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., May 7, 1864. No. 21.

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

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

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

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not 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 dysentery. 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 29th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kinly, procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St. JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.)
Proprietors.

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

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

Selected for the Easton Gazette.

"Kiss my Mother, Dear, for me."

BY O. T. W.

As the wife of one of our brave Generals was passing along the rear, during the battle of Gettysburg, she saw a young soldier, whom she had known from childhood, wounded unto death; and while tears fell from her eyes upon his face, she asked if there was anything she could do for him. His answer was, "I am dying, but one request I have to make: it is that when you return to our native village, you will see my friends, and while you breath to them my dying blessing, O, kiss my mother dear for me."

O! kiss my mother dear for me,
Gently kiss her furrowed brow;
Dry the tears that fast are falling,
For her boy who's dying now,
Never more shall I caress her,
Her sweet smile I'll ne'er more see,
Life I've given for my country,
Kiss my mother dear for me,
CHORUS—Soon I'll sleep in death's cold chamber,
Soon in Heaven at rest I'll be,
Soon I'll sleep in death's cold chamber,
Soon in Heaven at rest I'll be,
For the stars and stripes I've fallen;
Kiss mother, kiss my mother, dear, for me,
For the stars and stripes I've fallen,
Kiss mother, kiss my mother, dear, for me.

If mother dear were near me,
'Twould not seem so hard to die,
Hard to leave loved friends and comrades;
In a soldier's grave to lie.
Yes kind friend I know I'm dying,
But one boon I'll crave from thee;
When sweet flowers are o'er me blooming,
Kiss my mother dear for me.
CHORUS.

Death's chill is now upon me,
Fainter sounds the Battle din,
And bright angels, wait to bear me,
To the world, that's free from sin.
Once I thought to fight for honor,
But a crown of bliss 'twill be;
I am going! when you see her,
Kiss my mother, dear, for me.
CHORUS.

Oxford, April 25, 1864.

[From the New York Mercury.]

THE PRODIGAL BOY.

BY EZRA OLIVER WENDELL.

One fine autumnal afternoon, as a country-gentleman by the name of Louis Dwight was out for an hour's ride in his vehicle, he came upon a group of urchins sporting in the road, and among them saw his son, a boy of ten, flying his kite. The novel thought struck him of giving his son a ride while still flying his kite, and so by his desire the child took a seat by his side, the horse trotted on, and the kite-string, through the back of the wagon, still held by the pleased youngster, maintained the traveling kite in the air. It was, however, not long before the boy lost his hold of the stick, upon which the kite rapidly descended from its gay attitude, and disappearing behind a piece of woods, fell into a swamp beyond it.

To regain what was so much [illegible] son, if possible, without too much effort, the father drove back, and now saw that one of the group of children had already started in pursuit of the mising toy, and was wending his difficult course through the swamp, from which in due time he made his way back, with a shout of joy, bringing the unharmed kite and its roll of twine, which, on reaching the road, he presented with smiling grace to their owner.

'You are a gallant and unselfish boy,' said Mr. Dwight, giving him a handful of pennies, 'and what is your name?'

'Herbert Archley,' said the youth, blushing at the compliment and lifting his cap in recognition of it; and then, turning to his playmates, he divided among them what he had received by tossing the coins into the air and crying:

'Come boys, here's for a scramble!'

His companions proved themselves not slow to accept the offer, and young Archley, sharing in the scramble with high glee, took his scant portion with the others.

'You are too generous by half,' exclaimed Mr. Dwight, admiring the boy's benevolence quite as much as his good natured service and politeness. 'You must learn to be more careful of your means, when you grow older, at least, or you will find it a thankless and very rude world to live in.'

'Ah, Sir,' said the boy, with a brighter glance even than before, and again doffing his cap, 'father taught me never to be mean, and to be unselfish always makes me feel happy.'

His looks told the truth as eloquently as his words and tone, as he stood there in the road, his fine, open, handsome face rosy with health and beaming with intelligence and joy—a far more beautiful object to contemplate than even the declining sun, whose light displayed his own to such advantage.

