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. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. No. 48.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES 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.

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.

MERCANTILE.

CARPET WARE ROOM!

Thompson & Kersey's

CARPET *WARE ROOM* is now stored with the choicest stock of
Carpets, Oil Cloths,
Druggets, Mats,
Rugs, &c., &c.,
That has ever been offered to this community, and which they are prepared to sell at even less than city prices.

Then why should any one go or send to the city for an article which they can buy as good and as cheap at home? [oct 2

CHEAP
CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a full supply of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a large lot of family
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE,
Woodware, Brooms and Rope Traces.
The public are respectfully invited to give me a call. As I sell for cash only, I think I can sell them bargains.
oct 9 W. PHILIP MACKEY.

1858.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the city with a handsome and well selected stock, viz:
Ladies' Dress Goods, of all the different styles and varieties; Gentlemens' Wear, of various styles and latest patterns; Children's wear, of different styles and latest fashions, together with a supply of *Domestic Goods*,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.
which they invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine. [oct 16

TO THE LADIES.

IN addition to our usual assortment of EXTRACTS for the handkerchief we have just received a supply of
FRANGIPANNI and
the two most *fashionable* and *popular* odors.
Also German and American *Cologne, Pomades, Hair Oil, Soaps, &c.*, in great variety.
Head Brushes
of superior quality and modern styles.
Dressing Combs
of Shell, Buffalo, Gum and Horn.
Fine Tooth Combs
of Ivory, Buffalo and horn of *extra* quality, and various other articles necessary to a well regulated Toilet, and all at prices to suit the times.—Call and examine them at
oct 16 DAWSON & BRO'S.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS.

J. RANKIN has just returned from the cities, and is now opening at the old stand, opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever before offered by him; such as Dress Goods for Ladies and
Gentlemen, Boys and Misses,
Heavy Goods for Servants' wear;
Also a large stock of Family Groceries,
Liquors of all kinds;
HARDWARE, CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE, TIN and WOODWARE, &c.
Having paid particular attention to the selection of these Goods, with a view to sell them at prices suited to the times. I will be pleased to dispose of them on my usual accommodating terms.
Dry Goods generally on first floor.
Farming Implements on second floor.
Carpet Ware Rooms on third floor. [oct 9

NEW
FALL & WINTER GOODS.

THE subscriber is now opening in the town of St. Michaels, a large stock of Goods selected from the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore and adapted to the present and approaching seasons; having taken great pains in the selection of my Goods, I think that I can offer such inducements to purchasers as would insure advantage in giving me a call.
I have a very handsome selection of *LADIES' DRESS GOODS*, nice quality, at moderate prices. Also a large stock of
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings,
3-4 and 6-4 Full'd Kersey's,
Sattinetts, Tweeds, Flannels,
Osnaburg Prints,
Fancy Calicoes, twilled & plain Osnaburgs of the very best fabric. Also a very large stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, TINWARE,
Buckets, Brooms, Tubs, Horse Collars, Plows, Plow Castings and a great variety of goods too numerous to mention. To which an early call is solicited.
JAMES D. MANSFIELD.
oct 9 St. Michaels.

1858.
NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, and now opening a full and complete stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
which have been bought on the very best terms, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.
FOR THE LADIES—a beautiful stock of Dress Goods of all the new styles; a beautiful assortment of fine Shawls, entirely new: Embroideries of every kind; French Worked Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c
FOR THE GENTLEMEN—a very large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.
Also a nice lot of Boys', Misses' and Childrens' Goods, notions, &c.
A very large stock of extra nice FULLED KERSEYS for Servants, and every kind of heavy Domestic Goods, Cassinetts, Jeans, Brown and Bleached Muslin, &c.
Also a very large stock of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE, &c.
To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.
oct 9 JAMES H. GRACE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Farmers.

JUST landed at Easton Point, a large lot of **Phosphatic Guano.** Persons will do well to hand in their orders for this valuable Fertilizer at an early day.
sep 4 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Agent.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of *BENSON & LEONARD*, at the Royal Oak, will do us a favor by calling and settling either with John S. Leonard or the undersigned, as we wish to close up the old firm's business this fall. (aug 21) E. T. BENSON.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber has associated with him in the practice of Medicine and Surgery his son, Dr. LUTHER C. COX, late a member of the Medical Staff, Blackwell's Island, New York.—All calls for professional aid will receive prompt attention; and no EXTRA charge made for consultation, or visit, when both may be in ettendance at the same time upon any special case.
Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M. and from 1 to 2, and 7 to 10, P. M. daily
may 1-tfS CHRIS. C. COX, M. D.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber, at the earnest solicitation of his numerous friends and having purchased a supply of
Homeopathic Medicine,
offers his services to the public as a practioner of medicine on the Homeopathic system. He will, however continue the old system of practice in all cases where it may be desired.
SAMUEL HARPER, M. D.,
aug 14-tf Easton, Md.

