THE 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—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVII. Easton, Talbot County, Md., September 17, 1864. No. 40.

AVERTISEMENTS

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, Chronic or Nervous 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 sensations at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, palpitation 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-tenths of the 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 them, Stomachics and Bitters.

Beware of the innumerable array of Alcohol preparations in plethoric bottles and big bellies kegs, under the modest appellation of Bitters which instead of carring, only aggravate the 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 equaled 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 arrival 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 the nation's heroes, whose life to use his own language, has been saved by the Bitters:"

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1862

Mssrs 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 aware of all the circumstances of my case.—I am and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's old battery, and under immediate command of Capt. R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for several days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of diarrhœa. 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 so low 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 called on me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinbach, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced using 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 who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALON E.

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

JOHN CUDDLEBACK, 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 everytown in the United State.

☞For sale by DAWSON & BRO., and L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices. [July 21-1y

For the Easton Gazette.

To One who Understands and can Feel.

I'm floating idly down the stream of time
Idly and lonely; for no friendly hand
Clasps mine to strengthen and be strengthed;
No fair hands are beck'ning to me from among
The flowers that gem the shores; no kindly voice
Is calling me to linger for a while
Among the pleasant fields and happy scenes
That rise to bless and cause my longing gaze;
No kindly tones are bidding me "God-speed,"
And thus my fate will be to wander on,
Companionless and lone, unto the end.
Yet in the silent watches of the night,
When all the work-day hum of this dull world
Is hushed in sleep, and through my window falls
On my bearded face, the pale beams of the moon
And my wrapt vision, wanders 'mong the stars,
Then dream I dreams. I dream of sunny lands,
Through which I stray while even at my side,
And looking into mine, are those dear eyes,
Whose look of love would be the world to me.
We stand among the mouldering monuments
Of the lost age of Gods and God-like men
Re-peopling them with mighty shades,—we hear
The trumpet tones whose magic power of words,
Thrilled the great heart of nations;—we recline
Beneath the cooling shade of orange groves,
And in the trickling of Eletamnus stream
We hear the silver tones of Virgil's lyre,
Upon Leucadia's dizzy height we stand
And in the dreamy sighing of the waves
Hear the sad song that Sappho, dying sang,
We wander hand in hand upon the shore,
Where the white arms of Hero were stretched out
To welcome her Leander,—those old tales
Of deathless love, find in our loving hearts
A sympathy that has not words, but tears.
Thus dream I dreams, aye and dare to dream
Of battling in the strife of mind with mind,
While her high heart and fondly trusting love,
Cheer on my fainting spirit; and I dream
That when around my brow the glittering wreath
Of fame is bound, and from the swelling throats
Of thousands, rings the loud acclaim, I turn
To find in her fond voice's loving tones
My proudest fame; and when my cheek is laid
Upon her bosom; and her dear arms twined
Around me fondly, then I would not give
Her love for earthly immortality.
These are vain dreams. But in my sad life
The dream is the reality. ÆTNA.

"Too Much Ditto."

A correspondent communicates the following story:

In a small village in New England lived an old chap, who, though very wealthy, did not possess a good education, as also did not his wife. He purchased much of his household goods at a dry good and grocery store in the village, and at the close of the year the bill was presented for payment. On one occasion, in looking it over, he observed that the word "ditto" occurred frequently. On reaching home he said to his wife:

"What have you been doing with so much ditto this year?" showing her how it stood on the bill. "I haven't bought any; and what have you been doing with so much?"

"I havin't had a bit!" he replied.

"You must have had it," he returned; "for G——— always dealt honestly by me, and here it is on the bill. You can see for yourself."

"I don't care if it is; I haven't had any, and G——— has cheated you; I always said he would!"

"Well," he replied, "then I must see about it."

So he trudged back to the store. 'Look here, G———, what do you mean, charging me with so much ditto? I haven't had any, and my wife says she hasn't."

G——— bit his lip, and politely explained.

When the old gentleman returned home his wife inquired if he had found out about the "ditto?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I have found out that I was a great *fool*, and you was a *ditto!*"

How Tom Flinn was Acquitted.

