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, MAY 18, 1861. No. 19.

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.

T. C. NICOLS, JR.,
SOLE AGENT FOR
ALLEN & NEEDLES' SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
Price $45 for 2000 lbs., Cash.
ALLEN & NEEDLES' FERTILIZER.

Price $30 for 2000 lbs., for approved *endorsed* note at eight months from March 15th, *without* interest. Note to be given *on or before* the delivery of the article. Or for Cash $28 00 for 2000 lbs.

☞ In all cases the freight is $1½ per ton to be paid in Cash.

The subscriber has experienced much satisfaction from the sale of over one hundred tons of "Allen & Needles' New Fertilizer" the past year, from the fact that although *some* persons did not have their expectations realized all unite that it has merits of a high order and nine tenths of the purchasers expressed themselves satisfied that, but for the severe drouth of last summer, it would have paid them handsomely. This concentrated manure is highly ammoniated being composed mainly of BONES, HAIR, ANIMAL MATTER AND SULPHURIC ACID. It is put up in new and sound seamless bags, which when emptied may be used for grain bags or other farm purposes.

The terms on which this manure is sold are such as to place it within the reach of all farmers, enabling them as it does to pay for it out of the crop it assists in producing.

The subscriber has been furnished with numerous verbal and written replies to his questionings concerning it, some of which are very flattering.

One verbal one is from a farmer of high standing in Trappe district who states that his corn crop was greatly benefitted by it and that after his crop of corn was matured he put a piece of the same land in Lucerne and at the time of his report December 10th his Lucerne *was then ten or twelve inches high*, something he never saw before at the same season.

Another report is, that a trial was made in the same field with Guano, Stable Manure, Lime and Marl and where the "Fertilizer" was applied, *though the poorest land in the field*, his corn was the best.

Annexed is a written report.

EASTON, MD., Oct., 13, 1860.

Thos. C. Nicols, Jr., Esq.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry in regard to the success of "ALLEN & NEEDLES' FERTILIZER" purchased of you last Spring I will say that owing to the drought the corn crop generally was cut short, but where the Fertilizer was applied the corn grew off finely and so continued until the drought stopped its progress. I applied it also to both Sweet and Irish Potatoes *with great success* making the *best crop I ever made*. I applied it also to Garden Vegetables, and notwithstanding the dry season I raised more vegetables than I have for the last *three years all together*. My confidence in it is so strong that I wish you to retain for me five tons to go on my wheat. Yours Truly,

CHARLES M. JUMP.

Numerous testimonials could be added to the above but it is deemed unnecessary. Few condemn it, numbers applaud it.

Orders are respectfully solicited and the earlier they are given the better as the supply is limited. It can be hauled any time and not affect the date of the falling due of the note, as whether taken before or after March 15th the notes will all bear same date.

I repeat send in your orders early. A small supply on hand to begin with.

Delivered without extra expense on Tred Haven or Choptank Rivers. Or on any other river on the shore where the orders reach 50 tons or more. [jan 19, 1861.

S. T. KENNARD.
SPRING & SUMMER
GOODS,
For 1861.

I MOST respectfully announce to my customers and the public, that I have just returned from the cities with a large and well assorted stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

of which the following is but a small portion of the varieties:

Fig'd and plain Challies—from 20 to 50.
" " " Delaines " 12½ " 37½,
Lawns from 10cts to 50.
Organdies of beautiful qualities and styles for 25, 37½, 50 and 75.
Colored Silks as low as 75.
Poena Cloths for Ladies Suits, from 10cts to 37½
Hoop Skirts " " and Children in great varieties and styles, from 25cts to $5.
Ladies Fr. Collars, undersleeves and Collars in sets.
" Bl'k and Mohair Mitts,
"Jouvin's" Kid Gloves of all sizes.
French Chintzes fig'd and plain.
Dress trimmings in all colors and styles.
Fancy and bl'k Silk Beltings.
Crotchet Cord, needles and Braids.
Fancy and bl'k dress buttons and Zouave do.
Cravats for Ladies.

