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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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE OF 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.

JUST HOME

WITH BARGAINS.

I HAVE just returned from the city with a very handsome assortment of Goods—among which can be found the latest styles of Ladies' and Gentlemen's dress Goods; Ladies' colored Silks for 75 cents, worth $1.25. Berege and Berege Robes, very cheap, and Lawns of every price and style, with a handsome and well selected stock of Trimmings, Embroideries, Fringes, &c., which with a large addition of heavy goods generally to my former assortment, renders my *Stock full and complete*, to an examination of which I most respectfully invite the public. (ju 7) S. T. KENNARD.

NEW STORE.

HAVING purchsed of Mr. John Goldsborough his entire stock of GOODS, I hereby inform my friends that I shall at once proceed to the city for the purpose of adding thereto such goods as will make my assortment as complete as any ever offered in this market. I shall give especial attention to all the finer classes of goods and hope to present choice bargains in

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

of every variety.

Gentlemen's, Boy's and Servant's Wear,

AND DOMESTIC GOODS GENERALLY.

IN HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

TINWARE,

GROCERIES. &c.

I shall be prepared to offer a stock that for extent, variety and cheapness will compare with any on the Shore.

Having determined to devote my individual attention to this business and to give my best energies to the satisfaction of my customers, I respectfully solicit the patronage of the public and especially that of the former customers of the House.

June 20, 1860. SAML. T. KENNARD.

INPECTINE,

THE PERSIAN FEVER CHARM.

FOR the prevention and cure of *Fever and Ague and Billious Fevers.* This wonderful remedy was brought to the knowledge of the present proprietors by a friend who has been a great traveler in Persia and the Holy Land.

While going down the river Euphrates, he experienced a severe attack of Fever and Ague.—On discovering his condition, one of the boatmen took from his person an *Amulet* saying, *"Wear this and no Fever will touch you."* Although incredulous as to its virtues, he complied, and experienced immediate relief, and has since always found it an effectual protection from all malarious complaints.

On further investigation he found that the boatman attributed to it miraculous powers, and said that it could only be obtained from the Priests of the Sun. Sometime afterwards, the gentleman in conversing with a Priest obtained from him the secret of its preparation, and ascertained where the medicinal herbs were found, of which it was compounded. The wonderful virtues of this article have induced a full belief in the minds of the natives in the miraculous healing powers of their Priests.

Since his return to America, it has been tried with the happiest effect by several Ladies and Gentlemen of high character, who have given it the most unqualified praise. This remedy having been a specific in Persia for hundreds of years, for the prevention and cure of Fever and Ague and Billious Fevers—is now offered to the American people.

It will be sent by mail, prepaid, with full directions for use, on receipt of one dollar.

Principal Depot and Manufactory, 188 Main St., Richmond, Va. Branch Office, Bank of Commerce Building, New York. Address

june 30-1y JOHN WILCOX & CO.

GREAT

BARGAINS.

THE subscriber wishing to reduce his present stock of Goods will from this date offer them to the public at unusually low prices. He has on hand a large and varied assortment of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS

of all kinds, together with a complete stock of

Fancy Articles,

China, Glass

and Queensware,

in great variety, also a large lot of

STONE

AND EARTHENWARE,

TIN, WOOD AND HARDWARE,

all of which he will sell at exceedingly low rates.

Having suffered much from the credit system heretofore, he will be compelled in justice to himself to require the cash in all cases and earnestly hopes for a continuance of the patronage here-to-fore bestowed upon him, feeling confident that he can supply the wants of all and at lower prices than any other store in town. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere at

J. P. BLAKE'S,

S. W. Cor. Washington & Port Sts.,

ju 28 Easton, Md.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts without further notice as he is much in need of money. (ju 28) J. P. BLAKE.

HARVEST! HARVEST!!—as it is near we have on hand such articles generally in want, in Hats, Shoes and Brogans, for men and boys, Rice, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, common Plates, Knives and Forks, Bowls, Cups, Mugs, &c., &c., can be had cheap at

june 23 E. T. BENSON'S.

