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. XLIV. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861. No. 36.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache, arising from disordered stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice*, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

Dawson & Bro., Campbell & Goldsborough, Easton.

R. H. Kemp, Trappe.

Dr. Passapae, Greensborough.

J. B. Herritage, Denton.

Hopper & Wilmer, Centreville.

H. C. Dodson, St. Michaels, and by dealers every where. [ju 22-1y

CREW'S

ORANGE SHERBET SYRUP.

A NEW article, for making a delightful and refreshing Summer beverage, by simply mixing with cold water. For sale by

ju 22 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

GREAT BARGAINS.—From this date I intend offering my stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Lawns, Challies, Challie Berages, plain and fig'd Berages, French DeLaines, col'd Silks and Summer Shawls generally without regard to cost. Call soon and get a great Bargain of

ju 22 S. T. KENNARD.

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!

At Reduced Prices!

BARGAINS are now offered in Ladies' Dress Goods, without regard to cost. Call early and secure a bargain at

ju 22 J. RASIN'S.

SELLING OFF AT COST.—The subscriber has a quantity of Jewelry on hand, such as Breast Pins and Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Gold Pencils, Gold Watch Keys, Gold Chains and Gold Watches, which he will sell at cost.

ju 8 CHARLES ROBINSON.

FISHING TACKLE.—The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Fishing Lines, Virginia and Chestertown Hooks; Floats, Sinkers and Snoods. Call and see me at the old stand. (ju 8) CHAS. ROBINSON.

A SURE cure for Toothache, Hall's Tooth Ache Drops. Why suffer the Tooth Ache? For sale by

apr 13 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

LAVELLA CLOTH—just received per Steamer, another supply of that same Lavella Cloth at 12½ cents, extra nice quality and pretty shades.

may 4 J. H. GRACE.

NEW UMBRELLAS and Parasols, just received and for sale by

may 25 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

BLACK TEA.—Just received a large supply of the best Black Tea ever sold in this market.

(ju 29) J. H. GRACE.

For the Easton Gazette.

The Mid-Night Listoner.

BY MARIE, OF WINFIELD.

Beneath a quiet summer sky,
I sit alone to-night;
While from her vaulted home on high
The moon shines clear and bright.
The midnight zephyrs o'er my face,
Are gaily playing now;
Striving, but all in vain, to trace
This care-wreath from my brow.

Yon moon-beam stumbling on a leaf,
With a bright silver ray;
Just paused awhile to mock my grief,
Then slyly stole away.
But do not thou sweet zephyr, now,
Like that bright fickle beam,
Forsake this burning, aching brow,
To dance o'er yonder stream.

But listen while I tell to thee,
Why thus my heart is sad;
Why naught contained in earth or sea,
Can never make me glad.
The tale, oh! sighing zephyr mock,
Is filled with misery,
But it will soothe my breaking heart,
To breathe it low to thee.

Only one year ago, sweet wind,
(Just where I'm sitting now—)
Did love's fond arms around me twine,
And kisses press my brow.
I listened to his low-breathed words,
(He never *inconstant* proved)
And how my happy heart was stirred,
To know myself beloved.

I worshiped him, sweet zephyrs mine,
That noble, manly youth;
With brow so high, and heart so kind,
And strong unwavering truth.
But now, oh! zephyr, 'neath the sod,
His head is lying low,
His spirit's living up with God,
While here I wail below.

Perchance, oh! zephyr in thy rounds,
Thou 'll visit where he rests;
And play upon the grass-grown mound,
That lier above his breast.
Then know, between the white tomb-stones,
That marked my loved one's bed—
My heart with all its joys were thrown,
And buried with my dead.

HARPER'S CORNER, July, 1861.

An Auction at Newstead Abbey.