'The sun is lengthening your shadow, my boy,' said the gentlemen, reflecting a moment. 'And even so it is with the light of experience, which increases the shade of sorrow the longer it shines. Take my advice, my boy, and hereafter never give all your spare money away.—Be liberal, as your father taught you; but save at least half for yourself. There is no virtue in being prodigal; often it is an error, and prevents both the power to be just and to be generous.'

'I thank you, Sir, for the advice, and I will remember and try to follow it.'

'Good afternoon, my boy.'

'Good-bye, Sir.'

As they rode home, which was not far from that neighborhood, Mr. Dwight learned from his son that Herbert Archley was a poor boy, living with his widowed mother; that he was a forward scholar, and so generally a favorite that presents were often made to him, and these he almost as often distributed among his comrades, between whom he seemed to make but little distinction.

Within a few days Mr. Dwight again met young Archley, and, repeating his injunction to 'save half at least,' gave him a money-box for the purpose. And the boy, smiling, again promised, and applauded by his mother, did as he had been advised; careless and thoughtless of how it accumulated, from month to month, the gentleman, who had been so interested in him, often giving him small sums, like others; though debarred, like others, from rendering his mother assistance, which an honest pride forbade her to accept, and of which health and industry prevented her from being in absolute need.

A year passed, and chancing to be in the company of evil associates, Archley got into trouble with them. They committed some theft, in which he did not share, and of which he was ignorant until he was arrested, like them, and tried as their accomplice. Information of the affair being brought to Mr. Dwight, he felt convinced of the boy's innocence, and after questioning him, undertook to plead his case, which influence, however, only succeeded so far against the false testimony of the really guilty, that Archley was fined for trespass, while others were severely dealt with.

The shame of the accusation seemed to overcome the grieved boy far more than the fear of punishment, however unjust; and he wept more bitterly than the young reprobates who had thought to make him share their punishment as well as their disgrace.

'You need not shed tears, my boy,' said the temporary protector, soothingly, so that all could hear. 'None who know you can think harm of you. The best are often injured by false evidence, beyond their power of defence against law; and in this case, the penalty it prescribes for you I believe you can pay, without depending upon anybody but yourself.'

'My mother is so poor,' sobbed the boy, 'that I don't like her to pay so much, and how can I pay it?'

'What have you done with the box?'

'Oh, I forgot that; but I don't think there can be so much in it, for the little I have saved up in it.'

'Send for it and we will see about that.'

The little box was therefore brought and opened in court, and, much to the boy's surprise, far more was found in it than was demanded to meet the penalty. This discovery cheered young Archley, for he was now relieved from his mortification at dependency by being able to pay his fine with his own money, which he did with some pride; and with his mother, his friend, and his box, he marched out of court amid the cheers of his joyful playmates.

'You see my young friend, that by being provident, without being mean, you have been able to rescue yourself from difficulty,' said Mr. Dwight, on parting with them. 'Bear the lesson in mind, in future as well as you have kept your promise, and you will find it of service throughout your life, long after I am dead, perhaps. There is more than the amount you have paid. I wished to send for the box, only the better to illustrate what virtue there is in providence, and how thoughtless prodigality might have left you without one friend who could serve you.'

The lesson thus learned had a doubly good effect, and the boy was more careful as to the character of his companions ever after.

The manifold changes of a few more years, transforming the boy into a man, involved other great alterations in the condition of his life. His mother slept in the grave; his good friend, Mr. Dwight, had moved away, he knew not whither; and he, in a neighboring town, no less popular as a man than he had been as a boy, had, by dint of intelligent enterprises acquired a thriving business, of which he was the head.

