

# The Lancaster Gazette.

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**THE LANCASTER GAZETTE**  
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**DYSPEPSIA,**  
AND  
DISEASES RESULTING FROM  
DISORDERS OF THE LIVER  
AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.  
CURED BY  
**HOOFLAND'S  
GERMAN BITTERS.**  
THE GREAT STRENGTHENING  
TONIC.  
This Bitter has performed more Cures  
than any other medicine in the market.  
We defy any one to contradict this assertion.  
AND WILL PAY \$1000  
To any one that will produce a certificate published by  
us, that is not extorted.  
**HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS**  
Will cure every case of  
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases  
of the Kidneys, and Diseases  
arising from a disor-  
dered Stomach.  
Observe the following Symptoms:  
Constipation, Inward Piles, Phlegm of Blood to the  
Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Headache, Dizziness,  
Diarrhoea, Poor Digestion, Sinking or  
Fainting, Swelling of the Feet, Swelling of the  
Head, Burping, Heart-aching,  
Head-ache, Choking  
or Spitting of Blood,  
Sore Throat, Dim-  
ness of Vision, Deaf-  
ness, or Ringing in  
the Ears, Fever and  
Dull Pain in the Head,  
Indigestion, Pain in  
the Side, Head-ache,  
Griping, Limp, Stiff,  
or Swollen Joints, In-  
flaming of the Eyes,  
and all other Disorders  
of the Digestive  
System.  
**REMEMBER**  
THAT THIS BITTERS IS  
**Not** Alcoholic,  
CONTAINS NO RUM or WHISKY,  
and can't make Drunkards,  
BUT IS  
**The best Tonic**  
In the World!  
READ WHO SAYS SO:  
From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist  
Church, Pemberton, N. J., Formerly of the North  
Lancaster Church, Philadelphia.  
I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably  
for a number of years. I have seen it in the hands  
of many, and have been so pleased with their effects  
that I was induced to recommend them to many of  
my friends, and have received from many of them  
beneficial results. I like great pleasure in this  
publicly proclaiming this fact, and calling the attention  
of those afflicted with this disease to the fact that  
I have recommended, to these Bitters, knowing from  
experience that my recommendation is not an error.  
I do this more cheerfully as Hoofland's Bitters is  
indeed to benefit the afflicted, and is "not a run  
down" tonic.  
Yours truly,  
LEVI G. BECK.

**BEFORE THE BATTLE.**  
We knew it would rain, for all the morn.  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst.  
Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens—  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea.  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.  
We knew it would rain, for the poplars shook  
The white of their leaves, the smelt grain  
Shrank in the wind, and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.  
T. B. Aldrich.

**From the Army of the Potomac.**  
The Victory of Thursday—Brilliant  
Charge of the Second Corps—Splendid  
Success and Immense Captures of Men  
and Material.  
Correspondence of the New York World.  
WASHINGTON, May 14.  
THE LAST BRILLIANT VICTORY.  
The great victory of Thursday is  
probably unparalleled in the history  
of the war. The battle was fought on  
both sides with the utmost skill and  
determination, and the forces on each  
side strove their best to outdo the other.  
Probably the most tersely writ-  
ten narrative of the war will not con-  
tain the record of a more gallant im-  
pulse, or successful charge, than that  
of General Hancock in the early morn-  
ing of the day of victory, nor more  
determined resistance than was exhib-  
ited by those against whom it was di-  
rected. The charge was the initial  
point in the battle. Hancock's corps  
crept slowly, yet surely, up to the  
lines of the enemy, leaped over the  
rebel intrenchments without scarcely  
firing a gun, and surrounded a whole  
division before adequate preparations  
could be made for the defense. The  
famous "Stonewall" division and nearly  
fifty guns fell victims to this bril-  
liant charge. The greater portion of  
the prisoners, including three Generals,  
and a large number of the captured  
guns were brought away as trophies  
of the brilliant effort. The remain-  
der of the guns were left upon a field  
which was soon covered by the  
rifles of the sharpshooters of both sides  
that any attempt to bring them away  
by our troops or to recover them by  
the rebels were futile. After the shock  
of this grand charge was over and the  
engagement progressed more regular-  
ly, our lines were pushed forward  
with a varying success until nightfall,  
under cover of the sable mantle. Lee's  
army withdrew discomfited, defeated,  
and in almost every respect demoral-  
ized and unfit for further immediate  
action. This effect of the day's battle  
constituted the victory over which all  
are rejoicing, and marks an epoch in  
our history which will not soon be for-  
gotten.

