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. XLIII. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860. No. 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE or THREE TIMES 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.

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THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY E. A. T.

I have been to the woods, I have trod the green dell,
And the Spirit of Beauty was there;
I saw her fair form in the snow drop's white bell,
I heard her sweet voice in the air!
She danced in the aspen, she sighed in the gale,
She wept in the shower, she blushed in the vale;
Her mantle was thrown o'er the misty brake,
Her splendor shone on the sparkling lake.
I felt her breath in the breeze of even,
Her robe floated over the blue of heaven,
Wherever I roved, over vale, wood, or hill,
The Spirit of Beauty would follow me still.
Not an elm its graceful foliage wreathed,
Not a wild brier rose its fragrance breathed,
Not a violet opened its eyes of blue,
Not a plant or flower in the valley grew,
Not an ivy caressing the rock, or the wall,
But the Spirit of Beauty was over them all!

Sunday Reading.

The Poverty of Christ—An Example.

He might have made his home in a house of royal magnificence, or he might have sat upon a monarch's throne and made his pavillions of purple and scarlet and gold; and he might have gathered wealth to leave his friends on his departure, that all the precious metals of California and Australia could not equal.

All this he might have been or done and in regard to the moral qualities of these things, it would have been no more *wrong* or *unjust* in him than in any of his followers—if it is proper for any christian to amass wealth it would have been proper for the Savior to have done so.

It cannot be proved nor is it necessary to prove that Christ intended *all* his followers to be as destitute as himself in worldly goods, yet, the standing fact that he was the poorest among men has its perpetual significance, which the world and the church too are very prone to overlook.

Men seem universally to be harrassed with a bitter dread of being left destitute in their old age, or that they or their children will be naked or will starve, or will be compelled to *work* before old age *arrives*.—Much more do men dread this than that they shall grow penurious and mean and dishonest; or that their children will be profane and gamblers and drunkards and counterfeiters, to lie down on a dying bed with the sure expectation of making their bed in hell.

And the fact of the great voluntary poverty of the Savior was undoubtedly intended to have its weight in throwing a restraint over the inclination to amass riches. That was an inclination that needed no stimulus, it was too strong already.

In the Savior, to be poor was a thing of choice—and this should have its lesson with men—the poverty of Christ ought to have its influence with his disciples: it ought to go so far as to make them *willing* to live without riches if such appears to be the will of the Most High.

And if a christian really *desires* to imitate the Savior in all things, he will *prefer* not to be the possessor of great wealth.

The *more* of this world's wealth he possesses, the further will he be removed from the Redeemer in this respect; and to have a strong *ruling* desire to accumulate riches is mostly a satisfactory proof that the possessor of this desire is in no sense a follower of Him who possessed *all* things and yet had *nothing*.

No created mind can rightly estimate the legacy which God has given to the world in an *impoverished* Savior, one who, in all the world, had not where to lay his head!

He might have come into the world the inheritor of vast riches and unequaled splendor, but this would not have been the example and the influence that men needed. Men were already, and by nature too much disposed to worship Mammon and to search in his temple and service for supreme happiness.

What the world needed was an example of the very highest excellence, united with a complete absence of all forms of worldly riches—and this the world has had in the person of Jesus Christ.

Here was the greatest and the best and the wisest being that ever walked among men, and of all men there was, perhaps, not one that possessed, of the world's fortuitous and external comforts a *smaller* share than he.

What an example for men to heed!

All the virtue that ever dwelt in the hearts of the most excellent of the earth, all the power and intellect that ever ruled or terrified the world, would have melted before the purity and excellence which shone there and would have disappeared before one word, dropt from those immaculate lips.

By his poverty, Christ desired to teach men one grand lesson, and one that they are long in acquiring; or, rather, are not disposed to learn at all. His aim was to teach men the value of the *soul*, the immortal part, and its rightful dignity, and preeminence over the body.

His aim was to tell men that the soul was *sick* and that its sickness could not be reached by any medicine from without. He would *teach* the world that a man was not to be valued according to the number of his *acres*, or *dollars*; not according to the softness of *his hands*, or the size and location of his dwelling house, or the cut and the quality of his coat; after the manner of many men who pretend to be *religious* and are so in a certain way—not after this standard would Christ by the sublime lesson of his poverty, teach men to value each other and human life; but according to the condition of moral attitude of a deathless thing within, that was capable of loving and praising God, or lying down to suffer where "their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

It would be well for men and for the church, if they could think for what purpose it is they so eagerly hoard up farms and money—that they are not unfrequently doing it for sons and daughters, or younger brothers or relatives, or for wives' second husbands to waste in taverns and brothels, whilst they who are busy in gathering for this waste by their total neglect of everything higher, are sealing a sure bargain with the Devil for a future, everlasting habitation.