A Kentucky Advocate in defending his client who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentleman of the jury, do not think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotton yarn? Gentleman of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavings, gentleman—you all know Tom Flinn, and—on honor now, gentleman—do you think he'd do it. Thomas Flinn! Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotton yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howling gentleman, on the mountaings o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a fighting the battles of Europe—do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin—yes, hookin', Tom Flinn! Gentlemen I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and the purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi! That, gentleman, are a fact. Yes, gentleman, are a fact. You can bet on that, gentlemen. Yes gentlemen, you can bet your bones on that! Now, upon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty! Gentlemen, I reckon not, I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of the jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty o' stealing that are hank o' cottin yarn than a toad are a tail!—yes, a tail, gentleman!"

Verdict for the defendant.

A Child Born to the Dwarfs.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* is responsible for the following:

A very important physiological question has been set at rest, although the circumstance has been kept unusually quiet, and those horrible tell-tales, the newspapers, have through their ignorance, been as silent as the most fastidious reader could desire. After this dignified and solemn premial, which I have discreetly introduced by way of breaking the news gently, I suppose I am at liberty to say bluntly that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb have got a baby—a real genuine flesh-and-blood chip of the old blocks, and three months' old at that! Those who have seen the "blessed brat" describe it as neither a world's wonder nor a world's fright, but a little, cunning, crying doll of a thing, and in no respect peculiar or remarkable, except in the promise it gives of being a full-sized child, and, if it lives, of becoming as big again as either of its immediate ancestors.

Not being the seventh son of a seventh son, I won't pretend to enter into the scientific questions involved in this *lusus naturae* father than to congratulate the happy parents and Grandpa Barnum upon this addition to the happy family at Bridgeport; even if it does not contribute an added curiosity to the great showman's stock in trade.

☞On Thursday morning a light frost was observable in several sections of Connecticut.

Amusing Proverbs about Women.

As the poor man saith, so say we; but as the good women saith, so it mustbe.

A woman and a greyhound must be small in the waist.

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed.

All women are good; good for something or good for nothing.

A virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

An obediant wife commands her husband.

A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.

A woman's work is never at an end.

A good wife is the wormanship of a good husband.

When the good man's from home, the good wife's table is soon spread.

A man's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

An enemy to beauty is a foe to nature.

All are good lassies; but where come the ill wives from?

A woman conceals what she knows not.

A lass that has many woers oft fares the worst.

A man must ask his wife leave to thrive.

Fools are wise men in the affairs of women.

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.

You may know a foolish woman by her finery.

Women are wise on a sudden, fools on premeditation.

Beauty will buy no beef.

Choose a wife rather by your ear, than your eye.

Many blame the wife for their own thriftless life.

Prettiness makes no pottage.

While the tall maid is stooping, the little one has swept the house.

Woman laugh when they can, weep when they will.

Beauty in women is like the flower in spring but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

Women grown bad are worse than men; because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

Beauties without fortunes have sweethearts plenty, but husbands none at all.

Beauty is no inheritance.

Fire dresses the meat, and not a smart lass.

Far fetched, and dear bought, is good for the ladies.

Three women and a goose make a market.

There is many a wife that can't sing and dance well.

The society of ladies is a school of politeness.

The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who wishes to chastise a fool gets him a wife.

Next to no wife, a good wife is best.

No woman is ugly when she is dressed.

She that is born a beauty is halfmarried.

She that has an ill husband shows it in her dress.

Saith Solomon, the Wise, "A good wife is a good prize."

She who is born handsome is born married.

Who hath a bad wife, has purgatory for a neighbor.

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron.

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.

There is no mischief in the world done, but a woman is always one.

Cooking in New Zealand.

The plan adopted by the Maories of cooking their viands is not peculiar to them, but continually practised in various South Sea Islands. It has been called *baking*, and one has heard about New Zealand ovens; but *steaming*, we fancy, is the more fitting designation. By whatever term designated, the process is as follows: A party of Maories will, we must first assume, have obtained the meat; and, as the case may be, vegetables. Hunger may press, and it is desired to cook the meat. Let us overlook the Maori cooks, and notice how they set about it. There will be nothing to shock our humanity now, cannibalism having ceased these thirty years.—The New-Zealand Soyer will, if times are easy, exercise his art upon a pig; else it may be a dog, the latter always having been considered good eating by the Maories. Rats, too, may have been trapped; wild ducks, wild pigeon, or parrots may have been caught in snares: eels may have netted out of the nearest brook: every New-Zealand brook contains plenty, but hardly any other fish worth the catching. Whatever the prey, it is cooked in this wise, viz.: first a hole is dug in the earth of convenient size—a hole, in days that were ominously like a man's grave; a fire is next lighted hard by, and stones, gathered promiscously, are heated in that fire.

