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TERMS.

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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.

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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 pull 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 nine-ty-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.

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

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

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

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

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

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

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dissentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 26th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediatly 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 kindly procure 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.

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(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

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

☞For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices [July 21 1863–1y

[From the Baltimore American.]

The Victims of Rebel Tyranny.

BY SARAH H. POWELL.

[Lines suggested by the burial of a portion of the starved and emaciated soldiers, who were sent to Annapolis from the Rebel prison on Belle Island.]

A voice is heard in prayer,
And the organ's solemn tone
Floateth slowly out on the Autumn air,
'Mid the sere leaves brown.

Above six marble forms,
Are chanted the sacred hymns,
While the starry folds of their country's flag
Shrouds their rigid limbs.

The throng sway to and fro.
And pitying tears are shed,
Whilst waileth the requiem sad and low
For the martyr'd dead.

Not as the brave should
In the battle's furious tide,
Charging the foe—shouting victory!—
Not *thus* they died.

On Belles Isle's scorching sand,
Battling 'gainst famine they sank;
'Twas the poisonous fruit of the Upas tree—
Of treason rank.

With tender care we tried
To releive and soothe their pain,
But our efforts to save those warriors brave
Were vain—*how vain.*

Their fleshless hand clasp'd ours,
And to sister, child, or wife,
Sad farewells sent—as their pulses ebbed
Their last of life.

There on yon hilly slope,
Bathed in the sunlight's smile,
They rest, till the trump of God shall wake
The martyr's of Belle Isle.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

Extraordinary Account of a Federal Spy and his Operations.

In 1862, there lived, in the state of——, a Union man, with wife and children. He was a friend of the Union, and an anti-slavery man upon principles. After the rebellion broke out, and when the "Southern heart" had become fired, this man, living in a strong pro-slavery region, and surrounded by opulent slaveholders, his own family connections and those of his wife being wealthy and bitter secessionists, very prudently held his peace, feeling his utter inability to stem the tide of rebellion in his section. Thus, without tacit admissions, or any direct action on his part, the gentleman of whom we write was classed by the people of his section as a secessionist.

Circumstances occurred during that year by which this person was brought into contact with a Federal commander in Kentucky, Gen. Nelson. Their meeting and acquaintance was accidental. Mutual Union sentiments begat personal sympathy and friendship. Nelson wished a certain service performed in the rebel territory, and he persuaded the citizen to undertake it, which the latter finally did as a matter of duty, we are assured, rather than of gain, for he made no charge for the service after its speedy and successful performance. Soon after a similar work was necessary, and again was the citizen importuned, and again he consented, but not considering himself as a professional spy.

During this or a similar trip, and while at Chattanooga, our man heard of the sudden death of Gen. Nelson. He was at a loss what to do Finally he determined to return and report his business to Major General Rosecrans, who had assumed command of the Federal army. Thus resolved, he proceeded to finish his mission.—After ascertaining the position of military affairs at Chattanooga, he came to Murfreesboro', where Bragg's army was then collecting. Staying here several days, he was urged by his Southern army friends to act as their spy in Kentucky. The better to conceal his own feelings and position, he consented to do so, and he left General Bragg's headquarters to go to that state by way of Nashville, feigning important business, and from thence to go to his home, passing by and through Rosecrans' army as it lay stretched out between Nashville and Louisville.

The nameless man now makes his way to the Federal headquarters, seeks a private interview with Gen. Rosecrans, and states his case fully as we have just related. Here was something remarkable, surely—a spy in the confidence of the commanders of the two great opposing armies. Our general took great pains to satisfy himself of the honesty and soundness of the stranger.—He was pleased with the man's candid manner, and his story bore an air of consistency and truth. Yet he was a Southerner, surrounded by rebellious influences, and enjoyed Bragg's confidence; and what guaranty could be given that he was a Union man at heart? None; and our general, in great perplexity, held counsel with his chief police, and requested the latter to "dig up" the case to its very root. This was done; but in what manner we need not specially state. Satisfied that it would do to trust the spy, to a certain extent, at least, he was now sent on his way to perform his mission for Bragg. At all events that scheming general supposed when our man's report was made at the rebel headquarters a few days afterward. His information was very acceptable to Bragg; but we strongly question its value to rebeldom, as the spy reported only what he was told by that old fox, Col. Truesdail, the chief of the Federal army police.