WINTER CLOTHING,
CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

L. HOFFMAN has the pleasure to announce to the citizens of Talbot, that he is now opening a magnificent assortment of *WINTER CLOTHING*, at his old stand in Easton, next door to Elliott & Hughes' and directly opposite the market house. He is determined to sell at *prices to suit the times*—Dress Coats, Over Coats Business Coats, Vests, Pants, and Coarse Clothes for Servants. The public are invited to call and examine before suiting themselves elsewhere, as they cannot fail to be pleased by
MOSES HERTZ.
oct 2 Manager for Hoffman.

Stoves, Tinware & Spouting.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a **Tin and Stove Store,** on Washington street, opposite the Barber's Shop, where he is prepared to accommodate those who may need Stoves and Tin-ware on reasonable terms; and being practically acquainted with the business, is competent to make Boilers, Pipe and other Stove Fixings to suit purchasers. *Metal Roofing*, Spouting and Jobbing done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms
The pub's ob't serv't GEO. W. BECK.
☞ Having made arrangements with Mr. Sexton, of Baltimore, for so doing, I am prepared to furnish and put up, in the most substantial manner, the latest and most approved patterns of Fine Iron and Latrobe Stoves. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited. (sep 11-6m) G. W. B.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!!

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of all in want of a GOOD STOVE, either for cooking or heating, to their large assortment, which comprises the best *COOKING STOVES and RANGES, Parlor, Dining Room, Store, Office, Church*, and other Stoves
Among our Cooking Stoves we name as the very best in the market the GLOBE and LEHIGH for Coal, and the MEDALLION for Wood. We have also the Old Dominion, Cook's Favorite, and other excellent Cooking Stoves.
Our *Bay State Range* is decidedly the best and most handsome flat top cooking range in the market. It is of beautiful design and elegant workmanship—the castings are very heavy and substantial, besides which it has more oven room than any other Range.
We have a beautiful assortment of *Parlor Stoves*, including a new and very handsome Fireplace Stove for heating two or more stories. Also Store, Office, Church and other Stoves, *all of which we warrant to work satisfactorily*
We would particularly call the attention of our *country friends* to a new and beautiful PARLOR FRANKLIN STOVE for wood, which is so arranged that it can be made an air tight stove. It is supplied with a crane (which can only be seen when in use) by which a kettle can be boiled as readily as in a fire place. The castings of this stove are extra heavy.
We are prepared to put up Furnaces and Heaters of the most approved patterns.
A large and excellent assortment of *TINWARE* always on hand
WM. H. STRAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges,
S. E. Corner Lombard and Light St.,
sep 18-1m Baltimore.

STOVES, STOVES.



THE subscriber announces to the citizens of Easton and of the county generally, that he has recently considerably enlarged the Easton Foundry, with the view of entering largely into the *STOVE BUSINESS*. About the middle of August, he will receive a complete assortment of all kinds of Stoves, such as PARLOR, CHAMBER and COOKING STOVES, of the most approved patterns and construction. Those stoves will be sold at *city prices*, and persons will save the *freight* from Baltimore *by purchasing at home*. The advantage of buying of the subscriber, persons not liking the article, can have it exchanged for one that will suit. Further, all stoves purchased at the Easton Foundry, can be repaired at any time without delay, as I shall keep on hand patterns of all the plates liable to get out of order.
All kinds of *CASTINGS* for farm work, kept constantly on hand, and will be sold as usual, at city prices. The public are respectfully solicited to encourage *Home Industry*, by sustaining the Easton Foundry.
jy 31 CHARLES KEILHOLTZ.

HUSSAR CAPS.—Call at the store of G. C. MACKEY, and examine his large lot of Caps, among which is the 'Hussar' Cap, a fine cap for Winter wear. [nov 6

BACON & LARD.—We have on hand a supply of Bacon and Lard, which they are selling very cheap for Cash.
oct 30 A. DODD & SON.

From the Missouri Democrat.

THE ARMY OF BUCKETS.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Forth to their labor at early morn—
There they go,
Stalwert men (who the idlers scorn)—
All in a row;
Brave as an army of soldiers, they,
With buckets of tin,
Conquering the foe they meet each day,
A prize they win.