When hot enough, the stones are laid that in the pit, and covered over with a thin layer of leaves. A little water being now poured upon the leafy covering, the creature comforts are carefully arranged upon the leaves, just as a baker arranges his loaves upon the floor of an oven. Next an upper layer of leaves, by way of coverlet, to keep the dinner warm, and upon that coverlet all the earth that had previously been dug out of the pit. Necessarily under this treatment the materials to be cooked are soon bathed in an atmosphere of steam. It is a treatment under which, we are informed, the very hardest integuments grow soft.

A Brave Boy.

A war correspondent gives the following history of a "Private Soldier," who is now serving in the army under General Sherman. "His name is John Fletcher, of Lafayette, Indiana, a private in Company C, Sixty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was born in Albany, N.Y., in 1847, enlisted at Washington, D. C., in the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, in 1861, at the age of *nine years!* He was instructed in drill and horsemanship at Carlisle barracks, and sent to the field during Buell's and Bragg's campaign in Kentucky. He served in the Fourth regular cavalry in that campaign, and was twice wounded: once in the leg at the engagement at Richmond, Ky.; and again in the thigh at Perryville. He was discharged from the Fourth cavalry on account of his wounds. He re-enlisted in the Sixty-fifth Indiana infantry volunteers, in February, 1864. Besides serving in the campaign in Kentucky under Buell, he was at the battles of Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resacca, and Kenesaw Mountain, and with Sherman in his late operations at Atlanta.

A WAG rose from his bed on the 31st of August, and exclaimed: "This is the last rose of summer."

One New Hampshire clergyman paid taxes on 1,200 ounces of plate.

SPEECH OF H. H. GOLDSBOROUGH.

The following speech was made by Gen. H. H. Goldsborough, at the close of the Constitutional Convention:

Gentlemen of the Convention:

"The time has now arrived when, as your presiding officer, it becomes my duty to declare the termination of the labors of this body. In so doing it would not be proper to omit the observance of the time honored custom of giving utterance to some brief and friendly words of parting.

We have been engaged for the past four months in the work of framing anew the organic law of this State. However easy the task may appear to many, and especially to those who have never participated in such a work, yet I am sure you will concur with me that its difficulties, not a few even in times of profund peace, have been greatly incredsed by the condition of things by which we were surrounded.

Amid a civil war of the most gigantic proportions, our minds have been constantly disturbed by the ever recurring consideration whether the institutions under which we have prospered so long as a nation, were to stand or fall amid the conflicts of the day. While the nation has been thus agitated throughout its entire limits, our own State has been the theatre of the most bitter contests between social and political classes ever experienced, and which it could have been wished should not have existed while we were engaged in a work of so much importance and magnitude. Our labors, though thus interrupted by scenes calculated to create the most embittered feeling, and to provoke discussions of the most exciting character, have not been marred by any of those personal animosities or collisions which might have been anticipated, and which have so often characterized the proceedings of other deliberative bodies. This is a matter of sincere congratulation, and if your President has succeeded in the accomplishment of this object, he has been encouraged and sustained by a conviction of your belief in his conscientious discharge of duty, and his faithful endeavor at all times to award to each individual member, irrespective of party designations or particular localities, that impartial justice which should always control the action of a presiding officer of a deliberative body.

We are now about to separate for our respective homes. In all human probability the most of us may never meet again. As actors in the past and present eventful scenes, can we *not all*—dismissing the memory of every embittered feeling, before parting—unite in the prayer so often repeated at this desk, that the same *ever living God*, who has heretofore protected and defended us as one people, may, notwithstanding our civil broils, our many sins and misgivings, still preserve us "under the shadow of its wing" as one undivided nation; that whatever changes may be occasioned by the rapidly transpiring events of the day—whatever modifications may be produced in the character of our social institutions, the *Union*, as the great ark of our national safety, with the Constitution, may be vouchsafed to us and our children; and that, *ere many years shall roll around*, we may all look again with fond delight upon the same gorgeous emblem of our nationality still floating over us, affording equal protection to the rights of all, at home and abroad, not a star or a stripe obscured.

