The Lancaster Gazette.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 4. NO. 51. LANCASTER, OHIO, MARCH 17, 1864. Established 1826.

The Lancaster Gazette.

MILLER, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE
Tallmadge Block, Third Story.—To the Left at the Head of Stairs.

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The Gazette will be published every Thursday on the following terms:

One year in advance.....$1 50
After the expiration of six months.....2 00
For less time than one year at the rate of.....1 50 per annum, but invariably in advance.

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[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

HADYN VAUGHN'S DAUGHTER.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

'My dear uncle, I am delighted to be at home again. What splendid easy times we will have, and egad! what dinners! Uncle, I will tell you (under the rose) it don't pay to go 'abroad,' but mums the word, though, for it's fashionable, you know. But on my honor as a Trevanion, I was almost poisoned on frogs and things. I met the Leightons, and Esterbrooks, and the first families in Paris, though. Like myself, they were 'doing' Europe for the fame of the thing.'

Tom Trevanion sat in his uncle's study with his feet on the marble mantle, and a costly meerschaum in his mouth, from whence issued a delicious pertume, for Tom was a connoisseur in the weed. 'Hand me that dressing-gown, old boy, and I'll make a regular night of it, and forget Paris and Louis Villiers.'

'Old boy, indeed! Tom, you have grown disrespectful since you left home. Get your dressing gown yourself, sir.'

'Forgive me, uncle Hal, I am mad with joy at being home again, and mistook you for Pomp.'

'Hump! who is Louis Villiers, Tom?

'Oh, a charming little French girl, uncle. I thought some of making her Mrs. Trevanion, only women-folks are so very troublesome, tagging round after a fellow all the time. But uncle she is divine; there is nothing in America to match her.'

'Humph—uncle Hal's favorite word—there has been an addition to our family, Tom, since you left. I did not mention it in my letter, because I thought it best you should finish your travels. Hadyn Vaughn, my old college chum, died in India, and left his daughter in my care. She has been here a year.'

'The duce she has! Is she handsome, uncle?

'The girl is entirely without friends. I pitied her loneliness, and I—I—in fact we are to be married in the spring.'

'Married in the spring.'

'Tom, you must not speaks so loud. I thought I heard some one at the door a little while ago, when you were talking about women being so troublesome.'

A rich, clear voice humming '*La ci darem*,' and the click of a solitary boot heel along the hall, and Tom pricked up his ears. 'What is that, uncle? It sounds like some lame opera singer.'

'Humph! I'll risk my life on the lameness. It's Hadyn Vaughn's daughter.'

The door was flung open with a bang, and a crimson-lipped, black-haired, saucy-looking girl entered, carrying her gaiter boot in one hand, and a tack hammer in the other.

'Guardy, your are heathenish! Here I've been limping up that interminable flight of stairs with only a silk stocking between my foot and the cold oil-cloth. There's a peg in my shoe, and my heel is bruised to a jelly with it. I tried to poke it out with this tack hammer, but it won't move.'

No more notice of Tom than if he had been a part of the furniture, tho' she saw him, for her black eyes rested contemptuously upon the patent leather boots resting on the marble mantle.

'If that is your game, my dear, I am with you,' was Tom's thought, as he noticed her utter indifference. He settled his boots more firmly, and puffed wickedly at his pipe.

A few desperate 'pokes' and the refractory peg came out.

'Where are you going through this rain, Bell?'

'To Maillard's for some candy; this is real candy weather, guardy.'

'I wouldn't go out in such weather, Bell.'

'I would.'

She seated herself on a little stool, and coolly putting on her boot, began lacing it up before Tom's very eyes. Then she hooped up her dress through an elastic, exposing a red-ribbed balmoral and dainty ankle, and tying a crimson hood under her chin, turned to the door.

'Good-bye, guardy; good-bye, Mr. Boots.'

Tom laughed uproariously, while Mr. Trevanion said:

'Why bless my soul, boy, I forgot to present you to Bell.'

'Never mind, uncle, only don't forget it at dinner.'