SALE OF LORD BYRON'S EFFECTS.—A London paper says: "On Friday there was a sale by auction at the Abbey, of valuable effects, formerly the property of Lord Byron. Many of the lots realized only moderate prices. Four papier-mache decanter stands, formerly Lord Byron's, were sold at 15s., the positive value of all being about 4d. The model of a frigate, the property of the deceased poet, sold at £2 15s., the value being less than half that sum. A snuff-box, with a portrait of Byron, but not stated to have any other association, went at 10s. A Parian figure of a sleeping Cupid, the property of Lord Byron, sold at 15. The first printed copy of his early poems, with autograph, after a vigorous competition, fetched only £6, Mr. Webb being the purchaser, and a pair of brass candlesticks, used by his lordship in college, were bought in by the same gentleman at £3 10s. Lord Byron's punch bowl, broken but repaired, and not perhaps, worth one shilling, realized £35s. A marble bust, life size, of Charles I., on marble half column, chiselled with great delicacy, sold at £15 to Mr. Redfern of Warwick; and a bust, in the same size and style, of William III., at the same price, to Mr. Woodgate, of London. Musical instruments and portfolios of music, the former embracing flutes, guitars, harpsibords, musical boxes and harps, and the latter copies of the best operas and standard classical music, brought good prices. There were pipes of every design and pattern; in which cost became paramount to utility, and in all cases the articles put up were disposed of at fabulous prices. Some curious and valuable articles in Dresdon china, plate and plated goods were subsequently disposed of to advantage, and the sale concluded with the wine department, some small lots of hock of 1818, a few dozens of the same wine 'from Lord Byron's cellar,' and a large quantity of various wines of later vintages, having gone off at large premiums."

Names of Women and their Meaning.

Mary, the commonest of all female names, is also the sweetest given to woman. It is not strange that it prevails so universally. It signifies exalted; Maria and Marie—the latter French—are only other forms of Mary, and of course have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness. Anna, Anne, Hannah, and probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signifies kind and generous. Ellen was originally Helen, which according to some etymologists has the meaning of alluring; but others define it as one who pities. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, signifies, like Anna, kind or generous. For Sarah, or Sally, there are two definitions—a princess, and the morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and is a fitting name for a tall slender flower girl, of delicate complexion, and native grace. Rebecca, plump. Lucy signifies light, and was anciently given to girls born at daybreak; it may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly.—Bertha, bright; and Alberte, all bright. Louisa—in French Louise—is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who protects. Fanny, or Frances, means frank or freak. Catherine, or Katherine, pure or chaste, it is one of the best of our female names. Sophia, from the Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queens. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly. Margaret, a pearl, or a dahlia. Julia, soft-haired; Juliette and Julietta are the same as Julia.—Agnes means chaste. Amelia and Amy, and Amis, beloved. Clara signifies clear or bright. Eleanor, all faithful. Gertrude, all truth, grace, favor. Laura, a laurel. Maulda, a noble or brave maid.

Shell-Proof Vessels.

In order to obtain shell-proof gunboats of light draught, and, at the same time, obviate the necessity of employing thick and heavy iron plates for sheathing, and a combination boomb-proof outer coating may be used, consisting of 2 inch tough iron plates, and an inside packing of prepared cotton.

Mr. J. Chapman states, in his work on the improved American rifle, that at 40 rods distance, with a charge and rifle which sent a picket bullet into three inches of seasoned hemlock, he filled a box 16 inches in depth with cotton-batten, covered its open end with a piece of sheepskin, and fired a number of shots into it, when, contrary to expectation, they penetrated only 10 inches, and their form was "more marred" than if they had been shot into sand. By steeping cotton in a preparation of alum, or phosphate of ammonia, it may be rendered fire-proof, so as to make it safe against red hot shot. With iron plates of two or three inches in thickness to break shells, and a packing of prepared cotton to resist the penetration of solid shot and prevent the spreading of splinters, shell-proof gunboats of very light draught may be constructed.—*Scientific American.*

Something for the Cause of Humanity.

The country need desire no better official declaration of purposes or expression of sentiment in relation to the war, from the highest source—so that it be strictly adhered to—than the important resolution introduced by Mr. Crittenden in the House and passed recently by but two dissenting voices: that this war "is not waged in a spirit of oppression and subjugation, nor with a view to overthrow any institution; but is to maintain the principles of the Constitution and the Government of the United States; and when such objects shall have been attained, the war shall cease."

