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TERMS OF ADVERTISING
A square of 10 lines for the first week...

DYSPEPSIA

DISEASES RESULTING FROM DISORDERS OF THE LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING TONIC. These Bitters have performed more cures...

REMEMBER

THAT THIS BITTERS IS NOT ALCOHOLIC.

CONTAINS NO RUM OR WHISKY, and can't make Drunkards.

The best Tonic

as READ WHO SAYS SO.

From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Painesville, N. J.

I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years...

From Rev. J. H. Hensard, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend...

From Rev. J. H. Hensard, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

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Come Back to me.

Come from your long, long roving. Come to me and I will be glad to see you.

The Great Shakespearean Tercentenary

STAFFORD-ON-AVON, April 23.

Carlyle reminds us that Shakespeare took no airs upon himself for writing Hamlet; indeed, that he was magnificently unconscious of his great work.

He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564.

He married when quite young, the daughter of a farmer or substantial yeoman of the neighborhood.

His wife, Anna Hathaway, was seven years his senior.

He seems to have been a prudent man, following diligently the calling of an actor and author.

Occasionally visiting his native town, he invested his professional gains in the purchase of property, and where he finally settled about the year 1608.

He lived a retired life, his name appearing from time to time in legal deeds and local registers connected with affairs of his family or property.

His will, the most important of the legal documents, is dated 25th of March, 1616.

He died on the 23rd of April of the same year, April 23, Will Shakespeare, Gent., is the register of his burial.

He was buried in the chancel of his parish church, and the monument to his memory was erected some time before the year 1623.

With the exception of a few notices in indentures, conveyances, and other legal documents, in which his name occurs in connection with the purchase or transfer of property, this is absolutely all that is authentically known of the outward life of Shakespeare.

For other supplementary and fragmentary notices we are thankful to the antiquaries, and also for such incidental allusions as the following.

In a letter from Mrs. Alleyn to her husband, Edward Alleyn, the founder of the Dulwich Hospital, dated October 1603, she tells of a youth, Francis Cholloner, a chevalier d'industrie of those days, who came and who would have borrowed some money.

Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came, said he knew him not, only he heard of him that he was a roge.

So he was glad we did not lend him the money. The youth borrowed a horse from a neighbor, and rode off into obscurity.

Good Mrs. Alleyn's letter, as Mr. C. Knight remarks, shows that William Shakespeare went about pretty much like other people, calling common things by their common names, giving advice about worldly matters in the way of ordinary folk, and spoken of by the wife of a friend, without any wonder or laudation, just as if he had written no 'Midsummer Night's Dream' or 'Othello.'

Notices of a more sad strain we have in the Parish Registers of Stratford. Often was the home of the poet darkened by sorrow and bereavement.

His eldest son, Hamnet, had lost so long ago as 1585, at the age of seven years, six months. His own young brothers—for he was the eldest of a

family—died before him.

Richard was ten years his junior, died at Stratford, in 1613. At that time his sister Jean, the wife of William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only one left of his father's family.

They were a short-lived race, though his sister Mrs. Hart, survived him thirty years. His wife, Ann Hathaway, who lived till 1623, his unmarried daughter Judith, and his eldest daughter, Mrs. Susanna Hall, her husband, Dr. Hall, and their little daughter, Elizabeth, formed the Shakespeare family circle at Stratford in the last years of his life.

His will seems to have been prepared about the time of his daughter Judith's marriage with Thomas Quincy of Stratford.

His eldest and favorite daughter, Susanna, had been married in 1607 to John Hall, a physician of Stratford.

It is a pleasure again to repeat the testimony borne to her worth, in an epitaph widely differing from the routine praise of monumental inscription.

'Witly above her sex, but that's not all. Wise to selection was good Mistress Hall, Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this Wholly of him, with whom she's more in love. There, Passenger, last ye'er a tear To weep with her that wept with all! That wept, yet set herself to cheer Them up with comfort cordial! Her love shall live, her memory spread, When thou hast but a tear to shed.'