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!—To make room for Fall stock of guns of my own importation, such guns and rifles as I now have in stock will be sold *at cost* until August 1st. Now is your chance to purchase a gun at first cost.

june 16 T. C. NICOLS, JR.

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.—Lovers of good Coffee will find it a great advantage to try Hummell's celebrated Essence of Coffee, which has been just received and for sale low by

ju 28 J. P. BLAKE.

EXTRA SUGAR-CURED HAMS.—We have now on hand a lot of Extra Sugar-Cured Hams, which we offer low for cash. Also Middling's and Shoulders, as low as the market can afford. (aug 11) A. DODD & SON.

TEA! TEA!! TEA!!!—I have just received a fresh supply of Green and Black Teas, of very superior quality, for sale by

ju 14 S. T. KENNARD.

FRUIT CANS AND TOMATO JARS of the very best kind, for sale by

ju 14 S. T. KENNARD.

OLD SACHEM BITTERS AND WIGWAM TONIC—just received and for sale by

(ju 28) DAWSON & BRO.

For the Easton Gazette.

THE ROSEBUD-OFFERING.

BY VIOLET.

Sweet Fannie, like the Rosebuds fair
Within my fingers placed,
Thy lovely features ne'er can be,
From memory, effaced.

'Twas but an hour ago, sweet child,
A vision met my view,
More beautiful than painting rare
Which e'er 'neath canvass grew.

For Nature's pictures are more fair
Than those, portrayed by Art,
Man's work has power to please the eye,
But Nature's, charms the heart.

A little girl, not two years old,
With rounded, dimpled arms,
And ruby lips, where always play
Smiles, that have magic charms,

With loving eyes of heaven's own blue,
Brim full of fun and mirth,
Not many Rosebuds, half so fair,
Adorn our beauteous earth.

Such was the picture fair that met
My loving eyes, to day,
And woke my slumbering harp, to tune
For thee, sweet child, a lay.

The smiling lips, the soft, fair hair,
The laughing eyes of blue
Are painted on my memory
In characters most true.

Two Rosebuds in thy tiny hand,
An emblem sweet of thee,
Were offered with an artless grace
As boon of love to me.

And these sweet Rosebuds, Fannie dear,
Shall ever cherished be
Among my choicest treasures,
As given, Love, by thee.

Oh! may the Blossom beautful,
Just opening to the day,
Grow brighter 'neath the beams of love
That o'er Her pathway play.

And e'er should clouds of sorrow come
To shade her sky so clear,
Oh! may the sunshine of God's love
Her upturned vision cheer.

May 29th, 1857.

THE ORPHAN APPRENTICE.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

BY META GREY.

The heat had been intense during the day, and now, although the sun had sunk to rest, the air was still oppressive. Not a leaf stirred. The sky was overcast, and dark, portentious clouds threatened a coming storm.—Everything was parched and dry. The flowers drooped their heads and looked withered. The cattle hearded together under the spreading branches of the gnarled old oak tree, while the farmer, in his shirt-sleeves was quietly resting after the fatigues of the day, enjoying his pipe and looking over the almanac and up at the sky, to see whether they were really to have the wished-for rain. The thrifty wife was making all things secure against the coming storm. The buxom daughter was singing gaily as she tipped lightly up the path, having fed her chickens, while the old hen watched her closely, that she might do her little family no harm. The dog Carlo panted and lapped his tongue as he stretched himself upon the green sward, as though his nerves had been unstrung by the intense heat of the day. The sheep too were gathered together costly within their fold. A perfect calm reigned. Twilight had nearly deepened into night. Not a sound was heard, save every now and then the low rumbling of distant thunder, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightning.

Suddenly the dog started up and barked furiously. Not seeing the cause of his excitement, the farmer called out, "Down, Carlo, down," but the barking continued until the intruder came in sight. Then going up to his master's side, Carlo looked him in the face, as much as to say, "You now see why I barked."