Bloodshed and carnage are not their trade;
"The battle of life"
They fight—with mattock, and axe, and spade—
For children and wife,
Singing the songs that their boyhood knew,
With a cheerful glee—
Crack jokes on a comrade true,
Mischievously.

Each, with his bucket hung by his side—
His dinner within—
Cares not a straw for the glance of pride
At his bucket of tin.
Hark! hear his laugh at the pampered born,
With his lordly gait,
And his bands made white by the toil of serv'ts,
In their fear and hate.

The man who, honestly, for himself
Earns his daily bread,
Every stroke from a freeman's hand
Makes the world better;
Each furrow he turns in the goodly land
Loosens a fetter.
Better by far, than the glittering sword,
Is the bucket of tin,
Back to the *right*, which is the lord,
The world to win.

Home from their labor, 'tis evening now—
There they go;
Sturdy men, with the soil stained brow—
All in a row.
Sweet be their sleep, whon their task is done—
Comfort and health;
Nerve them again with the rising sun,
To labor for wealth,

Wealth, that is better than silver or gold,
And a conscience clear—
Health and strength, with their joy untold,
To the toiler here;
Honor and praise to the legions strong,
With their buckets of tin;
Nobly they're battling earth's great wrong—
GOD help them to win.

THE RIGHT ARM:

OR,

THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister, living near the suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man, clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public street. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, the preacher leaned on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had fallen speechless in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed—he had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man.

And now, through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seem to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they pass. That white-haired minister and his guide. At last in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was in truth a miserable place.

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There was the rough walls, there the solitary garret window, with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes and there amid a heap of cold ashes the small valise which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And he looked—throb—throb—you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age.

There was a face that you might look upon once, and yet wear it in your memory forever. Let us bend over the bed and look on that face.

A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, besprinkled with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life of the man—and then two large eyes vived, burning unnatural in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unuterable loneliness, unspeakable despair—that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, these strong arms are clutched at the vacant air—the death-sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying!

Throb!—trob!—throb!—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man trembled but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time, he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep 'one which thrilled the preacher, to the heart, 'will that faith give me back my honor!—Come with me—with me far, over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in chilhood—yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waved when I was a child. And listen old man, were I to pass this street as I passed when a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my foot-steps, and yonder flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my heart.' That was an awful death bed. The minister has watched the 'last night' with a hundred convicts in their cells and yet never beheld a scene as terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the death-chill, he threw open the valise. He showed his military coat trimmed with silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked like the wreck of a battle flag.

'Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!' he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart.

This is the last coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga. That bullet hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; now—I am a—let me whisper in your ear.'

'Now, help me, priest,' he said in a voice that grew suddenly tremulous; help me put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see,' and a ghostly smile came over his face, 'there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child—I must meet death alone but I will meet him, as I met him in battle, without fear.'

While he stood arraying himself in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus.—Yes, in that great faith which pierce the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

'Faith!' echoed the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death-light in his eye. 'Faith, can it give me back my honor? Look, ye, priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years war—there in his royal hall sits George of England bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And here am I—I—who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King—here am I dying like a dog!"

The awe stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man while—throb—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

'Hush! silence along the lines there!' he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as tho' speaking of the dead; 'silence, along the lines! Hark, you, Montgomery, we will meet there in victory or death!! Hist! silence, my men not a whisper! Now on my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town. Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom..though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now—now—" shrieked the death-stricken man, towering there in the blue uniform with his clenched hands waving in the air—'now, now! One blow and Quebec is ours!'

And look. His eyes grew glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah, what a hideous picture and despair, erect, livid, ghastly. There for a moment and then he falls. He is dead—ah, look at the proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers even yet, horrible energy, a sublimity of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this rude garret, this man, who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this being of terrible remorse?—This man, whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and the flag!

The old minister unrolls that flag, it was a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm yonder beneath the snow-white mountain, on the deep silence of the dead, first raised it to sight the banner of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Qubec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead, near a snow white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all other mountains into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Qubec. When he came down Arnold took from his breast, where for four days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

The following marriage is given by the papers:

"Thomas Butler Chin, Esq., of the Close, Litchfield, to Eliza Tippet, daughter of the late Secretary of the Navy."

A wag, who is always on the alert, wrote the following couplet upon this union:—

"Although the sun is sultry yet,
The cold will soon set in;
And Thomas does quite right to get,
A Tippet for his Chin."

MUST HAVE BEEN WATER-TIGHT.—A clergyman, who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence to be:

"And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife."

Turning over two leaves together he found written, and read in an audible voice:

"And she was pitched without and within."

He had unhappily got into a description of Noah's ark.

A man in Vermont was so dirty that the assessors taxed him as real estate.