This meager account is eked out by some traditions and anecdotes, to which I shall have to refer in future; for some of them are plainly mythical, others rest upon good evidence.

It is well known chiefly on account of the strange story of poor Miss Bacon's connection with the theory, that some critics have believed, that Lord Bacon really did the vast work attributed to Shakespeare, and that still more have believed that many players united in the composition of the plays and, in a kind of freak, put to them the name of this theatrical call-boy.

The theory of Miss Bacon had already been ably advocated in a work on the subject by a Mr. Smith of this country.

There was much circumstantial evidence to render the theory plausible. Sufficient evidence from the position of Lord Bacon and the estimation of the drama at that time was collected to show that he would have been unwilling to be known as the author of stage-plays, and even that such knowledge would have been inconsistent with his office of Chancellor.

Mysterious hints in his papers of some important work that he had done for mankind, which they would not know until after his death, were found.

The fact that in the quotations from the classics found in the known works of Bacon the same text was followed as where the same passages occur in Shakespeare, and exactly the same errors found in both, was certainly remarkable.

Occurrences in the private life of Miss Bacon, had already worn upon the health of that gifted woman, when she became filled with this idea.

She was by it led to this country and to this village. I have heard from many here how single and overpowering her enthusiasm was.

Her insanity was indeed suspected, but she was kindly treated by all. She did not declare the real object of her visit, which was to open the grave of Shakespeare; for she believed that the mysterious adjuration upon it not to disturb these bones, was connected with the secret of the authorship of the plays.

Her enthusiasm prevailed on the sexton of the church to give her the keys. It was after midnight when she entered the church, with a dark lantern and impliments with which to open the tomb.

When she was within arm's reach of the object she had so long cherished, and which had brought her over the ocean—her heart and strength failed.

Reason then and there gave way; the bones were not disturbed, and the next day Mr. Hawthorne, then at Liverpool, was written to, and came to take charge of her.

Of course there was much food for superstition in all this, and amongst the more ignorant residents of the villagers, those may be found who regard the insanity of the poor lady as the fulfillment of the curse written on the grave, against all who disturb it.

But the theory concerning Lord Bacon's authorship of the plays can scarcely be held when one regards the contemporary notices of Shakespeare.

Robert Greene and other rival playwrights of the time mention the plays at least with envy, and it is scarcely to be supposed that they would have failed to know if the apparent name had been that of one uttered incompetent to the task.

There must have been a reasonableness in the supposition that the manager wrote them. That the lines of Spencer in the 'Tears of the Muses' concerning 'four pleasant Wills' referred to him by many amongst others by Charles Knight, is an utterly untenable supposition, when we remember that the poem which speaks of him as 'dead of late,' was published long before Shakespeare died.

The allusion may, as is alleged, be figurative of his retirement from the stage, but there is nothing in the whole passage to show that 'Willy' meant Shakespeare. Spencer's poem appeared in 1591, and there is reason to believe that it was written some years before.

And when it is remembered that the bard was born in 1564, it will be at once seen that he could scarcely have been 'dead of late.'

The man whom Nature had made To mock himself, and truth to imitate, With kindly counter under mimic shade.

'Willy' was then, a general name for any poetical shepherd, and it is quite probable that Sir Philip Sidney, whom Spencer elsewhere calls 'Willy,' was meant. Conjectural and questionable as are the allusions of Greene in

his tract entitled 'A groat's worth of wit, bought with a million of repentance.'

It seems to be evident that they allude to Shakespeare. In giving advice to three of his fellow-dramatists, obviously Marlowe, Lodge and Peele, he counsels them not to rely on so mean a stay as the stage; for, he adds, 'there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac totum, is in his own conceit, the only Shakespeare in a country.'

The term 'Shake-scene' conspicuously printed, is a palpable allusion to Shakespeare, and the words 'his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide,' are a parody on a line in the Third Part of King Henry VI.

