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. LI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., May 30, 1868. No. 39.

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, inserted without charge.

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, will receive prompt attention.

Look Here!

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he always keeps on hand, and is constantly receiving new supplies of

Ready Made Clothing,

such as

COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDERGARMENTS, &c., &c. Also, Trunks and Hats.

His supply of Fall and Winter Suits is very large. Selling at Baltimore prices,

Being thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to him since he has been in Easton, he hopes by strict attention to business, and keeping a good stock of goods, to merit a continuance of the same. J. L. STEINEM,

jan 4-1y One door from Talbot House.

NEW

Fall & Winter GOODS,

AT TRAPPE, MD.

JAS. T. MULLIKIN & CO. have just returned from the city with a new and very large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, viz:

QUEENSWARE, TIN & WOODWARE, Groceries, &c., &c.

Particular attention given to the selection of Ladies' and Gents' DRESS GOODS.

The above stock will be sold at as reasonable terms as any house will sell them on the shore.

N. B. Mr. WM. FRANK MADDUX has been admitted to an interest in our house from Oct. 1st, 1867. oct22-1y

NEW STORE,

At the Old Stand, Formerly Occupied by A. DODD & SON.

THE undersigned having purchased the Store Room formerly occupied by A. Dodd & Son, (at the Southwest corner of Dover and Harrison streets,) and having just received and opened a fine assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

offers them to his friends and the public generally at a *small advance for* CASH.

Among the stock will be found

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugar, Molasses, Rice, Crackers, Soaps, Candles, Coal Oil, Tobacco, Snuffs, Pipes, Family, Extra, and Super Flour,

(Duer's brand,) which is considered superior to Gambrill's.

Also, a fine lot of STONE WARE, (white and colored,) among the white I name Cups and Saucers, Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Cream Pourers, Tea Pots, Plates, Dishes, &c. Among the colored are Jugs, different sizes, Crocks, do., Pitchers, do., Jars, do., Bowls, Spittoons, &c.

He has also a nice article of

Rye and Common Whiskey

and many other articles too tedious to enumerate here, all of which have been purchased at a *low figure for cash*, and will be sold at a small advance, on the SAME TERMS.

He respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine his stock, feeling assured they will be pleased with the *prices* and the *quality* of the goods.

The public's ob't serv't,

jan 18-1y ARTHUR BROWN.

NEW STORE! New Goods!! NEW STAND,

AT THE SIGN OF THE

RED FLAG.

0 Dover Street in the town of EASTON.

Cash-Buyers look to your interest!
One cent saved is two made!!

NO MONOPOLY!
FREE TRADE!!
EQUAL RIGHTS!!!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has fitted up a store room on Dover Street opposite Nicols & Bartlett's cheap hardware store, where he has opened a stock of goods just received from the city and selected with great care and at low prices. His stock is now ready for inspection and an invitation is extended to all to call and examine for themselves. It is no trouble to show goods, and his motto is "live and let live." His stock consists in part of Calicoes of the latest Spring styles, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Drills, Oznaburgs, Linens, Domestics, Shirtings, Flannels, Mens' and Boys' wear, Notions, Hosiery, Fancy Goods and Boots and Shoes.

The attention of Housekeepers is especially directed to his fine assortment of family Groceries, consisting in part of Brown and White Sugars, Super, Extra and Family Flour, (Duer's Brand,) at retail or by the barrel, Bacon, Lard, Pork, Beans, Coffee, Tea; a variety of washing Soaps, Baking and Washing Soda, Molasses, Syrups, Coal Oil, Salt, Pepper, Spice, Segars, Smoking Tobacco, best Garret Snuff, Confectionery, Dried and Green Fruits, Corn, Corn Meal, Millfeed and many other articles not herein named.

☞ Remember NEW STORES SELL CHEAP.—Call early and get bargains as I am determined not to be undersold.

He returns thanks for the liberal share of patronage extended to him and solicits a continuance of the same at the sign of the RED FLAG, on Dover street, where he promises to sell cheaper than formerly. Country produce generally on hand and for sale, and taken at all times in exchange for goods.

mar 21-1y J. H. T. HUBBARD.

SOMETHING NEW.

BRAZILIAN RAT-TAIL CIGARS.