Tom Trevanion took unusual pains with his toilet that night, and Tom was a very handsome man. His thick, glossy, brown hair, and long heavy beard, were subjected to a merciless brushing; and a magnificent black neck-tie embroidered with white silk was arranged as killingly as possible. Bell, in a crimson merino, and her shining, Indian-black hair, coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head, was superb and indifferent. Around the fair throat was a tiny collar of the softest and finest lace, fastened by a small diamond star.

'Tom, this is Hadyn Vaughn's daughter. Isabel, my nephew, Tom Trevanion.'

Isabela inclined her stately head, while the handsome Tom bowed low before her.

'I am happy to find such a valuable addition to my uncle's family, Miss Isabel. I had feared this old house would be lonely.'

'I am very glad, sir; it quite relieves my mind. Some young gentlemen think women folks about a house troublesome.' The black eyes looked saucily into his.

'Confound the girl! she is laughing at me. I believe she heard what I said about Louise Villiers. I wish she was not so confoundly handsome.'

As time passed on, Tom found himself very faint about the region of the heart. If Bell Vaughn was splendid at night in crimson merino she was divine in a rose colored wrappper in the morning. Tom forgot all about Louise Villiers, and fell in love with his uncle's promised bride—that is how it was. He wisely kept his secret hid, though, for the wicked black eyes had a way of hurling lightning glances at him that was most exasperating.

'If she only cared a speck for a fellow, I'd—I'd—but no, that would be dishonor. Brave old uncle Hal, I would not step between you and happiness if I could.'

As the weeks wore on, Tom saw plainly that Isabel did not love his uncle, though she did not know it yet herself. She had never known any other love but that she had borne her father, and when Mr. Trevanion asked her to be his wife she, feeling lonely and desolate, gave him her promise, knowing nothing of that other self who, somewhere in the length and breadth of the land, was waiting for her.

It had been a dismal day. A kind of drizzling rain had fallen suddenly all day long, and a kind of dirge-like wind keeping it company. For once Bell Vaughn was sad, though if she had thought any one noticed it the red lips would have been smiling in a trice. She had been strangely silent all the afternoon, and Tom thought he saw her lips quiver once or twice. He crossed over to where she was sitting, hoping her sad mood would make her more comfortable.

'What a dismal day, Bell? It gives me the heartache.'

'What is that?' A voice and eye both firm, though Tom could have sworn he saw her lip quiver.

'If you don't know, I shall not enlighten you.'

Tom was exasperated. He almost thought she had no heart. Bell went to looking dreamingly out of the window, and by and by sighed a little quivering sigh. This time he saw the proud, red lip quiver Tom Trevanion was a noble-hearted fellow, and he pitied the poor motherless, sisterless girl—pitied the proud, young heart, that, ache as it might, would never let it be known. He had watched her closely and knew that underneath her elfin ways a warm, passionate heart was throbbing.

One night he saw by her eyes she had been weeping, and as he stood by her side, he ventured to lay his hand on her shining hair. She looked up quickly into his handsome face, as if she would have read what was written thereon. It was a manly face, strong and tender.

'Bell, you have been weeping; it grieves me to see it.' Eyes and voice were burdened with tenderness, but she would not see it.

'I am going down town, Bell. Can I do anything for you?' The voice had still that indescribable tenderness which deep feeling always gives.

'Yes; if you are going by Taylor's, bring me some ginger-snaps.'

He sprang to his feet, and a muttered imprecation burst from his lips.—Pulling his hat down over his eyes, he strode fiercely down Broadway, causing the passers-by to look after him wonderingly. He met some boon companions, but his gloomy brow gave them no encouragement to tarry.

"What's to pay now?' said Ned Sterling to his friend Lennox. 'Trevanion looks as fierce as a Bengal tiger.'

'Got in debt, I reckon. Come Ned, let us go down to Niblo's.'