GENTLEMANS' WEAR,

can be found cheap for cash or to punctual customers the handsomest stock ever offered in this market. It consists in part as follows:

Plaid and plain col'd Cassimeres in pat's & suits.
Bl'k French Doe Skins do
" Satin and Silk Vestings.
Colored do do of various patterns.
Fancy and black Cravats.
Gents "Jouvin's" bl'k, col'd and White Kid Gloves
" Linen and Marseilles shirt bosoms.
" " " Paper collars new styles,
and a complete stock of
CHILDREN AND BOYS WEAR.

In heavy goods I can compare most favorably with any senior competitors. I have Osnaburgs ¾ and 1 plain and ¾ twiled and blue and brown denims, striped shirtings, heavy "Farmers" duch and drillings, Janes plain and plaid, which makes my stock of servants wear large and complete. I also have my usual supply of

Groceries, Hardware,
Queensware, Glassware,
Woodware, Stoneware, &c., &c.

To an inspection of which I respectfully invite my customers and the public, feeling confident I can please both in price and quality.

apr 6 S. T. KENNARD.

COD LIVER OIL JELLY, contains 85 per cent of Oil, and is acknowledged to be more efficacious than the crude Oil, because more solid it is retained in the stomach, however disordered it may be; when on the contrary, if the stomach is not in proper condition the liquid Oil will pass off undigested and consequently inoperative. Price $1.00 per bottle, and for sale by

mar 16 DAWSON & BRO.

LAVELLA CLOTH.—Just received by yesterday's Steamer, another supply of Lavella Cloth, for ladies suits.

mar 30 J. H. GRACE.

FRENCH'S TREBLE DISTILLED BAY RUM, just received, and for sale by

mar 30 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

Song of the Union.

BY A LADY OF CAMBRIDGE, MD.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the rampants we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
The rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in the air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there,
O say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Thus sung a brave band, in their glory and might,
When the long weary watch was relieved by the morning,
And the grey mists, dispersing, revealed to their sight
The flag of their *country*, the rampants adorning.
'Twas the emblem of Union, the emblem of strength,
And proudly they gazed on its shadowy length.
With the hope that their banner, forever might wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And thus it has been, through a vista of years
We may look on our country with fond admiration,
Not a spot to dishonor their memory appears,
No blemish to tarnish our name as a nation.—
The banner they planted on fortress and hill,
Through the long lapse of ages is floating there still,
The *Star-Spangled Banner* our forefathers gave,
To o'er shadow the home of the free and the brave.

But now, this bright banner, so dear to their hearts,
Is threatened, alas, with a foul desecration,
And the stars and the stripes, once our pride and our boast,
No longer may float o'er an unsullied nation.
Woe, woe to our country, when recreant hand
May pluck from its standard the badge of our land,
O, fanatics falter,—and still let it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

What son of our Union, the queen of the world,
One jot from its once happy soil would divide?
Or who, with the flag of his country unfurled,
Could e'er plant a disunion banner beside?
Misguided the heart, to temptation would yield,
And blot the first star from the azure blue field,
The STAR SPANGLED BANNER!!! long, long, may it wave,
O'er the land of Columbus, the home of the brave.

O woman to you it is given to guard
The spot where the bones of our Washington rest,
Let the foot of dissention ne'er sully the swan,
Nor the flag of disunion o'er shadow his breast.
May the country he fought for, the country he won,
Still bask in the pure light of freedom's warm sun,
And the Star-Spangled Banner increasingly wave
O'er his last lone asylum,—our Washington's grave.

Let us cling to the Union, our anchor and rock,
Let us cling to our standard whatever betide us;
If tempests beat o'er us we'll weather the shock
For our pulses leap high with our banner beside us.
From the East, from the West, from the South, from the North,
Let the friends of the Union come gallantly forth,
And the "Star spangled Banner" shall yet proudly wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A HUNT ON THE HIGHWAY.