Fortune long seemed to favor the young man, and often the image and counsel of his early good adviser came up before him, and the pleasant remembrance made him yearn to see him.—But, unfortunately, the advice which he remembered he did not follow. His benevolence and confiding nature, his eagerness to oblige, and his impulsive sympathy at every signal of distress, became known to all around him; and, by slow and sure degrees, the unstinted exercise of his uncalculating charity annulled the good results of his honest industry, and carried his affairs gradually in the back-ground, where prodigal generosity often leads and leaves a man, and where debt incurred by helping others brings distrust and ruin upon the deserted bankrupt.

Herbert Archley failed, and found few friends to praise, pity him, or defend his honesty of purpose, and none who were able or dared to help him. To him come now the old experience of [illegible] sustain than heart to prompt generous action; and though fortune did not so utterly forsake as to consign the well meaning debtor to a jail, his freedom to wander seemed no liberty to him, who, as he left the town, a poor and censured man, could not leave its recollections also behind.

The imprisoned thought was itself imprisonment, as, when far away, he brooded, in poverty, over his follies and misfortunes.

'Were not every thoughtful step we take in this world thronged with proofs of our insignificance and ignorance, we might dare attempt to grasp at and arraign the wisdom of the Almighty,' he reflected, as he mourned. 'Yet, in what light I have, it sometimes seems unjust that charity should be the cause of its own punishment, or be permitted at all to suffer. But now, how well I recollect the counsel given me by that good man, in my youth—to be kind, without giving all away, and that one might be provident without being mean. He gave me a fatherly lesson in those happy days, and I was wiser, because more mindful, even then; but grown confident by success, I neglected the advice which would have spared me the trials I now hear; the loss of good repute and the ingratitude of the undeserving, for whom I have injured the worthy; and the tongue of scandal of inability, which is miscalled dishonesty, oppresses me more even than the lack of means, with which, if not thrown away in acts of mistaken benevolence, I would gladly repay all. But yet, to sit down thus and meanly mourn, like Job,—will never lift me up again. There must still be time and opportunities to redeem myself. I am still young and strong, and may yet prove wiser, if I faithfully follow the counsel of him who understood me so well in my boyhood. Henceforth I will do so. I will strive hard again, and the lesson of the little box shall be my guide as I toil.'

Animated by the resolution he had formed, half the load which had oppressed him, vanished. Among strangers he entered anew into the mazes of business, and though his melancholy memories sometimes made his struggles less energetic than he wished, their discouraging effect was more than offset by the great object he had in view, the ultimate power to clear his reputation at home from all stains.

Stary gleams of success multiplied and gathered, as he proceeded slowly but steadily toward the horizon of his hopes, and at last ripened into the inspiring dawn. Often, while the might of his distress was vanishing behind him, the old prodigal impulse which had caused it would return upon him; but he checked it by the memory of the little box; and while not mindless of the claims of those who were more ready than he, he learned to feel that there was yet something nobler than extravagant benevolence: to be just first and then generous, and that beside what was due to his creditors, there was much due to himself.

By this line of conduct he rose again to substantial prosperity. Experience had not been wasted upon him, and his second ordeal was triumphant. The memory of the little box was a talismanic guide to him. One half of all his profits he uniformly put by for future days; and freed from all former indebtedness, he found himself, in the prime of life, not merely commended for being generous as well as honest, but secure against the wiles and wails of impostors, and wealthy without having been a miser.

Thus enabled by a courageous adherence to the provident rule which was at first repugnant to his nature, to return in joy and honor to the town which he had left in disgrace, he revisited the scenes of his youth, and as he wandered among them and revived their associations, he thanked God that he was now as happy as he had ever been when he played there. The old cottage was torn down, but the grass grew green over the graves of his parents, and he felt that there souls were in a changeless home. The natural landmarks remained unaltered, and as he strolled along the chief road of the village, he paused awhile at the spot, where, returning from the swamp with the kite, he had first met the good man Louis Dwight.

'He must be quite old now, if alive,' mused he. 'Let me see. I was then ten, and he, perhaps, forty; my own age now. Three-score and ten—the allotted age of man. He may be dead; or if not, I suppose I shall never see nor hear of him again. How like a dream it all seems.—Here I am standing, alive. Here is where he gave me the pennies, opposite that very tree; and here is—why, bless me, who comes here? If this isn't the old gentleman himself, my eyes or my memory fail me.'

