HE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., August 8, 1863. No. 34.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A Highly Concentrated
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON, Phila'd, Pa.

WILL effectually cure Liver complaints, Dyspepsia; Jaundice, Cronic or Nervous debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as constipation, inward piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. And will positively prevent yellow fever, bilious fever, &c., they contain no Alcohol or Bad Whiskey! They will cure the above diseases in nine-teen nine cases out of a hundred.

Induced by the extensive sale and universal popularity of Hoofland's German Bitters, (purely vegetable,) hosts of ignorant Quacks and unscrupulous adventurers, have opened upon a suffering humanity the flood gates of Nostrums in the shape of poor whiskey, vilely compounded with injurious drugs; and christened Tonics, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcoholic preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellied kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate disease, and leave the disappointed sufferer in despair.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS!

Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years trial by the American public; and their reputation and sale are not equalled by any similar preparation.

The propietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, physicians and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS,
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoofland's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the moral of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were frequently used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of our nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Messrs Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case.—I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflamation of the lungs, and was for seventy days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 20th of June, Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinton, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procure a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vauge fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those whom are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

JOHN CODDLEBACK, 1st New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C., 11th Maine.
JOHN JENKINS, Co. B. 106th Penn.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON," is on the Wrapper of each bottle.

Price per bottle 75 cents, or half doz. for $4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No 631 Arch St.

JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United State.

☞For sale by H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices. [July11 1863–2y

She Hath Passed from the Earth.

She hath passed from earth, but we may not lament her,
Nor mourn her return to a holier clime;
She but lingered below, until He who had sent her
Recalled her to Eden in morning's sweet prime.

Could the beauty and freshness of youth have retained her,
We had not been called over her slumber to weep;
Yet mourn not, since death in his power hath but gained her
A joyful awaking from earth's transient sleep.

Ere the sorrows of earth or its passions had moved her,
Ere darkened the light of her innocent brow;
She made a farewell unto those who so loved her,
And whispered—my Father, I come to thee now.

The terrors of death had not power to alarm her:
She felt not his darkness and feared not his sting.—
The thought of her Saviour's kind mercy could claim her—
And her spirit went upward on faith's ardent wing.

In her beauty she sleeps, but we will not regret her—
Our tears may not moisten the flowers on her tomb;
For the smiles of her Saviour in mercy have met her—
Oh death, thou art vanqvished—and past is thy gloom.

Then calm be the spot where her form now reposeth;
May the friends who so loved her revisit the grave,
And feel—though the cold sod her ashes encloseth—
She lives in the presence of Him who can save.

JOHN PERKINS.

A Sketch which Many may Read with Profit.

John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking in company. It was morning, and they were on their way to business. Perkins was a young man—perhaps eight-and-twenty; and Tower was approaching the middle age.

"Ah," said Perkins, in a tone of fretfulness, "here comes Matthew Baldwin."

The person thus alluded to was at that moment crossing the street, and as he reached the sidewalk he stopped in front of our two friends. He was a rough clad, brown-faced man, with a frank, open countenance, and he earned his bread by hard work from day to day.

"Good morning," said Matthew Baldwin.

Perkins and Tower returned the salutation.

"Mr. Perkins," pursued the laboring man, with a show of nervousness in his manner, "could you make it convenient to let me have a little money this morning?"

"I declare, Matthew, you have hit me in a most unfortunate time," replied John Perkins, laughing. His laugh was a business laugh.

"I am sorry, sir," said the laboring man.—"The bill is only eight dollars; and I need the money very much. If you could contrive to spare me a part of it—"

"No, no;—hold on a few days, Matthew, and you shall have the whole of it. I haven't got it now. If I don't see you when I have it, I'll send it to you.

Matthew Baldwin turned away with a reluctant step, and the two friends pursued their way.

"Poor Matthew is disappointed," remarked Tower.

"Yes, I suppose so," responded Perkins.

"I had half a mind to offer to lend you the money for him."

"But John, you surely would not keep the poor man out of his money if you could raise it for him."

"I don't like to pay myself short,' was Perkins' reply.

Silas Tower believed that he knew his friend's fault and he determined to speak his mind freely.

"I think," he said in a careful, considerate way, "that you could have paid Matthew Baldwin eight dollars if you had so wished. Am I not right?"