The inoffensive cause of Carlo's alarm was a poor lad, looking almost exhausted. His broken straw hat was in his hand, exposing his fine open countenance, which had become very much burned by exposure to the scorching sun. His dark hair was pushed off his noble forehead, and his fine eye beamed with intelligence. His torn and soiled clothes could not hide his straight, well shaped form. His feet were swollen and blistered, as he could boast of neither shoes nor stockings.—He approached Mr. Baker—for that was the farmer's name—with an air of timidity, as though he feared him. The good old farmer laid his almanac down, and taking his pipe out of his mouth, and after surveying the stranger from head to foot he said. "My lad, what brings you here so late? Judging from your appearance you must have come from a distance. Sit down and rest, while you tell me where you are going." The boy feeling encouraged by the kind words of Mr. Baker, sat down beside him and told him his name was Martin Heath, and that he was an orphan. He had been apprenticed to a blacksmith named George Warner, who lived about thirty-five miles from Mr. Baker's farm and who, he said, had treated him so cruelly that he determined to make his escape the first opportunity he could get. It appeared, from his story, that he was made a drudge for the family when at home, and a butt upon whom the ill-nature of his master found vent on all occasions, when anything went wrong at the shop. He was not allowed to go to Sunday school, like other apprentice boys in the town, for fear he would learn to read, and then would not do so much work. He had been in this cruel servitude for nearly a year, when an opportunity of escape offered, and he had taken advantage of it. We find him, after two days' travel, a greater part of the way on foot in the scorching sun, comfortably seated by Mr. Baker, telling him his troubles in as much confidence as if he had been an old friend.

Mr. Warner, in trying to lift a heavy piece of iron, let it fall upon his foot, causing him great pain; and, probably, thinking if he would vent his spleen on some one it would relieve him, he called Martin and whipped him because he did not help him. His wife, who examined his feet, thinking, as it was only bruised, it would be well by the morning, he took no other steps to have it attended to. But when morning came, he was in dreadful agony, and Martin was sent post-haste after the family physician, who lived in the village, some distance from Mr Warner's. Martin jumped at the opportunity, as it would give him a chance of escape. As soon as he received his orders, he stole slyly to the loft where he left and secreted about person a few little things he prized, then, bidding a silent farewell to the only spot where he had found one moment's happiness, started for the doctor, whom he chanced to meet about half way. After delivering his message, he turned his steps in a different direction, and was soon out of hearing of the heavy fall of the blacksmith's hammer, and the scolding tongue of his master's wife. He was in the green fields, away from the busy haunts of men, where the sweet notes of the birds and constant buzz of the bees that were sipping sweets from the fresh and fragant clover around him, was all that he heard. One little bee in particular engaged his attention.—He watched it closely as from one little flower to another it went sipping sweets from each, then darted before him in a straight line. He determined to follow in a straight line. He determined to follow in the same direction, which he did for a long distance, until he reached a large and venerable looking tree, whose spreading branches afforded a delightful shaded retreat to the weary traveller. The wild honeysuckle twined itself around the trunk, and mingled its flowers with the leaves above. Here the road divided, one branch leading to the right and the other to the left. Martin sat down and wondered which road he should take. He had never been so far in the country before. He had no money and nothing to eat, and the thought that he might be lost in the woods and starve, made him, for a moment, almost regret the step he had taken but it was only for a moment. He roused his sinking energies and started up, and taking the path to the right, he proceeded on his journey. It was but a narrow opening through the woods, interspersed here and there with clumps of wild flowers that remained one of the brightest spots in the journey of life. There was nothing but the narrow path ahead—not a field, or even a stalk of corn, that showed signs of habitation. He had not walked very far, when a turn in the road, to his great delight, gave him a view of green fields once more, where the cattle were grazing lazily. Further on were fields of corn. The little farm-house stood out in bold relief on a slight eminence. It was but a few minutes' walk across the fields, and his heart felt relieved of a considerable weight, for the thought of having to remain hungry in the woods all night was not a very pleasant one. He approached the house cautiously, for fear of the dogs, that eyed him with distrust. One of the farm-hands, who had just come from dinner, asked Martin what he wanted.

"I want something to eat—I am tired and hungry."

You will not get anything there, I can tell you; and if Mrs. Sprigg finds you here, she will set all the dogs of the place at your heels until she clears you out."