I HAVE just received a few of the above fine and new style Cigars, which I invite my friends to call and try.

mar 14 M. M. HIGGINS.

DOBIN'S ELECTRIC SOAP.—Saves time, saves labor, saves money, saves clothes, saves women. Sold by.

sep 14 SAML. PATCHETT.

PLASTER—Pure ground Plaster for grass crops, barrel or ton.

apr 20 NICOLS & BARTLETT.

MILLER'S WATER-PROOF OIL BLACKING, WILL render Leather soft, pliable, *water proof* and much more durable. Apply at the Drug Store of [jan 25] L. H. CAMPBELL.

"COSTAR'S" PREPARATIONS

EVENYBODY—Tries Them!
EVERYBODY—Uses Them!
EVERYBODY—Believes in Them
EVERYBODY—Recommends Them!

Are you troubled by Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. box of "Costar's" Exterminators.

"Only Infalible Remedies known."—"Free from Poison." "Not dangerous to the Human Family." "Rats come out of their holes to die." Improved to keep in any climate.

Are you annoyed with Bed-Bugs? Can't sleep nights! Buy a 25c. or 50c. Bottle of—
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exter.

"Destroys and prevents Bed-Bugs."—"Never fails." A Liquid, used by Hotels, Boarding Houses, Ships, Boats, Public Institutions, and Housekeepers everywhere.

For Moths in Furs, Woolens, Carpets, &c., &c. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Flask of—
"Costar's" Insect Powder.

Destroys instantly Insects on Fowls Fleas on Animals. "Nothing exceeds it in power and efficacy." "Free from Poison." Imported and prepared only by "Costar."

"A sure thing." Thousands testify to its merits. Buy a 25c. or 50c. Box of—
"Costar's" Corn Solvent.

For Corns, Bunions, Warts, &c. "Try it." It is positively efficacious. Take away the cause. Apply the Corn Remedy, to your comfort. Then tell your friends about it.

Don't suffer with Pain! A Wonderful power of Healing! Every family should keep it in the house. Buy a 25c. or 50c, Box of
"Costar's" Buckthorn Salve.

Its effects are immediate. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Sore Breasts, Piles, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itch, Scrofula and Cutaneous Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Lips, &c., Bites of Animals, Insects, &c. This Salve has proved a comfort and blessing to thousands.

"A Universal Dinner Pill," (sugar-coated) 30 years administered in a Physician's Practice. 25c. and 50c. Boxes—
"Costar's" Bishop Pills

Of extraordinary efficacy for Costiveness, Indigestion, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Chills, Fevers, &c. Not griping. Gentle, mild and soothing—cleanses the system of impurities, and builds up constitutions broken by the use of Tobacco, Liquors, &c.

"That Cough will kill you. Don't neglect it. Take home the Cure—the nicest improved article. 25c. and 50c. Sizes
"Costar's" Cough Remedy.

The children cry for it—its a "Soothing Syrup." For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Singers, Speakers, and all troubled with Throat Complaints, will find this a beneficial Pectoral Remedy.

For the "Toilet," for Beautifying the Complexion, giving to the skin a transparent freshness. Bottles $1.00
"Costar's" Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms

Renders the skin clear, smooth and soft. Removes Tan, Freckles, &c.—Ladies of taste and elegance in New York are now using it altogether, to the exclusion of everything else. Try one bottle and see its wonderful quality.

☞ Beware! of all worthless Imitations. None genuine without "Costar's" signature 25c. and 50c. sizes kept by all Druggists. $1.00 sizes sent by mail on receipt of price. $2.00 pays for any three $1.00 sizes by express $5.00 pays for eight $1.00 sizes by express. Address,

HENRY R. COSTAR,
482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by LEVIN H. CAMPBELL, Easton, Md., and by all Wholesale Druggists in Baltimore, Md. (feb 1-6m

What is Noble?

What is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the human spade?
There's a dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
O'er the engine's iron head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread;
There is labor lowly tending!
Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
Science—and the world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clank of wheel and hammer
Great results are growing still!
Though, too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features!
Industry is not ashamed.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps, like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him *poorest* of his clan,
He's the *noble*—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

The Smack at School.

