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—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., June 4, 1864. No. 25.

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, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, accidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

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

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

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

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

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

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

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

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

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

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of 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 20th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinton, 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 MALON E.

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

For the Easton Gazette.

THE SOUL'S CALL.

BY T. E. M.

Error's hands have thrown around me,
Folds that darken with their age;
Folds whose sombre hues, have nightly,
Strewed o'er life's mystic page.

Vainly striving to uncover,
Gems that lie beneath the sod;
Spirit forms around me hover,
Newly messaged from their God.

Winds are bearing plaintive numbers,
O'er the soul that loves to stray;
Deeds are making from their slumbers,
Long since given to decay.

In the soul there's tumult burning;
Dead and living acts arrayed;
Newly risen thoughts are yearning,
O'er the vows that once were made.

Still the magic call is sounding
Through the caverns of the mind,
"Soul, thy tyrant's hope confounding
Rise, and leave thy chains behind:

Let thy house, so frail and falling
Sleep beside its sister clay;
For thy soul has heard the calling,
And it may not longer stay."

Silence now its finger layeth,
On the life of every foe,
Only one inquiring, strayeth
Whre the conquerer answers, "No:"

"Never more I'll make my pillow,
Where the serpent's slime is found;
And the beating of time's billow,
Makes its sad and dreary sound."

Golden cross so long, connecting
Mortal with immortal things,
Sweetly break at death's directing,
Who the welcome summons brings.

Passing upward faintly hearing,
Music of a brighter land,
As the great Eternal nearing,
Worships low the seraph band.

Soul, thy freedom day is breaking,
O'er the ocean of his love,
Eden's birds are gaily making
For the life-ark, like the dove.

Rest thee at the Eternal fountain,
Where the living waters leap;
While the throng on Zion's mountain
Utter music like the deep,

On, the unending ages flowing,
Winged with light and bearing life,
On the white-robed throng, bestowing
Peace, forever free from strife.

Glad the call of angels heeding
When I sunk beneath the rod;
On the tree of life I'm feeding
Where the streamlets murmur—God.

Greek Fire.

THE day was deepening into night,
When through the streets, in sad affright,
Upon a crooked, hickory pole,
A rebel bor the flaming scroll,
"Greek fire!"

His brow with dirt was sadly grimmed;
His eye a tear of sorrow dimmed;
He wore a ragged suit of gray,
And every moment stopped to say,
"Greek fire!"

"Stay fellow, stay," Jeff Davis said,
"And rest thy weary, aching head
Upon this breast!" But on he went
And answered back the President,
"Greek fire!"

"Stop here," a negro woman cried;
"Dis chile has got some oysters fried!"
And forth a fryingpan she held;
But leaping on he loudly yelled,
"Greek fire!"

"Can't see it sir," an old man said;
"I'd like to break your precious head!"
Our hero started double-quick,
And shouted, as he dodged a brick.
"Greek fire!"

"Beware the shot that Gillmore throws;
Beware of falling on your nose!"
This was the people's last good-bye;
Far up the street he made reply,
"Greek fire"

Next morn, their rations being short,
The dirty rebs in Wagner fort,
While crunching bread behind the wall,
Heard, high and loud, that same voice call,
"Greek fire!"

A rebel, by a hungry dog,
Was found behind a rotten log;
And in his hand they found a card;
They read it—"G. T. Beauregard,"
"Greek fire!"

There, in the wind and mud and rain,
All through the night the wretch had lain,
And, as the drizzling raindrops fell,
A voice came like a falling shell,
"Greek fire!"

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

(Concluded from last week.)

nies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddeled down the Furnando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal bar racoon.

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervant heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. I'll sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to His own Heaven. Stick by your family, boy! forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the father you have to travel from it and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words ratteled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country Herself your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hate me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age:"

I think it was this half confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterwards made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved Heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost, out of prison. They pretended there was no such men, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato* involving a tremendous blowing up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled.—I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who brok a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories and hopes which belong to "country might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know too, that their punishment as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow he repented of his folly, and then like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen, but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texes out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this woud be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded.

So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command on the George Whashington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolen himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously

"Pray what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table.—The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin begat his settlements: so that, while he read of Honduns and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the Captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen, Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?;'

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again.' I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate, but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment; rather less social, perhaps, with new men he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home, at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vollandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolans last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. a 131° W.

DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with poor old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room—a thing I never remembered before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room—and he said he should like to see me. Oh dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were tied up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clapsing the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here you see, I have a country." And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a grea map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiani Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying.—I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything before I die!"

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him anything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you anything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his whole face! and he pressed my hand and said, "God bless you!" "Tell me their names," he said, and pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones I hope?"

"Well, that was not a bad text and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon,—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—Heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again; and he ground his teeth, with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him.—Then he settled down more quietly, and very happy, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson, told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And, do you think, he asked me who was in command of the "Legion of the West." I told him it was a very gallant officer, named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to established his head-quarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams, and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation," said he, "well, that is a change."

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats and telegraphs—of inventions and books and literature—of the cottages and West Point and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You will see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked, if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old Gen. Lincoln when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family, he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him," cried Nolan. "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families. Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol—and the statues for the pediment—and Crawford's Liberty—and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him every thing I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He drew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he jult wet his lips, and told me to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me—"For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy law. Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' and the rest of the Episcopal collect.—'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.'—And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me, and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone."—And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips.—It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in it when, it has been my home, and I love it. But will you not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear?—Say on it:

"'IN MEMORY OF
"'PHILIP NOLAN,
"'Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

A Speculator in Trouble.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that cotton speculators in that department are treated by both Federals and Rebels with great severity. A good story is going the rounds in regard to a citizen of New Orleans, one of those neutral individuals who are on the fence ready to jump on either side policy dictates to be for their interest. He left New Orleans about ten months since, bound for the Confederate lines, with the intention of investing what money he had in cotton. The friend who related the incident to me said that just before starting he met him in the street, and after exchanging the usual commonplace remarks, inquired:

'What are you up to now, Brown?'

'Oh, I've just made a good thing; been into the Confederacy and brought out thirty bales of cotton. Bound up again to-morrow, and if nothing happens I'll bring back four times that quantity.'

'Be careful, Brown, or you'll get gobbled up. They'll have you in the Rebel army.'

'Oh, no fear of that. They all know me to be a good Confederate. Besides I've got British papers.'

A month later the two friends met, Brown looking decidedly downcast and seedy, Wallace accosted him with:

'Well, Brown, how about that cotton?'

'Don't talk to me about cotton. Lost everything.'

'How's that?'

'Well, you see, I got up to Bayou Sara the same night the rebels made their raid in the place I had plenty of time to escape, same as many others did, but I thought I was all right, and so, with a friend, sat down to a game of poker, just to show that we didn't feel at all alarmed.—Presently in come some rebs and began to search us. On my partner they found a lot of Confederate money, and they wanted to know what right he had in the Federal lines with Confederate money? So they just took it. Of course I was convinced now that I was all right—my money was all greenbacks. 'What are you doing in the Confederacy with Federal money?' they asked. So they took mine too."

'That was rough. Is that all they done to you?'

All! no, sir. They stripped me of everything; and one big fellow gave me such a kick as to take me off my feet, with the remark that if they ever caught me in the Confederacy again with so little money they'd hang me.'

FALLING FROM GRACE.

A good story is told of a certain Methodist dominie of the pioneer stamp. The dominie had in some way incurred the displeasure of one of his members—one of these touchy, irrascible *saints* of which nearly each particular 'charge' or 'circuit' has one or more representatives.—The dominie had tried in every way to effect a reconciliation. He had 'wrestled with the Lord' in the erring brother's behalf. He had labored personally with him, earnestly, but all to no purpose; so he expelled him, as a matter of duty.—The ex-brother then took every occasion to insult and wound the feelings of the Pastor. He slandered him, abused him to his face, and behind his back, until, at length, the poor dominie could stand it no longer. Meeting him one day in the post office, where a large crowd was collected, as usual the wretch commenced his abuse. The dominie, as he was leaving the room, made some remark, to which the dissevered member responded, 'That's a d—d lie.' Quick as thought the dominie turned, divested himself of all unnecessary apparel, and stepping up to his astonished enemy, and seizing him by the throat, gave vent to his long pent-up feelings, as follows: 'Don't venture to repeat that word again, you poor, low, dirty scoundrel. I've stood this just as long as I possibly can. I try to be a Christian. I have followed Christ in my weak way, nearly forty years. But I belong to a church which believes in *falling from grace*.—And if you ever, in any way, insult or abuse me again, in word or deed, I shall, in all probability, *fall from grace*. And if I do you'll get one of the alfiredest thrashings you ever had in your life. I wouldn't advise you to try it on, for I've made up my mind to do just that thing.' It is needless to say, the ex-member concluded it was time to 'dry up.'