Poor Tom knew to his cost what was to pay. Louise Villiers, the insipid, tame little Parisian was, to use Tom's vocabulary, 'nowhere!' She had been cast into the shade by this brilliant, fascinating, tantalizing Bell Vaughn. Tom's thoughts were after this fashion: 'I love this brilliant Bell; her rich, tropical nature intones with my own. She may school lip and eye, but I can read both. She is unhappy, there was anguish in her eye when she asked for those abominable ginger-snaps. I saw it brooding dumbly through all her actions. That girl is wretched; she does not love my uncle; she cannot, and yet there is but one short month between this and her wedding day! O woman! woman! man's blessing and his curse! I will leave New York to-morrow; it is all that I can do.'

He returned from his mad walk silent and moody. His uncle sat reading the Herald, and Bell, without a vestige of color in cheek or lip, sat with her dainty little feet on the fender, and the last number of 'Godey' in her hand. She did not look round as Tom closed the door, though she knew his footsteps.

'Fluted trimming is still worn, guardy. I think I will have my new dress trimmed so. Ah, Tom! are you back? Where's the ginger-snaps?'

Tom left the room with never a word of answer.

'Tom is getting to be an insufferable puppy, with his moody brow and tragic airs.'

'An insufferable puppy,' echoed Bell; but her lip quivered.

Mr. Trevanion laid down his paper, and went over to where Bell was sitting with her eyes fixed upon the fire. He laid his hand kindly on the bowed head; but she sprang suddenly to her feet and the small hand hanging by her side now clenched fiercely.

'What is the matter, I say?'

'My head aches, sir; and if you will excuse me, I will go to my room.'

She almost flew up the broad staircase, and her white face was a perfect revelation. Tom Trevanion, pacing up and down the study floor, saw it as she passed, and shivered. Reaching her own room the despairing girl flung herself, face down wards, on the floor. She neither fainted nor wept, she did not even moan; if she had unclosed the firm-set lips for a single instant she would have shrieked. Her dumb anguish was a thousand times worse than tears, more than a river of tears. She had promised to be Mr. Trevanion's wife through gratitude; because she was lonely and desolate, as he had said, and knew not till too late that life would brin any other love. That she had learned to love this handsome Tom Trevanion, was a fixed fact. How or when the love crept into her heart she could not have told; but she knew to her sorrow, that it was there. She had thought to put it away from her, to forget the manly, tender face; but she found her own heart a rebel, all she could do was to keep the sad secret from the eyes of Tom and his uncle. She never entered the study now, so they met only at meals.

She went down one night in the twilight, to the almost unused library. The street lamps were lighting, and she stood with her face pressed against the window pane, watching the little lame boy as he went his rounds. It was a wan, pitiful face, and Tom Trevanion coming up softly behind her, looked upon it and longed to gather it to his breast. 'Oh if it was any one but brave old Uncle Hal that loved her, he would—he would—but this was dishonor.' The closed eyes saw nothing but a heart-picture she was looking at, so Tom could gaze his fill at the sad face. The tired eyes unclosed suddenly, and she looked up to see that spendid face bending over her with an expression she could not misunderstand.

There was perfect silence for many minutes. Tom stood with folded arms and tight shut lips. What could he say that would not be dishonor? Bell made a movement as though she was going to leave the room.

'Bell, I am going away to-morrow. I leave on Monday for Europe.'

She trembled so that he put his arm around her, and then, as though wholly unable to resist it, he drew the beautiful head to his breast. She just let it lie there for she knew it was for the last time; that dreary last time!

'My darling! mine in this sad hour, if never again. I love you, Isabel, with a holy tender love, and I am leaving you because of that love. I ought not to have told you this, but you know it, Isabel, and it seems some consolation to put it into words. It would be dishonor in me to try to win you from kind Uncle Hal, and dishonor in you to be so won, for he has set his heart on you, little Isabel. We must part, though it rend our hearts in twain, and now, for I hear uncle's voice, and I have no further strength left.'

He led her to a chair, and pressing one kiss upon her pale lips, staggered almost blindly from the room. It was a fearful storm of feeling, requiring all his love for his brave old uncle, all his honorable feelings to prevent him rushing back and claiming Isabel.—That he had no right to do so he knew, save by the passionate love he bore her. The old man sat smoking with closed eyes.

