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TERMS.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., July 2, 1864. No. 29.

ADVERISEMENTS,

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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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, 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, bilous fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey. They will cure the above diseases in nine-tenths 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 propitors 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 military duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seven days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed to the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 6th of June, Since that time I have been so 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 had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the Grim 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 goods as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinman, 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., 111t. 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

Written for the Easton Gazette.

UNFURL THE STARRY BANNER.

JULY 4TH, 1864.

Unfurl the starry banner
O'er hill, and vale, and plain,
Show rebels in what manner
Freemen their rights mantain.
When traitors press arpund us
Our power to deny,
Beneath the flag of freedom
We'll conquer them or die;
When rebels throw the gauntlet,
And dare us to accept,
The trust in us reposing
Shall faithfully be kept.

Unfurl our country's standard
From the rock-bound coasts of Maine,
To where Pacific's waters
Our country's bounds restrain;
From the sparkling Northern waters
To the Southern tropic trees
Let the sacred flag of freedom
Float bravely on the breeze.
Aye! let it float forever—
The banner of the free,
In all its pristine brightness—
Emblem of liberty.

As 'twas given us let us keep it,
Untarnished and unsoiled
By treason's foul pollution,
For traitor's schemes are foiled,
And those who bear our banner
O'er fields of blood and strife,
Have devoted to their country
Hopes, prospects, health, and life!
These heroes are deserving
Of their country's warmest praise,
Having proved their faith and courage,
In freedom's darkest days.

Ah! many now are sleeping
Beneath the quiet sod,
Their spirits now are holding
Communion with their God:
That flag still waves above them,
The banner of the free;
The land they loved while living
Their children's e'er shall be.
Oh may we all as brothers
Defend the flag we love,
If need be, die to save it,
And meet again above!

CYNON.

For the Easton Gazette.

MOTHER.

BY T. E. M.

My mother
Something much akin to midnight
Lurks, all silent 'round the night lamp's
Glare, that through my shutter' sgentle
Opening sends its ray. And then—
Just then—'tis all of now, I heard the
Slow and distant music of an ancient
Steeple bell, so much suggestive of the mournful
Tones of Time, that ceaseless writer
At the registry of Heaven, of wills which
Clearly state what patrimony Earth has
Heired, and shady Hades.
And now I think of thee.
Those bitter thoughts that will not be cast
Out. Of how, to night when all had sought
Their cots, thou wast alone and thoughtful.
The finger wrinkled o'er,
That twined the wavey masses into rings
About my brow; pressed close against thy
Pale, pale face, as if to welcome memory's
Dreams back to thy heart. Thine eyes, so
Full of grieving tears, that may not cease
Their flow, bent sadly on the carpets shade
Where once thy merry boy played laughingly.
From out thy lips, so blessed for the
Love they used to speak, a smothered sigh
Escapes. Yet none can hear. My father's
Eye is watching thee from off the canvass
On the wall, as kindly as if life were
There. But no, he does not know his Margaret in her tears.
Yes they're all about thee
Now. Each treasured form has been brought
Back. Another evening as of old has come.
Thy little Willie slumbers in the cradle
At thy side. The holy voice of earnest prayer
From manhood's lips, and childhood's soul
Ascends, and over all again the charm
Of peace is shed. But now they've gone,
And all is lone and silent as before. Oh!
Mother, do not press that tremoling hand
So wildly to thy heart. Each pain that
Quivers there shall still in joy, when on
The heavenly shores thy lost ones come to thee again.
Thou art going all so sadly to thy rest.
How natural just to see thee lift thy
Failing form, and with a truant sigh glide
Slowly to the couch to lay thy weary
Head upon its down. O, Mother, if 'twere
Mine to clasp thee to my bosom ere I rest
How sweetly should I sleep; but no, the
Long and weary miles stretch out in
Darkness far away toward home.
And I am here to do my Master's
Will. To bear, without thy smile, the
Heavy cross. To take deep down within
My heart the arrows aimed against my
Saviour's truth, without thy gentle hand to
Heal the wounds. Without the power to bless
Thee, save by asking God to shield thee
With his wing. But I must sleep, my mother, now,
And as I go, I'll pray to Heaven to grant me in
My dreams to be with thee.