The fact that this resolution was introduced by the noble old patriot of Kentucky, who has devoted a life-time to the service of his country in the highest stations, will be received by the people—however the politicians may view the matter—as unmistakable evidence of a right purpose on the part of those in power; and if the Government of the United States is entitled to any respect whatever for its solemn declarations in regard to matters of the very highest import, this resolution, passed by nearly a unanimous vote, will command the earnest attention and belief of all, both here and amongst the great Powers abroad, who are now watching the progress of events.

A declaration so deliberate, and—we repeat—coming from so high a source, cannot be easily and successfully disposed of by mere cavils or sneers, and it will have its effect, ultimately, in disarming sectional hate and sectional madness, despite all wishes to the contrary. That it will be allowed at present to reach the people it is designed for mainly, and now so grossly misled by the Disunionist leaders, there is little reason to hope; but if the national troops act up to the spirit of the declaration so made, they will at last enter such States as Virginia, where public sentiment has been dragooned into submission to Disunion schemes, as benefactors, and not as those whose purpose is charged to be "subjugation."

After such systematic endeavors as have been made from the beginning to inflame with rancor the minds of the people of the Cotton States especially, with all the usual means of communication closed, it is hard to reach their understandings through any unprejudiced channel. It is hard to induce them to put faith in any declaration of those against whom they have been induced to take up arms, on a mistaken purpose to avenge intended wrongs. Vast numbers of the people of the Gulf States are in the position of those unfortunate allies of Great Britain sent from abroad during the revolutionary war, who were taught by their employers to believe—in order to make them fight the more desperately—that if taken prisoners by the Americans they would meet horrors in their treatment, little short of the terrors of cannibalism, and who seldom or never found out their error until convinced of them by the unexpected kindness of their captors.

When a Louisanian—like General Beauregard—tells his followers, in an official manifesto, that the war of the United States Government is a war for "beauty and booty," is not the case plainly a parallel to the one we have instanced? When the Richmond *Examiner* calls for a "Dictator" to protect the people against an army composed of "robbers and murderers," is it not still more plain? Does any sane mind, any unprejudiced person, believe that such is the character of the force—as an *army*—organized and sent into the field by General Scott? and ought such declaration to be sent out to impose upon the people *everywhere* on this continent, without being met by a declaration of their falsity?—When President Davis tells his troops, after the exploits of "Ben. McCullough's men" in nightly forays upon pickets, resulting in single murders, that "to the enemy he leaves the base acts of the assassin and incendiary, to them we leave it to insult helpless women, to us belongs vengeance upon man"—does the implication prove anything?

All this only shows the necessity for the introduction of this resolution by a member of Congress of Mr. Crittenden's high character; and we welcome its passage by the House as an act called for by the noblest dictates of humanity, to assuage, if possible, the horrors of the contest in which the nation is involved.

We may also instance another step in the right direction. It is the recent army order of General Scott in which he says:

"Fugitive slaves will under no pretext whatever be permitted to reside or be in any way harbored in quarters and camps of troops serving in this Department. Neither will such slaves be allowed to accompany troops on the march.—Commanders of troops will be held responsible for the strict observance of this order."

We hail every expression of sentiment emanating from high official sources, thus tending to quiet public apprehension as new aids in the direction of humane purposes for the good of all concerned, and we would gladly append parallels, could they be found, from leading men amongst those in arms against the Government. Unfortunately for the demands of peace and of humanity the speeches and newspaper utterances of men in high positions amongst the Confederates abound, as we have shown, with expressions of the most revengeful feelings—of the most implacable hostility. For the sake of the highest and most sacred principles of right this course ought to cease. The fruits of this fierce oratory, in exciting a horrible spirit of revenge, have been seen in what followed the recent conflicts near Manassas, if accounts are correct that come from the field of battle; a matter that the civilized world ought to take cognizance of, and which for the sake of the American character—North and South—demands to be thoroughly investigated.

We repeat, then, we hail the passage of Mr. Crittenden's resolution as so much done in the right direction; and if the press would do its duty it might be cause for congratulation to every friend of humanity in this horrible context betwixt brethern.—*Baltimore American.*

Col. Sigel, who commanded the Federal forces in the recent affair at Carthage, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General—a suitable recognition of his valuable services to the Government.

The Origin of Coal.