'O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,' which also occurs in the old play, 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.' The expression, 'beautified with our feathers,' conveys a direct charge of plagiarism; and the obvious inference is that Shakespeare had then been engaged in remodeling some old plays in the composition of which Greene, Marlowe, Lodge and Peele had been jointly or severally authors.

After Greene's death, another dramatist, Henry Chettle, published the Groat's Worth of Wit, the passage in which, just quoted, gave offense to Marlowe and Shakespeare, and drew forth a highly interesting explanation from Chettle.

In some prefatory remarks to his 'Kind-Heart's Dream,' Chettle says: 'With neither of them that take offense was I acquainted, and with one of them (Marlowe) I care not if I never be the other (Shakespeare), whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion, especially in such a case, the author being dead, that I did not, I am sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his adrihtness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. This is a most valuable statement, at once bearing testimony to Shakespeare's worth as a man, and to his talents as an actor and author.

During his six years' residence in London he had evidently established for himself a high position, such as commanded alike the respect and admiration of his fellow-workers, who regarded him as one of their ruling chiefs.

About another distinguished contemporary's praise there can be no doubt. Ben Jonson says, 'I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. Suffaminandus erat as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rules of it had been so too! And in verse Jonson has also borne tribute to the greatness of his contemporary. The poem 'To the memory of my beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us,' is a most elaborate as well as discriminating eulogy of the poet and his works.

'To draw no envy, Shakespeare, of thy name, And thus ample to thy luck and fame; While I confound the writings to be such, As neither man nor muse can praise too much. It is true, and all men's suffrage, He was not of an age, but for all times, And all the muses still were in their prime, When, like Apollo, he came forth to warne our ears, or like Mercury to charme.

We must then dismiss, certainly on this sacred day when and where I am writing, suppress our doubts, if we have them, and conclude that the great genius was the boy who was three hundred years ago born just where, just twenty steps from the old 'White Lion' hold, where I write. How great must he have been, whose wand stretches over three centuries, and makes the dust around his cradle and his grave blossom to flowers of enthusiasm and festive joy! How potent were these words, which even to-day are too formidable for the usurpers to tolerate; as witness the prohibition of the celebration of this day in Paris, by the performance of Shakespeare's Dramas.

There is little doubt that the Festival here, will be every respect worthy of the bard, and of his country. The weather opens beautifully; excellent and distinguished men are already present; and a general feeling of joy pervades the air. The town itself is beautiful, and the river reminds me of some of the most beautiful parts of Ohio, though its waters are much clearer.

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And when it is remembered that the bard was born in 1564, it will be at once seen that he could scarcely have been 'dead of late.'

The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one, the heroic voice says, 'Why wast thou hazardous?' The deeper toned replies, 'For thee, for thee.'

It is better to labor under aberration of mind than aberration of morals.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

Friday's Battle—14 Hours of Fighting—Desperate Attack by Lee to Break up Sedgwick's Division—Heroic Resistance of Our Men—Death of General Warren—Varying Successes, but Final Repulse of the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, Monday May 9.

Field of the Battle of the Wilderness, Friday, May 6—11 P. M.

Fourteen hours of severe fighting today, and still nothing decisive. The position this morning was that of last night, substantially. General Sedgwick, with two of his divisions, Richard Wright and Wright's, has fought upon the right; General Hancock, with the four divisions of his corps, viz: Birney's, Carr's, Barlow's, and Gibbons', with Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, has fought upon the left; and General Warren, with his full corps and Stevenson's division of the Ninth Corps, (Burnside's) has fought in the center. Burnside's corps has constituted the reserve, and has marched and counter-marched incessantly, and gone in by brigades at the center and on the left.

Sedgwick was to advance at 5 A. M., but Ewell, who commands opposite him, attacked at 4:45. Sedgwick says Ewell's watch must be 15 minutes ahead of his. This action on our right was spirited and well fought. At the expiration of an hour the rebels were handsomely borne back, the firing ceased, and each side held the ground they had bivouacked upon. Our loss was severe, and the enemy could not have been less.