Perhaps the reader will inquire, How we answer for the report thus made to Bragg? It may have been more true and valuable than we supposed. Well, there is force in the query.—However, we were then quite confident of the worthlessness of the reports of our spy to Bragg, because he had nothing else to tell him. For five days did our spy keep himself locked in a private room in the police building at Nashville. His meals were carried to him by a trusty servant. His door was "shadowed" constantly by our best detectives, and so were his steps if he ventured upon the street for a few moments after dark. It was cold and bleak winter weather, and he toasted himself before his comfortable fire, read books and papers, and conferred often with the chief of police and his assistant, affording them, strangers as they were to that region of country, a fund of valuable information respecting the rebels of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a man of fine address and good intellectual attainments. When our man concluded it was about time for his return to Bragg's army, he was politely escorted by our mounted police to a proper point beyond our lines, and by a route where he would see nothing of our forces. The reader will now appreciate the grounds of our confidence, we doubt not, in the worthlessness of at least one of Gen. Bragg's spy reports.

In due time this nameless gentleman again enters our lines, and is escorted by our pickets to the general commanding, to whom he reports in person concerning all that is transpiring in Bragg's army at Murfreesboro', and then he resumes his pleasant private quarters at the army police building. After a brief stay another trip was made by our man to Bragg's headquarters, we using the same precaution as previously.—In fact, our spy desired and even demanded such attention at the hands of the chief of police. Said he: "I am a stranger to you all. I can give you no guaranty whatever of my good faith. It is alike due to you and to myself that I be allowed no opportunities for deceiving you.

The report he carried to Bragg on his second trip delighted the latter. His officers talked with our man freely, and after staying at Murfreesboro' two or three days and riding and walking about in the most innocent and unconcerned manner, he was again sent back to Nashville to "fool that slow Dutchman, Rosecrans," as one of the rebel officers remarked. Of the importance of the report now brought to the "slow Dutchman" we need not state further than it contributed its due weight to a decision fraught with tremendous consequences to the army and to the country. Marching orders were soon after issued for the advance of the Army of the Cumberland upon Murfreesboro'.

Now commenced a period of excessive labor and peril for the nameless spy. Gen. Rosecrans and Bragg each wanted instant and constant information as the armies approached. The minute of this man's work for four or five days we need not stop to relate; it is easily imagined.—Within that time he enterrd the rebel lines and returned three times. He gave the outline of Bragg's line of battle, a close estimate of his force, an accurate account of his artillery and his earthworks, the movement of the rebel wagons and railroad trains, &c. He was very earnest in assuring Rosecrans that Bragg intended to give severe battle with superior numbers. This information proved true in all essentials, and its value to the country was inestimable. We had other spies piercing the rebel lines at this time, but they did not enjoy the facilities possessed by the nameless one. Almost with anguish did he exclaim against himself, in presence of the author, for the severe manner in which he was deceiving the rebel general and involving the lives of his thousands of brave but deluded followers.

After the first great battle the work of such a spy is ended, or rather it ceases where the shock of arms comes on. Thenceforth the armies are moved upon the instant, as circumstances may require. Our man, who during the four days had been almost incessantly in the saddle, or with his ears or eyes painfully observant while in the camps, took leave of our army upon the battle-field, and retired to a place of rest.

One incident occurred during his last visit to Bragg which is worthy of mention. That general took alarm in consequence of his report, and at once started a special messenger to Gen. John H. Morgan—who was then absent with his cavalry in Kentucky to destroy Rosecrans's railroad communications (in which Morgan succeeded)—to return instantly with his command by forced marches to Murfreesboro'. The same night our man reported this fact to the Federal commander, described the messenger and what route he was to take, &c. The information was telegraphed at once to Nashville, Gallatin and Bowling Green, and a force was sent from each of those posts to intercept the messenger. They failed to apprehend him, which, however, proved of no consequence, as the battles of Stone River were fought and Bragg was on his retreat from Murfreesboro' by the time Morgan could have received the orders.