From the Journal of a Police Officer.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm-houses were robbed; shops were robbed; the tills of the bars at the wayside inns were robbed; and people had their pockets picked.—All this happened in the region of country between Sidney and Lowstone—not a field of vast extent—and yet the robber, or robbers, could not be found. Officers had searched in every direction, and several suspicious-looking individuals had been apprehended; but the real culprit still remained at large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man had his pocket picked of five hundred pounds, while riding in the stage-coach—for my narrative dates back to the old coaching days. The money had been carried in his breast-pocket, and he knew it was stolen from him while he was enjoying a bit of doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several days, and was not fit to go out now; but as this matter was becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm flanael, and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly "posted up." A ride of five miles in my own trap brought me to Sidney, and thence I meant to take coach to Lowstone, where Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest of my men, lived. Stickney had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at half-past five in the morning, and the coach left at six. Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information touching the various robberies that had been committed. He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed in his stage, though he declared that he couldn't see into it, for he had not the most remote idea, even, of who the robber could be.

We reached Bonnville at noon, where we stopped to dine, and when we left this place I was the only passenger. At the distance of twelve miles, at a little village called Cawthorne we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got up. I had been occupying the forward seat, as that happened to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity for lying down; and when the new-comer entered he took the back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall in stature; but so completely bundled up was he in shawls and mufflers, that his real size was not easily determined. He was very pale, and coughed badly; and I at once made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than I was. After we had got fairly on our way I remarked to him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes; and when he seemed to have determined what manner of man I was, he said—

"I have something worse than a cold, sir."—He broke into a fit of coughing, which lasted a minute or so, and then added—"It won't be a great while before I shall take my last ride."

"You are consumptive," I suggested.

"Almost gone with it," he replied. Again he was seized with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from it, he continued—"The disease is eating me up and shaking me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started on a tour for his health, but that he had given it up, and was now on his way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as possible. Another paroxysm seized him at this point, and he intimated that he was unable to converse, as the effort brought on his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind to trouble him no more, even before he gave me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his neck and face, and having secured an easy posture, he closed his eyes, and I was not long in following his example. Towards the middle of the afternoon the coach stopped at a small village, where we changed horses again, and where four passengers got up. This broke up the arrangement of my friend and self for rest, as he had to take one of the strangers upon his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two occupying the middle seat. The new-comers soon broached the subject of the robberies which had been committed in that region, and I listened to gain information, if possible; but they knew no more than everybody else knew. They had heard all about it, and were inflated with wonder.

One—an old farmer—asked me if I knew anything of the robber. I told him I knew but little of the affair in any way, having been sick, and unable to be out among folks. Then he asked my consumptive friend if he knew anything about it. The latter raised his head from its reclining position, and was on the point of answering, when we heard our driver, in quick, abrupt tones, ordering some one to get out of the road. I instinctively put my head out at the window to see what the trouble was, and my eye was just quick enough to detect a load of fagots in time to dodge back and avoid them. The road was quite narrow at this point, and as the fagots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the driver wholly to avoid them, and the side of the coach was swept by them quite smartly.—I escaped without being touched, but not so my friend. I heard an exclamation—I thought rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking towards him I saw that one of the fagots had struck him over the left eye, making quite a mark upon the pale skin.

"These fellows ought to be taken up for loading their fagots out so," said another of the passengers. "It'll do very well to load hay out wide, for that won't hurt nobody if it does hit 'em; but fagots is different."

This turned the conversation from the subject of the robberies, and it was not alluded to again during the day.

We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once to the residence of Mr. Stickney, whom I found at home. He had been out all day, and had made all sorts of efforts to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were being committed, but without effect.

"I can learn nothing," he said, "upon which to hang a suspicion. Two shops have been robbed in this place, but not a clue can I gain to the perpetrators. They must be old birds."