It was a bowed old man, in worn and faded garments, who was approaching, walking slowly with a cane. Archley raised his hat respectfully as he drew near. He had truly recognized him. It was Louis Dwight.

But his old friend and adviser did not recognize him so quickly, though he paused and returned his salutation.

'His sight may be poor,' thought Archley, 'but I will test his memory by a surer method. Old gentleman, I was born in this village, and have been absent many years. I have been standing here for some time, looking upon the scenes which are more interesting now than they were when I played here, thirty years ago.'

'Thirty years ago!' exclaimed old Mr. Dwight, staring at him. 'Why, I used to live here then.'

'Did you, indeed? Then perhaps you might be able to tell me what became of a very fine old gentleman who lived here at the same time, but went away before I did. He was out riding one day, and I saved a kite for his son; and on this very spot he gave me some pennies for it, and some very good advice into the bargain. His name was Louis Dwight.'

'And yours is—?'

'Herbert Archley.'

'Why!' cried the astonished old gentleman, holding up his hands to Heaven. 'Merciful Providence! Is this you, my dear young friend? Let me give you a good hug!' And faltering toward him, he gave him an embrace which was returned with interest; and then, in brief they exchanged histories—that of Mr. Dwight being far more melancholy than Archley's.

His son was dead, his property all gone, and he was now a dependent upon charity, where once he had lived in affluence.

Archley heard in silence, with tears, but he brightened them with a smile, and he said:

'Mr. Dwight, I believe that God has ordered that we should meet this day, and we meet, Sir, never to part till one of us is dead. You are now poor, but I am rich. All that I possess I own to your early lessons to me. I will protect and comfort you, while life lasts, and repair your future as well as I can.'

And Herbert Archley proved true to his word; and thus it was that good advice, in kindness given and with reverence obeyed, resulted in a rich reward to both. The bread of wisdom had been early cast upon the waters, and it returned after many days, in the shape of substantial gratitude.

Tract for the People.

A pregnant source of complaint with the Copperheads is that the Republican, or Union party, violate the Constitution, which they say [illegible] he had no power to coerce a State and thereby prevent secession or rebellion. Let us examine this matter in a plain, common sense manner. What is the Constitution of the United States, and what the object of its formation and adoption? This is a subject which every man, however humble may be his situation in life, is interested in, for it is the basis of all organic law in his country.

Prior to the formation of our Constitution the country was governed by articles of confederation, under which each State retained her sovereignty, as is clearly set forth in the 2nd Article, which reads thus: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled."—After years of experience it was found that this confederation did not work well. The people were not satisfied with the government it bestowed, and they determined to have something which would better serve them. Now, remember reader that the articles of confederation were formed by States which are severally named as parties thereto, but when you examine the Constitution you find it was not the acts of independent States, but of the *people*; as set forth in the preamble which reads thus: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing of Liberty to ourselves and our property, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." This then was the declared object for which the *people* formed their own government, and the Constitution which they ratified declares that "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or law of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." Then it is plain that the Constitutian made and ratified by the people was ordained to be, by them, the "supreme law of the land," and yet in the face of these facts so plain that a fool cannot err therein, you find politicians and demagogues prating about State rights.