Our spy was a brave man; yet during the last three days of his service he was most sensible of its peril. To pass between hostile lines in the lone hours of night—for he did not wait for daylight—to be halted by guerillas and scouts and pickets, with guns aimed at him, and, finally, to meet and satisfy the anxious, keen eyed, heart-searching rebel officers as well as our own, was a mental as well as a physical demand that could not long be sustained. While proceeding upon his last expedition, the author met the nameless one upon a by-road. We halted our horses, drew near, and conversed a few seconds in private, while our attendants and companions moved on. He was greatly exhausted and soiled in appearance, his clothing having been rained upon and splashed by muddy water, caused by hard riding, and which had dried upon him.—He said he was about to try it once more, and, though he had been so often and successfully, yet he feared detection and its sure result—the bullet or the halter. He had been unable, amid the hurry and excitement, to make some final disposition of his affairs. He gave us a last message to send to his wife and children, in case it became necessary; and he also desired a promise—most freely given—that we would attend to the settlement of his account with our general for services recently rendered. Thus concluded, he wrung our hand most earnestly, and, putting spurs to his fresh and spirited animal, dashed off upon his mission. Twenty hours afterward we were relieved of our anxious foreboding by his safe and successful return. We have stated the price paid him for his labors (five thousand dollars;) it was well earned, and to our cause was a most profitable investment.—"*Annals of the Army of the Cumberland.*

The House of Rothschild.

The London Globe gives the following interesting accounts of the rise and present position of the "money kinds of Europe," the famous house of Rothschild:—

"Among all the congresses held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a congress of the members of the illustrous house of Rothschild has been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to rearrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty.—In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris Vienna and Frankfort.

"It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfort at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the 'Jew lane,' over which hung the sign-board of a red shield, called in German roth-child. As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse Gassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The Serene Elector, being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew lane of Frankfort, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the Princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the Red Shield laughed in their sleeves, keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral tow million florins had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

"Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of having his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and, who, conscious of their social value, dropped the name of Anselm, and adopted the higher sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the signboard over the paternal house. On his death-bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfort was clearely too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after awhile to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfort; the second, Salomon, born 1774, settled at Vienna; the third Nathan, born in 1777 went to London; the fourth, Charles the *enfant terrible* of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris. Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds were vested in the eldest-born; nevertheless, the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, took the reigns of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington, and the flesh and muscel of British soldiers, he nearly doubted the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild.

"Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Salomon; his son Edmund, heir apparent to the French line was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and grand-daughter of Nathan Rothschild: and and Lionel again—M. P. for London—gave his hand in 1836, to his first cousin, Charlotte the daughter of Charles Rothschild of Naples. It is unnecessary to say that, though these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wondefully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm of the Red Shield. Already signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So at least hint the French papers in their meagre notice about the Rothschild congress at Paris. From all that can be gathered out of a wilderness of *canards* thin faces, and thick fiction, it appears that the sovereigns of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. In other words, the five reigning kings, decendants, according to the law of primogenture, of the five sons of Mayer Anselm, came to the decision to reduce the number to four, by cutting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, while it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the younger members of the family to marry for the benefit of the race, beyond the range of first cousinship.

"What has led to the exclusion of the Neapolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercises of a highly blameable liberality, unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, prodigal son of Mayer Anselm, actually presented, in the year 1840, ten thousand ducats to the orphan asylum of St. Carlo, at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming of the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed; and, accordingly—we quote the rumor of Paris journalism—the *decheance* of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced.—However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life like famous Charles V., with only a cossack on his back and a prayer book in his hand, but is allowed to take with him a small fortune of 150,000,000 or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of poor Mayer Anselm, who wandered shoeless through the electorate of good King George the Third. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild."

☞ 'Gus Gayboy' relates a story of a doctor in a neighboring city, who was recently called for at midnight to attend a patient, (one Molly Brennan,) who had given him a world of trouble without the slightest reason for so doing, inasmuch as nothing whatever ailed her, except a diseased imagination. The physician left his warm bed, called upon the patient for the fifteenth time, and this is the way he cured her:

'Doctor,' she said, feebly, "I expect to die every moment; I am very low. Can you do anything for me?"

The Doctor felt her pulse, nothing the matter, merely wanted company. The Doctor becomes communicative. 'Miss Brennan, I was having a terrible dream when your servant awoke me.'

'What was it?' she eagerly inquired.

'I dreamed that I was dead,' continued the Doctor, "and descended into the lower regions, where I met the 'Old Scratch,' who invited me to view his dominions. The inmates were engaged in different occupations—some playing cards, some swindling their neighbors: in fine all the pursuits they followed during life they continued there.