"Have you seen Gamblit?" I asked. Gamblit was the officer at Orton, a town twelve miles distant.

"Not lately," replied Stickney.

"He has been at work?" I suggested.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

"Then," said I, "we will go over in the morning to Orton, and with Gamblit in company we may be able to perfect some arrangement for pursuing this investigation to better advantage."

This met the views of my host, and so we left the matter for the evening. On the following morning we were up early, and as the coach would take us directly to Gamblit's house, we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a seasonable hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached the inn we found the old farmer, who had been one of my fellow-passengers on the night before, stepping about the doorway in a high state of excitement. He had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and he was sure it must have been done in the stage-coach, for he had slept with his pocket-book under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when he retired, but he had found it empty that morning when he got up. He said the wallet had been taken from his pocket and put back again—he knew it. As soon as he saw me he was anxious that I should be searched. I allowed him to perform the operation, and then I told him who I was, and informed him of my business.

"But," said I, "where is the pale, consumptive man, who came in with us?"

"He went away last night," answered the landlord, who stood near.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been robbed in the stage-coach, and of this he succeeded in convincing me. After this my suspicions rested upon the consumptive man, and I believed, if I could find him, I should find a rogue. Should we go to Orton, or remain where we were? Stickney said, go to Orton first—get Gamblit—and then make up a programme for action. So I bade the landlord to keep a sharp look-out; and also spoke to the driver who had brought me from Sidney, and who was now on the point of returning; requesting him, if he saw anything of the pale man, to see that he was secured. The suspicious individual had only remained at the inn a few minutes on the previous evening, and had then gone away in a gig, which had come for him; but no one could tell what direction he had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the door, and Stickney and myself took our seats inside, the farmer having determined to remain where he was until he heard something about his money. There were two other passengers inside, and two or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some direction concerning her baggage, she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and teeth that gleamed in their pure whiteness like pearls. Her hair hung in glossy brown ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and was a type of beauty in itself. I looked at the rosy cheeks again—and into her dark lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed upon this latter point when she caught my glance, and quickley dropped her veil. At first I felt a little ashamed at having been caught in so rude an act as that of staring at her so boldly; but as the face was hidden from sight, and I had opportunity for reflection, it struck me that I had seen these features before.

Here was a study for me, and I was buried in it at once. Where had I seen that face?—Was it possible that I had ever known that woman—one so lovely—and had now forgotten her? I thought over all the intimate friends of my wife; but she was not to be found there. Then I thought over all the pretty girls I had known before I was married; but when I had called them all by name I remembered that the girl before me must have been a mere child when I was a single man. It was annoying—it made me provoked with myself—to think that I could not call this piece of female beauty to mind. I whispered to Stickney, and asked him if he had ever seen her before. He said he had not, and joked me for being so curious about a pretty face.

We stopped at a place called "Turner's Mills," in the edge of Orton, to exchange mails, and here I jumped out to see the postmaster, who was an old friend of mine; and as I was returning to the coach, the thought struck me to go and look at the trunk which had been last put on, and see if any name was on it. It was marked with the simple initials—"A. M." So that was all I gained from that source. As I came to the coach door I approached it from behind, and as I cast my eyes up I found that the beauty had her veil raised, and was looking in at the post office, as though anxious for the mail to come, that we might be off. The expression of anxiety detracted somewhat from her beauty, and as I looked upon her now, seeing her face in a different light, I was struck with a sort of snake-like cast which was perceptible in the whole character of her features. I was upon the point of withdrawing my gaze, lest she should catch me a second time, when a slight motion of her head rolled the curls over her temple, and I saw a faint line, something like a vein, over her left eye. It was a mark—a livid scratch—where something had struck her. It might have been the stroke of a whip. But—no; I quickley glided back behind the coach, and there I reflected. Such a mark as that *could* be made by a whip, but I was sure that THAT mark *had been made by a fagot!*

When I returned to my seat in the coach the fair passenger's veil was down again. Could it be possible that my suspicions were correct, and that chance had thus thrown in my way a solution of the problem which had vexed my deputies so much? Yes, I was sure of it; and the more I compared the two faces in my mind, the more I saw the resemblance. Either these cheeks were painted red to day or they had been painted white yesterday. The eyes were the same—the contour the same—and that brow, with its telltale mark, not to be mistaken.