Various opinions have been put forth respecting the origin of our coal measures. The following is by R. Hunt, F. R. S. (author of "the Poetry of Science,") in a late article in the *St. James* (London) *Magazine*: It has been somewhat too hastily said that coal is formed directly from wood, and that much of it is found to retain its woody structure. There is great doubt on this point. That wood may be *eventually* converted into coal is admitted—but in changing, it entirely loses the form of wood—retains no evidence of fiber. It may, under the influences of heat and moisture, be converted into a bituminous mass, which is eventually consolidated into coal; but we cannot discover any evidence of wood being transmuted directly to coal. The remains of woody trees found fossil in the coal measure strata may become limestone, may be iron ore—certain it is they are never coal. The probability is, that the coal mass itself was produced from cactus-like plants, from club mosses, or peat mosses, or from aquatic plants, either marine or fresh-water.

The vegetable mass, whatever may have been its origin, from which our beds of fossil fuel is derived, may have been formed from plants which grow on the spot where we now find it, and the *under-clay*, as it is called, is supposed to be the soil in which the plants grew; or it may have been removed by the waters in a plastic state, floated out into the deltas or seas, and eventually, in obedience to the law of gravity, have sunk to the bed of the then existing waters.

Knowing that many of these coal beds are now several thousand feet below the surface, we have either to suppose—if we adopt the first hypothesis—a gradual subsidence of the earth to the depth at which the coal is now found; or, if we prefer the second, to imagine the filling up of the seas, after the coal has been deposited, by enormous beds of sandstone or of shale. Sir Henry de la Beche describes a section near Swansea having a total thickness of 3,240 feet; in this there are ten principal masses of sandstone, one of these 500 feet thick. They are separated by masses of shale, varying in thickness from ten to fifty feet. The intercalated coal beds, sixteen in number, are generally from one to five feet thick—one of them, which has two or three layers of clay interposed, attaining nine feet.

Taking this instance only, we learn that there have been sixteen different formations of coal: that these have—each one of them—been covered up with hundreds of feet of sandstone and shale. The subsidence of the earth's crust is surrounded with difficulties of no common order—the filling up an ancient sea to the depth of more than 3,000 feet requires conditions which we can scarcely conceive to have existed—and in either case we seem to require ages of repose, during which a beautiful Flora drank in the sunshine, followed by ages during which sand was deposited, bearing down with it but little evidence of there being any vegetable life. Science has advanced far into the secrets of the earth's changes; but let us not deceive ourselves by supposing we have as yet heard the voice of Nature proclaiming the true phenomena of our coal formations.

Telegraphic Dispatches.

Office of the Mouth: at *one* end of the line.—Office of the Stomach: at the other end of it.

DISPATCH.

Inquiry.—Mouth to Stomach: "Are you ready for breakfast?"

Stomach.—"Yes. What are you going to send?"

Mouth.—"You will see. Prepar!" The table bell rings. Body hurries—drops into a chair. Mouth opens, and down goes, as quickly as possible, a cup of coffee at a temperature of 145 degress of Fahrenheit. It burns the whole Œsophageal track as it passes it, and when it gets into the Stomach, burns it and the Stomach contracts, and shrivels, and cringes, and finally screeches—and the

Mouth says—"Hallo! what's the matter?"

Stomach.—Matter! Enough, I should think. Do you not know that I cannot endure *Slush* at 140 to 160 degrees of heat?"

Mouth.—"O, never mind! Here comes some beef-stake with hot fried potatoes, hot rolls, and poor butter—some salad with vinegar, some buckwheat cakes and molesses. These will heal it."

Stomach.—"Stop! What earthly use is there in sending these down here, *all at a time?*—They'll make a hodge-podge."

Mouth.—"Here comes some more coffee!"

Stomach.—"Hold on! Wait! Give me some *water!*"

Mouth.—"Water! Water, when you can get coffee? You must be crazy—water has no nourishment in it. One wants water only when one is dry."

Stomach.—"I am thirsty. Give me some *water!*"

Mouth.—"Cannot do it, they haven't any water up here. If they have, it is hot, and I doubt if they have any of that. Persons do not like water, and you, O Stomach, are eccentric; so stop complaining and get ready for some more food—take the good the gods provide you' and be content. Are you ready?—I am in a hurry. Up here, time is money. I have to furnish you with material out of which strength is to be gotten for the Body's use to-day, and I have *ten minutes* allowed me for this purpose. Now, the after part is your lookout, not mine. Take notice! Are you ready? Here comes apple-pie, fried chicken, tripe, tomato catsup, boiled ham, minute pudding, corn bread, and cucumbers; peper, salt, gravy, mince pie, another cup of coffee—so look out!"