Representatives of Maryland—Freemen of a central State of a once proud galaxy of States—citizens of a National Government, unequalled in its fostering protection by any other upon earth your hearts and mine I know beat responsive to a wish for the restoration of our Federal Government, and a return of that period when we shall all, irrespective of Geographical lines or sectional parties, recognize "the Constitution and the laws and treaties made in pursuance thereof, as the supreme law of the land." Is there a man so indifferent to the blessings of republican liberty, as not to cherish a hope of the speedy realization of such a result? Who does not desire a peace—permanent substantial peace—a peace commanding the obedience of all men, in all parts of our common country, to those who have been or may be chosen to administer the Government? Who will not hail with pleasure the end of scenes of blood and desolation, if it can be obtained by an unconditional submission of those proud domestic foes, wherever located, who have been and are now engaged in plotting our destruction, and whose treasonable schemes, I hope, in the providence of God, may be defeated, whether sought to be accomplished by the sword or a surreptitious use of the ballot? "The union of the States, the majority must govern, it is treason to secede," is as truthful now as in the earlier days of the Republic, or even in the Madisonian era of unsuspected State Rights Republicanism. The will of the people must be respected. It must be enforced, and although we may cry "peace, peace," there will be no peace until every armed foe shall be made to acknowledge the paramount authority of our Federal Government.

In the momentous struggle which has for the past three years agitated this State, your President has not been an inactive participant. He has witnessed the rapid change of public sentiment in relation to a domestic institution heretofore protected by law to such an extent as almost to suppress all freedom of speech and freedom of action. In an evil hour, initiated by the loss of place and in the full blown pride of power, its supporters sought to extend and perpetuate its rule, even though it involved the destruction of the best Government on earth. Scarcely awaiting the announcement of the result of the Presidential canvass, they openly proclaimed their fixed determination to disregard the popular will as expressed in the choice of a Chief Magistrate, and proceeded, mocking all the ordinary restraints of law, in their work of disintegration and dismemberment, regardless of all consequences. Such traitorous proceedings culminated, as might have been expected and foreseen, in all the horrors of civil war. In such acts are to be discovered the true cause of all our trials and sufferings, as well as the history of that determined popular clamor for this Convention, as the most effectual means to check such movements within our State. The draft of a Constitution now about to be submitted, is but one of the legitimate fruits of rebellion, to be followed by other similar enactments, until the popular will shall be reflected in an absolute extinguishment of this institution. Slavery interwoven with our social and domestic relations, and accustomed to control our national policy could not brook the antagonism of free speech and free labor. In its mad appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword, there has been disclosed the secret history and ambitious designs of many party leaders who have long sought to divide our country by sectional lines for the gratification of their own personal ends. That God, in the providence of His ways, will effectually thwart the machinations of such schemers and plotters of disunion, I have not a doubt. Believing that He has permitted this state of things for the accomplishment of some grert National good I, have an abiding faith that the great mass of the American people, whose generous patriotism, unflinching courage and unselfish devotion to their country's cause is without a parallel in the history of the world, will emerge from this terrible ordeal, much better prepared to appreciate the blessings of free institutions, and to provide in a Constitutional mode for the removal of every obstacle in the perpetuation of a united Government, constituting us one people, so dear to every true American heart. This problem of *universal freedom* is being fast wrought out by the current events of the day, to the satisfaction of every loyal man, while in the blood of patriotic sons and sires will be found the surest guarantees against all future enemies, foreign or domestic, of that Liberty or Union which should be one and inseperable, now and forever.

In this State the institution of slavery is dead. Those who have tears, therefore, prepare to shed them now. It is not *now* in your power, or mine, or that of any living mortal to revive or resuscitate it. I congratulate you upon the accomplishment of this work, which I doubt not the people will seal with their approbation. Even those of your constituents who do not now coincide with your views, after the asperities of the day shall have ceased will, I doubt not, hail with pleasure this great social revolution, opening as it does, the fair fields of Maryland to the hand of honest industry, in all its diversified forms, and enabling each and every man *irrespective of color*, to enjoy as God intended, the fruits of his own personal labor. The sons of honest toil, the farmer, the mechanic and the manufacturer will be elevated in the scale of humanity. Free and untrammelled—with the avenues of wealth, power, and distinction open to all classes of the white race, every one, whether native or naturalized, becomes the peer of every other man—nay, even of the proudest aristocrat, who will have either to content himself with the daily contact of the things he loathes or seek other more congenial climes for the enjoyment of the peculiar blessings of an institution, which in its mad efforts to discredit free labor and free institutions has destroyed itself.