OLD AND NEW COPPERHEADS.

Mr. Editor:—In an old No. of "Bache's Aurora," a paper published in Philadelphia in 1797, I find this notice of General Washington's final retirement from the Presidency of the United States. "The man who is the source of the misfortune of our country, is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens. The name of Washington from this day ceases to give currency to *political iniquity* and *legalized corruption*." If the old copperheads abused Washington in such times as these, can we wonder at anything which their lineal descendants (the Fernando Woods and Clement Vallandighams) of this day, say of the present administration. Mr. Lincoln may go on and take courage:

The Blue Coat of the Soldier.

The following graphic lines are from a new volume, "Our Country—A National Book," by the Rt. Rev. George Burgess, the eminent and patriotic Episcopal Bishop of Maine:

You asked me, little one, why I bowed?
Though never I passed the man before,
Because my heart was full and proud,
When I saw the old blue coat he wore,
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he bore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great coat he wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor:
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shem, or Ham, in the days of yore:
For surely he was a brother of mine
Who for my sake the war coat wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore
Than the blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be, he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I would not guess a foe so foul
On the honored coat he gravely wore.

He had worn it long and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginia shore,
From midnight chill till the morning star
That warm great coat the sentry wore.

When hardly Butler reined his steed
Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore
Perhaps behind him, at his need,
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore;
Perhaps on the mountain side with Banks
In the burning sun no more he wore,
The blue great coat the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamp 'twas a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore
Or with Kearny and Pope 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in, that coat he wore.

Or when right over us Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg when the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the unchanged waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though little its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff
That the coat is mail which that soldier wore.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldiers wore—
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

[BY REQUEST.]

[From the Somerset Herald.]

Imaginary Conversation with a Sore-Headed Methodist.

Friend, Good morning, my friend, I hear that you intend to leave the Methodist church.

Methodist. Yes it is too black for me.

F. Well what church will you go to now?

M. The Baptist.

F. Why that is just as 'black,' both regard slavery in the same light. The utterances of the Baptist church in favor of the war and against slavery have been just as strong as those of the Methodist church.

M. Then I will join the Presbyterians.

F. Whew! that's 'out of the frying pan into the fire.' The late general assemblies of both the old and new school Presbyterians took decided ground for war and abolition,' as you would say.

M. Then I will go to the Episcopal.

F. Have you not seen the action of their last general Convention? Did you not read the protest of the Episcopal clergy against Bishop Hopkins' pro-slavery letter? And did you not know that Bishop Whittingham compelled Dr. McCabe of Annapolis to relinguish his charge because he would not use the prayer for the President, all of which you regard as good evidences of 'blackness?'

M. Then, if these things be so, *all* the churches have been dabbling in 'politics.' I thought the methodist was the only one.

F. Now, I want to ask you candidly, is it reasonable for you to find in the loyal and free States, a church that is disloyal and pro slavery or at least for it to remain so any length of time?

M. Well, no, it is not, but I do not care for a disloyal church, exactly, I only want one that says nothing on the subject.

F. Why do you wish the church to say nothing about it?

M. Because it is interfering with other people's rights in a matter that don't concern her in the least.

F. That is your opinion but let us see what the real facts are. Turn to the thirteenth chapter of Romans and read some of the sentences of the first seven verses.

M. 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers,' wherefore ye must needs be subject, not for wrath but for conscience sake.'

F. Turn again to First Tim. ii, 1, 2, and what do you find there?

M. 'I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving thanks be made for all men: for Kings and all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.'

F. Now read from Titus iii, 1.

M. 'Put them in mind that they be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates.'

F. I am afraid, my dear sir, that the reason you do not wish the church to say anything on the subject of loyalty, is, that it might hit *you* and perhaps *hurt* some. For three things are evident from the passages just read, 1st, That no *christian*, who keeps God's word, *can be* disloyal. 2nd, that christian ministers such as were Paul and Timothy and Titus, will pray publicly for 'all that are in authority,' and that they will 3rd, put their people in mind to be subject unto principalities and powers, to obey magistrates.'

M. I never looked at the matter in this way before but I do begin to believe that these duties are clearly taught in the scriptures I have just read.