THE "COVENANT" AGAINST FOREIGN LUXURIES.—The ladies' "Covenant" constantly grows into favor, and is being very largely signed in Washington, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities. There is a disposition not to confine it to their sex, but to make it include also foreign wines, cigars, and materials for male habiliments. It is very certain that such action, perseveringly carried out, would do much to regulate exchanges, to keep down the price of gold, and to aid American manufactures.

The desire is expressed on all sides that stores should be opened in which nothing but articles of American production should be sold, either, new establishments for this express purpose, or that some respectable or influential existing establishment should formally pledge themselves to expose for sale nothing of foreign orign.—There can be no doubt that a marked preference would be shown for such, partly as a matter of convenience, partly in recognition of the spirit displayed. There is a strong prospect that before long all sorts of foreign finery will be looked upon as decidedly vulgar and shoddyish.

☞ Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, &c., are prevented by throwing read pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

Bone Dust.

Mr. Commings, the Agricultural Editor of the New York *Observer*, says: "When entering upon the cultivation of our present farm, we asked our predecessor what field would give a crop of potatoes without the application of fresh barnyard manure, as we feared the application of such is inducing 'the rot.' A five-acre field was named. We carefully planted and cultivated it, and found no rot among the potatoes, but the yield of the whole field did not supply the table of the farm for the year, so exhausted was the land. In the autumn we ploughed and sowed the same field with rye applying twenty-five bushels of bone dust to the acre. Such was immediate effect to the application, that when the rye was grown, a man of ordinary stature would be concealed by the crop in walking through the field. Grass seed was sown as with the rye. A good crop of hay was taken the first year it was mowed. But the second year, when turf was well established, sixteen tons of hay were taken from the five acres. After mowing it four years, it was plowed and planted to corn, giving a heavy crop without manure. Bone dust by the quantity costs as to quality from 50 to 70 cents the bushel. Twenty to twenty-five bushels of bone is a good dressing to the acre, and is worth from two to three times tho same cost of stable manure brought from the city. Bone dust should be applied to and left as near the surface as may be, and be suitabaly covered. We usually sow broadcast after the first harrowing. The second course of the harrow will cover near the surface.

The Reason Why Jewesses are so Beautiful.

Chateaudriand gives a fanciful but agreeable reason for the fact that Jewish women are so much handsomer than the men of their nation. He says Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble which insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour and assisted in soothing him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vessel of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewess. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living waters, and a compassionate judge of the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; brought him balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?"—His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalen. He said to her, 'Mary.'—At the sound of his voice; Mary Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested upon the brow of the Jewess.

GOD TAKES CARE OF US.—A pious woman, hunting up the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high; pull the string up high." She looked up, and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this!"

"Oh, when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms around me and we say, "Now I lay me down to sleep,' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home, she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny tells us we are God's sparrows, and we say, 'Our Father,' and Give us this day our daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the good woman's eyes—She had a mistrusting spirit herself, but those two little 'sparrows' perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet, lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

DESERT OF SAHARA.—Perhaps no more hopeless enterprise could be undertaken than to attempt to reclaim the great *African* desert of Sahara, where no rain ever falls, and there are but occasional cases to give relief to the weary and fainting caravans that traverse it. Modern science, however, laughs at seeming impossibilities. Skillful engineers in the French army in Algiers proposed to sink Artesian wells at different points, with the strong confidence that thus water could be reached and forced to the surface. In 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which, as vegetation thrives luxuriantly, thirty thousand palm trees and one thousand fruit trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there was a large body of water underneath.

The French Government by this means hopes to make the route across the desert to Timbuctoo fertile and fit for travelers, and thus to bring the whole overland travel and commerce through Algeria, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern scientific enterprise.

AN ABRIDGED SERMON.—Abridgment of a sermon which took up an hour in delivering, from these words—"Man is born to trouble."

My friend, the subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads.

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said

First, then,

1. Man came into this world naked and bare.
2. His progress through it is trouble and care.
3. His exit from it none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here, he'll do well there

Now I can say no more, my brother dear,
Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen.

☞ An exchange commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply *spare ribs* for the immense West.

☞ An exchange says—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. The Louisville Journal adds, 'And it grows on 'em as they get bigger.'

☞ Many a fellow, who talks of laying down his life had much better elevate it.