Martin being very hungry, determined to risk the consequences, and he went to the kitchen door and looked in. At the table sat the dreaded Mrs. Sprigg—her arms, such you would think made to wash bed quilts, were resting upon the table. In her hands she held a chicken carcase, which she was endeavoring to pick clean, so that none might be wasted. Any one to look at her thick-set figure and full moon face, which

"Was as red and round, and as fat,
As a pulpit cushion, and redder than that,"

might know that she wasted nothing in the eating line. As soon as she got a glimpse of Martin's head in the door, down went her chicken, and her tongue rolled out: "What do you want here, you dirty little straggler? You are some runaway, I'll warrant, and do you think I am going to harbor you, you are much mistaken, so go away as fast as you can."

"I want something to eat—I do not wish to stay here"

"I have nothing for the likes of you.—Work for it as I have to do."

A little curly-headed boy who had been standing by, said: "Oh, mother, give the poor boy something to eat. Don't you know the time I got lost in the woods, and a good lady found me and gave me some cake to keep me from crying, then brought me home to you. I might have starved in the woods if she had left me to come home by myself." The iron heart was touched by the artless sympathy of childhood, and thanks to little Arthur Spigg, Martin got quite a nice dinner, and his pockets full to eat on the way, and after resting a-while he once more started on his march. He continued straight along until night began to lower her star-gemmed curtain of repose over a busy world. He now looked around for shelter, and found it in the loft of an old barn. Slipping in unobserved, he threw himself upon the straw, and was soon sleeping soundly. Betimes in the morning he was up, and feeling somewhat rested, though his bones still ached, he wended his way to the main road and as he went along, eat the biscuit he had left from the day before. During the day he would get some of the wagoners to let him ride as they went, and thus accomplish nearly twice the distance he did the day before. Darkness once more began to overshadow the earth, and the sky was heavy with threatening clouds, so he turned up the lane to Mr. Baker's farm, who received him kindly, as he gave his consent for him to stay all night. Calling his daughter, he required her to prepare Martin some supper, and show him the little spare room, that he might wash his face and hands, and comb his hair. The kind-hearted farmer then went to seek his wife to see if she could not find a pair of shoes and stockings that would be easy to the poor boy's feet. Martin enjoyed his supper, which consisted of homestead bread, fresh-churned butter, and a large mug of pure milk. He had not such a home like meal since he had lost his dear father and mother. The family had been comfortably seated around the door but a few minutes, when the looked-for shower descended in torrents, refreshing the dry and parched earth, and cooling the heated atmosphere. Martin pleading fatigue, retired to the room assigned him for the night.

"Wife," said Mr. Baker, when Martin was out of hearing, "how would this lad do in the place of Jim Dunbar, who, in spite of every argument of mine, has declined to join the Volunteers?"

"Just as you think. He is young, you can teach him to do things after your own heart."

"Jessie, what you say? You can teach him to read; he seems very anxious to learn."

"I am not going to teach a dirty ragged, bare-foot boy as he is. His head, no doubt, is as thick as that barn-door yonder."

"Well, we will try him for a while, and see how he does; when your mother fixes him up some nice clean clothes you may change your opinion of him."

In a short time family prayers were said, and the united family of the good farmer were soon wrapped in balmy sleep.

Not so with Martin. He looked out upon the quiet stars, that, since the storm had passed away, crowded the blue heavens; and then around the little room with its neat carpet, made by the farmer's wife; the cot, with its counterpane; the neat dresser with bunches of wild flowers on each end and a little Bible in the centre. He thought how happy he would be if he could only read the pages of that good book, and made a resolve to learn how, let what would come.—He sat some time contrasting the paradise he was now in with the loft and straw pallet at his master's, and the farmer's kind word with his master's abuse and blows, and wished from his innermost heart that he could make his home where he had received the first words of kindness since he had been made an orphan. His home! The words echoed back in his heart a mournful sound. He had no home. He was like a wrecked ship upon the stormy ocean, without compass or rudder, and would be driven upon the billows of life where the ruthless waves would take him. Rocked with contending emotion, he knelt and breathed a prayer that was learnt at a pious mother's knee, and put his trust in an all-wise Providence for protection. It was not until nearly the midnight watch that the waves ceased to lash the frail bark, and it rested as quietly upon the broad bosom of life, as if no harsh winds had cast it from its home port to seek a place of safety among strangers. Bright dreams came o'er his heart. He is once more in the sunny home of early childhood, and the pleasures that crowded upon life's bright morn are once more his; his dear sister chases the bright-painted butterfly, while he is trying to make a horse of the large Newfoundland dog who claims him as his master; his mother's gentle caress is fresh upon his lips, and his father smiles approvingly upon him; a smile of joy flits across his sunburnt brow, and he is once again his parent's happy boy.

