worcester contemporary tells of a pugnacious goat, who, seeing his shadow in a hole made in the ice, lowered his head, shook his candal appendages spasmodically, and at a tremendous gait rushed upon the shadow, went into the hole out of sight under the ice, and has not since been seen. Moral: never rush into anything without giving the subject due consideration.

☞ Among the Kffirs, agriculture is considered to be a kind of labor unworthy of a warrior, and is therefore, left entirely to the woman.—When they first saw a plow at work they gazed at it in astonishment and delighted silence.

At last one of them said: 'See how it tears up the ground with its mouth! It is of more value than five wives.'

☞ John Billings, the Philanthropist, begs leave to state:

That onions are good for a bad breath.

That Rockawa clams are a good opening for eny young man.

That ships are called "she" because that always keep a man on the lookout.

'John,' said a stingy old hunk to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, 'do you know how many pancakes you're eaten?'

'No.'

'Well, you've eaten fourteen.'

'Well,' said John, 'you count and I'll eat.'

☞ TO KEEP ice from the windows, take an ordinary paint brush or sponge, and rub over the glass once a day with alcohol, and it will keep the glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer, and it will give as good a polish as can be got in any other way.

CRACKERS.—One pint of water, one teacup of butter, one teaspoon full of soda, two of cream tartar, flour enough to make as stiff as biscuit.—Let them stand in the oven until dried through. They do not need [illegible]

Wit and Humor.

DIDN'T KNOW MUCH.—A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopped in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, and said—

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated—

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out—

"Go to thunder, you darned sasafras-colored, shock-headed bull-calf! You don't look as though you knew much anyhow"

A ROMANCE: CHIEFLY RHYMED.—They meet in the street, and they sigh, passing by.—Meet again, and its plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for hite.

"Dear," says he, "you love me?"

"Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?"

"Fondly!"

"La? ask Mamma!"

Off he goes, to propose, and receive mother's leave.

Ma says "Yes."

You may guess with what joy he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done, they're made one, by a priest; give a feast; set off soon—honeymoon—blisses, kisses, Mister, Missis—what a tale of true love this is.

A WIT AT HIS CENSUS RETURN.—An eccentric genius in Inverness, who lived in a house which he calls a castle, gave the following answers to the queries in his census paper. Under the heading 'Domestic servants, lodgers and visitors,' he wrote:

'Plenty of mice, and lots of rats,
A nice young dog, and two young cats.'

Under the head of 'Age,' was written:

'I will not swear that I am fifty,
Though growing old and also thrifty.'

His castle he describes as consisting of 'one room, one window, one door and no airholes.'—Happy man! He is evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

A LADY'S CONFIDENCE.—Old Lady Rossmore was possessed of a drunken coachman. On one occasion she was at a party where her host thought it his duty to inform her that the man was so tipsy it would not be safe for her to allow him to drive her home. Lady Rossmore only said, quietly:

'Let me speak to the fellow myself,' and went to the hall-door, where the following dialogue occurred:

'Are you drunk, John?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Are you more drunk than usual, John?'

'No, my lady.'

'Let down the steps, Thomas; I shall go home.'

"I wontsch to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to the clerk of a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's you name?"

"It ish Hans Vananimanderdaunsevaneymendeymitcheitonschupfoldesiehupvontendhorp!" said the dutchy, bravely spitting out his old quid and taking a fresh one.

"Heavens!" said the astonished clerk, "I can't write that. Look a here mister, what is it in English, do you know?"

"Yaer Ich does. It is Yon Smidt!"

The poor clerk fainted.

HEADS AND TAILS.—Jones—That's a fine horse you are leading, Patrick; he carries his head well.

Pat—That's true, an' it's a grand tail that he carries behind him.

Jones—Behind him. Don't everything that carries a trail carry it behind him?

Pat—No, yer honor.

Jones—No! What don't?

Pat—A halfpenny, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other.

"HALLO, Sharp,'; said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble, my boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I had my feet crushed through the carelessness of a conductor the other day, between railroad cars; that's all."

"And don't you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages? no, no; I have had damages enough from them already; hadn't I better sue for repairs?"

RATHER TOO NEAR.—"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know as he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

A "Big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it.—After looking about he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such shortsightedness, continued, "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) Injun here."

A furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement; "N. B.—Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, *out of their own skins.*"

A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled, "You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said the landlady.

A waggish spendthrift recently said:

'Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions!'

'Well, where are you?'

'Why, I owe more than $3,000!'

'I should think these omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day,' observed Sam.

'Well, yes,' replied Seth, taking a squint at them, 'they do appear to be tired.'

A Shopkeeper, in recommending a piece of goods to a lady, remarked:

'Madam, it will wear for ever, and make you a first-rate petticoat afterwards.'

THE girls once asked an old grandmother of eighty, how old a person was before a desire to marry had left them.

'Ha! girls,' said the old lady, 'ask some one older than I am.'

'Johnny, how many seasons are there?'

'Six; spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons, and Thomson's Seasons.'