Things often go by wrong names in this world. And very often what is called industery and economy, is a misapplied term for that *covetousness* which is greedy of our neighbor's last acre and last cow.

This disposition to estimate all human excellence by the farm-and-dollar standard, walks boldly into the church, and so long as it remains there, none but a madman can think of a revival of pure religion in the church, it erects a fence or a breastwork around the church, through which the Spirit of God will not or cannot pass.

It is true that a revival of the steam-engine species may break through such an enclosure as this; but those that are coverted by this instrumentality usually celebrate the anniversary of their conversion in a bar-room or a dance-house.

In whatsoever community and especially church, this disposition prevails, or perhaps I may say, this lust of measuring excellence by the breath of the farm, the quality of the broad cloth and the speed and sleekness of the horses, *there* the advocates of morality, intelligence, virtue and religion will have an up hill time of it; whilst dealers in counterfeit money, gamblers, tavern keepers and profane swearers, with all the plague, gangrene, small pox of human society have a fine time of it, and all their own way.

God has given the world inestimable legacies in *health*, and cold *water*, and green *pastures* and *sunshine*, but none greater than in the poverty of the glorious man of Nazareth; in which he tells that there are nobler acquisitions than those of earthly riches, and that the *divine* standard of judgement is not the number of the acres.

The world might part with its Newtons, Homers, Miltons and Washingtons, rather than this single example of self-denying poverty; a poverty manifested in the Redeemer of the world. In a world where the disposition to gather wealth overtops all others, and where the love of money is the root of all manner of evil, and is the god which is worshipped by the multitude and feared by the church, it was well to have an example of one uniting the greatest intellect and the greatest purity, with that poverty which the rich despise and the poor consider the most galling evil.—It is a matter of unceasing thankfulness that we have the example of one on whose life not one stain is visible; who never formed one purpose, or gave one thought to the accumulation of property, and who being in the world, lived so far above it—rather than be without this example, the world might lose the example of all philosophers, orators and statesmen.

Lastly, the poverty of the Savior comprehends *more* than a mere destitution of wealth or property. It may signify all the hard circumstances of his lowly and dispised condition whilst performing his mighty and unequaled work of love.

The whole catalogue of the hardships and privations of the Redeemer is to be numbered along with his poverty. His poverty includes all the sufferings and the whole series of sorrows by which they who believe on him are made rich in the treasures of eternal life.—*Cecil Whig.*

The Follies of a Night.

Not a thousand miles from here lives one James P——, or, as he is familiarly known among his host of friends, Jim.—Now the aforesaid Jim is an eccentric, in every sense of the word, yet moreover generous, noble-hearted, and possessed of more genuine courage than usually falls to the lot of man. The following is, as nearly as we can give it, a relation of a night's adventure:

One morning we met him in the street, looking rather melancholy, when he said:

"Yesterday I felt a little bad, and, mark you, I went and took a small drink; and that not improving my feelings, I took another and another, don't you observe, and finally I got a little tight. In the evening, I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks, when I got there, don't you observe; yet, strange to say, the more I drank the tighter I got, until, mark you, I was totally unconscious when I went to bed. During the night I woke up, don't you observe; and I could not imagine where the mischief I was, mark you. The room was dark as Egypt. I heard a clock strike two in some part of the house, mark you; I became very anxious to learn my whereabouts; don't you observe, and for that purpose arose from my bed, mark you, and after stumbling over about a dozen chairs, don't you observe, I came to a table. Now, mark you. I reflected that the generality of apartments are a perfect or an oblong square, don't you observe, and, moreover, that the generality of tables are square, and I deduced from this, mark you, that, by feeling along the table until I came to a corner, I could get off at right angles and reach a corner of the room, and by that guide by the wall to a door or window, don't you observe. Following out this idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence, I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a blamed long table, that I could not get to a corner, don't you observe; yet I persevered, and finally day broke, and when sufficient light penetrated the apartment, I saw, mark you, that I had been following a blamed round table all night, looking for a corner, don't you observe."

"I say, landlord that's a very dirty towel for a man to wipe on!"

Landlord, with a look of amazement replied: "Well, I swear, you're mighty particular. *Sixty or Seventy* of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."