When he got through he proclaimed to the four corners of his dominions that all should go to bed; 'For,' said he, 'Molly Brennan will be here directly, and there will be no sleep in Tophet for a month.'"

The Doctor's speedy departure was increased to a flight by the sight of a broomstick flourshing actually in his rear; but the remedy was effectual.

AMONG THE GRASSES.—A darkey preacher arose to announce his text as follows: "In de fust pistol ob Clover, and at the two hundred and ninety-fust werse—"

"Hold up, Doctor!" shouted one of his hearers; "you have got on de wrong book; you mean the pistol of Timothy. I s'pose."

The preacher hesitated a moment with a very profound look, and said:

"Well, I must cave in dis time; though I knowed dat de text was somewhere among de grasses."

TOADS IN MARKET.—Live toads form a regular article of commerce in the London Market. They are generally imported from France, and sell for from 50 cents to $1.50 per dozen, according to size and activity. They are purchased by market gardners in the vicinity of the city, to protect their choice vegetables from slugs and insects, which they do very effectually.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Consecration Ceremonies at Gettysburg — Hon. Edward Everett's Address.

The ceremony of consecrating the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., where the bodies of the Union soldiers killed in the recent terrible battle at that place have been deposited, took place on Tursday, the 19th of November, 1863, in accordance with previous arrangements.

The day was a delightful one, and the event drew together an immense concourse of persons from various sections of the country. Among the distinguished persons in attendance were President Lincoln and several members of his Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, Governors of a number of the States, and many others holding official and eminent private and social positions.

The military and civic procession was a most imposing one. It was under the charge of Ward H. Lamon, Esq., the United States marshal of the District of Columbia, as chief marshal. The procession formed in the town of Gettysburg during the morning, and proceeded to the Cemetery grounds, in the order described in the programme. Several excellent bands of music were interspersed throughout the procession. Arriving at the Cemetery grounds, the ceremonies were commenced with an impressive prayer by the Rev. Thos. Stockton. The Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, the orator of the day, was introduced.

Mr. Everett's address was an exceedingly elaborate and ornate production, embellished by classical allusions, brilliant rhetorical passages, and historical parallels illustrative of the existing conflict in the United States. After an eloquent reference to Helenic history and practice, the orator said:

"We have assembled, friends, fellow-citizens, at the invitation of the Executive of the great central State of Pennsylvania, seconded by the Governors of eighteen other loyal States of the Union, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men who, in the hard fought battles of the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July last, laid down their lives for the country on these hill-sides and the plains spread out before us, and whose remains have been gathered into the cemetery which we consecrate this day. As my eyes ranges over the fields, whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel as never before, how truly it was said of old, that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. I feel as never before, how justly, from the dawn of history to the present time, men have paid the homage of their gratitude and admiration to the memory of those who nobly sacrifice their lives that their fellow-men may live in safety. And if this tribute were ever due, when—to whom—could it be more justly paid than to those whose last resting place we this day commend to the blessing of Heaven and of men.

"For consider, my friends, what would have been the consequences to the country, and to all you hold dear, if those who sleep beneath our feet, and their gallant comrades, who survive to serve their country on other fields of danger, had failed in their duty on those memorable days.—Consider what, at this moment, would be the condition of the United States, if that noble army of the Potomac, instead of gallantly and for the second time, beating back the tide of invasion from Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been itself driven from these well-contested heights; thrown back in confusion on Baltimore; or trampled down, discomfitted, scattered to the four winds; what, under the circumstances, would not have been the fate of the Monumental city, of Harrisburg, of Philadelphia, of Washington—the capital of the Union—each and every one of which would have laid at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him, spurred only by passion, flushed with victory, and confident of continued success, to direct his course?"

Mr. Everett then proceeded to a minute detail of the invasion of Pennsylvania, the conflicts which ensued, and the results effected by the army under Gen. Meade.

This was followed by a review of the war in its general character, and an argument in support of the attitude of the United States in its prosecution. This portion of the oration included various allusions to French, English, German, Italian, and in short European history, all cited in illustration of rebellion, its character and the importance of its suppression. The closing paragraphs of the address are as follows:

"The people of loyal America will never take to their confidence or admit again to a share in their government men whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land, but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousand fellow men, they may live in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the governments of Europe—some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign powers in furtherance of their own treason.—There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier, that lies cold and still in his grave before us, is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man, who is willing to grovel at the foot of a foreign throne for assistance in compassing the ruin of his country.