"If I had wished to pay away all the money I have with me, I suppose I could. But I don't like to do that."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Perkins, with elevated eye-brows. "Why—because I like to have a little money by me."

"For what?"

"For what?" was the echo. "Why—there may be a thousand things for which I might need money."

"And for what can you need money more than to pay an honest debt to a hard-working needy man? Now John you must pardon me if I speak plainly."

"Go ahead," cried Perkins, with a light laugh.

"Then here it is," continued Silas Tower:—"If you had eight dollars in your pocket when Matthew Baldwin asked you to pay him that sum, the money really belonged to him. He had worked for it, and you received the full value of the demand. You had no more right in honor, to keep that money than you would have had to embezzle a like amount."

"Upon my life, Silas you put it strong but I don't see it. Do you like to be without money."

"No, but I would rather be without money than to be in debt."

"Do you mean to say that you would have paid away your last dollar had you been in my place a few minutes ago?"

"Certainly I would. And why should I wish to keep it? I have money in my pocket, which is not already appropriated, I use it to supply my wants—"

"And to meet emergencies," suggested Perkins.

"Yes—to meet emergencies," admitted Tower. "And what greater emergency can arise than the coming of such an application as Baldwin made of you? When a friend wants to borrow money of me, I am apt to consider my own convenience first; but when a man comes to me for money which I owe him I pay it, if I have it in my possession. In the first place; the money is really and truly his and I only have it in keeping for him. Matthew Baldwin is a poor man working hard to support himself and family; and when you hired him, you knew that he needed the pay for his work, from day to day—or, at least, from week to week. When he had done his work, you owed him 8 dollars and, if you had eight dollars in your pocket, the sum was his and not yours; and when he asked for it and you told him you could not pay it, you were acting out what I should call one kind of embezzlement."

John Perkins laughed.

"And," pursued Tower, taking no notice of the interruption, "there is another reason why you should have paid him the money, even though it took your last penny. You should have done it for your own good. While a man is in debt he cannot afford to waste money, he needs to save with a careful hand; but he will not save if he carries money just for the sake of spending it. Now mark me, John, and say if I do not tell the truth: If you made it the fixed rule of your life to pay all your debts as soon as they were due, you would then never be spending money which was not yours. This determination, put in practice, would free you from all embarrassment, and lead you into the confidence of your fellows. In short, the man who never gets into debt, or who, if debt must come, holds the liquidating of that debt as of the chiefest necessity, will be pretty sure to prosper; and, in the end, he will not be likely to be called upon to pay away his last dollar. And now, my dear fellow, if you want my advice, I can give it to you."

"Go ahead."

"Do you go back this very morning, and pay Matthew Baldwin what you owe him. Go now, before you go to work. If it takes the last dollar, go and do it. Or, if you have but the eight dollars, go and tell him so, and ask him to divide with you."

"I guess I must think of it awhile," said Perkins, with another laugh.

"At all events," added Tower, "you will allow me to speak with you again on the subject."

"Certainly."

At this juncture the two friends separated, Tower going to his store, while Perkins pursued his way to the machine shop, where he earned two dollars and a half a day. This was Monday morning.

On Tuesday morning, John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin in the street, and he avoided him—shrank off down a narrow by-way, so as not to meet his poor creditor.

On Wednesday morning, John Perkins saw Matthew Baldwin again, but he was not forced to dodge out of the way, for this time the poor laboring man was standing at the door of a physician's office.

On Tuesday morning, as John Perkins was going to his shop, he saw in the street ahead of him, Metthew Baldwin and Silas Tower, engaged in conversation. Directly Baldwin crossed the street, and went away, while Tower waited for Perkins to come up. The two friends shook hands, and passed the compliments of the morning.

"Poor Baldwin is in trouble," said Tower, as they walked on.

"Ah, how so?" asked Perkins.

"His wife is very sick—has been sick a week and two of his children are down with diptheria. One of them the doctor thinks will die. Poor, fellow! I pity him. What with nurses to hire, and medicine to buy and provisions of all kinds so high, he finds it hard to get along. I lent him five dollars this morning; or rather, I paid him in advance for some work he has promised to do for me.'

John Perkins seemed to be a little nervous.