When a wicked man's purse grows light his heart grows heavy. When he has something without to afflict him he has nothing within to support him.

Letter from Prof. J. N. McDowell to Henry Ward Beecher.

St. Louis, Dec. 8th, 1859.

To the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Sir—This is the morning of the anniversary of the "crossing of the Delaware" by George Washington, and the battle of Trenton. The Governor of Missouri has appointed to-day a day of thanksgiving in memory of the achievements of the "Father of his Country." And I keep it with a two-fold feeling of filial duty for George Washington and my own father, who was with him on that night and the two succeeding days. I do most heartily thank God, my Father in Heaven, for their deliverance in that most perilous adventure. I thank Him that He parted the ice as He did the Red Sea, to safely land on that stormy night that small but heroic band to battle with the enemies of liberty, and made them successful against five times their number. I thank Him for the freedom and prosperity of our common country, both North and South; and I thank Him for the preservation of our Union beneath the hollow of His hand. But above all things have I thanked Him that He has not made me such a man as Henry Ward Beecher, with a heart full of such black ingratitude for the achievement of human liberty by that heroic band. I thank Him that not one drop of blood flows in my veins, or the veins of my family for disunion; and there still lives the same love of liberty in my humble bosom that impelled them to battle and to cross the Delaware, and would impel me to cross the Mississippi to battle with the foes of this Union—the only hope for civil and religious liberty for the human race. Sir, let me reason with you, and carefully read what I write you, that you may "see yourself as others see you."—You profess to be a Christian, yet in no wise do you follow in the footsteps of your Master, or are actuated by the divine spirit of His religion. His was of peace, yours of the sword. His was forbearance, yours assault, even unto death, upon your friends and your country. He purchased no weapon even, to be turned upon His enemies; while yours is the religion of the bowie knife and the rifle. His was mercy, yours is murder. You would turn the brutal negro upon the unsuspecting white man and the defenceless white woman, and see them gloat on murder and rapine. He would gather little children to his bosom, while you would consign innocent white girls of your own race to the brutal embrace of the African. I, therefore cannot address you as a minister of the Christian religion, or a follower of Jesus; but as a heartless, unfeeling, uncompromising knave, too wise to act without a deadly purpose, too little religion to be a bigot or a fanatic, but possessing the power to make fools and fanatics of others. In your church "but recently you have raised money to excite insurrection in my native county, and when the damning deed is done, say with hypocritical cant, "I did not do it; that no force should be used except moral suasion." You send men to apply the torch to your neighbor's dwelling, and excite black men to murder white men, then say you only wish to liberate the *slave*. Such conduct no reason can justify, no honest Christian can approve. Jesus Christ lived in a province of the Roman Empire and never excited feelings of anger in man against his fellow man and never plotted treason against the Government under which he lived, but said, "render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's, servants be obedient unto your masters," and that, too, when there were sixty-three millions of white slaves in the Empire.

If, sir, your excuse for such conduct is, that you wish to confer a boon upon the human race, why prefer the black and inferior race to the white—why spare the one and butcher the other? Why in blood instead of peace and mercy? Or, if your philanthropy must be exercised, why not begin with your "moral suasion," your Bowie knives, Sharpe's rifles, and bloodshed in Africa, the parent country, where the field is wider and the harvest ripe?—But, sir, turn in at home and look upon yourself, cleanse first the Lazar house of your great Eastern cities before you begin the work of reform in Kentucky and Virginia; and when your work is finished at home if not partial to color, we would invite your philanthropic efforts to Asia, where there are 400,000,000 more degraded than the African of your own country. Why excite men to fanatical deeds which must destroy both their country and themselves? Why press the Southern States to disunion, when destruction will fall alike on both North and South? If this Union is dissolved we must of necessity be engulfed in the maelstrom of European politics and European wars, and go down forever as a nation or a republic.

The South can in six weeks make an alliance with either England or France, commercial or political, offensive and defensive, and in either case it will be utter ruin to New England and the manufacturing States. If with England your tariff system which has ever been oppressive to the South, will be broken as a rope of sand and scattered to the winds, and you come at once in collison with your ancient competitor without protection, and your manufactories must be destroyed. And far worse would it be for you, for us, and the whole civilized world, if that alliance should be made with France; for then the cotton, the sugar, and all the products of the Southern States would be landed at Havre and purchased at a much higher rate, and Old England and New England would see the handwriting on the wall.