General Sedgwick's staff were brilliant and ubiquitous, while the old General was the man of Antietam and Fredericksburg repeating himself. This action barely over, and suddenly we heard from the extreme left that peculiar monotonous swells and volume of sound which tells of large numbers engaged—so many that single shots and even volleys of long lines are not distinct, but are merged in the mighty noise of a great battle. Hancock was engaged.

The details of his two hours' steady struggle I do not know, but I know that he did his work clearly and completely. Longstreet had joined the rebel right, and this was a second determined attempt to turn our left, and a second utter discomfiture.

Grey, who was on the ground, will undoubtedly embody in his letter to the Tribune full and accurate particulars.

Only 10 o'clock, and Lee had tried each wing and had met each case more than he could overcome, and we asked ourselves what next. All his movements were silent and invisible, and unknown until he developed them in the event. We can deliver blows only in the direction whence blows are dealt us—not against an enemy advancing in bold spirit, but against one who has mysteriously gathered and poised himself for a deadly spring.

But the suspense is not long. Both combatants are too eager to compel the issue for either to delay another encounter. Shots begin to ring along the six miles of front.

At 11 o'clock the enemy press close upon Warren and Sedgwick, and train a number of guns exactly upon the latter's headquarters. A man and three horses are killed within twenty feet of the general, and in the very center of his grouped staff. Finding the enemy disposed to renew the engagement of the early morning, Sedgwick accepts the challenge, and advances his whole line. The men go in with mere dash and hold on more steadily than in the morning. Ewell is driven back to his second line, where his guns are in position, and there makes a stand.

At this juncture, Warren, who connects with Sedgwick's left, is extremely anxious to go in with all his might, but the enemy's position in his front seems too formidable.

I see a troop of horsemen ride rapidly to the perilous edge of the battle, and recognize Warren and his white horse, as Jehu was recognized by the Prophet of old, for they came canopied, with him are Generals Griffin and Hunt, and officers of Generals Grant's and Meade's staffs.

Halting at the first line, they dismounted and walk more than a half mile in front of the men who are fat on their breasts, and firing rapidly. We hold the woods on one side of an open space, perhaps one-fourth of a mile across, and the rebels lay along the trend of the woods upon the other side. Their intrenchments are plainly visible, and the open mouths of their artillery peer over it.

No; it will not do to charge across. It were stark madness. The sharpshooters may continue to reply to this, but no man shall start across the plain and live. Warren had perhaps hoped that his own judgment would be overruled by the officers with him, but all declare that no advance can be made here. But more to the left, where Wadsworth's and Robinson's divisions of Warren's corps lay up to Hancock, the prospect is better, and there an assault is ordered.

It is noon, and Sedgwick's second fight is over, and he again rests on the line of his last night's bivouac. Wadsworth advances and finds the enemy—A. P. Hill's corps—strong and prepared. The division on his right and left become engaged with him, and the work is warm. Here, as elsewhere, the contest is in a tangled jungle, and the soldiers push aside the bushes and find mortal enemies bursting through the adjoining growth of bushes, and face to face with them.

Half of three-fourths of an hour of alternating success and repulse, and Gen. Wadsworth orders a charge to recover his command from a slight wavering. He is cheered loudly by his men who loved the gray haired chief. One horse is shot under him. He mounts a second and spur to the front, but in hand, and we should have won then, but his men saw him fall. He was shot through the head killed instantly, and his body fell into the hands of the enemy.

His command fell back to their original position with comparative order. Wadsworth's death is a heavy loss—scarcely an officer in the army but could have been better spared, and none would have been more deeply regretted. Yesterday and to-day he had displayed such marked ability and gallantry as to compel his recognition on all hands as an able soldier, who, now that he is gone, can hardly be replaced. He was a true man, a beloved, a high-toned gentleman to be respected, an unshrinking patriot to be emulated, an accomplished soldier, dead on the field of honor, to be mourned.