'Get your pipe, Tom, and let us have a good time.'

'I cannot, uncle, I am not well to-night. Uncle Halbert, I sail for Europe on Monday, and have come to say good-bye to-night. I must go to Norwich to-morrow.'

'Is the boy mad? What in the name of common sense would take you away again? Why Tom, you are ill! What is it, boy?'

'No matter, uncle.'

'Tom, I am the only father you have ever known. I command you, by a father's right, to tell me what this means. Are you in debt, my boy? If so, speak it out; if it is one thousand dollars I will pay it, anything rather than have you leave me.'

'Uncle, don't press me, just let me go quietly. I give you my word, the word of a Trevanion, which never was broken' that it is nothing of debt or difficulty of that kind. It is only a private matter of my own.'

'I must know it, Tom.'

'No matter, Tom.' The old man rose and put his arm affectionately on Tom's shoulder. 'Come, boy, out with it.'

'Uncle, it will grieve you.'

'Uncle, I love Isabel Vaughn. It is because of her I am leaving America. It is all I can do. I fought against it long, uncle; but, God help me, my love was stronger than my will.'

'Does Isabel love you?'

'I have never asked her, uncle.'

'Sit down here a minute, Tom, while I go to my chamber. You must have funds to go to Europe on.'

Tom folded his arms upon the table, and laid his head upon them. 'The worst is over now. I have parted with Isabel, and told my uncle all.'

Mr. Trevanion went straight to Isabel's room. He knocked softly.

'Isabel, I want to speak to you just one moment.'

She came to the door, surprised at this unusual proceeding, but too wretched to care much.

'Isabel, would you just as leave marry Tom as me?'

It was a startling question. Isabel would have fallen had not her guardian caught her in his arms.

'You see, Isabel, the foolish fellow has fallen in love with you, and as he is too honorable to try to steal you away from me, he is determined to be off to Europe again. Tom is my only sister's child, and if you could love him, Isabel, I—'

The old saucy look came to Isabel's eyes.

'I will try, guardy.'

'Then come with me.'

He led her, excitedly, along the hall and entering the study, said: 'Here, Tom, I'll forego my claim if you can make it all right with Isabel. I could not see you go, my boy.' He closed the door, and with a rare delicacy left the lovers alone.

Over that interview we will draw a veil.

By mutual consent, the knowledge of their mutual love was kept from Uncle Halbert, and he thinks to this day that Isabel married Tom to please him.

Isabel and Tom have been married five happy years. Isabel is a little like the Isabel of this story, save in form and feature. She is gentle and quiet; and has given over all her mad moods, subdued by the power of love, and Tom likes her best so. Sometimes when in the fullness of her young life, she would flash out some of these same old mad moods, Tom would put his arm tenderly around her and say: 'Don't, Isabel, darling. I love you best in your new mood. The saucy, defiant Isabel Vaughn has passed away, and in her stead I hold to my heart my loving, tender Isabel Trevanion.'

Dear reader, good-night.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—A special to the Commercial [illegible] informed that Sir Francis Head has written a pungent letter to Seward, setting forth certain facts connected with the destruction in the time of the Canadian rebellion, of the steamer Caroline, asserting that the position taken by the United States Government in that affair was diametrically opposite to the doctrine promulgated in the dispatch of July 11th to Mr. Adams.

A Kingston correspondent to the Raleigh Confederacy, in speaking of the hanging on the 6th inst., in Kingston, of the twenty-three captured soldiers as deserters from the rebel conscription, says:

The prisoners ascended the scaffold with a firm and elastic step, and met their fate with unflinching fortitude. They asked for no quarter, and spurned all overtures of concession on condition of returning to duty in the Confederate service. The multitude were moved to tears, and openly denounced this cruel massacre, which was causing desertions from the Confederate service by the wholesale; and creating indignation which, it is feared, will be uncontrollable.