From the Annapolis Gazette.

Admiral Collingwood.

By invitation of the "Lawrence Literary Society," of the Naval Academy, Dr. NINIAN PINKNEY, U. S. N., delivered a Lecture at the Academy Chapel, on the 30th ult., on the life and exploits of Admiral Collingwood, of the British Navy.

We learn that the Lecture was an able one, and delivered in a most excellent manner, affording instruction and pleasure to the large audience A friend who was present has furnished us with an outline of the Lecture, but its length precludes its publication at present. Besides, we presume the Lecture itself will be published; it being, from what we have heard, a valuable contribution to literature, and deserving of perpetuation by the skill of the printer.

The Lecturer, after informing the audience that Collingwood first smelt gunpowder at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, goes on to give a detailed view of his life and of his gallant deeds. After which he eulogises the establishment of the Naval Academy, and gives his opinion of the recently mooted "Admiralty" question, and of the inefficiency of our Navy. We cannot do better than quote our correspondent's rendering of the Lecturer's language on these subjects:

"The Navy of 1812 deserves well of the country. Its laureis are the brightest that are woven in her crown of glory. But has the Navy received the patronage and nursing care, that well befit so august an arm of the national defense. Much has been done for it, which deserves special commendation. The establishment in this time-honored capital of old Maryland, a spot well calculated for the training of heroes and statesmen—I repeat, the establishment of an Academy, like that at West Point, where our young men can learn all that concerns their noble profession, and go forth thoroughly equipped for service, is of itself alone a gift, worthy of all praise. I have seen abroad, in the Mediterranean, where it was my privilege last to cruise, the most unequivocal proof of the wisdom of this establishment. Wisely governed, and most ably and efficiently conducted in every department, whether literary, scientific, or strictly professional, it deserves to be the pride of the country and the pet child of government. But still the Navy is not what the Navy should be. It is neither equal to the national defence, nor the commercial necessities of the land. Somehow or other, politicians have a sort of jealousy of the Navy, which militates strongly against any policy at all proportionate to the magnitude of its sphere. Let any man cast his eye over the extended area of our empire—compute the tonnage of our commerce—and then tell me, if our present Navy is competent to guard and protect it. It is below the dignity of such a government to be dependent, for the protection of her commerce, on any other power on earth; and yet who does not know that the courtesy of other nations, gracefully rendered, often secures our commerce from the aggression which certainly ought to be always rendered from the port holes of our own ships of war. Make the Navy what it should be, and you have more than a Gibralter security against foreign aggression and insult. Make it what it should be, and no power will dare dishonor our flag. It becomes a nation like ours, to be ready for war, while it studiously counsels the things that make for peace. Moreover, it is due to the Navy itself, should the country be suddenly plunged into the horrors of a war; desperately as your Navy would struggle for victory her heroism could avail nothing against the overpowering force arrayed against her; and with no colors struck, who need be told that nothing would remain but a wreck to tell to after ages what American seamen can do for a country which consigned them an inferiority in numbers, that left no alternative but a grave between the billows or defeat. Everything conspires to render a strong Navy, the wisest policy for a country like ours. The immense area of our territory—the vast wealth and extent of our commerce—the now well-nigh settled fact, that, with such a Navy, the only war that can be waged against us, will be fought upon the seas—all conspire to urge upon Congress the policy I advocate. True, the nation might recover, after years of toil and privation and loss, from a war in her present naval weakness; but what wise statesman will be willing to inflict upon his countrymen even the hazard of such a privation and loss?—Why, by present niggardly economy, subject her to so fearful future risk? The science of war has progressed, and woe betide the Power that shall dare depend on raw recruits and boastful ignorance. Our duty is linked with the steady progress of skill and enterprise. Peace is the element of our most real life, as a nation. Do what you can to guard it. Show yourselves ready to defend it, and no Power on earth will touch you. Respecting the rights of others, you will be respected in your own. There is, as I have intimated, an unfortunate jealousy of the Navy that has crept into the legislative halls, and influenced injuriously the deliberations of our law-makers. It exhibits itself not only in the size of the Navy but the very grades that are to distinguish it among the other powers of the world. Admirals are sounds dear to British sailors and landsmen. But talk of an Admiral in this noble Republic, and at once our taste is offended, and our republican nerves are shocked. We can have Lieutenant Generals in the Army and no one is disturbed. But Flag Officer is the nearest approach we can make to that of Admiral in the Navy. Why, sirs, the very cheeks of our gallant officers have been made to tingle on foreign shores, because a rank known to the whole civilized world is denied them; and our captains in command of squadrons have ridden at anchor by the side of English Admirals who struck to them their colors in the last war. It is said the rank is nothing. Granted!—But, if so, why deny it to our officers, that they may escape the odium of a sort of nondescript on the seas. Establish the grade of Admiral, with a corresponding pay, and at once you remove the only disturbing cause that now rankles in the bosom, the dispute of rank and the heart-burnings that inevitably follow it. England is a land of heroes, and we honor her. She cherishes, as the apple of her eye, her Navy, and the world respects her. She is careful of their reputation when living, and just to their memories when dead. Her pension list is the brightest scroll she has unrolled, and to her honor be it said, no crippled sailor is denied the sympathy and support he craves. We trust that no cause of war may arise to disturb the present happy friendship that subsists between us. I know the feeling of England towards us.—I was myself prejudiced against her until I touched her soil, sat at the festive board in company with her distinguished statesmen, saw her commonalty, walked through her manufactories, and looked out upon her splendid tillage. Then it was, that I everywhere met with assurances of good feeling and good neighborhood—admiration of our wonderful progress and development as a nation our institutions of learning, literature, science and art. I trust the amity will continue. Whatever be the fate of that wondrous cable that has already transmitted one message of mutual good feeling; I hope that the cable of mutual interest, mutual honor, mutual principles and mutual language will never fail to transmit its intelligible speech through ocean's depths, to either shore. The Navies of England and the United States, their real cable of strength, will, I trust, henceforth, be contented with a peaceful rivalry, in the as yet unexplored oceans of science, and serve as the solid links of the chain that is to bind the two countries, now and forever. They hold out the brightest lights of civilization and christianity to the gaze of the world. Magna Charta was the grand reservoir from which many of our most revered maxims of political jurisprudence were drawn. And from the genius of our institutions have many of her well-nigh extinct principles been quickened into life. Sad would be the day, when, forgetful of the fact that they seemed to be destined to the completion and perfection of each other's glory, they should strike a blow at each other's prosperity. May the wisdom and moderation, the good sense and just sentiment, of both countries, unite to avert it."