"What's the matter?" asked Stickney.

"I feel chilly," I replied. "I'm afraid I've caught more cold."

"Never mind. Here we are; a dose of something warm will help you."

As Stickney spoke, we stopped at the door of the inn at Orton. The driver announced that they would stop there fifteen or twenty minutes, to exchange horses and wait for the mail, and also informed the passengers that they would find plenty of accommodation in the house, if they chose to go in.

"Will you step in, ma'am?" he added, to my beauty.

She said she would; and he helped her out, and conducted her to a private sitting-room.

"Stickney," said I, "I'm going to find out who that woman is."

"Nonsense!" said he.

"I think I've got the scent."

"Eh!"

"I rode with her yesterday."

"With her?"

"It was a man then!

"She ——"

"Don't waste time in talking, but do you stand here by the door, and pop in the moment you hear anything to warrant it."

I left my deputy in a state of wonderment, and entered the sitting room. The beauty was sitting by a window, gazing out between the blinds. She started up as I entered, and let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room, sir," she said. Her voice trembled and sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I returned; "but that does not exclude those who have business. I come on purpose to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and then she appeared as calm as could be.

"What are you?" she asked.

"I am an officer of Bow street," I replied.

"And what do you want with me?"

"I want to know who you are."

"Stop—one moment," she said; and as she spoke she carried her hand beneath her cloak.—It was quickly withdrawn, and in it was a pistol, but she had grasped a portion of her dress with it, and before she could clear it, I had sprung upon her and seized her by the arms. But it was a *her* no longer. There was more muscle in that slight body than I had bargained for.—However, my man "popped" in the moment he heard the scuffle, and the beauty was soon secured. The glossy brown tresses fell off during the scuffle, and some of the paint was removed from the cheeks.

As soon as the prisoner was secured I had his trunk taken off and brought in, and upon overhauling its contents we found disguises of all sorts, and quite a sum of money, besides watches and jewelry of much value. I made him assume a proper male attire, and when he stood forth, in *propria persona*, I found that he had not only used red paint for the blushing beauty of to-day, but that he had applied a more cadaverous coloring matter for the consumptive individual of yesterday. As he stood now, he was a little-built, intelligent looking youth, of not more than five-and-twenty; but with a cold-blooded expression upon his marble face, and an evil look in his dark eyes.

We carried him back to Lowstone, where we found the money of the old farmer upon him, besides other money which had been lost by different individuals. At first he told strange stories of himself, but finally, when he knew that the worst must come, he confessed the whole. He was from London, and had come into the country on purpose to rob. He had had two confederates with him, who had helped him from place to place. One of them had taken him away from the inn on the night before, and the other had brought him and set him down at the farmer's garden gate that morning. We made search for these confederates, but they had got wind of their principal's arrest, and were not to be found.

However, we had got the chief sinner, and broken up the game. After he had been found guilty, and sentenced, he seemed to enjoy himself hugely in telling how he had deceived the good people of our county. Now he would turn himself again into the old woman, who had given the driver so much trouble about her band-box. Then he would be again the meek-browed minister, who had distributed tracts to the passengers, and picked their pockets while they read. Then he would draw himself up into the little hump-backed old man, who had been lifted into and out of the coach, and robbed his helpers while they fixed his crutches for him. It was funny—very—and perhaps we might never have caught him but for the accident of the fagots.—That was not so funny for him; and I doubt if he found much fun in working at our hard stone—hammering, hammering—early and late—with an inexorable master over him to spur him up when he lagged.