It is reported that the rebels intend hanging the whole of the Union soldiers captured by them from Colonel Foster's command, 51 in number, half of whom have never been in the rebel service. The native Union troops have decided to take the question of retalliation into their own hands.—They have given their officers who do not approve of severe measures an opportunity to resign; and have also given warning that immediate death will be inflicted upon any officer who offers hereafter to surrender to the enemy or ask for any quarter.

The Whisky Law.

The Whisky Bill, (so called) has passed both Houses of Congress, and having been approved by the President, is therefore now a law. It is we learn, creating much excitement. The law provides a tax of 70 cents per gallon on all spirits which may be distilled and removed, for consumption, previous to July 1, next. Any tax after this time, is to be provided for by future legislation, and will, doubtless, be inserted in the supplemental tax bill, now under consideration by the Committee of Ways and Means. The Whisky law provides an additional tax of 50 cents per gallon on imported spirits on hand. The sliding scale of duties on both domestic and foreign spirits, and a tax on the stock on hand of domestic spirits, has no place in the bill.

A supplemental tax bill is under conderation before the committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives. A new bill, in reference to whisky will be reported from this committee, impossing a tax upon liquors after the 1st of January next.

WORTH TRYING.—The Ohio Farmer says that coal oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against the ravages of the curculio, by placing saw-dust, saturated with the oil, at the foot of the tree.

☞A young lady, on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushingly replied, a husbandman's.

Lieutenant General.

The President of the United States formally presented to Major General Grant, on Wednesday afternoon, his commission as Lieutenant General.—The presentation took place in the presence of the Cabinet, General Halleck and others.

The President, in delivering the commission, addressed Gen. Grant as follows:

GEN. GRANT: In consequence of the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, you are now presented with this commission, constituting you a Lieutenant General to the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so under God will it sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence.

To which General Grant replied as follows:

Mr. President, I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your earnest expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are successful it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence, which leads both nation and men.

The President then introduced the General to all the members of the Cabinet, after which the committee was seated and about a half an hour was spent in social conversation.

Further Particulars of Kilpatrick's Raid.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—A special to the Tribune says: From returned Richmond prisoners we glean the following incidents connected with Kilpatrick's raid:

When information reached Richmond that Kilpatrick had crossed the Rapidan, most vigorous orders were issued respecting the prisoners; and when the fact that Kilpatrick really was approaching Richmond was established, the prison was mined, 200 kegs of powder placed under it, and every preparation made to blow the prisoners into eternity. Ignorant that the prison was mined, a man was [illegible] to attempt to join our forces when they should get into the city. On Monday only those bringing rations called in, and they refused to converse. The guard was increased, and strict orders given to shoot any one who approached the windows or stairway.

Three officers and 150 men from Kilpatrick's men were confined in the cells and fed only on corn paste and water.

Marvelous Incident.

In the course of our reading we remember to have met with a few cases where, at the moment of death, a vision of the dead has appeared to friends at a great distance from the place of death, as if to give notice of the event; but these instances were in Europe, and occurred a long time ago—so one might doubt their authenticity, or at least be excused for not accepting them as verities, and all the more since nothing of the kind was ever heard of in his own region. We have now a case which is free from these objections, and is quite as extraordinary as any that have been recorded. A friend (whose name we do not give simply because we did not happen to ask his authority for publication) recently called on us who had lost a son in the Army, an officer of good promise serving under General Banks. We alluded to the great loss of our friend, and, in conversation upon that subject, he said a very remarkable thing had happened to him in connection with it. When he had no reason to doubt the well-being of his son, and had no anxiety for him beyond what was usual, and was sleeping calmly, he was suddenly awakened by a shock as if he had been shot through the head. His first thought was that he had been shot—or, to use his own expression—

"This is death." But the next instant a vision of his son appeared to him, and the impression was that his son and not himself was killed. He had never believed in ghosts or spiritual manifestations; nor did he at the occurrence of the vision, nor does he now undertake to account for it, or call it a spiritual manifestation. He did not record the date nor the hour, but he did in the morning relate the circumstance to two of his friends. They did not record the date; but when, about three weeks afterwards, intelligence was received of the death of his son by a shot through the head at Port Hudson at six o'clock in the morning, the recollection of one of them was that the vision and the death were on the same day, and of the other that the vision was on the same day or the next day after the death of the son. Such was the account given to us; and we have no doubt of its truth. Our friend would not trifle on a matter which to him has not only the solemnity of the grave, but it also touches his keenest affection. — *Vermont Watchman and Freeman.*

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, 'do the men want to get married as much as the women?"