F. Well then why blame Methodist preachers any longer for fearlessly doing their duty?

M. I do not blame them so much for *that* as I do for their agitation of the slavery question.

F. I think you are wrong there too, the slavery question has been agitated but it has been against the church, more than by the church.

M. How do you show that?

F. At the time the Methodist church was planted in this country the *moral sense* of the nation was against slavery. Our forefathers were nearly all abolitionists. Thomas Jefferson was a rank one, he made the importation of slaves into this country one of the causes of complaint against King George in the Declaration of Independence. When Virginia ceded her northwestern territory to the Union, the territory out of which Ohio and Illinois were afterwards made, he caused a clause to be incorporated in the bill of cession prohibiting slavery in that territory forever, giving Virginia the honor of being, as far as I know, *the first abolition State in the Union.*—The most violent denunciation of slavery are to be found in his writings, and twenty years ago a Jefferson Democrat, in the States north of Mason and Dixon's line, was sure to be an abolitionist. It was through the efforts of this party that slavery was abolished in nearly all the free States. Franklin was a bitter enemy to slavery, denounced it, ridiculed and wrote considerably against it, and *nearly all* of our best statesmen at that time, if not out and out abolitionists were at least anti-slavery men, as for instance, General Washington. What wonder then that a people so strict as the Methodist should mark the ceasing from this *evil* and 'harm' a test of membership. It was done. They had the right to fix their own terms of membership, to make their own laws, to settle their own doctrines. Put in the extreme South and in some parts of Virginia the work of persecution and agitation soon began against the church. It is true it was but faint at first. The people believed slavery wrong and stood by the preachers, and the preachers stood by the decipline, and wherever a slaveholder joined the church the Quarterly Conference appointed a Committe of the most just and prominent men, to sit upon his case, and decide how long each one of his slaves should serve, and if he did not concur in their decision and file the deeds for their manumission, he was instantly turned out of church. If a member bought a slave, man, woman, or child, the Q. conference immediately fixed its term of service, a period barely sufficient to refund the owner for his purchase money.

But the agitation from the slaveholders increased as their power waxed greater, and about the time or soon after the cotton gin was invented, and slavery became wonderfully profitable, the church found it impossible to administer her discipline on the subject in the Southern States.—Slaveholders held on to their property with a tenacious grip. And the dollars and cents of each slave's profit were so many reasons goading them on to fight against God's ministers and Church. Some slaveholders began to claim a place in the ministry, and 1844, they claimed that Bishop Andrew should be allowed to be, at once, a slaveholder and a member of the bench of Bishops in the M. E. Church. Up to this time the course of the Church was conservative and conciliatory, she had yielded to her demands and suffered the discipline on this subject to pine and at last to die. The Confederates cast out all petitions and frowned down all speeches relating to this matter. The Bishops in all their pastoral addresses warned the preachers not to say anything about slavery. If one dared to do so he was instantly proscribed, and places far below his merit given him for punishment. Is it any wonder that there two large secessions from the Church took place in the North, of men who believed that we ought to stand by the decipline, 'by which we lost thousands of members? But who can much blame them? In our Legislative Councils everything was yielded to the demands of slavery, nothing stood before them. So the Church 'backed down' little by little, till 1844, when their impudent assumption in the case of Bishop Andrew opened the eyes of the Church with us to the necessity of 'sticking a peg.' We did so.—Instantly the men we had tried to conciliate went off contemptuously, carrying with them one half the Church. And now they are endeavoring to divide the nation. The course of the Church was wrong, though she meant well. Had she maintained her original discipline, intact and valid, she would have had a Church in the South to day, possibly not less in numbers than the northern half. Slavery had never grown strong enough to divide the Union in the face of the Church consistent opposition. This could have been a great link binding North and South together, an anti slavery North and an anti-slavery Church in the South, and Union had proved as I trust it shall yet, 'now and forever, one and inseperable.' The great difficulty with the Methodist Church is that she has *not* agitated the question of slavery, while its friends have been outspoken *for* it, she has kept silent *against* it and hence its present power.

M. Well! I never was *strongly* in favor of slavery, if we could have got rid of it gradually years ago, I should have been glad of it to day, and the State would have been better off.