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more upon furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on the copy book,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willuth, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statute thrill,
The master thundered "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattles on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smiles suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And durstn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-boo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks, boo-boo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

The Discontented Couple.

An old discontented couple, who had hard work to procure the necessaries of life, were constantly complaining of the faults and failures of others, instead of seeking by divine help to rectify their own.

"All this trouble and sorrow in the world is through Adam and Eve," the old gentleman would exclaim. "If I had been Adam I would never have allowed a woman to lead me into such a scrape."

A wealthy and pious lady lived near, who had frequently relieved the old man and his wife. One day when passing, she overheard them grumbling as usual, about Adam and Eve. She felt anxious to convince them of the importance of being contented with the station in which Providence had placed them, and how wrong it was to be thus constantly murmuring at their lot in life.

The next morning the lady's servant in livery, came to the cottage with a message from his mistress, requesting the old couple to go up to the mansion.

The looks of discontent vanished for once, as the old folks were delighted with such a mark of distinction from one so very rich. On arriving at the mansion, the lady received them most kindly, and thus addressed them:

"I have set apart two rooms in my house, and so long as you attend to my wishes, you will be allowed to remain here, and have everything needful for your comfort. But if you disobey any of my rules, you will be immediately turned out and sent back to your mud cabin."

"Thank you! thank you kindly, madam," responded the old man.

"Never fear our doing anything against your wishes, ma'am," added the old woman.

"Very well," said the lady; "then you will find a home here for life."

Everything necessary for their comfort was provided, and all went on well for some time. There was one thing that some how puzzled them.

For several days there was placed on the dinner table a covered dish which they were desired not to touch.

"My lady desires me to say, that every dish is at your service except that one," said the servant.

On one such day, having nearly finished their hearty repast, the curiosity of the old woman was greatly excited as to the contents of the forbidden dish, and she said to her husband:

"Whatever can it be?"

"Never mind," said the old man; "we've had a capital dinner without it."

"As the lady was doing us good, she might as well let us taste every dish," added the old woman.

"Why, yes; she might as well have done handsomely," rejoined the husband.

"There can be no harm in looking" continued the old woman; "the lady will never be any wiser for that."

The old man was silent, and silence serves to give consent. He was almost as curious as his wife about the strange dish. The temptation was strong, and the longer it was parlied about, the more irresistible it became.

"She'll never know we have looked," repeated the old woman, as she gently took hold of the cover, and very cautiously raised it on one side, and then stooped down to peep under.

"Oh, oh, oh," exclaimed the terrified old woman, and she started back and upset the dish cover on the floor.

Out jumped a mouse!

"The uproar roused the lady of the house, who suspecting what was the matter, was quickly at the door.

"What! is this the return you make for my kindness? You, who were so ready to blame Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit, could not you obey my trifling request? You have now forfeited the privilegrs I conferred upon you, and you must therefore leave my house immediately, and return to your mud cottage.—Never, in future, blame Adam and Eve again for what you evidently would have done had you been in their places."

"Meet Gertrude."

The Selma Messenger tells the following capital story, as genuine and authentic:

"Among the most enterprising and industrious merchants of Selma, is one whom we will call Smith, principally because it isn't his name, who is blessed with a most exemplary wife in all respects save one—she is of rather a jealous disposition. Mr. Smith has been of late very much engrossed in his business, and has often consumed his evenings over his ledger, instead of in the bosom of his family, as has been his custom for years. In reply to the queries of Mrs. S., on the subject, he would always say that he was employed in his business. She did not understand how business could take up so much of his time, and her suspicions were aroused that it was not right. Visions of hours spent by her husband in other female society than her own haunted her mind, and she made an inward vow to watch and see for herself.

Soon after arriving at this resolution, a telegram arrived for her husband and was sent to his office, which was closed, as he had gone to supper. The carrier went to his home and delivered it to his servant at the door. The gentleman not having arrived it was handed to his wife, who, with true feminine curiosity, read it. It was plain and short:

MONTGOMERY, Dec.——, 1867.

"MR. SMITH:—Meet Gertrude to-night."