Think you, that most sagacious and wily monarch of the French would not see the way open to crush the commerce and manufactories of England, and make her feel that she is dependent upon her ancient enemy; possibly feel the tread of the iron wheel of war. This opportunity offered to Louis Napoleon, and we should see 300,000 Frenchmen quartered at New Orleans and at the Chesapeake, and the South would command the Mississippi Valley and whip Ohio, Indiana and Illinois into her Southern confedracy. At the mouth of the Ohio would be a toll gate for the entire products of this wide and fertile country, while our railroad bridges would be burned and the tracks of every quarter snapped like a spiders web by the hurricane of civil war. And while the strife between England and France is impending for the mastery of both sea and land, the armed millions of Europe would look on with breathless anxiety, while our once happy land, and peaceful land, but for the Abolitionist and the negro, would be the scene of civil war, the most deadly of all wars—knife to knife, face to face, steel to steel, brother against brother, father against son, mother against child, and this fair land would bleed at every pore. Better far, that the whole African race should be annihilated, and all the silly white race destroyed, and our Union and our liberties perpetuated.

If the course that has been so wickedly and wilfully pursued by the fanatics of the North is continued, the result will be as I have portrayed it, and your wailing for your fallen country will come too late.—Palefaced poverty and dismay will stare you in the face at every corner. Your manufactories will cease and your starving thousands will fly to a more productive and less fanatical land for bread. But should the South be unable to make an alliance with either England or France, think you she will tamely submit to Northern insult and domination? No, never. She will command the commerce of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, and should the North, after years of bloodshed, be successful in the contest, it will cost the North more than the price of all the negroes twice told to possess the land and the life of every white man that has a soul. The South for a thousand miles holds the outlets of the Father of Waters, and will dye them and its swamps with the blood of thousands, both sons of the soil and its enemies. While there is a lucifer match to burn your bridges, or a stone or log to obstruct your commerce, the vengeance of the foe at midnight will be upon you. In turn you can do as much to desolate and destroy: but you cannot dam up the Mississippi nor dip it dry. Swamp foxes will be upon you at every bayou, and even the alligators will be your enemies.

Pause, then, sir, and lift the veil of the future, which is just before you, and stay the fanatical hand now lifted to strike. If you do not, like Macbeth, your own sleep will be murdered and the sleep of thousands. You shall never wash the stain of the blood of your relatives from your own hands, the hands of your wife or the hands of your sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe.—Call around you Senator Seward, Wendell Phillips, Joshua Giddings and Fred Douglas, and visit your first victim in a lunatic asylum, Gerrit Smith, of N. Y. Call a prayer meeting and pray Old Brown and his confederates out of purgatory, perhaps from hell, where all of you should have gone before. Ask God to forgive you for your wickedness, wash your filthy garments go thy way and sin no more, sin no longer against your conscience and your country's constitution. No longer lie against nature and common sense, and make negroes your equals, while you will not give your sons in marriage and negro husbands for your daughters.

Your knowledge of national history can but convince you of the truthfulness of the best authorities, that there is no identity of origin, no equality in mental or physical organization, and that the negro has been what he is for four thousand years, and will be the same for four thousand years to come. The white man has scarcely proved the problem of self-government—the negro never has and never can.

If your honor is engaged, and your conscience smites you, and you find that the records of your country implicate both Old and New England in the introduction of this unhallowed traffic, who stole them from Africa and sold them into bondage in the South; and you wish to pay the purchase money back, with the interest of the debt, and do not wish to steal and sell them again, we would ask, where is the money to pay for them? Where the seven hundred millions to buy them? Where the three hundred millions to transport them? Where the money to sustain them as a free people? Pay first the interest upon your railroad debt of eight hundred millions before you borrow more to buy negroes.

One of these two propositions must be pursued; either to exterminate the white man and give the soil to the negro, or purchase and transport the negro, either of which is wholly impracticable. But while you teach them to murder the white man, and violate the white woman, you will never teach them the religion of Jesus Christ, with all your babbling preachers. The boast of the people of the North that they can overrun the South is a bravado. In every mountain pass they will meet a Jackson, a Taylor, a Leonidas, and a Marion in every swamp. The "Swamp Fox" of the Pedee and Santee of Carolina was never conquered, but defeated the armies of the then most powerful nation on the globe. They will say to you, come: thrust in your Northern sickle, and your harvest shall be death; you shall meet foemen worthy of your steel, to the last of their blood and their breath.