"By the way, pursued Tower, after they had walked on a little while in silence, 'have you paid Baldwin that eight dollars yet?"

"No, I haven't replied John, reluctantly.

"Have you money enough with you to pay it."

"No."

"How much have you?"

"Not over three or four dollars."

"Now, John," said Tower with sudden earnestness; "I am going to ask you a question; and you can answer me or not, as you please.—What have you done with the money you had on Monday morning?"

At first John Perkins could not tell what he had done with it; but finally he made out to account for part of it. There was two theatre tickets at fifty cents each. One oyster supper for himself and a friend—a dollar. A horse and wagon for a moonlight ride—two dollars.—And then he owed for numerous glasses of soda and beer. In all he accounted for six dollars, or thereabouts.

"I declare," said Tower, shaking his head, and speaking with solemn seriousness, "I would not like to borrow money of Matthew Baldwin for such purposes!"

"How?" uttered John. "Borrow—of Matthew Baldwin?"

"O, you need not try to hide the truth, John. You know what I mean."

At this point the friends separated and as John Perkins walked towards his shop the words of Silas Tower rang in his ears. Did he know what his friend had meant? Aye—that he did and when he reached his place of work he reflected long and seriously.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, as he rolled up his sleeves, and arranged his tools, "I think Tower is right. I could have paid Baldwin last Monday morning, if I only had thought so. I wish I had." He set his lathe, and fixed a bar of iron for turning. "If I had paid him," he continued, as he watched the bits of iron drop from the revolving bar, "I shoudn't have borrowed money to go to the theatre with, nor to pay for horses with. By the powers! Silas told the truth. That money honestly belonged to Matthew Baldwin.

And so; through the day, John Perkins talked with himself upon the subject thus brought before him, and before night he had resolved that he would turn over a new leaf.

On Friday morning John Perkins saw a man carrying a little coffin into Matthew Baldwn's house. The sight caused him to reflect more deeply than he had done on the day before.—That little coffin, with its tale of bereavement and we led him into sympathy with the sufferers; and the thought that his failure in duty might have added to the sufferings of the lowly household, smote him to the heart.

Saturday evening, Perkins knocked at Matthew Baldwin's door. The poor man answered the summons. He was bowed with grief and his eyes were red with weeping.

"Pardon me for calling at this time," said Perkins in subdued tones, but I thought you might need the money I owed you."

"Indeed, sir, I do need it; and I thank you for your kindness in remembering me." The man's face brightened as he received the money, and he expressed his thanks again.

"In the time to come,' said John Perkins, 'I may have considerable work for you to do; and I promise that you shall never again have occasion to ask me twice for what is your due."

And he kept his word.

People who were acquainted with John Perkins, and who saw him often, fancied that he walked more stately and proudly than he used to walk; and the impression with some was, that he had met with a stroke of good fortune, the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher were among those who imagined that a large sum of money had fallen to him.

Six months have passed away. John Perkins and Silas Tower were walking together as we have seen them before.

"My dear Silas," said John, in continuation of a conversation already begun, "I owe it all to you. To you I am indebted for my emancipation from one of the meanest and most galling states of servitude that ever laid its yoke upon the neck of man. Six months ago I was hampered with petty debts, and I growing more and more in clined to shirk payment of them; but it is so no more. I now regard a debt as a thing to be shunned; but if I must incur debt, I pay it as soon as I can. If I had an enemy, and was malevolent enough to wish him ill, I can think of no greater evil to call down as a curse upon him than a state of bondage to perplexing, harrassing Debt.

Thirty-six Maxims for Farmers.

The following maxims, from the *Canada Agriculturist*, are copied, with high commendations, by the agricultural press:

1 Never get in debt when you cannot see your way out again; when you owe, pay as fast as you can and promptly.

2 Never enlarge your farm when half of what you own is not cultivated.

3. If you own more land than you can till well, and are in debt, or need funds to make necessary improvements, sell part of your farm and use the money to pay your debts and make your improvements.

4. Never borrow money to build a showy house when a less pretentious one would answer better and never lend money when you have undrained or poorly tilled land to improve.

5. Lay out a system of improvements for farm and buildings, and, as your mens permit, carry these plans out.

6. Do not enter upon speculation with other peoples's money, or your own, unless you see clearly that you will make profits; and even then do not do it to the neglect of your farming.