"Pshaw! what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

Senatorial Classification.

"Mack," the lively Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, classifies the U. S. Senators as follows:

"After three month's daily attendance in the Senatorial jury box, (better known as the Reporter's Gallery,) I have brought in the whole verdict. I don't know how far the general public will agree with me, but those who disagree are privileged to appeal to a higher Court.

The best lawyer—Mr. Collamer, of Vermont.

The best scholar—Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts.

The best general debater and practical legislator—Mr. Fessenden, of Me.

The "keenest" debater—Mr. Trumbell, of Illinois.

The most pleasant speaker to listen to—Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

The best financier—Mr. Sherman of Ohio.

The richest man—Mr. Sprague, of Rhode Island.

A very sensible old man—Mr. Wade, of Ohio.

The greatest bore that ever lived—Mr. Davis, of Kentucky.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Nigger—Mr. Lane, of Kansas.

The most violent copperhead—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

The most eloquent copperhead—Mr. Carlisle, of Virginia.

The most bibulous man in Congress—Mr. Richardson, of Illinois.

The best looking man, when sober—Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware.

The man who has the least to say—Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana.

The man who made a *fauxpas* in issuing a "strictly private" circular, which soon became public property.—Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas.

The man who comes nearest to being nobody—Mr. Riddle, of Delaware.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

Lord Shaftsbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of startling importance to parental responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure an absolute control over the child until sixteen; it cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases, and if that control is not wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of 98 per cent. of the crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are in nearly every case sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer, tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, negro minstrel, the restaurant, and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead down to the gates of social, physical, and moral ruin. From eight to sixteen! in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty; fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help I'll fix my destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets."

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The following is the Gold bill as it passed the Senate to-day:

Resolved, &c., That the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt by a period not exceeding one year from time to time either with or without a rebate of interest upon the coupons as to him may seem expedient; and he is hereby authorized to dispose of any gold in the treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest of the public debt.

After reviewing his own sufferings and those of other East Tennesseeans, at the hands of the rebel soldiers, Parson Brownlow goes off in this language:

Had we our wish we would throw hell wide open, and place all such beast-like officers and men upon an inclined plane, at an angle of forty-five degrees, grease the plane with hog's lard six inches thick, with a wicket at the bottom, and send them, as one stream of traitors, robbers and assassins, into the hottest part of the infernal regions.

A nugget of gold valued at $250 has been sent from Idaho as a present from a miner to President Lincoln.

☞In a word, Madame Zadoc Porter's Curative Balsam is the great antidote to Colds, Coughs, and Consumption, and its use will amply repay the confidence of the user. It has already done much, and will do more, to mitigate and finally banish from the human family, so terrible a scourge of suffering humanity as *Consumption*.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

A square of ten lines or less, one insertion.....$ 50
Three insertions.....1 00
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	3 Months.	6 Months.	12 Months.
One square	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two do	5 00	7 00	10 00
Three do	7 00	9 00	12 00
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One-third do	12 00	17 00	22 00
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One column	18 00	25 00	40 00

☞Business cards of about 8 lines, by the year $5.

☞Advertisements not marked on the manuscript, will be continued at our terms until forbid.

☞Legal advertisements, Administrator's notices, &c., must be paid for in advance, for reasons which we will explain at the time.

☞The above terms strictly observed in all cases.

Cultivation of Tobacco.