**THE ARTILLERY DUEL.**  
The line of rifle-pits carried in this  
charge commanded a most important  
position of the enemy's works, and was  
tenaciously held after the assault by  
Gen. Birney's division. It was nine  
o'clock. The artillery began to play  
upon the rebel lines from almost in-  
numerable batteries, which had been  
carefully planted during the night,  
and resulted in great havoc. General  
Wright, with the Sixth Corps, now ad-  
vanced to the support of Gen. Han-  
cock's second corps, then far in ad-  
vance of the line of the previous night,  
and was also sustained by General  
Warren's Fifth Corps. The battle at  
this time became terrific in its nature.  
But it was mainly one of artillery—  
Lee's infantry held their position well,  
while the death-dealing missiles were  
shrieking and whistling above their  
heads. The effect of the bombardment  
could be distinctly perceived in the sil-  
encing of battery after battery of the  
rebels, and the retirement of whole  
columns of rebel infantry, who sped  
forward with desperation in the ef-  
fession to regain the lost position of  
the morning. The musketry played  
its part in the awful din, and its crack-  
ling was clearly discernible in the  
brief intervals of the booming of heavy  
ordnance. The noise was truly appal-  
ling. It was almost unceasing, and  
amidst the dreadful sounds of the car-  
nage could be distinctly heard the  
shrieks of the wounded, and occasion-  
ally the bugle sounding forth the or-  
der for a new movement.

**THE REBEL POSITION.**  
Thus fiercely did the battle rage all  
day. The enemy had no concealment  
like that of the Wilderness. No op-  
portunity was afforded to successfully  
mask his guns, for as often as the  
masked position became disclosed, hun-  
dreds of missiles would be directed to-  
ward it, in order that the batteries  
might be rendered harmless. It was  
practically on an open field, and al-  
most every movement of the enemy  
could be clearly distinguished and  
guarded against. Here Lee's tactics  
were at fault. His whole line was  
open to our observation, and no skill-  
ful massing of troops for an assault  
upon any particular portion of our de-  
voted band could be made available.

**THE REBEL CHANGE.**  
About noon the rebels made an at-  
tempt to regain the rifle pits wrested  
from them by Hancock in the morn-  
ing, and which, at this time, a portion  
of General Wright's Sixth Corps held.  
The assault was met with the firmness  
of a rock, and, bruised and bleeding,  
the living wave was dashed back, lit-  
erally mowed down by the fire of  
musketry, and the terrible cross-fire  
of artillery which had been brought to  
bear upon the plain over which the at-  
tacking column was compelled to ad-  
vance. Again and again the assault  
was made with similar result, and the  
piles of the dead and wounded attested  
the dogged determination of the rebels,  
while it exhibited the stern resistance  
with which they were met by our  
troops. The enemy advanced to these  
charges in solid column with demoniac  
yells, and the undoubted determina-  
tion to drive our forces before them.  
The artillery ploughed through their  
ranks literally cutting swaths of men  
as grass falls before the scythe. Still  
the dreadful gaps closed up, and on-  
ward they came again. Musketry lost  
its apparently feeble aid to the more  
ponderous missiles, and a carefully re-  
served, but terribly directed fire, de-  
cimated the rebel ranks, and again they  
fell back in confusion. At last it seem-  
ed as if further attempts to carry the  
lost position were abandoned, and the  
enemy retired discomfited, and almost  
panic-stricken from the effort.

**CHARGE BY THE FIFTH CORPS.**  
While the cannonading was in pro-  
gress, and while the captured rifle-pits  
and intrenchments were being so firm-  
ly held, the remainder of the army  
was not silent or passive observers.  
The Fifth and Sixth corps were moved  
into position early in the morning,  
almost immediately after General Han-  
cock's success had been made appar-  
ent. As the enemy was assaulting  
the position of the Second in the lost  
rifle-pits, General Warren's corps  
charged upon the enemy's intrench-  
ments in their front, with a view to  
carry them. That they failed evinces  
no lack of bravery. No greater hero-  
ism was ever identified upon any bat-  
tle-field than was shown then. The men  
advanced to the assault with coolness  
and determination. Every soldier  
seemed to strive to emulate the deeds

of the gallant Second, whose praise  
was then on every lip, and, if possible,  
to out-do the splendid feats of the mor-  
ning, but in vain. The enemy was  
wary, and as the column moved up, a  
terrible and withering fire was deliv-  
ered. Guns seemed to have been  
placed so as to enfilade every approach,  
and the field was soon strewn with  
the dead, dying, and those severely  
wounded. From every conceivable  
position batteries belched forth their  
death-dealing missiles, and the assault  
seemed, as it afterward proved, impos-  
sible of success. After perfectly de-  
monstrating the impracticability of  
the attempt to carry the enemy's posi-  
tion, it was abandoned.

**MIRACLES ALONG THE LINES.**  
Similar attempts, though not so ex-  
tended, were made along the whole  
line during this dread day of battle,  
and with varying success. In some  
instances the rebel positions were car-  
ried and held; in others, the assaults  
were repulsed with terrible carnage;  
and in others still positions were ta-  
ken which it became necessary to  
abandon. In this way the hours of  
Thursday sped, rivers of blood flowed,  
and scores of souls passed into eternity  
each hour.

**AT THE HOSPITALS.**  
The scene was sickening in the vic-  
inity of the hospitals, for here one  
sees the dark side of battle. The  
knife and saw of the surgeons were  
actively engaged almost every moment;  
indeed, there seemed little cessation  
to their dread duties. The groans of  
the patients suffering under cruel and  
agonizing wounds were terrible. The  
operating tables—none of those com-  
fortable contrivances seen in our  
peace blessed hospitals, but extempor-  
ized almost for the occasion—were  
rarely empty; but as fast as one victim  
was removed to recover, perhaps to  
die, another would take his place.  
Ambulances red with gore, and stretch-  
ers whose canvases were dyed with the  
ruby stream of life came and went,  
borne by hospital attendants and sol-  
diers detailed for the purpose, bring-  
ing in fresh victims and hastening  
away for others whose suffering de-  
manded surgical assistance. These  
were scenes of the day, from early  
dawn until dark and far in the night,  
with scarcely a moment's cessation;  
while all day, mingled with the cries  
and entreaties of the poor fellows un-  
der the knife was the sad music of car-  
nage—telling in unmistakable terms  
the stern truth that there were yet  
coming still more victims for the sur-  
geon's knife and probe.

**THE END AND THE RESULT.**  
The engagement did not continue  
quite until nightfall, although the last  
effort to bring off the captured guns  
was made just at the close of the day.  
But the battle finally ceased, and, save  
the popping of a few pickets along the  
lines and the groans of the wounded,  
an almost fearful stillness reigned.  
The result could not be otherwise than  
satisfactory, generally considered. We  
held the intrenchments captured in the  
morning by Hancock, and al-  
though we failed to carry the second  
and third lines of works of the enemy,  
we had inflicted severe loss upon him,  
and held a flanking position, which,  
ere the next morning, could have been  
converted into a strong artillery bat-  
tery whence the shelling of the rebel  
army could have been fearfully ac-  
curate. Everybody in the army felt that  
the result of the day was clearly a vic-  
tory, and the opinion among those best  
informed at headquarters was that the  
rebels could not possible stand  
another such day's battle.

**THE REBELS RETREAT.**  
As early as 4 o'clock next morning  
the advance commenced, and disclosed  
the fact that the rebels had retreated  
from their position. The victory was  
thus complete. Pursuit was made and  
soon our troops became engaged with  
the rebel guard.

**IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.**  
The President was requested to give  
in writing his remarks to the Kentucky  
delegation, which he did as follows:  
EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
Washington, April 4.  
A. G. Hodges, Esq., Frankfort, Ky.  
"My Dear Sir:—You ask me to put  
in writing the substance of what I ver-  
bally said, the other day, in your pres-  
ence, to Governor Bramlette and Sen-  
ator Dixon. It was about as follows:  
"I am naturally anti-slavery. If  
slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.  
I cannot remember when I did not so  
think and feel. And yet, I have never  
understood that the Presidency confer-  
red upon me an unrestricted right to  
act officially upon this judgment  
and feeling. It was in the oath I took  
that I would, to the best of my ability,  
preserve, protect, and defend the Con-  
stitution of the United States. I could  
not take the office without taking the  
oath. Nor was it my view, that I  
might take an oath to get power, and  
break the oath in using the power. I  
understood, too, that in ordinary civil  
administration, this oath even forbade  
me, to practically indulge my primary  
abstract judgment on the moral ques-  
tion of slavery. I had publicly de-  
clared this many times, and in many  
ways. And I aver that, to this day,  
I have no official act in mere defere-  
nce to my abstract judgment and  
feeling on slavery.  
"I understand, however, that my  
oath to preserve the Constitution to  
the best of my ability, imposed upon  
me the duty of preserving, by every  
indispensable means, that Govern-  
ment—that Nation, of which that Con-  
stitution was the organic law. Was it  
possible to lose the Nation, and yet pre-  
serve the Constitution?"

"By general law, life and limb must  
be protected, yet often a limb must be  
amputated to save life; but a life is  
never wisely given to save a limb. I  
feel that measures, otherwise unconsti-  
tutional, might become lawful, by be-  
coming indispensable to the preserva-  
tion of the Constitution, through the  
preservation of the Nation. Right or  
wrong, I assumed this ground, and  
now avow it. I could not feel that to  
the best of my ability I had even tried  
to preserve the Constitution, if to save  
slavery or any minor matter, I should  
permit the wreck of Government,  
Country, and the Constitution alto-  
gether. When early in the war, Gen-  
eral Fremont attempted military em-  
ancipation, I forbade it because I did not  
then think it an indispensable neces-  
sity. When a little later, General  
Cameron, the Secretary of War, sug-  
gested the arming of the blacks, I ob-  
jected, because I did not yet think it  
an indispensable necessity. When  
still later, General Hunter attempted  
military emancipation, I again for-  
bade, because I did not yet think the  
indispensable necessity had come."  
When in March, and May, and July,  
1862, I made earnest and successive  
appeals to the Border States to favor  
compensated emancipation, I believed  
the indispensable necessity for milita-  
ry emancipation and arming the blacks  
would come, unless averted by that  
measure. They declined the proposi-  
tion, and I was, in my best judgment,  
driven to the alternative of either sur-  
rendering the Union, and with it, the  
Constitution, or of laying strong hand  
upon the colored element. I chose the  
latter. In choosing it, I hoped for  
greater gain than loss; but of this I  
was not entirely confident. More than  
a year of trial now shows no loss by it,  
in our foreign relations; none in our  
home popular sentiment; none in our  
white military force—no loss by it  
anyhow or anywhere. On the con-  
trary, it shows a gain of quite a hun-  
dred and thirty thousand soldiers, sea-  
men and laborers. These are palp-  
able facts, about which, as facts, there  
can be no cavilling. We have the men,  
and we could not have had them with-  
out the measure.

"And now, let any Union man, who  
complains of the measure, test himself,  
by writing down in one line, that he is  
for subduing the rebellion by force  
of arms, and in the next, that he is for  
taking these hundred and thirty thou-  
sand men from the Union side, and  
placing them where they would be  
but for the measure he condemns. If  
he cannot face his cause so stated, it is  
only because he cannot face the truth.  
"I add a word, which was not in  
the verbal conversation. In telling  
this tale, I attempt no compliment to  
my own sagacity. I claim not to have  
controlled events, but confess plainly  
that events have controlled me. Now,  
at the end of three years' struggle, the  
nation's condition is not what either  
party or any man desired or expected.  
God alone can claim it. Whether it is  
tending seems plain. If God now wills  
the removal of a great wrong, and  
wills also that we of the North, as well  
as you of the South, shall pay fairly  
our complicity in that wrong, impar-  
tial history will find therein new cause  
to attest, and revere the justice and  
goodness of God.  
"Yours truly,  
"A. LINCOLN."

**Mr. Naaby has a Church Trial.**  
Church of the New Dispensation,  
March the 10th '64.  
I had a church trial yesterday, which  
was interesting, inasmuch as it did a nice  
question. For the benefit of the other  
branches of the Democratic Zion I  
give the pints:  
Bro. Siples was arranged before the  
church on a charge of drinking with a  
nigger—Bro. Podhammer bring in the  
charge. Bro. Jones was exgranted.  
Saw Bro. Siples go in the "Union ex  
it wuz" Saloon, arm in arm with a  
nigger. Saw them go up 2 the bar  
and drink whisky together. Elder  
Pott, dekon Kitt, and bro. Smith and  
also bro. Brown, who keeps the Sa-  
loon, who was playin a quiet game w  
seven up, corroborated Bro. Jones testi-  
mony. They seed it. The wretchid  
man hed nothin whatever 2 say ad  
of the case wuz clear, I wuz about 2  
pronounce sentence of excommunication  
agin him when a thowt struck me—  
"Who pade for the licker?" ask I,  
lookin judishal.  
"The nigger of course," sed bro.  
Siples.  
"Brethrin," sed I, "this fact puts a  
entire new face on this matter. The  
nigger, my brethren, wuz mad fur the  
use of the white man, and for no other  
purpose. (Cussid bo Cannn.) Ser-  
vance, obey yur masters, et cetera.)—  
In the southern states where the Dim-  
ocracy rool, that is ther normal con-  
dition, but up here, a miserable fanat-  
icism prevences us from redoesin ur  
om to ther rightful stat. Wuz shud  
we do? Plainly git all we kin out  
ev em. It wuz rite for bro. Siples 2  
hev the nigger pay for his whisky, I  
wood du it myself. Ther is but one  
dark feeder in it. If ur walk arm  
in arm with another, it is a confeshn  
of friendship and equality. Wuz did  
yoo do this bro. Siples?  
"I played seven-up with him for the  
drinks, and bete him, I wuz afeard he  
would slip off, and I wuz a hold on  
him."  
Right, bro. Siples, right—  
"Wuz yoo git a black cat, save him, save him."  
Wuz yoo git a black cat, save him 2 the tale."  
Case dismissed. The church sustained  
the decision, and avil of them stardid  
out immediately in search of a black nig-  
ger.

**A Thrilling Incident—A Bride Cham-  
ber the Chamber of Death.**  
The following is one of the most ex-  
citingly touching incidents in the  
whole history of the world's warfare:  
From the Charleston Mercury, April 2.  
The Yankees, from time to time,  
throw a shell into the city, and nobody  
seems to mind it. But yesterday a shell  
willed that yesterday a shell should  
throw the entire community into con-  
vulsion.  
Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of  
our former Governor, never consented  
to leave the city. Despite the repre-  
sentation of General Beauregard, she  
remained, braving shells and Greek  
fire, tending the wounded and cheer-  
ing all with her presence. Among the  
wounded officers under her ministr-  
ing care, was Mr. Andrew De Rochelle,  
a descendant of one of the noblest Il-  
linoen families of this city. The young  
man was full of the liveliest gratitude  
for his fair nurse; gratitude gave birth  
to a more tender sentiment; his soul  
was listened to; Governor Pickens  
gave his consent and the marriage was  
fixed for yesterday, the 23d of April.  
Lieutenant De Rochelle was on duty  
at Fort Sumter in the morning, and it  
was determined that the ceremony  
should take place at the residence of  
General Beauregard, in the evening,  
at seven o'clock. At the moment when  
the Episcopal clergyman was asking  
the bride if she was ready, a shell upon  
the roof of the building, penetrated to  
the room where the company were as-  
sembled, burst and wounded nine per-  
sons, among the rest Miss Anna Pickens.  
We cannot describe the scene that  
followed. Order was at last re-  
established, and the wounded were re-  
moved, all except the bride, who lay  
motionless upon the carpet. Her be-  
trayed kneeling and bedraggled hair,  
was weeping bitterly and trying to  
stanch the blood that welled from a ter-  
rible wound under her left breast. A  
surgeon came, and declared that Miss  
Pickens had not longer than two hours  
to live. We will not paint the general  
despair.

When the wounded girl recovered  
her consciousness, she asked to know  
her fate, and when they hesitated to  
tell her—"Andrew," she said, "I beg  
you to tell me the truth. If I must  
die, I can die worthy of you." The  
young soldier's tears were his answer,  
and Miss Anna, summoning all her  
strength, attempted to smile. Nothing  
could be more heart-rending than the  
agony of this brave girl, struggling in  
the embrace of death, and against a  
terrible mortal pain. Governor Pickens,  
whose courage is known, was al-  
most without consciousness, and Mrs.  
Pickens looked upon her child with  
the dry and haggard eye of one whose  
reason totters.

Lieutenant De Rochelle was the first  
to speak. "Anna," he cried, "I will die  
soon, too, but I will have you die with  
me. There is yet time to unite us."  
The young girl did not reply; she  
was too weak. A slight flush rose for  
an instant to her pale cheek; it could  
be seen that joy and pain were strug-  
gling in her spirit for the mastery—  
lying on a sofa, her bridal dress all  
stained with blood, her hair bedrivel-  
ed, she had never been more beautiful.  
Helpless as she was, Lieutenant De  
Rochelle took her hand and requested  
the Rev. Mr. Dickinson to proceed with  
the ceremony. When it was time for  
the dying girl to say Yes, her lips part-  
ed several times but she could not  
articulate. At last the word was spo-  
ken, and a slight foam resting upon  
her lips. The dying agony was near.  
The minister sobbed as he proceeded  
with the ceremony. An hour after-  
ward all was over, and the bridal cham-  
ber was the chamber of death. Lieu-  
tenant De Rochelle has sworn to perish  
in battle against the Yankees, and we  
are sure that he will keep his oath—  
He has now a double motive to hate  
them and his own existence.

Our entire community share the grief  
that afflicts the family of Gov. Pickens.  
The obsequies of Anna will occur to-  
morrow morning at 11 o'clock. Gov.  
Pickens and Lieut. De Rochelle will be  
chief mourners. Our ex-Governor de-  
sires that there shall be no military  
parade. The funeral cortege will be  
composed of our ladies, all our magis-  
trates, all our generals, and the wound-  
ed soldiers, many of whom owe their  
lives to the devotion of the deceased—  
Never has woman been followed to the  
grave, by so many regrets—never has  
one left sadder remembrances in the  
hearts of the Charlestonians.  
Such is the dreadful penalty of rebel-  
lion.

**Diseases of Over-Worked Men.**  
Times when the very phrase,  
diseases of over worked men, would  
have been considered foolish, and out  
of the question; now it conveys a truth  
of national importance, which the na-  
tion must consider. From a compar-  
atively idle world, we have of late be-  
come an insane world on the subject  
of labor. So long as the muscles  
merely were employed, so long little  
harm was done; we remained men;  
now we aspire to the gods, and we  
pay the forfeit of our ambition. From  
overwork we now get a class of dis-  
eases the most prolonged, the most  
fatal. The suns of our best men go  
down at noon, and so accustomed are  
we to the phenomenon that we cease  
to regard it as either strange or out of  
place. It is, through the mind now  
that the body is destroyed by over-  
work; at all events, it is so mainly.  
The men of intense thought—men  
of letters, men of business who think  
and speculate, these men are sacrific-  
ing. With them the brain has not merely  
to act on its own muscles, bidding  
them perform their necessary duties,  
but the one brain must needs guide a  
hundred other brains, and all the mus-

cles thereto appended. An electric  
battery works a single wire from the  
City of London, and does its work  
well, and good, for some months  
before it is read. Can it do the work  
of a hundred wires? Oh yes, it can,  
but it must be made more acid, must wear  
better, and will ultimately die sooner.  
We may protect the plates, make the  
battery to an extent self-regenerative  
as the body; but "in the main," the  
waste is an excess of the supply, and  
the wear is as certain as the day.

Men of letters, men of business who  
do their business through other hands  
and do great business, and are immer-  
sed in politics, suffer much the same  
kind of effects from overwork. They  
suffer in themselves, usually, when  
they suffer from this cause, one or  
other of the following maladies: Car-  
diac melancholy, or broken heart; dys-  
pepsia, accompanied with great loss of  
phosphorus from the body, diabetes,  
consumption, paralysis, local and gen-  
eral; apoplexy, insanity, premature  
old age. They also suffer more than  
other men from the effects of ordinary  
diseases. They bear pain indiffer-  
ently, are tolerant to lowering meas-  
ures, are left long prostrated by simple  
depressing maladies and acquire in  
some instances a morbid sensibility  
which is reflected in every direction,  
so that briskness of action becomes  
irritability; and quiet, seclusion and  
moralness. They dislike themselves,  
and feel that they "must be disliked,  
and if they attempt to be joyous they  
lapse into shame at having dissembled,  
and fall again into gloom.