7. Do not mortgate your farm for money to buy goods; very few men can enter the mercantile business without training for it, and not become bankrupt.

8. Do not buy fancy stock and pay fabulous prices on the spur of the moment, or without knowing why you want it and how you are to make the investment profitable.

9. Do not keep poor stock when you can keep good at the same expense, and with four times the profit.

10. Do not change your kind of farming because what you raise this year is low-priced, for that which is high; ten chances to one your crop will be up next year, and that which is up now will then be down.

11. Do not try to grow those crops for which your farm is not well adapted.

12. If you have a good location do not sell out expecting to better it, because you are offered a good price.

13. Do not change farms often, for by so doing you can carry out no definite system of improvement.

14. Do not begin to improve till you have a general plan of what you wish to do; to do it would be like commencing to get out timbers for a house before you know its length and breadth.

15. Unless your crops are good ones, sow less and plow better.

16. Be present with your hands as much as possible, otherwise little work will be done, and that poorly. No business requires the master's overeight more than farming.

17 Cultivate a little well rather than much poorly. Who does not remember the story of a farmer who has two daughters? When the first one married he gave her one third of his vineyard, and yet he had as many grapes as formerly; when the second married, she took half the remainder for her portion, and yet the yield of the father's share was not lessened.

18. Keep ahead of your work, or your work will keep a head of you.

19. Resolve that your farm shall be a profitable one, if industry and good management will make it so.

20 Invest your surplus earnings in making such improvements as will add to the profit, apperance, and convenience of your farm.

21. When you make experiments, see that you keep within the laws of nature. These are the farmers helps; make such experiments as appear to be reasonable, no matter what your neighbors say.

22. Be kind to those you employ, and all the animals you work.

23. Sell your produce when prices are high, and if you do not need the money keep it when they are very low, unless it is certain they will remain so.

24. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the principle of agriculture, and be guided by them.

25. Perform all labor at the right season.

26. Do all jobs in the best manner.

27. When you begin one piece of work, finish it before you commence another.

28. Do not leave work half done, expecting to finish it next year; finish as you go.

29. Take care of your tools when you get through using them, and do not work with poor ones when you can afford good ones.

30. Do not buy old wagons, harness, plows, &c. at auction, because you can get them cheap. Better expend the money for books, travel, or some needed improvements.

31. Do not keep more stock on your farm than you have plenty of pasture for.

32. If at forty-five you have a farm property, do not work with your muscles so hard as formerly, but give the afternoon of each day for mental and social improvements.

33. Give your children a good education, physically, intellectually, morally, and socially.

34. Take an interest in all improvements that have a bearing on agriculture.

35. Use machinery and horse power, where possible, instead of your own muscles.

36 In all you do, endeavor to get hold of the long end of the lever, instead of the short one, if you would work to advantage.

A Spicy View of Life.

The postmaster at Philadelphia, a few days ago, addressed Benjaman Butterworth a note stating that a letter was in the post office which was detained for postage. In response he received the followin spicy reply:

Postmaster Dear—Sir: Enclosed please find (1) one three cent stamp, together with a note sent me by you.

I am exceedingly grateful to you for giving me notice of the letter. I think it is from my oldest son, who is or was a boy of virtuous instict, but whose want of ability to detect any material difference between his property and other people's caused him to make several mistakes in the selection of goods. The result was that the authorities, out of distinguished consideration for his manly qualities, gave him a permanent situated in an admirably conducted institution, located at no great distance from Girard College, and like that institution it affords excellent opportunities for learning.

The officers of the institution become so attached to my son that he finds it difficult to leave. A ball and chain have also become very much attatched to him, in fact, they are together constantly.

I am the father of fifteen children, mostly boys and girls. I am from Ireland considerably from which delectable turf I emigrated years since, stopping a few years in Australia, which I did at the suggestion of the King's Bench.—Permit me to say, in conclusion, that I love you. Give my love to your numerous wife and progeny.

DISUNION:
Degradation without Remedy.

Writers from abroad represent a great reaction as taking place in favor of the United States.—Our country has many warm friends in Europe, and especially in France, who manifest a deep interest in her unity and welfare, and strive to correct the erroneous impressions which have been created in the minds of their people through the agency of newspapers and emissaries in the interest of the rebellion.