The sun has now risen, and falls full upon his face; it awakens him, and he finds—'Alas, that the bright vision was but a dream! He knew not now where he should turn his steps. He could no longer intrude on the kind hospitality of Mr. Baker, and tears stole quietly from his brilliant eyes. He dashed them hastily away, and after arranging his dress, descended to the kitchen, that he might return his thanks for the kindness he had received, and be on his journey before the sun became too hot. He found Mrs. Baker and Jessie preparing the morning meal, while Mr. Baker was pruning the vines that clustered around the door, forming a fragant archway of blue and white flowers. Martin having thanked Mr. Baker, with the hope of one day having it in his power to repay him, was turning away with a heavy heart, when Mr. Baker said:—

"How would you like to stay and learn to work on the farm? We are just in want of some one, and think you will answer as well as a man"

With a faltering voice he answered in the affirmative, for his heart was too full to speak clearly. So the bargain was that Mr. Baker was to clothe and board him, beside giving him a small sum in cash every month.

Martin's bright, happy countenance showed the change wrought in his heart. The little room was to be henceforth his; he had at last found a home where the soft word turneth away wrath. By Mrs. Baker's ingenuity he soon made quite a respectable appearance. Even Jessie acknowleded he was not so ugly as she took him to be.

Martin soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of all, and became the favorite of the farm. Often Mr. Baker would say, "How did we ever do without Martin?"

Jessie became his teacher. Every evening she would give him a lesson, and something new was gained with each. With every accession of knowledge came the desire to learn more, and with his book learning he also learned to love his fair young teacher, whose mind assimilated so nearly with his own.—And how was it with her? Did she love him? She did, though she was not aware of the state of her own heart. She fulfilled the duties of the day more cheerfully, knowing that when evening came they might, undisturbed, mingle their thoughts together, and that she would be the means of imparting her limited education to one who could appreciate it so well. Life to them was one bright dream; they heard music in the loud thunder as well as the whispering breeze, and winter, with its frost and snow, was as bright and pleasant as the warm breathings of summer, with sweet scented flowers.

Years passed on, and as Martin acquired knowledge and his mind expanded, he felt that he was not born to be an idler upon the face of the earth. A few years work great changes, and in the handsome intelligent man you would not have recognized the sun-burnt, travel-worn boy of seven years before. He now felt a desire for a wider field of action. The great and growing West, with its immense extent of territory, presented a plentiful harvest, and there were few to divide the toil and profits.

Fame, the bright object in the prospective of existence, he determined to pursue, and that could not be done on Mr. Baker's farm, even though there was not a cloud to sully the sunshine of existence, or a thorn in his flowery path to remind him that it was not all sweetness. He fully determined to migrate to the far West, and grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength.

His earnings, carefully laid aside, were now more than requisite to fit him out for his journey, which in those days was far more tedious than twice the distance now, as they had no iron horses flying over the level track at fifty miles an hour. Journeys were accomplished in wagons. His conveyance had two good horses, in which was packed all that would be needful for the journey, beside a few things to commence housekeeping with when they got there; for you must know that when Martin fully made up his mind to go, the hardest task he had was parting with Jessie. He was not long, however, in persuading her to become his wife and the sharer of his joys and sorrows. Mr. Baker felt sorry to part with his children, for Martin had become as a son to him. He knew that at the best he had but a few years to live, and he felt satisfied to see his only daughter united to one in whom he could place implicit confidence. Instead of losing a daughter, he gained a son worthy of the trust that had been confided to him. He felt sorry to have her so far away, yet sacrificed his feelings for his children's good, and bid God speed them on their journey, which was a tedious one of three weeks' duration.