Here was a horrible confirmation of her worst fears. Controlling herself as best she could, she laid the dispatch by his plate. He came in and read it, and said "he would have to go up town after supper, and might not be back till late; she need not sit up for him." He hurried through his meal, took his hat and walked hurriedly down the street. Before he had turned the corner his wife was following him swiftly and noiselessly. He went straight on, she close behind until he reached the wharf. After an apparent inspection of the surroundings, he stepped down the hill and took a seat in the office of the Magnolia:

His wife took a position where she could see him through the glass door, and waited for the finale—which was expected in the shape of a Gertrude whom her faithless spouse was to meet. Time dragged on wearily, and the lady became drowsy, and at last fell into a doze, from which she was aroused by the shrill whistle of an approaching steamer. Nearer and nearer she came, and as she rounded to, the name "Gertrude," in large brightly-painted letters, met the view of the jealous wife, and a sentorian voice inquiring if Smith was on hand, completed her awakening.

At a glance the position was realized, and the poor woman could have cried for vexation as she saw her husband and another gentleman hurriedly transacting some business within a few feet of her. At that moment a tipsy negro came stumbling along, and seeing a womans' dress half hidden among the bales and boxes of merchandize, seizing her, exclaimed: "Come out of dar, ole gal." Her scream of terror brought her husband to the scene, whose astonishment may be imagined. She fell into his arms with a hysteric burst of sobs, and explanations ensued.

The party returned home in a hack, and somebody's head was on somebody's bosom all the way. Since that time all that Smith has to do to avert a scolding is to insinuate that he will "meet Gertrude."

THE WIDOW CABOCHARD.—It is well known that at the Pere la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription, which closes thus:

"His inconsolable widow
dedicates this monument to his memory,
and continues the same business at the
old stand, 157 Rue Monfletard."

Now a parisian paper relates that a short time ago a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see the Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushured into the presence of a fashionably dressed and full headed man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the widow of Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, *I* am the widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at Pere la Chaise."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder.—"Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and, therefore, never had a wife.—The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

At a country fair in New Jersey, a little boy who was wildly running about bawling loudly, was asked why he wept. The following reply touched all hearts.

"Want my mammy; that's what's the matter. I told the darned thing she'd lose me.

☞ Hold up your hand and you will see what you never did see, never can see, and never will see. That the little finger is not so long as the middle one.

☞ If two matches are lying on the table, and one be taken away, how many will be left?—Ans.—Two; because it takes two to make a match.

☞ What class of women are apt to give tone to society? Ans.—The belles.

☞ Why are the ten commandments like a watch? Ans.—Because they are the mainsprings of all good actions.

A Sacrifice.

An English East Indiaman had run upon a reef or bar, of sand a long way from the shore. The loaming roaring seas were leaping upon the deck, and stamping it to pieces. They had crushed the boats like so many egg shells, and the frantic passengers were shrieking in the tempest for help. The dutch settlers saw the sight and heard the cry, and rushed down to the beach, apparently to do nothing but to see the waters swallow up the men and women clinging to the rigging of the broken vessel, for they had no boat to push out into the surge, and none was within an hour's reach. The wreck would go to pieces before a raft could be made or anything floated from the shore. Human help there was none at first sight, but at the sharpest crisis of the agony a Dutch farmer galloped down to the sea on an Arabian mare, that was like another life to him; that had carried him through all the hazzards of the wide world and its wilder beasts, and seemed to share her master's intelligence and divine as well as obey his will. She swam rivers and waded morasses with him on her pack and now he spurred her through the crowd, and without a moment's pause plunged into the sea with a rope attached to her tail. The brave creature shrank not an instant from the fierce wrestle with the baying waves she struck them down with her iron hoofs, and breasted her way to the ship's side. It was but a few minutes stay, and she was making her way for the shore again trailing a row of men and women clinging to the rope. The shout of the crowds awaiting to receive them seemed to thrill her strained muscles with a new vigor; and when her feet struck the earth and she mounted on the beach, and shook the salt water from her sides she looked round upon the half drowned being dragged to land and life. And it seemed given to her of the God of us all to show that she had done a good act. Her master patted her on the neck as when they had faced the lions together in the desert; he patted her with eyes turned towards the ship. It was but a minute's pause. "Once more my Jenney, darling; once more," and she turned her head and plunged again, without touch of spur into the sea. Once more she plunged the surge, snorting over its briny crest. Once more she wheeled at the ship's side and headed for the shore, trailing another row of men behind her. Many times her head dipped above her nostrils in a breaking wave; many times she neighed for help, and she struck out heavily with the long load dragging her down. She neared the land but more slowly than before, and staggered up the ascent with trembling limbs. The second long and desperate tug through the surge had strained every nerve and muscle to its utmost tension, and she stood quivering, blown, and exhausted.