Stomach.—"Look out! O, murder! What am I to do? Do! I must grind away at it like a horse in a bark-mill, till I am worn out. Under such a condition of things as this, I shall break down in a fourth part of the time, which I *might* work, but then the mouth—and for that matter, the heart too, will be *still*, and I shall be at peace!"—*Prairie Farmer.*

HOW PAT TRANSLATED GERMAN.—At a table d'hote, recently, in Hamburgh, an Irishman was seated next a German lady, who did not speak English. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said:—

"Have a peach, mam?"

"*Nein,*" (no) replied the lady.

"*Nine!*" said he, starting with astonisnment, first at her, and then at the other guests at the table. "Why, mam, there is only six in the dish; but there they are for you," at the same time rolling the whole upon her plate.

If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a TIE.

IRISH FERTILITY IN EXCUSE MAKING.—An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."—*Punch.*

What musical instruments are carried by all mankind? Ans.—A couple of drums.

For the Easton Gazette.

"HERE WILL I HOLD."

There exists in our county two classes of opinions which are entirely irreconcilable—the one fully endorsing the dogma of Secession, fraught as it is with all its load of ills; and the other, as uncompromisingly sustaining the Government, whether it be administered with justice and a due regard to the Constitution and the laws, or whether it trample under foot all constitutional check. The sentiments of the extremes have been boldly, fearlessly and intelligently set forth by recent contributors to the "Star" and "Gazette" and although I have not, nor do I intend to have any quarrel with these gentlemen concerning their peculiar views, I desire to set forth the sentiments of a class of the community, far from inconsiderable, who hold that "extremes are wrong." Who, refusing to be driven into the ranks of Secession, and equally determined to avoid the current which is drifting many into Black Republicanism, take their position between these extremes and avoiding scylla on the one hand and charybdis on the other, will *dare* to blame either side when wrong and applaud either when in the right.

It is useless and can have no good effect whatever to go back and rake up the musty and fetid records of party animosity and sectional hate to arrive at a just conception of the exact amount of wrong on either side. Could I thoroughly cleanse this political augean stable, the accumulation of filthy deposite which would be thus exposed to the light, would shock the sight and offend the sensibilities of any but a modern, time serving politician. Wrong is every where rife—North and South. The North and the *conservative* North, have pandered to the tastes of the impure abolition sentiment among them, in order to secure their vote; and the South have accepted the issue for the purpose of preserving the balance of power, which through that medium for years they have not failed to secure. Finding at last that they were about to be whipped by these weapons with which designing men on either side have for years ridden into power, the South first threatened and then deliberately proceeded to break up the Government, acting upon the firm belief that their old Northern friends would never take up arms against them. But what is the result? They have accomplished by their own act what the ultra men of the North have prayed for, for years—that an issue might arise that would *unite the North*, and in verification of the maxim of the Heathen Philosophers, "whom the gods would ruin they first make mad," the South has enacted a part in this opening drama which I fear will consign him to the suicide's grave. To-day finds hundreds and thousands of the good men of the North arrayed against the South, because they really love the Union and the flag—such men are Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Caleb Cushing, Samuel Dickinson, Lewis Cass and a host of others, pure men and true, who would sacrifice their lives on the altar of their country and in the administration of the government grant to all sections their just rights and constitutional requirements. But I have somewhat against them. I do not find them denouncing the corrupt principles of the present administration. I do not find them raising their hands and their voices against the members of the present Congress, who, wedded to a rotten plank in the thoroughly unsound platform, would convulse the country from centre to circumference to carry out this myth of their impure imaginations, rather than offer one tittle of compromise to save the country, and yet, and yet, they rally their cohorts under the watchword and battle cry of the "Flag of the Union". I do not find them with that stirring eloquence and wide spread reputation they possess, bending all their energies of body and mind to endorse the great North with a magnanimity that would descend to the latest posterity, to COMPEL their public servants to remove all cause of complaint, to cease this crusade against slavery, and invite the South back into a Union as pure as it was when it arose Phenix like from the ashes of the revolution. I love their devotion to the Union, cemented as it should be by ties of brotherhood and affection, but I admire not that spirit which dwells alone and at length on the missdoings of their Southern brethren, but passes over in silent forgetfulness the multiplied wrongs of the North which are as high as the granite hills of New England. At the South I believe there are thousands of good men and pure men as Jno. Bell, Jno. A. Gilmer, Alex. H. Stevens, Saml. Houston, and a host of others, who held out with uplifted hands and bleeding hearts against the dismemberment of this glorious old Republic, which they loved with a devotion a Southern man can feel quite as well as his Northern neighbor. In the language of the immortal Declaration of Independence, they "petitioned, they remonstrated, they cast themselves at the foot of the throne, and were spurned" until feeling themselves deserted by the conservative North, and left to struggle alone with the too powerful element, they have been carried headlong with the current, drifted against their consent, hurried along with all their olden memories thick around them, into the vortex of Secession. These men have claims upon the North, their struggles for the Union ought to speak in moving accents to them. But what are Everett, and Pierce, Fillmore, Dickinson, and Cass doing for Bell, and Stevens, and Gilmer, and Houston? Are they rushing in between the contending armies and thrusting apart the bristling array of bayonets that stand front to front and are imbuing the hands of this great nation in the blood of her own children, or are they tacitly and silently yielding their assent to the slaughter? Let them be up and doing, these Union men are well worthy of their efforts, and it is my honest belief that if the North would extend just and honorable compromise to the South, make them to believe themselves loved and respected by the North as brethren should be, throw away the trammels of party and speak and act for the country—that Archimidean like, these Union men at the South would raise the mountains from their solid base, and that they would bring their States back, true and loyal to the Government. Persist in war without compromise and the Union sentiment of the South is effectually strang[illegible]AS. D. MA[illegible]