F. The Methodist Church established the grandest and most equitable scheme of emancipation, which the world has ever seen, that would have carried slavery away quietly and almost imperceptibly and made way for a better state of things. Law *cannot derise* a system half so wise, half so just, or half so certain of being equitably administered. You say you would rejoice in such a thing and yet you find fault with the Methodist Church for doing it, and doing it well.

M. Well, to tell the truth I have no objection to freedom, but it is unpleasant to have men call you abolitionists and other hard names and to look down upon you as not 'all *white men* were not created free and equal.' I had rather belong to some other Church to get out of company when I am subject to such persecution.

F. You ought to look an inch beyond your rose. No matter what Church you may join, in five years from now there will be a greater proportion of Abolitionists in it than there are in the M. E. Church at present; nothing but the *profits* of slavery can maintain the *popularity* of slavery, so you won't improve your company.—There is no use in jumping over board just as the storm is over, in fact, dear sir it is silly. The Methodist Church is sure to outride the storm, the poor—the non-slaveholders are *not very highly insulted* at the action of the Gen. Conference and when we are all Abolitionists together what difference will it make to any of us? but, my friend, you may do as you please. In moral power, wide spread influence, greatness of her labor, and glory of her success the Methodist is the *first Church in the land*, and if you haven't got 'back-bone' enough in you to endure persecution for six months or a year longer, why she can very well afford to do without you. But while you are true loyal and anti-slavery State don't be foolish enough to think that a disloyal and pro-slavery Church, or a neutral one can long exist.

M. Well, I thank you for your explanations. I think I will be satisfied with my position in Church and State.

REPORTER.

RAIN AND CANNON.

It is noticed that violent rain storms follow battles. This has been so during the present rebellion, and so it has been in all lands and in all times. To the soldiers it may be a very fortunate occurrance. To the wounded left on the battle field nothing could be better. It affords relief to the intolerable thirst that follows gunshot wounds, and water is the best dressing that such wounds can receive. It may be a benefit also to those not wounded, since it washes the battle field where putrefaction might otherwise take place and plagues result; and it also washes and purifies the air, burdened with smoke and lust and the exhalations from the dead.

What is the cause of the rain? Philosophers are not agreed, though many of late have coincided with Professor Espy, who said that the rain was produced by the shock of the atmosphere from the explosion of gunpowder, and he claims that showers may be had any time from the same causes. Possibly this may have something to do with it, but quite as likely it is the process by which Nature renovates herself when contaminated, whether by battles or by any other cause. The ancients noticed the phenomena of rain after battles, when no gunpowder was used. Thus Plutarch, in his life of Lulus Merius, noticed the same event after a battle 1,400 years before gunpowder was known in Europe, and writes:—

'Thus the opinion of Archiloshus is confirmed, that fields are fattened with blood. It is observed, that extraordinary rains generally fall after great battles; whether it be that some deity choose to wash and purify the earth with water from above, or whether the blood and corruption by the moist and heavy vapor they emit, thicken the air, which is liable to be altered by the smallest cause.'

☞It is said that Missouri will be able to take the place of North Carolina in the supply of turpentine, tar, pitch and rosin.

☞About $70,000 in gold was recently found in an old cellar in New Hampshire.

The Fremont Movement in Western Virginia.

We copy the following juicy correspondence from the Wheeling (Va.) *Intelligencer* of Saturday:

"WHEELING, West Virginia, June 17, 1864

"*To the Editor of the Intelligencer:*

"I enclose you for publication a correspondence which I think will be very interesting; first as a rich expose of some of the movements to create a Fremont furore; secondly, as a fit reply from an officer to the Government, who has been solicited to co-operate in the swindle.

"BALTIMORE, Md., June 11, 1864.

"*Major D. H. McPhail, U. S. A.*

"*Dear Sir*—I want you to send me the names of some two or three or more prominent Fremont and Cochran men in West Virginia, if you know any such. I am Chairman of the Sub National Committee of the Radical Democracy for Maryland, Delaware and West Virginia, and want to communicate with some of our leading friends in West Virginia on the subject of the campaign. Try and serve me if you can in the matter.

"They are going to have two Lincoln electoral tickets in Maryland. The anti-Blair men have theirs out.