But this battle does not pause for a hero slain. From noon until 6 o'clock, a number of sharp assaults at various points were made and invariably repulsed, whether made by us or by the enemy. Each one of these affairs were material for a long letter, but I find it simply impossible at this time to ascertain and write out correctly the facts in detail.

Prisoners came in at the rate of 100 an hour. The day was excessively hot, and the men much exhausted. We had neither gained nor lost ground, but continued this thing long enough, and we hoped to finally wear them out. At 5 1/2 o'clock Hancock was preparing for a grand movement of our entire left. He did not make it, for the enemy anticipated him, and he had to repel perhaps the most wicked assault thus far encountered—brief in duration, but terrific in power and superhuman momentum.

The first few minutes we were staggered. Stragglers for the first time in all this fighting streamed to the rear in large numbers, choking the roads and causing a panic by their stampede and incoherent tales of frightful disaster. It was even reported at general headquarters that the enemy had burst entirely through, and supports were hurried up. Grant and Meade seated their backs against the same tree quietly listening to the officer who brought the report, and consulted a moment in low tones. The orders for sending reinforcements were given, and for a little time not a word was spoken in the group of more than twenty officers. They but looked into each other's faces.

At length Grant says, with laconic emphasis, 'I don't believe it.' He was right. Long before that Hancock had recovered from the first shock, held his own awhile, and now was gaining ground. In forty minutes from the attack the enemy was completely beaten back with tremendous slaughter, and the loss of some hundreds of prisoners.

It was now nearly sunset. From one end of the line to the other not a shot could be heard. The day's work seemed over. Our line of to-night would be that of last night. The auguries were good. In two days' fighting we had lost heavily, but not more than the enemy. Our assaults had been futile, but the enemy's had been equally so; and it is by these massed assaults that he has ever achieved his victories.

The inference was clear that he had over-matched him fighting at his best and strongest. Men separated in the heat of the day, now changing to meet, congratulated each other. The rebels can't endure another such day, and we can, was the expressed conviction on all hands, and this statement epitomizes the situation at sunset.

The sun went down red. The smoke of the battle of more than 3 hundred thousand men, destroying each other with villainous artifice, through all the long hours of a lone day, filled the valleys, and rested upon the hills of all this Wilderness, hung in lurid haze all round the horizon, and built a dense canopy overhead, beneath which this grand army of Freedom was preparing to rest against the morrow. Generals Grant and Meade had retired to their tents. Quiet reigned, but during the reign of quiet the enemy was forging a thunderbolt.

Darkness and smoke were mingled in grim twilight, and fast deepening into thick gloom, when we were startled out of repose back into fierce excitement. The forged thunderbolt was sped, and by a master. A wild rebel yell away to the right. We knew they had massed and were charging. We waited for the volley with which we knew Sedgwick would meet the onset. We thought it but a night attack to ascertain if we had changed our position. We were mistaken—it was more. They meant to break through, and they did. On Sedgwick's extreme right lay the 2d Brigade, 3d division, of his corps, under Gen. Seymour, who had been assigned to it but two days before. The brigade is new to the 6th corps, and is known as the Milroy brigade, connecting on the left of Seymour by Shaler's, and then Neill's brigades, the latter being a brigade of Getty's division that had not been sent to Hancock. These troops were at work intrenching when fallen upon. The enemy came down like a torrent, rolling and dashing in living waves, and flooding up against the whole 6th corps. The main line stood like a rock, but not so on the extreme right. That flank was instantly and utterly turned. The rebel line was the longer, and surged a round Seymour's brigade, tied over it and through it, beat against Shaler, and bore away his right regiments. All

this done in less than ten minutes,

perhaps not five. Seymour's men, seeing their pickets running back, and hearing the shouts of the rebels, who charged with all their chivalry, were smitten with panic, and, standing on no order of going, went at once, and in an incredibly short time, made their way through a mile and a half of woods to the plank road in the rear.