The sentiment tha[illegible] St. M[illegible]illmore uttered in 1856 is my sentiment[illegible]ONS—"No north, no South, no East, no West; [illegible] country, my whole country and nothing but my country".—I want Maine and Texas, Delaware and California to feel themselves as they were designed to be, sisters in affection, equals in privileges and rivals only in bearing and forbearing. And I would quote a sentiment that may not be amiss as a rule of action for a *Christian* Nation, from a good old book, whose wholesome teachings seem to be entirely ignored and forgotten by this people—

"If thy brother offend against thee, I say not unto thee that thou shalt forgive him seven times, but seventy times seven." PEACE MAKER.

In yielding a space in our columns to the above communication from an esteemed and intelligent subscriber, we would remark, that while it contains much that elicits our approval, as it should that of every good citizen, there are some points from which we are compelled to discent. The fervent and candid desire for peace must certainly find a response in the heart of every man who regards the welfare of his country, but we desire a peace such as will restore on a permanent basis the prostrate interests of the country and not a hollow truce which will be the precurser of a more protracted and disastrous war than that in which we are now engaged.—We think the question should be met and decided and not left for those who are to come after us. The short respite which we might obtain would be a poor equivalent for the mighty evils devolved on posterity. We cordially unite in the commendation of such men as Cass, Fillmore, Dickinson and Everett and others who have so nobly stood up for the rights of the South and who would have stood up for them yet had not their professed advocates deserted their posts in the halls of Congress and taken up arms against their country. Under these circumstances there was no resource left but for every true patriot to rally around the flag of his country and defend it from all assailants. Had Mr. Breckenridge been elected president and a similar disruption of the Union threatened by the Northern States what Southerner would have refused to cement the support of the government? And is our duty any the less clear because the assault has come from misguided men in our own section? We trust that our antipathy to Mr. Lincoln is not so great as that for the sake of crushing him we are willing to destroy the noblest form of government ever created by man; no, we wish it preserved for our own sakes and our posterity and trust that it may continue long after Mr. Lincoln and his party shall be buried in oblivion.

Superb Impudence.