This change alone, of itself, will more than compensate the people of Maryland for all their trials and sufferings. As a central State her future is most auspicious, bringing with it wealth, prosperity and population, the sure concomitants of free labor. She will henceforth begin to experience the truth of her motto "*Oresceit et multiplicamini*," and, with the increase of her people, I hope the love she has ever manifested for the Union and Constitution will be strengthed manifold and intensified.

Permit me, gentlemen, in conclusion to express my thanks for your emphatic approval of my official course, for your courteous and kind deportment at all times, and in bidding you *farewell*, to renew my wishes for the prosperity and happiness of each individual member of this Convention.

I do now proclaim this Convention adjourned, in accordance with a resolution heretofore adopted.

On the conclusion of the President's eloquent and patriotic remarks, which were listened to throughout their delivery with the most marked attention, and their termination with much applause from the members of the Convention, and the large audience in attendance, the motion to adjourn was adopted.

REMARKS OF MR. SCOTT.

The *Sands* of this body are finally run out—not played out. Our cherished *Chambers* will shortly know us on more as a Convention, and the pleasant *Holliday* which we have enjoyed will soon be passed away. Though a Democratic body, this Convention presents the anomaly of having in its midst a *Lord*, a *Noble* a *Barron* and an *Abbott*, an *Earle* and a *King* with a *Mace*. In addition to gentlemen of learned professions, we have a *Turner* and a *Carter* a *Miller* and a *Baker* and a number of *Smiths*.—Where there are streams there should be bridges hence Baltimore city sends *Stockbrige*, with her *Brooks*; her *Sterling* men repose confidently on her *Cushing*; her *Hatch* never breeds mischief; her *Daniel* is no false prophet, and her *Thomas* is neither doubting nor doubtful. St. Mary's county put her *Dent* in the Convention, but did not dinge the Construction: Talbot glories in having sent her most *Valliant* man; Prince George's rejoices in her *Clarke* (clerk), who sounds the key note of her choir, while, with her elegant *Belt*, she adorns this body. Queen Anne's from windward to *Lee*, is done *Brown*; Frederick, through her *Schley* man, has made her *Mark ey* in the Constitution and her *Cunningham* will appear anon (*Annan*). Worcester is no *Farrow* kine when she can raise such men as she sends to this Hous. The *Hopper* of Harford is well filled. Allegany not being afflicted with *Hebb* itude *Thrust on* the Convention one wicked (*Wickard*) man; her delegation, though fully ripe, contians one eminent *Green*. Of the Washington county delegates I have only to say that the nigh man (*Nyman*) is worthy of his associates, and I hope they all *Maybugh* their way to fortune and to fame.—I have no fears that Anne Arundle will repudiate the work of the Convention, since she gave us her duly executed *Bond*. Baltimore county and Prince Georges's county of their first fruits gave us their choice *Berries*. Somerset, though a quiet county, blew up a heavy *Gale*; while Dorchester permits us to look upon her chosen *Dail* (dale) Caroline's best *Tedd-y* sparkles in our debates. Carroll, having furnished one of the *Smiths* whose sturdy blows helped to forge the Constitution, thought she might be allowed to fill out her delegation with a *Wooden* man. Cecil is never in the wrong *Pugh* (pew), and I hope from imputations of offensive personalities to escape *Scott* free. I will conclude with the remark that the Secretary is a live *Cole*, to which his assistant may properly say pshaw! (*Shaw*). Mr. President, I am a modest man, and shrink from notoriety, and I am admonished by the presence of the *ever-ready Little Mac* of the *American* that

"A chief's among ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll print 'em, too."

The Rebels and Copperheads Acting in Concert.

Secretary Seward, in a recent speech at Auburn, made the following powerful exposé of the conspiracy between the Rebel agents and the Chicago Convention:

To me, therefore the Democracy at Richmond and the Democracy at Chicago, like Cæsar and Pompey, seem to retain all their original family resemblance. They are very much alike—especially Pompey. But it is not in mere externals that their similarity lies. They talk very much alike, as I have already shown you.—When you consider that among the Democrats at Chicago, the Indiana Democrats were present who have imported arms to resist the National authority, and defeat the National laws, and that all the Democrats there assembled agreed to justify that proceeding, I think you will agree with me that the Richmond Democrats and the Chicago Democrats have lately come to act very much alike.