"The Blair men are arranging to get theirs out. They say they have been cheated by the anti-Blairites, and will go before the people on the popularity of Montgomery Blair, as if anybody cared anything about him. I hope this may divide——. Honest people may then come by their rights.

"We shall organize at once in this State, at least, so far as anybody will go with us, hold a State Convention, and get our electorial tickets out. The whole of the loyal States will be thoroughly organized on the basis of our principles.

"I do not know your course, but I do hope it will be with us. Lincoln can never be reelected. His sins alone will prevent that. Andrew Johnson is besides a slaveholder.

"The Democratic party is split in twain forever, between the peace and war parties; it will make no nominations at Chicago, but will rally personally all other discontents around Fremont who will never yield his distinct organization.

"I want a sound man in Western Virginia, who is fit to go on the National Committee.—Let me hear from you. Truly yours.

W. G. SNETHEN."

"WHEELING, West, Va., June 16, 1864.

"*W. G. Snethen, Esq., Baltimore Md.*

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, and in reply have to say that since the adjournment of the Cleveland Convention I have not seen nor heard of *one* Fremont and Cochrane man in West Virginia.

"General Fremont has some warm friends in this State, and none regret more than do these his present political status; and I am surprised that any true friend of his could not have seen the trick that has been played off on him and them, by such parties as Henry Winter Davis & Company. I never considered the Cleveland Convention from the start a movement in the interests of Fremont, and I am still of that belief. Davis and his gang of trading politicians, in and out of Congress, have been the engineers of the whole movement. Smart enough they however, to keep away from it, and do better service in Congress and elsewhere, in embarrasing the Administration, in the hope that this, together with what might be done at Cleveland, would distract counsel at Baltimore, and thereby cause Mr. Lincoln to be dropped, and *their men* (Davis, Vice President, for example) elevated.

"I presume no honest man will for a moment doubt that Davis and his gang plotted for the destruction of Lincoln, notwithstanding their now pretended friendship for him and their hostility to Fremont, but these are they whom the Administration took into favor in Maryland to the exclusion of its true friends.

"It has turned out with them as I predicted it would, but they were caught in their attempt to sell Lincoln, and I shouldn't wonder if he has not begun to see it.

"I have considered the policy of the President too tame—you know that—but I do not see anything in the policy now being pursued that ought not to be considered radical enough for the new-born advocates of the Monroe doctrine. If my memory serves, this has always been a cardinal feature in the creed of the Democratic party, and no one feature of that creed has received more of abuse from the tongues of such old Whigs as Davis than has this one. As a Jackson Democrat I have always been an advocate of this doctrine, and will go as far as the fathest in asserting it at the proper time, but I will never consent to its use as a means to embarrass the Administration while Rebels are in arms against the liberties of the people. Its introduction at the present time was 'designed for no good purpose: hence I can't be 'counted in.'

"In conclusion let me say that, however much I might be disposed to favor the election of Fremont, two reasons would prevent me from voting for him as now nominated. First, the platform does not suit me. It savors too much of red republicanism, with its concomitants of infidelity, and it offers too many inducements for the Rebels in the Northern and Western States, who call themselves Democrats, to fall into line and move unitedly in phalanx to break down the Government. Second, I have too fively a recollection of that speech of John Cochrane's delivered at the Maryland Institute Hall in the winter of 1860 61, wherein he was unable to see how a State could be coerced, agreeing, on that occasion, with Buchanan. Possibly he may have since discovered how that thing can be done. No thanks, however, to politicians, but all thanks to the armies of the still living Republic.

"Very truly yours, D. H. McPHAIL."

A YANKEE HOTEL IN DIXIE.

When Gen. Bank's army moved on up the Shenandoah Valley from New Market, Quartermaster Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed in true Virginia style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver. "If you won't board me, I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and he hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary and "took up" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows; then going to her servant's house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn dodgers that had been prepared for the supper. The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation. True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the hotel across the way, at which she became spitefully indignant; but Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries. Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of borders; and in due time a sheep and another young porker, and a second hive of bees were gathered under the roof of his 'hotel;' and furthermore, not a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time, her ladyship thought she 'could see it,' and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at her door.

'See here, young man,' said she, 'I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and a room free.'