A remarkable paper on the *necessity* of maintaining our national unity has recently made its appearance in Paris, from the pen of M. Edward Laboulaye, one of the great men of that nation—a man holding the highest position in the first institution of the world, the University of France—and whose whole life, it is said, has been devoted to the study of the best methods of legislation and government. The article has been republished in pamphlet form in this country and widely circulated. We make the following extracts:

What is the South, and whence does she derive this right of separation, so loudly proclaimed? Is it a conquered people that seeks to recover its independence? Is it a distinct race that wishes no longer to continue an oppressive alliance? No, they are communities of planters established by American hands, on the territories of the Union, who revolt without any further reason than their own ambition. Let us take a map of the United States. If we except Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia, which were originally English colonies, all the rest of the South is settled upon lands bought and paid for by the Union. That is to say, the North has borne the greatest part of the expense. Louisiana was sold to the United States in 1801, by the first consul, for fifteen millions of dollars.—Florida was purchased of Spain in 1820, for about five millions. The Mexican war, with its cost of a billion of money, and its cruel losses, was necessary to secure Texas. In short, of all the rich territories that border the Mississippi and the Missouri from their source to their mouth, there is not one inch but has been paid for by the Union, and therefore belongs to it.—It is the Union that has driven out or indemnified the Indians. It is the Union that has built all the forts, the docks, the lighthouses, and harbors. It is the Union that made all these desert places valuable, and rendered colonization possible. Northern as well as Southern men cleared and planted these lands, and transformed into flourishing States these fertile solitudes. Can old Europe, where unity is everywhere the result of conquest, show us a title to property so sacred as this? A country more entirely the common work of a whole people? And now, shall a minority be permitted to appropriate a territory which belongs to all, and to choose for themselves the best part of it? Can a minority be permitted to destroy the Union and to imperil its first benefactors, without whom, indeed, it could not exist? To say that this revolt is not impious, is to say that caprice constitutes right.

It is not, however, a political reason only, which opposes the separation. Its geography, the situation of the different portions, obliges the United States to form one nation. Strabo, contemplating the vast country we now call France, said, with the foresight of a genius, that beholding the natufe of the territory and the courses of the streams, it was evident that the forests of Gaul, then thinly inhabited, would become the home of a great people. Nature had prepared our territory to become the theatre of a great civilization. This is no less true of America.—She is, in truth, only a double valley with an imperceptible head level and two great water courses, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence.—No high mountains which separate and isolate peoples; no natural barriers like the Alps and Pyrenees. The West cannot live without the Mississippi—to possess the mouth of the river is for the farmers of the West a question of life and death.

The United States are a Republic, the freest and at the same time the mildest and happiest government that the world has ever seen. In what consists this prosperity of the Americans?

They are alone upon an immense territory; they have never been obliged to concentrate power and weaken liberty, for the purpose of resisting the ambition and jealousy of their neighbors. In the United States there was no standing army, no great war navy. The immense sums spent by us to avoid or maintain war, were used by the Americans to establish schools—in giving every citizen, rich or poor, that education, that instruction which constitutes the moral grandeur and the true riches of a people. Their foreign policy was contained in a single maxim: Never to intermeddle in the political quarrels of Europe on the sole condition that Europe would never interfere in their affairs, and would respect the liberty of the seas.

Thanks to those wise principles, bequeathed to them by Washington, in his immortal Farewell Address, the United States have enjoyed for eighty years a peace undisturbed but once, in 1812, when they were obliged to withstand England and maintain the rights of neutrals.—For the last seventy years, we have spent billions to maintain our liberty or our preponderance in Europe. The United States have employed these billions in ameliorations of all kinds. This is the secret of their prodigious success; their isolatian has made their prosperity.

Suppose, now, that this separation should be accomplished, and that the new confederacy should comprise all the slave States; the North loses at once her power and her institutions.—The Republic is stabbed to the heart. There would be in America two rival nations, always on the eve of conflict. Peace would by no means extinguish enmities. It would not obliterate the memories of past greatness, nor of the UNION DESTROYED.