THE SEED BED.—In preparing the seed bed care should be taken to have the grounds so rich as to make the plants grow as fast as possible, as it is important to have them sufficiently large to transplant by the 10th of June or earlier. Although plants set as late as the first of July have matured, yet such late set plants are apt to have a good many "fat stems" at the time of stripping.

In preparing the seed-bed, select a piece of fine, warm, dry land, having a good an exposure to the sun as possible, and if not protected by buildings, a tight board fence should be erected on the north and west sides, to keep off the cold winds. In the fall, at least 20 bushels of manure to the square rod should be thoroughly dug or plowed in; and in the spring, as soon as the snow is off, apply another dressing of fine manure and ashes, or sow ashes at the rate of three-fourths of a bushel to the rod; and two weeks before sowing the seed apply 10 or 12 pounds of fine guano to the rod, raking it in thoroughly. If just before a rain, all the better.

When preparing the bed for the reception of the seed, it should be made as fine as possible by raking, rolling, or tramping, and then raking again, until the lumps are all broken and the bed is made perfectly fine. Then the seed, which has been previously prepared by sprouting, is mixed as thoroughly as possible with plaster, so as to enable it to be sown evenly. If the seed is good two thirds of a tablespoonful of seed is sufficient to sow a rod square of ground. The seed is usually sprouted by placing it in a cloth between a couple of moist sods, for a week or so previous to sowing.

After sowing a part of the seed some cultivators are in the habit of giving the bed a slight raking, so that the portion of the seed raked in will not come up so soon, thus giving a supply of late plants, or allowing them to be dug from the same bed longer than if all came up at one time.

After finishing the sowing the seed is pressed into the earth by a slight rolling, or by means of a board pressed down by walking over it. The plants can be hastened by covering with glass, or what is claimed by some to be about as good, and far cheaper, white birch brush. The seed should be sown about the 20th of April. When the size of a three-cent piece, sow superphosphate of lime, or what is better, use a weak solution of guano and quick acting manure, daily. To use this to the best advantage, put the manure in an old sack, and apply the liquid with a watering pot, some four or six pailfuls per day to a rod square. Every other day is often enough at first, but as the plants increase in size, increase the frequency of applications. Keep the beds as free from weeds as possible, and thin the plants properly. Do not be afraid of thinning freely, for plants grown on beds where they have not been properly thinned, are not near as good as those which are.—It is more difficult to make them live, and they have a sort of cabbage look for a long time.

Temperance in the Family.

BY REV. WM. H. THAYER.

The Chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment sat at the festive board with the officers and men, just previous to their departure for the field. The wine cup was passed to the chaplain, who declined it, saying:

"I never take intoxicating drinks."

"What! never take any?" responded the officer.

"Never, unless ordered by a physician."

"Well," continued the officer, "I am not much in favor of the habit; I do not use it habitually; but on such an occasion as this, I indulge myself a little."

"Will you allow me to ask you one or two questions?" inquired the chaplain.

"Oh, yes, as many as you please."

"Thank you. Well, then, have you children?"

"Yes; two noble boys—one twelve and the other fourteen."

"Now, then, would you prefer to have those sons follow your example, and take a little strong drink, or follow mine, and take *none?*"

"I would much prefer they would follow yours," answered the officer, without hesitation.

And he spoke the feelings of every true father's heart. Whatever be the habits of a parent in respect to the use of strong drink, he does not wish to see his son run the hazard of ruining himself by tampering with intoxicating drinks. Even very intemperate fathers are known to favor the pledge for their children. Recently the manager of the Band of Hope informed the writer that an intemperate father conducted his four children to the door of the vestry where their Band of Hope meets. He does not want them to follow his example. He evidently fears that they might be lured into the snares and pitfalls of this pernicious vice, as he himself had been. So all fathers, who have not made themselves intensely bestial by their intemperate habits, feel on this subject. They acknowledge that temperance is a good angel in the family—that its blessed influence is indispensable in the rearing of children. They dread the direful curse of intemperance, so wofully illustrated in every community. Sickness, poverty and death, if they be shared in sobriety and virtue, are not half so bad. All this, and more, is seen, felt realized.