There were several more human beings left behind on the crashing broken hull; the darkness was closing in upon them, and certain death with the darkness. The brave hearted Dutchman heard that bitter cry, and saw that harrowing sight. Could do he more? Could he try it again? "Jenny my darling! Jenny can you do it?" and he put his arm around her need fondly and tenderly. She rubbed her head against his cheek, as if she said 'Master, if you will it, I'll try He mounted her back, and, without sense of spur or rein, she turned and walked straight into the foaming sea. Slowly, painfully, with weakening strokes, she made her way to the ship, and once more headed for the shore with the last passenger clinging to the rope. With hands and voices uplifted stood the crowed on the beach. "O, God of mercy and might give the poor creature strength for this once." Her head is lost for a moment.

"It is the wave between. There! she rises! see her mane on this white cap. O Heaven! be merciful! Do you see her now? No, but I see good Diedrich's hand above the water, reaching towards us. Now it is gone. O, poor good man! he has gone with his noble horse and all the men he tried to save. Noble Diedrich! God bless his widow and fatherless children! Dear, good man! he was thinking more of other men's widows and fatherless children than his own when he made his last ride into the sea."

That was the act of a Dutch boor on the coast of Africa—of a man belonging to a class which many writers of history and romance overlook in seeking for greater deeds of heroism and chivalry, and for lofty sentuments of philanthropy of patriotism. If ever some one of the class fitted for the task should undertake to write the history of common working men and women of the world, deeds and dispositions of the same order and merit might be found to fill a hundred volumes.

A Terrible Famine.

The famine in Algeria is not abating. Fully one hundred thousand victims of starvation have died within the last six months. It is not uncommon for six, eight or a dozen dead bodies to be found in a field together.

The intelligence from this unfortunate country is truly shocking. Such a fearful mortality in a region, too, in close proximity to the Mediterrean, whose northern and eastern shores are one of the wheat gardens of the world, is a calamity that staggers our ability to comprehend. In a land of general prosperity and surrounded by all the essential comforts of life we are hard ly able to realize the horrors that must prevade that fatal land of death. One hundred thousand men, women and children starved to death in six months! The record is awful! Whole families swept away! Parents witnessing the agonizing struggle of their precious children in their last conflict with death and not able to give them a crumb of bread to save them from dissolution. Children, with the liniaments of death upon their features, appealing in vain to their parents for bread to appease the terrible ravings of hunger. Mothers, powerless to answer the dying appeals of the starving little ones. All yielding to the curse that they cannot escape. How should such a lesson content us with our condition and render us full or thanksgiving for the blessing we enjoy!

ENGAGING MANNERS.—It is the duty of all young and old, rich and poor, to dress as tidily and as becomingly as their tastes and circumstances will permit, and in every situation, and in all companies, to exhibit the deportment characterized by kindness, courtesy and consideration. A nameless one has written:

"There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without the risk of being deemed affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, the inquiring glance the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all there is a certain sottness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty, and inestimable enhances the latter, if it does exist.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"Aw! how duth you like my mustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl "Oh, very much. It looks like the fur on the back of a caterpillar."

[*From the New Jersey Courier*]

The Evils which arise from Making and Vending Intoxicating Drinks.