My dear sir, you mistake the position of the North and yourself—neither your moral suasion nor your Sharpe's rifle can subdue or terrify the people of the South—you look through a medium that magnifies yourselves, while it diminishes others. Allow me to draw a picture. The great mass of mankind who appear upon the stage of human life, seem to be born out to eat, to drink, to propagate their species, and to die. Both lord and vassal, nobleman and peasant, king and subject, though widely separated in life, sleep upon the same pallet of death. After the surprise of youth and inexperience is over, they loiter on earth or burst like bubbles on the sea of matter, or flirt like butterflies from sweet to sweet, from flower to flower, then disappear forever. If born to position or occupy office they are viewed in their elevation, because of their wickedness and crime, and are as odious as they are conspicious. But some claim a diviner right made under a higher law sent as Rabbi teachers from God to dictate the will of heaven, who abide neither the laws of men nor the constitution of their country, whose puritanical cant and hypocrisy made them odious to every sensible and honest mind.

They may be ministers indeed, but not ministers of the religion of Christ, but of divine vengeance, who sometimes destroy not only themselves, but the people to whom they preach. To this latter class, Mr. Beecher, allow me to say, I think you belong. Your slender virtues are so mixed up with arrogance, impudence and crime, that the most acute analysis could not discover one grain of honesty in the composition; and if God's grace can save the sinner, the selfish hypocrite, the winged messenger of Mercy could never light on so mean a thing as you. Again, we have men who seem to be created for a higher purpose—sent on important business, sent to desolate and destroy, or to create, to build up and sustain; men not living for themselves, as you do, but for the whole human race, whose lives are the ornaments which adorn the age in which they live. If they appear either in public or private life the places they occupy are radiant with the glory of their acts; men who are stars and suns in the pathway of life, to cheer, to guide and to save. Not a few have adorned your profession sir; some have adorned mine. But the most marked and distinguished men of the past age were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, most of whom were born in that State which you would desolate, and under institutions which you profess to despise. Such men are the holy fathers of the church to which I belong, and if sent to hell for the enormous sin of slavery allow me the privilege of choice to go with them rather than to the heaven of the canting hypocrites, whose every act is to anathematize all but his own dogmas, and propagate error and falsehood in every step he takes in life. Such men, under the garb of religion, in every age of the world and under every form of faith, have despoiled the fairest hopes of the human race. Such men as claim to be guided by a "higher law" than the Constitution of this country, would dash to pieces the fair fabric of our country's liberty; and lay their unhallowed, polluted hands even on the stones of the very temple of liberty ere they had grown cold from the hands of Washington and Jefferson.

Such men as you, sir, would see the waves of human passion in a storm sweep over the ruins of the lighthouse of the world reared upon time's thousand miles of coast by the toil of millions of the just, the virtuous, and the wise, at whose base lie the brains and skulls of the fanatical gulls that have dashed against it. And, sir, if such men go to heaven, they should carry with them every creeping thing. Such men would plot treason against virtue, and sacrifice even female honor upon the altar of their hellish designs. I do not covet such a heaven—have no desire to walk the streets of your New Jerusalem, where I am to be saluted by the whistle of the rattlesnake and the hiss of the viper, and breath the atmosphere poisoned by the breath of the toad and the copperhead.

This may be heaven for hypocrites and fanatics, but not for me. Many years have passed since I knew you, sir, an impudent boy, and having added wickedness to impudence, you have become a more conspicuous man, while my obscurity will scarcely bring me to mind. I have wielded the knife in surgery for a profession, and whether I have won laurels or not, my history and my profession must show. But, sir, this much will I say to you, that when my country is destroyed by heartless fanatics, excited to deeds of bloodshed, the knife which has never been turned on the human family but in kindness and mercy shall be keenly whet in justice and in vengeance. My last surgical operation shall be performed on such destroying monsters, to cut from their hearts the rooted cancer, and rid the world of such canting hypocrites. I am, sir; a Huguenot Protestant of the Marion stock, the Le Grand family of France, my immediate ancestors, by my mother.—My father descended from a race of Scots that have never been conquered, of the Campbell clan, *and Rob Roy was my cousin.* I have never bought, or sold, or stolen, or owned a negro, I am a Kentuckian, born among slaves, and no Judas shall sell my country for silver, but he shall receive steel instead. I am a friend of the Union, and an enemy of all such disturbers of my country's peace, and, therefore, I am your enemy.

Jos. N. McDowell, M. D.,
Professor of Surgery
in the Medical College of Mo.