They reported, in the frantic manner usual with stampeded men, the entire corps broken. Grant, as in Hancock's case, did not believe it. But when three of Sedgwick's staff rode into the army headquarters separately, and stated how they had hidden from Sedgwick to keep Seymour's men to their work, had been borne back by the panic, and had last seen Sedgwick and Wright hard to the front, working like Trojans to hold the wavering line, the situation appeared more critical. No word came in from Sedgwick. It began to be feared that he and Wright, disdaining to fly, were prisoners.

Artillery moved quietly to commanding positions, to be prepared for the worst, and cool heads felt that were the whole 6th Corps broken, the army, as an army, would still be invincible. Warren's corps is instantly, but in perfect composure, disposed to meet the situation. Grant and Meade and Warren are in Grant's tent, and from which officers come and go with a certain earnest air that bespeaks urgent and important cares. So during an hour, no firing has been heard the last three-quarters of an hour. The rebels must have ceased the advance, but how far have they penetrated, and what is the present situation?

The 6th Corps flag comes in. Where is the 6th Corps' chief? My watch says ten o'clock at night. A dispatch is received. John Sedgwick safe—Wright safe. The 6th Corps holds a strong line; only Seymour's and a part of Shaler's brigade have been broken. The enemy can do nothing more. The 6th Corps proper has not lost its pristine glory. Compelled to withdraw, under orders after the defection of its right, it is still invincible—is now, and ever shall be. I may not refrain from mentioning for gallantry, Sedgwick's staff and Wright's.

Riding in the thickest with rare presence of mind and rare judgment, they won and deserved John Sedgwick's emphatic commendation. Generals Seymour and Shaler were captured.—It should be stated that both are awarded by their division and corps commanders every credit for doing all men could to recover their troops from panic, communicated to the latter's brigade, not beginning there. C. A. P.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Gentleness like charity, is twice blessed, the effects of which on the animals around the homestead, are scarcely less noticeable than upon the family of your household. No man can be truly kind to the latter without letting his cattle feel the influence of his spirits. Soft words and kind looks turn away wrath among cattle as among mankind. Harshness has its curse in the hatred which the 'brute beasts' feel, though they cannot utter their scorn, except in occasional kicks or bites, and by general ugliness, as it is called. An ear of corn, or a little salt, or a lock of hay, or even a kind look or gentle action, such as patting your horse has influence more or less in making your appearance always a source of pleasure to the animals around you. It is a cheap luxury, this rendering even your brute beasts comfortable around your homestead.

Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of *Tenckhannock* (Pa.) *Democrat*, publishes the following in his issue of 30th October, 1861:

'We deem it due to J. C. Ayer & Co., and the public, to make known our experience with the use of their Ext. Sarsaparilla in our family, by stating the circumstances under which it was taken and its effects.

When our only child, now in his third year, was about eight months old, a sore appeared first in small pimples on his forehead, and then these rapidly increased and uniting formed a loathsome, virulent sore, which finally spread over his forehead and face, not even excepting his eyelids, which became so swollen that his eyes were closed. We called a skillful physician, who administered the usually prescribed remedies. A solution of nitrate of silver was applied until his entire face turned jet black. The sore again and again burst through the solution. Meanwhile many remedies were employed without any apparent benefit. For fifteen days and nights he was constantly held by his parents to keep him from tearing open with his hands the corrupt mass which covered his face.

Everything having failed, we were induced by the high recommendations of Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the cure of Scrofulous disease, to give it a trial.—In his treatise on Scrofula, Dr. Ayer directs a mild solution of Iodide of Potash to be used as a wash while taking the Sarsaparilla, and it was faithfully applied.

Before one bottle of Sarsaparilla had been given the sore had lost much of its virulence and commenced to heal.—Another bottle effected an entire cure, and the general predilection that the child must die was contradicted. His eyelashes which came out, grew again, and his face is left without a scar, as smooth as anybody's. It is unnecessary for me to state in how high esteem we hold Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

No. 631 Arch Street

PHILADELPHIA JONES & EVANS

Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co., PROPRIETORS

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States, May 19, 1864.