"But the hour is coming and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war, for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one people, a substantial community of origin, language, belief and law (the four great ties that hold the societies of men together) common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products; while the wonder working arm of the engineer has leveled the mountain walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel; these bonds of union are of perennal force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious, and transient. The heart of the people North and South is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the East and in the West of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitols, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity, and happiness, which they enjoyed under government whose power was felt only in its blessings."

"And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remotest States, let me again invoke your benediction, as we part, on these honored graves. You feel though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side, on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion louder than that which marshaled them to the combat shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union—it is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defense. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plan beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self-sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks, in after times, the wondering plowman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary Ridge, the peach orchard, Cemetery, Culp and Wolf Hill, Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous; no lapse of time, no distance of space shall cause you to be forgotten. 'The whole earth,' said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponesian war, 'the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men.' All time, he might have added, is the millenium of our glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States—their officers and men—to the warmest thanks and the richest reward which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of those martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates to THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

At the conclusion of Mr. Everett's address, the dedicatory ceremony was appropriately performed by President Lincoln. A dirge followed, and soon after the procession returned to Gettysburg, and the assembled thousands hastened to the cars and other conveyances in order to reach their respective homes.

MAKING ROADS.—We find the following hints on this subject in the Ohio *Farmer*. They are excellent, and we copy them in the hope that they will attract the attention of supervisors:

"In road making, one great requisite is the ready and total removal of all water. There cannot be a good road where water stands by the side of or on it. If the ditches have no ready outlet the road bed will soak up the moisture, more or less, by capillary attraction, and thus remain rutty and muddy. It is vain to think of having a good road on a sub-soil filled with stagnant water. Even on hill-sides, if water remains on the upper side, it will injure the road by passing under. Provide then, if possible, for the thorough drainage of your roads, either by surface or covered ditches.

See, also, that the road bed is evenly and slightly rounded, so that the water can readily find its way to the drains. If the soil is clayey or loamy, give it a few inches of gravel, or even coarse sand, and you will have a fine and pleasant passage way. If the soil is sandy, it needs an addition of clay to correct it, and this will correct it, so that good roads may be had over the lightest sandy soil."

THE ORIGIN OF TEA.—The following story concerning the origin of tea, goes current among the Chinese: Darma, the son of an Indian King, came into China about the year 519 of the Christian era, purely to promulgate his religion; and to gain it the better reception, he led a very austere life, eating only vegetables and spending most of his time in contemplation of the Diety. The nights especially were devoted to this exercise, pursuant to a vow he had made against sleeping. After continual watching for several years, sleep once overcame him; but on his awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that he cut off his eyelids, as the instruments of his crime, and with indignation, threw them on the ground; but the next day he found them metamorphosed into shrubs, now known by the name of *chaa*, or tea. Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt himself not only more sprightly than usual, but such was the vigor imparted to his mind by these leaves, that his meditations became more fluent, pithy and exalted, and without any lassitude. The preacher was not wanting to acquaint his disciples with the excellent virtues of the shrubs, and accordingly the use of them became universal.

A JOKE.—A ragged looking rebel went into a Hoosier's house during the raid, and got to putting on airs, telling the girls that he was Morgan, and the old lady, who had 'heard on him,' fainted and rolled under the table. The girls keeled over against the wall, fell over chairs, &c. Sesh was about going into a cupboard, when a sandy-haired chap entered the room.

'Who the h—ll are you? said Sandy, eyeing him closely."

'I'm Morgan. Why?'

I'm told you're a hoss at kissin'; and as you've hugged the old 'oman and squeezed the gals to death, I guess you had better drop those pies and things.'

'*Pizen Things?*' shouted the rebel, turning pale as he dropped the pies, corn cake, ham, &c., which he "confiscated" and had been eating hearty of, I'm a gone goslin!' and dropped upon the floor.

The girls tied him and Sandy and the old 'oman like to beat him to death, and then let him go.

☞ A negro about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "if I dies I forgive dat nigga; but if I gets well, dat nigga must take car."

☞ A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that, remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

☞ Pike's Peaker, writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to *dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.*

One of the latest and neatest conundrums is as follows: "Why is "i" the happiest of the vowels?" The answer is: "Because "i", is in the midst of bliss, "e" is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory."