THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1869. NO. 9.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!

BROAD AXES, Choping Axes, Post Axes, Shingling Hatchets, Lath and Half-Hatchets, Draw Knives, Framing Chisels, Firmer and Socket Firmer Chisels from ¼ to 2 in.; Augers, Post Augers, Post Spades, Cook's, Biddle's and Pugh's Auger Bitts, Wood, Iron and Steel Braces, Spear and Jackson Hand Saw, Henry Diston's Hand Saw, Meat, Back, Kitchen, Compas, Key Hole, Wood, Pruning, Pannel, Webb and Fellow Saws, Fore, Jack and Smoothing Planes, single and double Plane Irons, Loose Joint and Fast Butt Hinges, Lull and Gorter Hinges, Parliament Hinges, Brass Butt Table Hinges, Hooks and Hinges, Strap and T. Hinges, and a large assortment of Screws Hinge Nails, Rivets and Burs, Hasps and Staples, Hooks and Staples, Ilim Knob Locks, Plate, Dead, Pad, Chest, Wardrobe, Cupboard, Till, Drawer, Box and Sash Locks, Barrell Bolts, Shutter, Tower, Square, Flush and Spring Bolts, Pruning Shears, Compases, Dividers, Callipers, Chalk-Lines, Glue and Glue-Kettels, Single and Double Nut Hand Rail Screws, Saw Sets, Punches, Hooks and Eyes, screw rings, Picture Nails, Axle and Frame Pulleys, Wardrobe Hooks, Hat and Coat Hooks, Drawer Pulls, Shutter and Blind Fastenings, Shutter Stays, Hammers, Levels, Level Viles, Mill Saw Files, Bastard, Taper, Half-round and Rat-tail Files, Horse Rasps, Spoke Shaves, Screw Drivers, Molasses Gates, Tap Borrers, Iron, Lead, and Brass Spiggots, Twine Boxes, Foot Scrapers, Tacks, Clout and Finishing Nails, Galvinized Tacks, Bed Casters, Pegging Awls, Sewing Awls, Sprig Awls, Thumb and Sash Guages, Awl Handles, Chisel, Saw, Auger, Plane, Fork, Shovel and Spade Handles, Toats, Pad Lock Keys, Cabinet Keys, Door Lock Keys, Key Hole Escutcheons, foot and two foot Rules, Try Squares, Iron and Steel Squares, Nails by the pound and Keg, Window Springs, Cupboard Ketches, and a large assortment of Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives, Pruning Knives, Tea and Table Spoons, Childrens Knives and Forks, Basting Spoons, Wrenches, Pincers, Coffee Mills, Tea Scales, Droanes, Mallets, two, three and four prong Forks, Grain Scoops, Haulter Chains, Breast, Back and Trace Chains, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Plow Bolts, Carriage Knobs, Thumb Latches, Rim Night Latches, Curry Combs, Horse Cards, Plasterers and Brick Layers Trowels, Garden Trowels, Sad Irons, Bramble Scythes, Hay Knives, Ox Balls, Sash Cord, &c., by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Chestertown, April 17, 1869.

DURYEAS'

Satin Gloss Starch

HAS established a world-wide celebrity for being the Purest, Whitest, Strongest, and Most Glossy and Economical Starch known. Disinterested judges pronounce it the "Perfection of Starch."

The Messrs. Duryea have no occasion to personally assert the superiority of their goods. A discriminating public and the decision of the following scientific and disinterested judges establish it.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

Duryeas' Starch and Maizena

For their "Perfection of Quality," at Grand Paris International Exposition, 1867. Great London International Exposition, 1862. Great Internat. Exposition, Hamburg, 1863. Great Internat. Exposition, Cologne, 1865. Also at States', Agricultural, American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs.

Inferior Starch is sour, musty, or has a golden or yellow tinge, a color not desirable in one's linen. (It is absurd for the laundress to cleanse and bleach, and then discolor linen with impure yellow starch.)

Maizena

Is a pure flour, from the choicest Indian corn, and is used for all the purposes of Corn Starch and Arrowroot, to which it is superior. Put up in the same style of packets, and at same price, with directions for use.

For culinary purposes, call for Duryeas' Maizena. For the laundry, call for Duryeas' Satin Gloss Starch.

For sale by all grocers. Be sure you get our goods. Our name is on all our boxes.

H. H. BURNETT,

No. 3, Exchange Place, Baltimore,

Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.

September 5, 1868—y.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

141 Pratt street,

Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165.
Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER,
4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

BALCK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimmings of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, they being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I And "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia,

CHAS. M. EVANS,

Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

FOR SALE BY

S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

GEN'L. CRAWFORD'S SPEECH.

Ninety-three years ago to-day there was assembled together in the old Collonial Court House in Philadelphia, a body of representative men called the Continental Congress. The moment of a great decision had at last arrived. The philosophy and science of the 18th century counted many of them among its truest adepts. They had heartily welcomed in their quiet homes, on their plantations or in their scattered villages, the enunciation of a new idea; and meditating in the dreamy solitudes of virgin nature they had enlarged the compass of their thoughts and peopled their imaginations with lofty ideals.

These men were the descendants of the Pilgrims and Hugenots—men whose fathers had fled from tyranny and oppression in Europe, to build for themselves homes in the wilds of America. The Mayflower bore to Plymouth rock a colony of laborers, farmers, and mechanics—men whose hands were hardened by toil, but whose hearts panted for freedom. The Hugenots had fled from France to escape religious persecution. They had left their pleasant homes in vine-clad, sunny, Provence and Gascony; turned their backs on the graves of their fathers; to establish in this land altars before which they could worship God according to the promptings of their own consciences. These exiles were the pioneers of freedom. They cut down the forests, and erected churches and school houses. God smiled on their labors, and plenty surrounded them.

The fame of their success reached the ears of the Despots from whom they had fled. These aristocrats looked with a jealous eye on the prosperity and happiness of the exils. Then it was that another class of men sought the shores of the new world—the illegitimate children of the nobility; the broken-down gentry; the bankrupt courtiers of the old world; came over to mend their shattered fortunes. to establish an aristocracy in the land of freedom. This second class brought in their pockets paper grants from the sovereigns of Europe for the broad acres in the new colonies. They laid their grants along the borders of the gulf and up the rich river bottoms, selecting the choice spots, and crowding the poor men to the mountains and the hills.

These two classes, with two opposite ideas, existed at the time of the meeting of the Continental Congress; one class believing that governments were instituted for the good of the people—the other believing, or acting on the belief, that the people existed only for the convenience of the government. The first class only was represented in the Continental Congress. The other class were all loyal to the King of Great Britain, and opposed to the new idea on which the Congress was about to act. A classical education had placed all the treasures of historical knowledge at the disposal of these patriotic men, and enabled them to apply the experience of past centuries to the new problem they attempted to solve. These men, accustomed to grapple with the dangers and difficulties of an early settlers life, had become regardless of obstacles and used to strenuous exertion. The constant necessity to help themselves had developed their mental indepence; and, inured to political strife by the continual defence of their collonial self-governmeut, they had at last become familiar with the idea of introducing into practical existence the principles which their vigorous minds had quietly built up into a theory. The first ripples on the lake—the impulses to the general upheaving of the popular spirit—such as the tea tax; the stamp tax; drop into insignificance and were almost forgotten. The revolutionary spirit had risen far above them. It disdained to justify itself with petty pleadings; it spurned diplomatic equivocation; it placed the claim to independence upon the broad basis of eternal rights—as self-evident as the sun—as broad as the world—as common as the air of heaven. The struggle of these Colonies against Great Britain had risen to the proud dimensions of a struggle of mankind for liberty and equality.

Five men advanced towards the chair of the President: first, Thomas Jefferson, whose philosophic spirit grasped the generality of things and events; then Benjamin Franklin, the great apostle of common sense, the clear wisdom of real life beaming in his serene eye; followed by the undaunted John Adams, and the two other members of the committee. Jefferson bore in his hand the original of the immortal document you have heard read today. In the midst of a breathless silence, he read to Congress the Declaration of Independence, and loudly proclaimed the fundamental principles upon which it rests: "All men are created free and equal." History now teaches us what that short sentence means. The sceptre of royalty is flung back across the ocean—the prerogative of nobility, the privileges of aristocracy, are trodden into dust. Every man a King, every man a Baron, on American soil. Not only is the supremacy of old England to be shaken off, but a new organization of society is to be built up on the basis of liberty and equality. That is the Declaration of Independence: That is the great American revolution, "All men are created free and equal." Not even the waves of the broad Atlantic can stop the triumphant shout. The nations of the old world were thrown into convulsions by this little sentence, and rushed to arms. Bastiles were blown into the dust as by the trumpet of Jericho; and like a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day, the great watchword of the American revolution shows forever the way to struggling humanity. * *

They speak of the greatness of the Roman republic, but could I summon from his tomb by the yellow Tiber, the greatest and proudest old Roman, I would take him by the hand to-day and say to him, "look at this picture," and "then at this." The greatness of the Roman republic consisted in its despotic rule over the world: the greatness of the American republic consists in the secured right of man to govern himself. The dignity of the Roman citizen consisted in his exclusive privileges: the dignity of the American citizen consists in his holding the natural rights of his neighbor just as sacred as his own. The Roman republic recognized and protected the right of the citizen, at the same time disregarding and leaving unprotected the rights of man. Roman citizenship was founded upon monopoly, not upon the claims of human nature. What the citizen of Rome claimed for himself he did not respect in others. His own greatness was his only object: his own liberty (as he regarded liberty), gave him the privilege to oppress his fellow man. His democracy, instead of elevating mankind to its own level, trampled the rights of man into the dust. The security of the Roman republic, therefore, consisted in the power of the sword: the security of the American republic rests in the equality of haman rights. The Roman republic perished by the sword: the American republic may stand as long as the equality of human rights remains inviolable. * *

This is the nineteenth century. Never since mankind had a recollection of times gone by, has the human mind disclosed such wonderful powers. The hidden forces of nature we have torn from their mysterious concealment and yoked them into the harness of usefulness. They carry our thoughts over slender wires to distant nations: they draw our wagons over the highways of trade: they pull the gigantic oars of our ships: they set in motion the iron fingers of our machinery: they will soon plow our fields, and gather our crops. The labor of the brain has simplified to a mere bridling and controlling of natural forces all the labors of the hand.

The last remnants of feudalism in the old world is rapidly passing away. Even the Czar of Russia, yielding to the force of the march of events, has abolished serfdom. The Sultan of Turkey can no longer maintain the barbarous customs of the Moslem, against the pressure of the century. Spain has dethroned her tyrannical Queen, and Cuba is in the midst of a revolution which will surely result in the abolition of slavery in that island. Shall we then suffer ourselves to be cast down, because the march of events has made citizens of a class of beings formerly recognized only as chattles. Shall we of the South stand alone against a great century. Shall we, like the bigoted widow of Hindostan, throw ourselves on the flaming pile which is consuming the putrid remains of our former idol, Better accept the new order of things, congratulating ourself that we may now celebrate the 4th of July with the restaration of the American Union on the broad basis of liberty to all men. Is it not wonderful how nations who have won their liberty by the severest struggles become so easily impatient of the small inconveniences and passing difficulties which are almost inseparably connected with the practical workings of general self-governments: how they so easily forget that rights may be abused and yet remain inalienable rights?

Europe has witnessed many attempts for the establishment of Democratic institutions. Some of them were at first successful, and the people were free: but the abuses and inconveniences connected with liberty became at once apparent. Then the ruling classes of society, in order to get rid of the abuses restricted liberty. They did indeed then get rid of the abuses, but they got rid of liberty at the same time. Is it not better for Americans to recognize the right of man to the exercise of self government, than to endanger our own liberty by restricting that of others? Liberty is like a spirited housewife, she will have her whims—sometimes she is absolutely unruly. And we, like so many husbands, cannot always have everything our own way. She may spoil your favorite dish for dinner; overdo your roast, or burn your mutton chop; but will you, on that account, at once smash up her china, break her kettles, and turn her out of the kitchen. Better let her try again and again; and even when she makes a mistake encourage her with a smile, and after awhile your soup will be exactly right. But meddle with her concerns; tease her; bore her; and your little squabbles—spirited as she is—will ultimately result in a divorce. Mr. Jefferson once said, "I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences a.ising from too much liberty than to those arising from too small a degree of it." It is a matter of historical experience that nothing that is wrong in principle can be right in practice. People are apt to delude themselves on that point, but the ultimate result will always prove the truth of the maxim. A violation of equal rights can never serve to maintain institutions which are founded upon equal rights. A contrary policy is not only pusillanimous and small, but it is senseless. It, reminds me of the soldier who, for fear of being killed in battle, committed suicide on the march; or of the man who would cut off his foot because he had a corn on his toe.

At the close of the present century there will probably be ninety millions of white inhabitants in the United States, and only about three million negroes. In the rapid increase of the white race and the gradual decrease of the negro lies the true and only possible solution of the negro problem in America. In fifty years from this day there will probably not be darkies enough in Kent county to dance one nigger breakdown. Let us then trouble ourselves no more about the negro question. They are free, not by your acts or mine; not by their own exertions; but by the unforeseen result of a series of great events. Some say that the negro was contented and happy when held as a slave; that he was well fed, well clothed, and had no earthly cares. Very well then. Now, after having enjoyed himself for so many years, let him at last submit to the troubles and hardships of freedom. Let him come forth; let him work for his own daily bread on his own responsibility. Let him assume his share of the troubles and perplexities of freedom. Let him take care of himself—but, let the body politic have rest.

This nation has undertaken to be the great guiding star of mankind, and to show the people of the earth how man can be free if left to himself Thus this Republic does not belong to herself alone: the whole human race has a stake in the enterprise. If liberty falls here, where can we expect to see it maintained. If man cannot respect his neighbors' rights here, where he has tasted their enjoyment, how can he respect them where he is ignorant of their blessings. And now there are millions of men in the old world watching the development of things in this Republic, fondly hoping for the solution of the great problem? And what is this problem? It is the complete realization of the idea embodied in the document read to the Continental Congress on the 4th of July, 1776. And what is that idea? That there shall exist on this continent one Republic—great and indivisible—whose grandeur shall eclipse the grandeur of Rome in its brightest days. Sovereign among the powers of the earth, so ruling in TRUTH, in WISDOM, in JUSTICE, in FORCE, that every human being, no matter how obscure or desolate he may be, may find in it a refuge and protector. That every government from the Atlantic ocean Eastward to the chinese seas, no matter how strong it may be, shall listen with attention to its suggestions. To convert that vision of future greatness into a reality, organic laws that are at the basis of personal liberty, have been without a murmur or question, for a season surrendered. A navy was created, equal in power if not in number of vessels, to the combined navies of the old world. For four years in succession, nine hundred millions of dollars have been spent. Rome never would have permitted a divided empire in Italy. The lion will tolerate no competitor in the desert. The Eagle will endure no companion in the air: * *

The close of the late war, which ended in the military vindication of the great Republic, has brought into existence an imperial power which rivals, if not excells, the ancient monarchies of Europe. There is before us a career of unparalelled grandeur—a splendid history to be wrought out, on a greater scale than that of Rome. There is a course through which we must go,—let us cast from ourselves the untrue, the unworthy belief, that the will of man determines the events of this world. National life is shaped by something far higher than that; it is shaped by the stern logic of events. In the dark ages they are said to have had magical mirrors on which, if a man looked, he might see reflected all the future events of his life.—Nature holds up her enchanted mirror to us—in the moving images and changing scenery it presents, we may discern what we are about to be.

The future of this great country must be determined and controlled by intellect. It is of no use to affirm that the foot, or the hand, or the stomach, can guide as well as the head. The social machine, like the body of man, is composed of parts, each of which has its own appropriate duty to perform. Already enlightened governments have discerned to some extent, the truth of this. They rest their expectations, their hopes of society, on universal education; compulsory if need be; to give to each one the opportunity of improvement up to the point that nature has permitted for him. But education is a term of wide import. The defect of our systems of instruction is this: they look too much to the past—they deal too much with the doubtful—too little with the present. A dozen rich men may meet together and proceed to build a railroad across the continent, or lay a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic. They may do whatever is possible by the omnipotence of wealth. But if all the rich men in America should constitute themselves into a stock company, they never could by vote or resolve, call into existence a great soldier—a great law-giver—or a great Philosopher. They could never create a Newton,—a Milton, or an Alexander. Talent is a God given treasure. Then, though public education is an eminent advantage, it is far from being everything. The advancement of a nation to greatness demands that not only shall every individual be instructed, but that the career shall be open to talent. That principle was thoroughly understood by the great Italian States men who for so many centuries controlled European affairs. They found out and fostered intellect wherever they could. How often did they take the cowl from the monk and give him a mitre. It signified nothing to them that the greatest churchman might have come from the lowest dregs of society. Wealth and splendors and worldly dignity they could bestow—intellect they were obliged to find. Ages ago, in China, they had passed through the various experiments which the western nations are now so sedulously trying; and ages ago they came to the conclusion that governments, to be effectual, satisfactory, permanent, must operate through the public intelligence. In that they follow nature. In our supercilious conceit we laugh at the Chinese.—His bodily formation and grotesque manners are topics of merriment to us. We say he opens his eyes vertically, like a pair of folding doors; ours opening horizontally like a pair of properly fixed windows. We exult in the glory of a luxuriant beard spead broadly over the breast, and ridicule him because he has no beard, but ties his hair up into a tale, and lets it hang down behind. But the wisdom of man does not depend on these decorations being either in front or behind. If we, knowing very imperfectly the ideas of the old man of the Mongols, irreverently set him down as a superanuated old Dotard, he in an equally imperfect way, learning of our proceedings in State craft and our anarchy of creeds, regards us as "outside barbarians." But this supremely solemn old man has done something that we cannot help seeing, no matter in what way we open our eyes. He has found out the means by which more than three hundred millions—more than ten times the population of the United States,—more than one third of the human race—have been for ages kept in happiness, prosperity, and peace. If we could surprise this sober old man into a moments relaxation from the amenities of exquisite courtcousness and from the artifices of infinite dissimulation; if we could coax from him his secret; this is what he would say, "Educate everybody; in every child that is born the state as well as the parent has a right. In china all are compelled to go to school. The brightest boys in school are pushed forward into Academies; then those distinguished above their fellow-boys in the Academies are sent to College; those who stand highest in College are then transplanted to active life as officers of the government; first occupying the position of superintendents of small districts of country. Those who display great capacity as superintendents are then promoted to the Grovernment of Provinces. Those who excel as Governors, are finally taken as counsellors and guides of the Imperial authority. "In China," he would say to us, "our ancestors organized the national intellect. We honor learning above all other things.—The road to greatness is open to all who have the capacity to walk in it."

It was formerly said that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." It should have been written, the mother of superstition. It is amazing what delusions and impostures held an unquestioned position so long as this erroneous system was supplied. It is amazing how soon they disappeared when the better system was put in force. The moonlight has now no fairies—the solitude no genius—the darkness no ghost or goblin. There is now no necromancer who can raise the dead from their graves—no one who has sold his soul to the devil and signed the contract with his blood. No angry apparition to rise from the earth and rebuke the witch of Endor who had called it from the grave. Necromancy, augury of dreams, oracles, sorcery, astrology, all are gone. It is three hundred years since the last sepulchral lamp was found, and that was in the vicinity of Rome. There are now no Gorgons, Hydras, Chimeras. No familiars, no Incubus', or Succubus., No longer do captains of sailing ships buy of witches favourable winds for their sails. No longer do our churches resound with payers against the baleful influence of comets—though there still linger in some of our noble old rituals forms of supplication for dry weather and rain—useless but not unpleasant reminiscences of the past. The apothecary no longer says prayers over the mortar in which he is pounding, to impart a divine afflatus to his drugs.—Who is there now who nails a horse shoe over his door to frighten off witches or wears relics and charms against sickness? These delusions have vanished together with the night of darkness and ignorance to which they belonged; yet they were the delusions of fifteen hundred years. In their support might be produced a greater mass of human testimony than probably could be brought to bear on any other matter of belief in the entire history of man. And yet, in the noonday light of the 19th century we know that the whole, from beginning to end, was deception. But although the American Continent has rejected these impostures, it has been the scene of wonders of very different kind. Miracles not ending when the enchanter ceased waving his wand, but lasting for all time and open to all eyes. From the shores of the stormy Atlantic to the sands of the calm and quiet Pacific, the primitive forests have melted away like snow before the warm breath of spring. The gloomy wilds of desert have changed, as if by magic, into fertile and blooming fields.—Roads for hundreds of thousands of miles have been constructed. Rivers with wide and rushing channels, have been bridged. Canals connecting city to city and lake to lake, have been dug. The self-multiplying force of society has at length found unrestrained scope—the population is increasing with unparalleled rapidity. A network of iron, daily growing in extent, has been spread over the land. Telegraphic lines spread like the web of a spider over the earth, and crossing the seas. Great cities, with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, have sprung up in every direction. A large portion of the old world is fed from our harvests and clothed with our material. The iron horse drinks from the Atlantic as he prepares for his race across the continent, and slakes his thirst out of the Pacific when his four days journey is at an end. The people on the lakes can converse through electric wires with the people on the shores of the Gulf; while those on the Atlantic speak instantaneously to the people on the Pacific. Thousands of Churches, Colleges and Hospitals, are scattered over the land in all directions. The ports of our sea coast are forests of masts, while the flag of the nation is seen on every sea and from every shore. There have also been miracles of war.—In a land where every man is free to think and act as he likes—where one might suppose that there would be a perfect babel hubbub of confusion and society, only a rope of sand—the shot of a single gun at their flag at Fort Sumter brought a million riflemen into the field. The waste of battle and the hospital, was for years more than supplied. If an army of a hundred thousand men melted away before the cannon, there was another army of two hundred thousand men to replace it. The wars of Europe, even those of the French Empire, became mere skirmishes in comparison. I have myself witnessed the outlying guard of an army ninety thousand strong. Ninety thousand men watching while the army slept. The soldiers of the North-west hewed their way with their swords to the Gulf of Mexico, by a river more than a thousand miles long, paving its bottom with the wrecks of ships. The soldiers of the North-East executed marches of more than two thousand miles, resistlessly capturing cities and subjugating States. There were taken as trophies of victory, thousands of cannon and hundreds of regimental flags. The mouth of the Mississippi was forced by one of the most brilliant operations in naval annals. A track of grim desolation of unutterable ruin, marked where the avenging cannon wheels had passed. And what was this for? "For the sake of an idea." That there *shall exist on this continent one Republic, great and indivisible.* This is the Empire we are to establish. It is indeed not a state with an Emperor at its head. It is indeed not like the Empire of the Romans of old, or of Great Britain in India, who subjugated nations and coined the sweat and tears of the oppressed into gold. It is indeed not like that of the first Napoleon, who placed his brothers and relations upon the thrones of ruined States, and threw his iron fingers like a vice around the throats of conquered nations. But ours is an Empire containing four millions of square miles of territory, capable of a high order of agricultural improvement. A country washed by the two great oceans on the east and west; intersected by the most magnificent rivers and strings of lakes. A country able to support more than two hundred millions of inhabitants. This is the geographical character of the great empire. We, the present generation, only hold this great domain in trust for the countless millions that are to inhabit it.