What a foolish thing would it have been in the people of the United States in 1787, when the Constitution was formed, to have made the declaration, that what they had done should be "*the supreme law of the land*," if they did not know that the government just formed would be strong enough to *enforce* its own laws and thereby prevent anarchy and rebellion? Did it require seventy-four years of experience to determine that our Constitution was a rope of sand which ambitious demagogues and traitors could break at will? And what is still more strong, is the fact that we have among us men claiming to be of the Democratic party, who have no word of condemnation for the *traitors* who, to break up this glorious Union formed by the people, are now in open rebellion, but when the Government properly and lawfully organized as such, attempts to enforce the law, they cry out: "You are breaking the Constitution." Jefferson Davis is sustained in his efforts to destroy the country, while they brand with infamy Abraham Lincoln, who is striving to save it! Not only so, but we have men in Congress, sent there by the so-called Democratic party, to aid Davis in his hellish purpose. This can no longer be denied. It has been openly declared on the floor of Congress last week by two members and they endorsed by a dozen more. Let the people examine into this matter. It is important to know whether or not we have a Government. It requires but a little reflection to come to the conclusion that there is in our own State a party who are aiding and abetting the traitors of the South now in arms against the liberties of the country, and that party call themselves the Democratic party.

Letter from the President.

Mr. Lincoln's Anti-Slavery Policy and the Enlistment of Blacks in Kentucky.

The following letter from President Lincoln appears in a correspondence published in the Frankfort (Kentucky) Commonwealth.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 4.—*A. G. Hodges, Esq., Frankford, Kentucky*—My Dear Sir: You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said, the other day, in you presence, to Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet, I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get my power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

"I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which the constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the constitution?

"By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I feel that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful by becoming indespensable to the preservation of the constitution, through the preservation of the nation Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now I avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the constitution if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country and constitution all together.—When early in the war General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indespensable necessity. When a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indespensable necessity had come.

"Whn, in March, and July 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believe the indespensable necessity for military emancipation, and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrender the Union, and with it the constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored [illegible] was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it, in our foreign relations; none in our home popular sentiment; none in our white military force—no loss by it anyhow or anywhere. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen and laborers. These are palpable facts about which, as facts, there can be no caviling. We have the men, and we could not have had them without the measure.

"And now, let any Union man, who complains of the measure, test himself, by writing down in one line, that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be, but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his cause so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

"I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale, I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it.—Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and will also we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

"Yous, truly, A. LINCOLN."

HINTS TO LADIES.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpet against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or so as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

BOILING POTATOES.—This is a formula:—Let each mess be of equal size. Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done pour off the water and scatter three or four tablespoonfuls of salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return to the fire for a short time.—Watery potatoes are made merely by this process. How simple is the process, yet how few understand it.

TO HOUSEWIVES.—One of the best bleaching and emollient agents that can be employed in washing, either the person or clothing, is common borax. It should be disolved in hot water at the rate of half a pound to ten gallons; a great saving of soap effected by its use. The borax should be pulverized first. It may be procured in the form of crystals at any druggist's and can be powdered with a rolling pin, or hammer; it will not injure the most delicate fabric; and laces or other fine tissues may be washed in a solution of borax, with manifest advantage to their color and consistency.

HOARSENESS.—One drachm of freshly scraped horse-radish root, to be infused with four ounces of water, in a close vessel, for two hours, and made into a syrup, with double its weight in vinegar, is an improved remedy for hoarseness; a teaspoonfull has often proved effectual; a few teaspoonfulls it is said, has never been known to fail in removing hoarseness.

SICK HEADACHE is almost always attended with cold feet, and the failure of daily action of the bowels, and there is no permanent cure without the rectification of these.

☞ An Israelietish lady, sitting in the same box at an opera, with a French physician, was much troubled with *ennui*, and happened to gape.

'Excuse me, Madame,' said the Doctor, 'I am glad you did not swallow me.'

'Give yourself no uneasiness,' replied the lady, 'I am a Jewess, and never eat pork.'

Fixed Facts in Agriculture.

Somebody has got up the following list of "fixed facts" in agriculture and for once, in the condensation of the sort, has hit the nail on the head in most of them:

1 All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied in the form of lime, stone, oyster, slime or moral.

2 All permanent improvement or land must look to lime as its basis.

2 Lands which have been long in culture will be benefitted by the application of phospeate of lime, and it is important whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone dust, guano, native phosephate of lime or marl—if the land needs lime also.

4 No land can be preserved in a high state of fertility unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5 Mould is indespensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops or by the application of composts rich in the elements of mould.