**NOTES.**  
When she changed worlds, and be-  
fore the time, what was she to others?  
A small, old, delicate woman. What  
was she to us? A radiant, smiling  
angel, upon whose brow the sunshine  
of the eternal world had fallen. We  
looked into her large, tender eyes, and  
saw, not as others did, that her mor-  
tal garment had waxed old and feeble;  
or if we saw this, it was no symbol of  
decay; for beyond and within, we  
recognized her in all her beauty. Old  
how heavy and bitter would have been  
her long and slow decline, if we had  
seen her grow old instead of young.  
The days that hastened to give her  
birth into eternity grew brighter and  
brighter, until when memory wander-  
ed back, it had no experiences so sweet  
as those through which she was passing.  
The long life, with its youthful ro-  
mance, its prosaic cares, its quiet sun-  
shine, and deep tragedies, was culminat-  
ing to its earthly close; and like  
some blessed story that appeals to the  
heart in its great pathos, the end was  
drawing near, all clouds were rolling  
away, and she was stepping forth into  
the brilliancy of prosperity. Selfless-  
ness ceased to weep under the light of  
her cheerful glance, and grew to be  
congratulation. Beside her couch we  
sat, and traced with loving fancy the  
new life soon to open before her; with  
tears and smiles we traced it. Doubts  
never mingled, for from early child-  
hood we had no memories of her incon-  
sistent with the expectations of a Chris-  
tian. Deep in our souls there lay gra-  
titude that her morning drew near;  
beautiful and amazing it seemed that  
she would never more bow to the stroke  
of the chasterer; fresh courage de-  
scended from on high, as we realized  
that there was an end to suffering; it  
was difficult to credit her discipline  
was nearly over; how brief it had  
been, compared with the glorious exist-  
ence it had won her. How passing  
sweet were her assurances that she  
should leave us awhile longer on earth  
with childlike trust, knowing that our  
own souls needed to stay and that the  
destiny of others needed it. But the  
future seemed very near to her, and  
she saw us gathered around her in her  
everlasting home. She grew weaker,  
and said her last words to us—  
"Throughout the last day she said but  
little, but often her tender eyes were  
riveted upon us; she said 'farewell'  
frequently." In the hush of the cham-  
ber, a faint, shiver-like strain came from  
her dying lips; it sounded as if it came  
from afar; then the angels were taking  
her to their companionship. She softly  
fell asleep, resigning her worn out  
body to us, and she entered Heaven.

Ah! do we apprehend what a glo-  
rious event it is for the "pure in  
heart" to die? We look upon the  
bride's beauty, and see in the vista  
before her anguish and tears, and but  
transient sunshine. The beauty fades,  
the splendor of life declines to the  
wordly eyes that gaze upon her. Dead  
and blind are such gazers, for the bride  
may daily be winning imperishable  
beauty, yet it is not for this world.  
A most sad and melancholy thing it  
seems when children of a larger growth  
judge their parents by their frail and  
deceiving bodies, rather than by their  
spirits. And more deeply sad still is  
it, when the aged learn through the  
young to feel that the freshness of ex-  
istence has gone by with them. Gone  
by when they are waiting to be borne  
into a new and vast existence that  
shall roll on in increasing majesty, and  
never reach an end. Gone by when  
they have just entered life, as it were!  
The glory and sweetness of living, is  
going by only with those who are turn-  
ing away their faces from the Prince  
of Peace. Sweet mother! she is breath-  
ing vernal airs now, and with every  
breath a spring like life and joy are  
wafted through her being. Mother  
beautiful, and beloved! some sweet,  
embryo joy fills the chambers of my  
heart as I contemplate the scenes with  
which she is becoming familiar. Dead  
and dreary winter robes the earth, and  
autumn leaves lie under the snow like  
past hopes; but what of them? I see  
only the smile of God's sunshine. I  
see in the advancing future love and  
peace—only infinite peace!

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