And finally, when this vast domain is peopled by two hundred million freemen, and when every acre becomes a garden, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the snow fields of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico—then will the idea of the immortal framers of the Declaration of Independence be fully realized.

My Girl with a Calico Dress.

A fig for your upper ten girls,
With their velvets and laces,
Their diamonds, rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces.
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazon'd with half they possess;
But give me in place of them all,
The girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a patridge, and fair
As the rose in the earliest bloom;
Her teeth with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume
Her step is as free and as light,
As the fawn whom hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
My girl in the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set whole icebergs on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze, the caress;
She is saving them all for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress.

The Farm.

Farming is a profession, not to say a science. If any one doubts this statement let him leave his city home—for no one breed in the country will doubt it—and undertake to cultivate even a garden of half an acre for the summer. He will then find that knowledge is as essential to the right use of the spade, as of the pen, and that there is as great a difference between the scientific farming of Flanders, where literally not a weed is to be seen, and that of many of our farmers, the wealth of whose soil is about equally divided between fruits and weeds, as between the trade of a modern commercial city and the barter of a back-woods settlement. It is true that many agriculturists are content to go in the ways of their fathers, because experiments are costly. But it is also true that they are unable to compete with those who understand the use of new instruments, methods and fertilizers. Agriculture is also becoming in this country a popular recreation. Many a gentleman is content to spend on his country-seat money which he makes in the counting-room. The practical farmer is thus able to get the benefit of experiments without paying for them. This change in agriculture, which has converted it from drudgery to an art, has created a demand for a corresponding literature. "Fifty years ago a stable agricultural periodical did not exist on the American Continent." Now, every considerable district has one, while almost every weekly paper, secular or religious, has its agricultural department; and it will not be long before something of a library will be a part of the furniture of a very well-ordered farm.

HOW ORIDE IS MADE.—"Oride," the beautiful alloy resembling gold, is a French discovery, and consists of pure copper, 100 parts; zinc or (preferably) tin, 17 parts; magnesia, 6 parts; sal-ammoniac, ½ part; quicklime, ½ part; tartar of commerce, 9 parts. The copper is first melted, then the magnesia, sal-ammoniac, lime and tartar in powder are added little by little, briskly stirring for about half an hour, so as to mix thoroughly; after which zinc is thrown on the surface in small grains, stirring it until entire fused. The crucible is then covered and the fusion maintained about thirty-five minutes, when the dross is skimmed off, and the alloy is ready for use. It can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder, or leaves; and none but excellent judges can distinguish it from gold.

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