The South victorious would be doubtless no less a friend of slavery, no less in love with dominion, than in former times. The enemies of slavery, now masters of their own policy, would not surely be made more moderate by separation What would the Southern Confederacy be to the North? A foreign power established in America, with a frontier of fifteen hundred miles—a frontier open on all sides, and consequently, always threatening or threatened.—This power, hostile by reason of its vicinity and still more so on account of its institutions, would possess some of the most important portions of the New World. She would own half of the sea-coasts of the Union—she would command the Gulf of Mexico, an inland sea, one-third the size of the Mediterranean. She would be mistress of the mouth of the Mississippi, and could at her will ruin the people of the West.—The remnant of the old Union must, then, always maintain an attitude of defense towards their rivals. Custom-house and frontier difficulties, rivalries, jealousies—all the scourges of old Europe would at once overwhelm America. It would be necessary to establish custom-houses over an extent of five hunddred leagues—to construct and arm forts along this immense frontier, and support a large army and navy.—In other words, they must renounce the old constitution, weaken municipal independence and concentrate power. Adieu then to the old and glorious liberty! Adieu to those institutions which made America the common country of all those who lacked a breathing place in Europe. The work of Washington would be utterly destroyed, and the new condition of things would be full of difficulty and of peril. I understand how such a future might rejoice the people who can never pardon America her prosperity and her grandeur. History is full of these deplorable jealousies. But I understand, even still better, how a people accustomed to liberty should risk their last man and their last dollar to keep the inheritance of their fathers, and I respect it. What I do not comprehend is, that there should be found in Europe, people, calling themselves liberal, who reproach the North for her courageous resistance, and counsel a shameful abdication. The war is a terrible evil; but from the war a durable peace may spring. The South may be worn out by an exhausting struggle. The old Union may be again restored—the future may be saved. But what can be the issue of separation, if not WAR WITHOUT END and miseries without number? The dismemberment of the Union—the rendering assunder of the country, would be a DEGRADATION WITHOUT REMEDY. A fate so shameful is to be accepted only, when one is utterly crushed out and trodden under foot.

U. S. Grant.

BALTIMORE, Ill., July 9, 1863.—At the torch-light procession in this place last night one of the transparencies contained the following:—

Major-General U. S. Grant.
Unconditional Surrender Grant
Uncle Sam Grant.
United States Grant.
Unparalleled Success Grant.
Unabridged Seizure Grant.
Union Saver Grant.
Undeniably Superior Grant.
Unflinching Surmounter Grant.
Undaunted Soldier Grant.
Understanding Secession Grant.
Use Sambo Grant.
Unshackle Slave Grant.
Ultimate Subjugation Grant.
Uncommon Smart Grant.
Unequaled Smasher Grant.
Utterly Solid Grant.
Uutmost Safety Grant.
Unrivaled System Grant.
Unexceptionably Scientific Grant.
Undertake Sure Grant.
Unbounded Spunk Grant.
Universal, Sanative Grant.
Unadulterated Saltpetre Grant,
Uniform Succeder Grant.
Undisputed Sagacity Grant.
Unbending Superexcellence Grant.
Unexampled Skill Grant.
Undoubtedly Spunky Grant.
Unprecedented Sardine Grant.
Go in, U. S.—see it now!

APPROPRIATE MOTTOES.

At a procession in St. Louis the other evening an immense transparency attraction universal attention. It represented General Grant in the act of accepting the surreader of Vicksburg at the hands of General Pemberton. Te latter was painted in the attitude of great humulity, saluting General Grant and asking his best terms. The Union General was given an air of perfect uncoucern, smoking his inevitable segar. Pemberton asks of the conqueror.—"What are your best terms," and is met by the the laconic reply, "An unconditional surrender!"

On the same side with the portraits were the words:—

"Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Tullahoma and Helena: Victories worthy of celebration by all patriots.

On the other side was inscribed:—

"Grant, Meade, Rosecrans and Prentiss!
Honor to the champions of Union and Liberty!
The game of *Bragg* is 'played out.'
The President's Prayer:—*Grant U. S.* more victories im-*Meade*-iately.
No peace with a divided country."

Dream of a Quaker Lady.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She indulged in this habit, until it had increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep and dreamed that she died, and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it. 'Oh!' she said, 'do look again; it must be there.' He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, 'it is not there.' 'Oh!' said she, in agony, it must be there; I have the assurance it is there! Do look again.' The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, 'We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!' The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.