PROGRESS IMPOSSIBLE.—*The Goal Reached at a Bound!*—We call this the age of progress. It is so. But in some departments of science discoveries have been made, and practical systems introduced, which leave nothing to be desired in the way of improvement, and which, in fact, preclude progress by giving us perfection at the outset. For example, when Professor HOLLOWAY, some twenty-five years ago, gave to the world the inestimable remedies, he seems to have left nothing even for himself to achieve, in the treatment of human maladies. The progress of the demand for his Pills and Ointment has, indeed, been unparalelled in the history of medicine; but he has found no reason to alter a single ingredient or vary a proportion. We therefore class the sovereign antidotes for external and internal diseases with which that distinguished medical reformer has blessed the world, among the inventions which are perfected at their birth.

Our method of arriving at a correct appreciation of the respective merits of opposing systems, is by comparison. Now, we have seen a great deal of what is called *regular practice*, and do not hesitate to say that it fails more frequently than it succeeds. This is not the case with Holloway's Pills and Ointment. In many instances—some of which should be specified if space permitted—we have seen these remedies effect complete and permanent cures, when eminent members of the faculty had exhausted their *repertoires* without finding anything that would even *alleviate* the agonies of their patients. Testimony confirmatory of our own observations on the subject is continually pouring in from all parts of the Union, and we cannot refuse credence alike to our own senses, the common sense of the public, and the almost universal opinion of our brethren of the press.

The case as between the Faculty and Professor Holloway seems to stand thus: The faculty have the prestige of antiquity, authority and usage.

Holloway, on the other hand, is not a man of mouldy maxims. Small respect has he for Galen and gammon. He cites no authorities, save living witnesses and contemporary facts. A few pages suffice to develope his system and embrace his simple directions. He denounces mercury and all corrosive poisons, and does not believe that life can be saved by draining its fountains. Above all, he furnishes the whole civilized, and no small portion of the semi-barbarian and savage world, with a PILL and an OINTMENT, which appear to accomplish all that the Faculty aim at, but in five cases out of six fail to effect. For diseases of the stomach, the liver, the bowels and kidneys, as well as for ordinary pulmonary affections, the PILLS are absolute specifics and the sufferer from external disorders or injuries may recover under the operation of the OINTMENT, when nothing else will save him.—*Northern Express.*

"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient.

"There they are," replied the Irish cook proudly. "It took me a long time to clean them; but I've done it and thrown all the nasty insides into the strate."

Fourth of July Toast—"The ladies—our *stars* before marriage, our *stripes* after."

CURE FOR TOOTH ACHE.—Cut your toe nails off on Friday.

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