They finally reached their destination. It was a small town on the banks of the Ohio, overlooking that noble river that then could only boast of a few rafts and flat boats, where now it is daily plowed by stately steamers. The town contained about five hundred inhabitants. The new comers astonished a group of idlers who had gathered around the door of the only public house the town afforded. As they drew up their wagons and fastened their horses to the rack provided for that purpose, Jessie was too tired to notice the looks of the idle curiosity she attracted, and she passed into the house. All efforts to find out who the strangers were and their business were fruitless that evening, as Martin kept his own counsel. It was some weeks before he got fairly and comfortably settled in their western home, which was a neat white cottage, made very cosy by their united efforts.

Jessie's kind parents had not parted with their only daughter without providing her with many little comforts that would prove luxurious in the western wilds. The nice new bright home made carpet, with its red blue and white stripes, and the white muslin curtains, with green paper shades under them, excited the admiration of all.—Most of the cottages could not boast of any carpet at all. The garden in front of the house was arranged tastefully; the white-washed palings made by Martin added greatly to its appearance; whilst the rear garden was planted with seeds which was to provide their turnips, potatoes and corn. Jessie at first felt very homestick, but soon that wore off, as she had no time to waste in idle repinings; she had her household duties to perform, and it was a great pleasure to prepare her husband's meals just as he liked them, and she felt happy to see him enjoy them.

Jessie soon became a favorite in the town, and at the earnest solicitation of a great many of the inhabitants, was induced to open a small school, as the only schoolmistress the town afforded was going further down the river to live. The children became very fond of Jessie and soon she could count nearly all the children of the town in her school, with the exception of some few that thought city people only needed education, and refused to spend any money for learning, yet felt jealous if a neighbor's child knew more than their own.

Martin soon made himself very popular. His thorough knowledge of matters and things placed him at once among the prominent men of the town. He was one of nature's noblemen, and a true patriot. What was for his country's good, was for his. He belonged to no party or sect. Unbiased by party trammels he acted from the dictates of his own conscience. His business prospered so well that he sent for Jessie's father and mother, who old as they were, sold out their farm and journeyed to the West to meet their children once more this side of the grave, and great was the rejoicing at Martin Heath's cottage the day the old folks arrived.

Years have elapsed since we left Martin Heath and his helpmate rejoicing at the arrival of their parents, who have long since been gathered to their fathers; the little town has become quite a flourishing city, and Martin has advanced many rounds up the ladder of fame—he has won the confidence of his brother laborers in the West. He filled many important posts in his native State and in Congress, and surrounded by all that made life dear to him—a loving wife and dutiful children—reaping the reward of honest industry.

Speech of Herschel V. Johnson,

"Whilst I would have the South to cherish the alliance of sound Democrats everywhere, yet there is peculiar propriety under the present circumstances, in standing firmly by the Democracy of the great and growing West. That section is destined, at no distant day, to give laws to the Union. The census now being taken will doubtless apportion to it fifty additional Representatives in Congress. Is it not wise for the South to pursue such a course as will secure their alliance? another decade will add as many more new States to the Union from the great West, is it not the policy of the South that they should be democratic States? But how can we expect to retain their friendship when we turn our backs upon them, and strike down their great representative man, on whom their pride, admiration, and affection are concentrated? And strike him down too upon an issue of no practical value whatever—upon a point we have agreed should not be made a test of party fealty—upon a demand which violate our plighted faith?

There is no man of any free labor State who has higher claims to the admiration and confidence of the South than Mr. DOUGLAS. He has stricken more effective blows in her behalf, endured more abuse and persecution from the anti-slavery hosts of the North, for his fidelity to the Constitution, than any other living statesman. His public career is characterized by brilliancy and boldness, consistency and courage, activity and ability. He entered Congress in 1813, and his name and fame are intimately associated with all the great measures of policy which have engaged public attention, down to the present time. He was an able champion in the cause of Texas annexation; he has always battled manfully against the Wilmot Proviso, in Congress and at home; he was one of the most able and zealous supporters of the late Mexican war; was a leading spirit in the passage of the fugitive slave law; he is the author of the Kansas Nebraska act and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise restriction, whereby the principle of non-intervention was fully established as the settled policy of the country.