6 All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by admixture with plaster, salt, or by pulverised charcoal.

7 Deep plowing greatly improves the productive power of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8 Subsoiling sound land, that is not wet, is also eminently conductive to increase production.

9 All wet lands should be drained.

10 All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11 Clover, as well as the grasses, intended for hay, should be mowed when in blossom.

12 Sandy loams can be most effectually improved by clay, When such land require liming or marling the lime or marl is most beneificially applied when made into compost with clay. In slackin lime salt water is better than fresh.

13 The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock, operates as a saving of at least 25 per cent.

14 Draining of wet lands and marshes adds to their value by making them produce more, and by improving the health of neighborhoods.

17 By stabling and sheltering stock through the winter, a saving of one fourth the food may be affected; that is one fourth less food will answer than when the stock is exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

15 To manure or lime wet lands is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

18 A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover will add one hundred per cent to its produce.

19 Periodical application of ashes tends to keep up the integrity of soils by supplying most if not all, inorganic substances.

20 Through preparation of land is absolutely necessary to the successful and growth of crops.

21 Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years unless care be taken to provide an equivalent for the substances carried off the land in the products grown thereon. [illegible] tiveness, it is necessary to harrow them every second autum, apply topdressing and roll them.

A FATHER'S LESSON.—'Papa,' said one of Mr. B's children, as they surrounded their good father one evening, 'how can the soul live after we die and are buried under the ground?—Teacher was talking about it to-day, but I could not understand him.'

The father took his watch out of his pocket, and asked what it was.

'A watch, papa,' they all replied.

'Very well. Do you hear it tick? Listen for a moment.'

The children listened and heard the ticking of the watch.

Then Mr. B. took off the case and held the watch in one hand and the case in the other.—'Now, children, you see there are two things that look like watches; which is the same?

'The one in your right hand that ticks.'

'Very well. Put the case in the other room; now you see the watch still ticks and and keeps time, though its case is put away; so it is with us my children, Our bodies are only the case in which our souls are kept, and each body is taken away and buried in the ground, the soul still lives just as the watch, you perceive, still goes, even when the case is put out of sight.'

PUNISHED FOR LYING.—Cromwell had a beautiful daughter, at the time he became Protector to whom one of his attendants took a great liking. One day he went into his daughter's apartment and was not a little surprised to see his page very humbly prostrated upon the knees before his daughter, and extending his hand towards her in the most supplicating manner possible.

"What means this?" sternly exclaimed Cromwell.

"May it please your worship," replied the affrighted page, "I am in love with yonder waiting maid," pointing to her as he spoke and I have been beseeching your daughter to exert her influence in my behalf.

"Are you willing," said Cromwell to the waiting maid, "to have this fellow for your husband?"

"Yes," replied she.

"Well, then," said Cromwell, we'll have a Priest called in forthwith, and you twain shall be one flesh," which was not much sooner said than done.

NEW CLOTHES.—Said Joe to Bill—both were old bummers, and both were terribly dry—

'Bill, if you'll treat, I'll tell you where you canget a whole new suit of clothe on six months' trust.'

'Will you though? Now, no foolin' yer Billy.'

'True as preachin', I will,' said Joe, and the parties took a drink at Bill's expense, when Joe, with a twinkling of an eye, said:

'Go up to the recruiting rendezvous, and tell 'em yer want a suit of clothes. They give them to yer on six months' trust.'

Bill said that his health was so delicate that he couldn't 'list.'

☞ Talking the other night, says the New Regime, of a common friend, whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Timon said, 'Ah! sir, he was a man, take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again.'

☞ The old provarb sez, 'Giv a beggar a hoss and he will ride tew the devil.' i think i shud be in favor ov triing this experiment, if the devil woud onla return the hoss.—*Josh Billings.*

☞ "Ma, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner."—"Susan, put that boy to bed."

☞ Why are ladies secrets like clever pickpockets? Ans.—Because they often escape.