There is something positively grand in the style of tactics which is the peculiar *forte* of the ultra press of New York. With a degree of impudence which transcends the power of language to describe—not tamed by the disasters it has in a manner forced upon the Government—it seeks now to draw off public attention from its previous utterances by a furious onslaught on the authorities at Washington, the *Tribune*, as usual, taking the lead. It accuses the Government of a "fool-hardy and inexcusable under-estimate of the strength of the enemy," as the cause which has "made ship wreck of our grand and heroic army."

That will do. But what account will the *people* of New York take of this insolent endeavor to make them forget the fierce provocations to an "advance," uttered by the same oracle a week or so ago, we have not heard. But as their broken and "heroic" regiments straggled into Washington from the hardly contested field, from the bloody scenes to which they had been prematurely hallooed by the New York Lieutenant General, had he been there it would not have surprised many, we imagine, had these brave fellows given him a chance to estimate the true "strength of the enemy" for himself by hanging him—by the neck—over the hostile camp, to one of those balloons so much talked of in the beginning of the campaign. Probably, though, he will not venture as close as even Lovejoy to the scene of the late conflict.

Really there is no estimating the mischief such utterances as those put forth by the *Tribune*, and other presses, the same in spirit, in both sections, have caused. Overflowing with taunts and furious denunciations calculated to stir up the masses to anger and impatience, the evil will never be corrected until the *people* see the disastrous consequences of hearkening to them, and so learn to disregard them. Of all the causes which have led to the troubles upon the nation, these take the lead; by driving those who have become the agents of the people to acts which cannot bear the test of sober judgement; whilst on the other hand, their fruits are civil war and bloodshed, with all these attendant woes. The people must correct it.—*Baltimore American.*

Nutritive Properties of Peas and Beans.

In our last we made some remarks upon this subject, bringing proofs from "Holy Writ" of the position taken by the value of this kind of food for supporting the animal system.

We propose now to bring forward facts further corroborative of the value of these products for animal food. We shall make an abstract of observations made and published in England, several years ago, by Dr. Buckland:—

"The seeds of legumnous plants," says he, "especially peas and beans, are loaded with the constituents of muscle, and done ready prepared to form and maintain the muscular fibre of the body of animals. Hence, the rapid restoration of the shrunk muscle of the exhausted post horse by a good feed of oats and beans, (the English horse bean is here meant.) Hence the sturdy growth of the Scotch children on oat cake and porridge, and of broth made of the meal of parched or kiln dried peas." On this he avers a man can live and do a good days work on 1½ penny a day; while the children of the rich, on the finest wheat flour, and on sago and rice, butter and sugar, may appear fat and sleek, but would often die, as they sometimes do, on such nonnutritious food were it not for the mixture of milk and eggs they eat in their cake and puddings.

He further remarks that an old laborer of Axbridge complained to his master, Mr. Symonds, that laborers feeding there on potatoes could not do so good a day's work now as when he was young and fed on peas. "Peas, sir," said he, "stick to the ribs." In this he uttered the very truths of organic chemistry.

In beans we have vegetable "caseine," or the peculiar element of cheese. What is more grateful to a man when fatigued by labor or a long walk? Sepoys, on long voyages, live exclusively on peas. The working and healthy man and best want muscle and not fat. Fat incumbers and impedes activity, and every excess of it is disease. We seldom see a fat soldier, except among the sergeants, who sometimes eat and drink too much.

We have thus abridged some of Dr. Buckland's remarks for the benefit of our readers, some of whom are beginning to look upon beans and peas, especially bean porridge and pea porridge, as very unfashionable and vulgar food.—Flour—flour, superfine flour must be the bread, morning, noon and night, and thus foolishly throw away the most nutritious food—food that every muscle and every bone in our bodies is begging for, and supply them with that which satisfieth them not at all, for fashion's sake. We will not say that the man who invented the modern 'bolt,' or sifting apparatus, by which the most nutritive part of the wheat is separated and cast one side, while the "superfine" part is saved and made the staple food for the people, ought to have been hung—but we do say that he was far from being a benefacter to his race. He pandered to a sickly and suicidal sentiment that *fine* people must eat *fine* flour. He helped to bring about a degeneracy in the physical strength and powers of the people, which is in strange contrast with the enduring and stalwart frames of our fathers, and which can only be reproduced by a return to the more substantial diet upon which they fed.—*Maine Farmer.*

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-1050