I shall now go further and prove to you that they not only have a common policy and a common way of defending it, but they have even adopted that policy in concert with the other.—You know when the Chicago Convention was approaching, in July last, George Sanders, Clement C. Clay and J. P. Holcomte appeared at the Clifton House, on the Canada bank of the Niagara river, fully invested with the confidence and acquainted with the purposes of Jefferson Davis and his Confederates at Richmond. You know, also, that Chicago Democrats resorted there in considerable numbers to confer with these emissaries of Jefferson Davis.—Here is the fruit of that conference, and no one can deny the authenticity of my evidence. It is extracted from the London *Times*, the common organ of all the enemies of the United States. The New York correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Niagara Falls under date of August 8th, says:

"Clifton House has become a center of negotiations between the Northern friends of peace and Southern agents, which propose a withdrawal of differences from the arbitrament of the sword. The correspondent then goes on to explain that an effort is to be made to nominate a candidate for the Presidency on the platform of an armistice and a convention of the States, and to thwart by all possible means the efforts of Mr. Lincoln for re-election."

Mark, now, that on the 8th of August, 1864, Northern Democrats and Richmond agents agree upon three things to be done at Chicago.

Namely: First. A withdrawal of the differences between the Government and the insurgents, from the arbitrament of the sword. 2d. A nomination for President of the United States, on a platform of an armistice, and ultimately a convention of the States. 3d. To thwart by all possible means the re-election of Abraham Lincoln.

Such a conference, held in a neutral country between professedly loyal citizens of the United States and the agents of the Richmond traitors in arms, has a very suspicious look. But let that pass. Political elections must be free, and therefore they justly excite many extravagancies. We have now seen what the agents of Pompey and Cæsar agreed at Niagara that Pompey should do at Chicago. Here is what he actually did:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretence of a military necessity of war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States."

The Democracy at Chicago did there just what had been agreed upon with the Richmond agents at Niagara, namely: They pronounced for an abandonment of the military defence of the Union against the insurgents, with a view to an ultimate National Convention, after defeat of the election of Abraham Lincoln. That is to say, they proposed to eject Abraham Lincoln from the Presidential Chair at Washington on the 4th of March next, and at the same time leave the usurper, Davis, unassailed, secure and unmolested in his seat at Richmond, with a view to an ultimate Convention of States, which that usurper's Constitution will allow no one of the insurgent States to enter. What now, if there be no Convention at all, or if the Convention fail to agree on a submission to Federal authority? Jefferson Davis then remains in authority, his Confederacy re-established, and the Union with all its glories is gone forever. Nay, more, if such a thing could happen as that the Chicago candidates, nominated upon such an agreement, could be elected on the first Tuesday of November next, who can vouch for the safety of the country against the Rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power? It seems to me that such an election would tend equally to demoralize the Union and to invite the insurgents to renew their efforts for its destruction.

It remains for me now only to give you the proof, that although the way in which the Chicago Democracy did what had been agreed upon in their behalf at Niagara, was not altogether satisfactory, yet what they actually did was accepted as a full execution of the previous compact.

"ST. CATHERINES, C. W., Sept. 1.

"*To Hon. D. Wier, Halifax*: Platform and Presidential nominee unsatisfactory. Vice President speeches satisfactory. Tell Pulmore not to oppose.

(Signed) GEO. M. SPENCER."

D. Wier is a Richmond accomplice at Halifax, and Pulmore is understood to be the conductor of the insurgent organ in London.

Here then we have a platform and a platform which were made by treaty formally contracted between the Democratic traitors at Richmond and the Democratic opposition at Chicago, signed, sealed, attested and delivered in the presence of the London *Times*, and already ratified at Richmond—"By Heaven we've got 'em." Got them, to be sure you've got them, my friends—They say I am always too sanguine of the success of national candidates and of the national arms. But it seems to me that the veriest croaker in all our loyal camp will take new courage and become brave when he sees that the last hope of the rebellion hangs upon the ratification of this abominable and detestable compact by the American people.

Yes, you have got them! But how did you get them? Not by any skill or art of the Administration, or even through the sagacity or activity of the loyal people. But through the cunning of the conspirators, overreached itself, and thus working out their own defeat and confusion. Truly do we say that the father of evil always indulges his children with such an excess of subtility as to render their ultimate ruin and punishment inevitable.