True to the honor of our flag, and to the progressive spirit of the age, he has ever maintained that "the bearing of this country should be such as to demonstrate to all mankind that America sympathizes with every popular movement against despotism." His life has been devoted to the country.—He has labored for its expansion, for the stability of its institutions, the perpetuity of the Union, the equality of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution. As a Democrat, his zeal has known no abatement. To his wonderful ability, unflinching courage, his fervid enthusiasm, and his untiring devotion, we are mainly indebted for the Democratic ascendancy which obtains in the Northwestern States. He has always been true to the Constitutional rights of the South, and even where his thereoretic opinions upon Territorial questions are regarded as erroneous, yet, in action, he has generally stood by the side of the most faithful of her sons; or if not, his honest difference has wrought no lasting injury to her cause. He is, indeed, a great Democrat, a true patriot, and a distinguished statesman and if the South refuses to support him, when and where will she find a Northern Democrat who she can trust? Her true policy is to give him a generous support, and thereby appropriate him, as the instrumentality of a firm, perpetual, and cordial alliance with the great Northwest, now so potent, and destined, ere long, to wield a controlling power over the action of the Federal Congress.

When we ask Congressional protection for slavery in the Territories, we, of our own accord, bring back the subject into the halls of Congress, from which we have labored for thirty years to banish it. True, the power to protect does not involve the power to destroy; but it is dangerous to give jurisdiction to a freesoil Congress, for any purpose. They will certainly abuse it.

Strict non intervation of the United States. Strict non-interveotion is the best, safest and wisest policy for the South—best for the whole country, because it preserves the peace of the whole country.

The state of things which has been so suddenly precipitated by the seceders favors the election of Lincoln and Hamlin. If Breckenridge and Lane, should carrying a single Northern State, save Oregon, and possibly California. That would still not elect them. This is the strongest case that can be put for them—stronger than the probable result will justify. They may lose Alabama and Louisiana, Texas will probably go for General Houston; Tennessee and others for Bell and Everett. Hence the battle must be fought in the free States, and if the friends of the Administration in those States keep up their warfare upon Douglas, by running electoral tickets, it will give them all to Lincoln and Hamlin and secure their election. The South who has the most at stake, may be considered for all practical purposes, as out of the contest. She is playing a side game, as if for her own amusement—it may prove to be her own destruction. She ought not to occupy such a position. The battle is to be fought in the free labor States between Douglas and Lincoln. She ought to take sides with the former in such a conflict, by her present course she may defeat Douglas; she cannot elect Breckinridge. By doing the one and failing to do the other she renders the election of Lincoln inevitable.

My own views of duty are clear and fixed. There is no need of this new test of party fealty; therefore, I oppose it. There is no good reason for dismembering the National Democratic party; therefore, I shall stand by it and seek to maintain it, as the only political organization to which the South can look for safety in the Union. There is nothing at present to justify sectionalism, therefore, I resist it. The grounds of quarrel between the North and the South are *res judicata*—settled by the compromise of 1850; no greivance have occurred since that time; the northern Democracy have adhered to their agreement; and, therefore, I am for abiding by the existing order of things.—There is no cause for secession; and, therefore, not being a disunionist, *per se*, I feel bound to maintain the Union as an object worthy of patriotic desire. This is my conception of duty. I obey its mandate, and welcome the consequences. If, however, the doctrine of non intervention must at last, be repudiated; if the National Democratic party cannot be preserved, if the South shall persist in the policy which she has inaugurated, unwisely, as I think; until the country should be forced into two great antagonistic sectional organizations, based on sectional lines, I shall be recreant to the instincts of my heart, if I did not link my destiny with hers, and follow her fortunes for weal or for woe. But as long as there is a lingering hope of honorable success; I will struggle for the principle of non-intervention, the nationality of the Democratic party, and the integrity of the Union.

MORAL ADVICE TO THOSE WHO WISH TO LIVE WELL.—A good dinner, gentlemen, is a pleasure you may enjoy but once, whereas a good action is a pleasure, mind you, that you enjoy all your life.

In France, love is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany, a melodrama.

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