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely, "but I prefer boarding at a first class Yankee hotel to stopping at any secesh house in Virginia at the same price. You will, therefore, be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late," and back he hobbled to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking in and boarding every sick and straggling soldier that came along, making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but it learned her a valuable lesson, and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

The Wise Ambasador.

We remember reading, in an old French magazine, accounts of an ambassador from the court of the Emperor Charlemagne to that of an Eastern monarch. Dining one day in company with the barbarian king and the great men of the court, not knowing the regulations and the etiquette of the East, the ambassador, without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table. Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death; consequently, all eyes were turned upon the ambassador of Charlemagne, and there was an immediate outcry against him; for the courtiers of the tyrant thought to gain his favor by upholding him in his tyranny. The barbarian king feared to displease so great an emperor as Charlemagne, but he feared to transgress his own laws more, and he told the ambassador that he must suffer death for what he had done

"Great king," said the Frank, "I submit to my fate. The laws of so powerful a monarch should not be broken with impunity. I die without a murmer, but in the name of the great emperor whose humble servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die."

"Thou speakest well," replied the barbarian king. "It is not my will that thou shouldst suffer death, but since the laws require it, I give thee the promise of a king, whose word is fate, that whatever thou askest shall be granted. I have spoken."

"Then I am satisfied!" replied the ambassador, proudly; and he glanced contemptously at the obsequious courtiers. "All I ask is this: give me the eye of every man who saw me commit the crime."

The tyrant seemed confounded, and his flatterers turned pale. But his word had gone forth, and it must be kept. The Frank's request must be granted.

"It is well!" said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee."

But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish, every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king aslo declared that he himself had not.

"Turn why should I die, great king?" said the Frank. "The deed cannot even be proved against me!"

The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but, acknowledging and praising his cunning and wisdom, sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

SOLDIERS' SPECULATION'S.

A letter from the Army of the Potomac has the folowing good thing:

A few months ago two soldiers were sentenced, for some trival offence, to ten days in the guard house, but they were taken out occasionally to do police duty about camp. Doing police duty, you must know, is not in the army what it is in the city, but consists in going about under guard, and cleaning up the camp. These soldiers were put to cleaning away the mud from the front of the colonel's quarters. They were from a New York city regiment, and, to judge from their dialect, might have been named Mose and Sykesy. At any rate, I shall call them so in the recital. They had worked well, and finally seated themselves on a log to await the arrival of the sergeant of the guard to relieve them, when the following conversation took place:

MOSE—Say, Sykesy, what are you gon' to do when your three years is up? Goin' to be a vet? Say?

SYKESY—Not if I know myself, I ain't—no! I'm gon' to be a citizen. I'm goin' back to New York, and am goin' to lay off and take comfort, bum round the engine-house, and run wide-fer machine.

MOSE—Well, I tell you what I'm a goin' to do. I've just been thinkin' the matter all over, and got the whole thing fixed. In the first place, I'm gon' home to New York, and as soon as I get my discharge, I'm goin' to take a good bath, and get this Virginia sacred soil off me.—Then I'm goin' to have my head shampood, my hair cut and combed forward and 'bled, and then I'm gon' to some up-town clothing store and buy me a suit of togs. I'm goin' to get a gallus suit too—black breeches, red shirt, black choker, stovepipe hat, with black lombazine around it, and a pair of them shiney leather butes. Then I'm goin' up to Delmonico's place and am goin' for to order jest the best dinner he can get up. I am goin' to have all he has on his dinner ticket, you bet. What? No! I guess I won't have a gay old dinner much, for I'll be a citizen then, and won't have to break my teeth off gnawing hard tack. After I've had my dinner, I will call for a bottle of wine and a cigar, and all the New York papers, and then I'll jest set down, perch my feet upon the table, drink my wine, smoke my cigar, read the news and wonder why the Army of the Potomac don't move.

WHEN TO CUT WHEAT.—Here is something worth the consideration of all wheat raisers. A club of ten farmers in Pennsylvania (Chester county) made experiments in cutting wheat.—Their conclusion was that the best time to cut wheat was 'when the grain can be pressed between the thumb and finger, and leave nothing but the husk and pulp, without any fluid around its edges.' If cut earlier, there will be less; if later, there is less weight to the bushel. A few days before or after makes little or no difference.