Within the bounds of the United States there are more than three hundred thousand inebriates! Between thirty and forty thousand die annually in our country, by diseases produced by the use of intoxicating beverages. The cost of these beverages cannot be less than fifty millions of dollars annually in gold currency. The labor which is lost in the United States in consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks, would have been worth, had it been performed, at least sixteen millions of dollars in gold currency. The cost of crime in our country, is more than nine million of dollars in the same currency. Not less than seven millions of this is chargable to the use of inebriating drinks. At least nine-tenths of the pauperism in our land, is to be ascribed to the use of intoxicating beverages. The cost of this nine-tenths of the pauperism must be more than five millions of dollars in golden currency. Many ship-wrecks are to be attributed to the use of inebriating drinks. The annual loss to our country, which arises from the use of intoxicating beverages, cannot be less than a hundred millions of dollars in gold currency. Are these things so? undoubtedly they are. Then it must necessarily follow making and the vending of inebriating drinks is a business which is realy unjust towards the community at large. This all must admit, who are willing to see things as they are. Can it be right for any one to derive a living from that which spreads *disease and premature death* in every direction where it makes its appearance? Can it be right for any one to traffic in that which debases and ruins those who after forming an appetite for it, are disposed to use it freely? Can it be right for any one to derive a living from the sale of that which destroys the happiness of the domestic circle? Can it be right for any one to traffic in that which is the cause of much the greater portion of the pauperism of our land? Can it be right to derive a living from the sale of that, the use of which is the cause of far greater part of crimes which are perpetrated within the limits of a country as vast in extent as ours?

The making and vending of intoxicating drinks (disguise the business as you will) is fraught with nothing but evil. Both those who are engaged in this traffic and those who use such pernicious beverages by supplying tens of thousands of moderate drinkers with them, are ever engaged in making a vast number of inebriates.

But, say these makers and venders, we cannot abandon, this our business; were we to do so, our families would come to want. What, is the government of God such, that some cannot support their families under it, without engaging in a business which will ruin their fellow men? Now to give such a representation is nothing less than a libel on the character of the Supreme Being. The truth is to manufacture and sell intoxicating drinks is also unnecessary. As this business is injurious in a high degree, it of course is immoral. The man who supposes his family by making and passing counterfeit money, is doing nothing like the amount of injury which is done by the liquor vender. He who receives a ten dollar counterfeit bill is injured in no way further than the loss he sustains to that amount. Not so with him who receives for his money intoxicating drinks. In that case the vender placed in the hands of the buyer that which as a beverage is not only worthless, but highly injurious and that too in various ways. Hence it appears that he renders himself by the business in which he is engaged, a greater nuisance to society than the counterfeiter. They who have any hand in securing for him a license, partake of his guilt. Look at it, what is the vender licensed to do?

"Licensed—to make a strong man weak.
Licensed—to lay the wise man low:
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

"Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife,
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm.
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

"Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain.
And rob him of his last,
Licensed—to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown thy work at last.

"Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want and woe.
Licensed—to make this world a hell,
And fit men for a hell below."

A JAPANESE PARTY AT BREAKFAST.—The food of the Japanese consists of a great variety o vegetables—seaweeds not excepted—of game, poultry and fish, which last is the standing dish of every Japanese table. Flesh meat, except venison, is very seldom eaten by them. Rice is used instead of bread, and tea is taken at every meal. Fruits and sweet-meats are also much used. The food is cut up into small pieces, and then served up in basins of porcelain, or japanned wood, on a small wooden salver, a part to each. They use chopsticks, like the Chinese. Soup they generally drink directly out of the bowl, though occasionally a porcelain spoon is used. The place of honor among them is the left hand, because the swords are worn on that side.

The Japanese are noted for their hospitality. Not content with inviting guests to a grand dinner, they expect them to bring servants with them, that they may carry off with them what they are unable to eat at the table. They astonished Commodore Perry and his officers by taking away all that was left of the feast which he gave them on board his flag ship, and by sending on board all that was left of the feast which they gave to him and his officers on shore.

The Trustees of the Doughlas Monument Association have decided to remove the remains of Senator Doughlas to the sarcophagus, under the monument, on the 3d day of June next, the anniversary of his death. The public will be invited to participate in the ceremonies.

Margaret Chambers McKnight, of Philadelphia, recently deceased, bequeathed to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $500; Philadelphia Education Society, $500; Union School and Children's Home, American Tract Society, Philadelphia, $500. The remainder of her estate, after paying certain private bequests, is to go to the Union Benevolent Association.

The wheat crop of California for the present year is estimated at 20,000,000 bushels; barely, 10,000,000; oats, 2,50,000. Fears are felt there that there will not be sufficient tonage for exports.

☞ If a woman change her sex, what religion would she be? Ans.—A he-then.

"Patrick, do you know the fate of the drunkard?" "Fate! Don't I stand on the most beautiful pair you have ever seen?"