TALENTS NO PROTECTION.—Were it so, Bacon would never have taken a bride, nor would Dobb have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale, and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of Heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed high talents unless early cultivated as that of Moses and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley and Robert Hall, is the most restive under ordinary moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Deliah, trusting in the lock of its strength. And, alas! like Sampson, how often it is found blind and grinding in the prison house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations.—*Dr. Murry.*

Benjamin and Fernando Wood are said to be partners of Col. Fremont in his California mines, which are yielding $1.000 a day.

Agricultural.

GAPES IN POULTRY.—There is more difficulty in giving the origin of this disorder than there is in describing it. It is caused by the presence of very small red worms in the windpipe, at the extremity of it. They are active, wiry little creatures, and it is in the vain hope of getting rid of them and the tickling they cause, that the fowl gapes. There is little doubt in the minds of many people who are able to form a correct judgement, that the disease is contracted from bad water. There are two reasons for this opinion—first, that it never exists where fowls drink from running streams; next, that it is asserted from microscopic observation, that the worm is identical with that which is found at the bottom of tubs and other wooden vessels where water remains stagnant. The treatment by a doubled horse hair is correct; but a better plan is to strip a tail feather within an inch of the end, and to dip it in turpentine, then to introduce it into the windpipe, and twist it sharply round several times. The worms will be found entangled in the feather. The advantage of the turpentine is, that it kills those the feather does not remove. This remedy only fails when the feather is put down the gullet instead of the windpipe. As the gapes speedily depress and waste chickens, it is always well, after they have been subjected to the operation of removing the worms, to give them a stimulant for a day or two, and nothing is so effectual or so easy as stale bread soaked in strong beer; under the influence of it they cough up the dead worms. The preventive is, clean, cool spring water in zinc, iron or earthenware vessels, but not wooden, and the water with which they are supplied should be fresh from a spring or well, but not from ponds or from vessels filled by rain falling from roofs of houses. We write from experience; we lost many chickens where a man persisted in using rain-water, and none where it was drawn from a deep well. —*Corres. London Gardener's Chronicle.*

VALUE OF THE EARTH-WORM.—The new edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica speaking of the earth-worm, remarks: Though apt to be despised and trodden on, it is really a useful creature in its way.—Mr. Knapp describes it as the natural manurer of the soil, consuming on the surface the softer parts of decayed vegetable matters, and conveying downwards the more woody fibres, which there moulder and fertilize. They perforate the earth in all directions, thus rendering it permeable by air and water, both indispensable to vegetable life. According to Mr. Darwin's mode of expression, they give a kind of under-tillage to the land, performing the same below ground that the spade does above for the garden, and the plough for arable soil. It is, in consequence, chiefly by the natural operations of worms that fields, which have been overspread with lime, burnt marl, or cinders, become in process of time covered by a finely divided soil, fitted for the support of vegetation. This result, though usually attributed by farmers to the "working down" of these materials, is really due to the action of earth-worms, as may be seen in the innumerable *casts* of which the initial soil consists. These are obviously produced by the digestive proceedings of the worms, which take into their intestinal canal a large quantity of the soil in which they feed and burrow, and then reject it in the form of these so-called casts. "In this manner," says Mr. Darwin, "a field manured with marl, has been covered, in the course of eighty years, with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness."

PROFIT OF A GARDEN.—To show how much can be grown on a small spot of ground, we copy the following from a statement of Dr. Ostrander of Illinois:

"I was about to inform your readers the amount of luxuries that every farmer may enjoy from one-eighth of an acre. First, then, in 1857, I raised a few dwarf pears, three bushels of currents, three bushels of gooseberries, one hundred quarts of raspberries, ten quarts of Lawton blackberries, two hundred and forty quarts of strawberries, forty cabbages, two bushels of onions, one bushel vegetable oysters, two bushels Catawba grapes, four bushels husk tomatoes, one bushel pickels, one bushel of beets, and more pie-plants than I could use, besides radishes, melons, squashes and flowers.—Cost of production, $5. This year except ten times the amount of fruit of last. Now, farmers, take some of the time spent on corn, and some of the money wasted on doctors and provide a garden. Keep healthy, and live happy, and eat the fruits of the land."

CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.—We clip the following from the Boston Journal:—"A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather, cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This feeds off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheep skins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us is better than anything else."

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—A. G. Webster, of Union Mills, Ind., states that after having tried a number of remedies to no effect, and having lost several sheep, he has since cured those of his flock who have been affected with this disease, by giving them red pepper tea. Take two or three pods, put them with water and steep, and when cool, give two doses a day, if the first does not afford relief.—*Cavalry Gentleman*

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