"My dear you use too much butter on your bread," said a lady who had married late in life to her husband; "they will not make butter for less than twenty-five cents a pound now-a-days." "I do not know what they make it for," answered he, "but I buy it to eat upon my bread."

Paper for the roughs—Sand paper.

Items of Interest.

The following are important items left over from last week's clippings:

THE MARYLAND EXEMPTION LAW.

The following is a true copy of the exemption law just passed, which goes into effect on the first of June:

An Act to amend the Eighty-third Article of the Code of Public General Laws, by exempting a certain amount of property from execution.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That one hundred dollars' worth of property of each defendant therein shall be exempt from execution issued on any judgment in any civil proceeding whatever, except on judgments for breach of promise to marry or seduction.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That each defendant in any such execution may select property, real or personal, to the value of one hundred dollars, to be ascertained by three disinterested appraisers to be summoned and sworn by the officer at the time of levying the execution, and the appraisment signed by the appraisers shall be returned with the writ.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted*, That if any property of any defendants, whether real or personal, cannot be divided so as to set apart a portion of it, of the value of one hundred dollars, without loss and injury to all parties concerned, then the whole shall be sold, and the defendant whose property is so sold shall have one hundred dollars of the proceeds in money, and whether the property can be divided without loss shall be determined by the appraisers; this section only to apply to cases where a single parcel of land or single article of personal property is levied on, and in all such cases the officer shall not sell unless the property offered shall bring more than one hundred dollars.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted*, That all wearing apparel, books and tools of mechanics shall be exempt from execution in addition to the property herein before exempted; but this shall not apply to any books or tools for sale.

SEC. 5. *And be it enacted*, That the preceding sections relating to exemption shall not impair the lien of any vendor for the purchase money of land, nor of any mortgage, nor of any mechanic or other persons, for any debt contracted for or in aid of the erection of any building, nor from any lien thereon for tax.

SEC. 6. *And be it enacted*, That the exemption herein shall not apply to any execution on a judgment rendered on any contract, or to any liability which now exists or may exist when this act shall take effect.

Mr. Wallis—member of the House of Delegates from Baltimore, who was made chairman of committee on Federal relations, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were passed by the House on Friday last:

Whereas, In the judgment of the General Assembly of Maryland, the war now waged by the government of the United States upon the people of the Confederate States is unconstitutional in its origin, purpose and conduct, repugnant to civilization and sound policy, subversive of the free principles upon which the federal Union was founded, and certain to result in the hopeless and bloody overthrowing of our existing institutions; and

Whereas the people of Maryland, while recognizing the obligation of their State, as a member of the Union, to submit in good faith to the exercise of all the loyal and constitutional powers of the general government, and to join as one man in fighting its authorized battles, do reverence, nevertheless, the great American principle of self government, and sympathize deeply with their southern brethren in their noble and manly determination to uphold and defend the same; and

Whereas, not merely on their own accounts and to turn away from their own soil the calamities of civil war, but for the blessed sake of humanity, and to avoid the wanton sheding of fraternal blood in a miserable contest which can bring nothing with it but sorrow, shame and desolation, the people of Maryland are enlisted with their whole hearts upon the side of reconciliation and peace; now therefore it is hereby

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the State of Maryland owes it to her own self respect and her respect for the constitution, not less than to her deepest and most honorable sympathies, to register this her solemn protest against the war which the federal government has declared upon the Confederate States of the South, and our sister and neighbor Virginia, and to announce her resolute determination to have no part or lot, directly or indirectly, in its prosecution.

Resolved, That the State of Maryland earnestly and anxiously desires the restoration of peace between the belligerent sections of the country, and the President, authorities and people of the Confederate States. Having over and over again, officially and unofficially declared that they seek only peace and self-defense, and to be let alone, and that they are willing to throw down the sword the instant that the sword now drawn against them shall be sheathed, the Senators and Delegates of Maryland do earnestly beseech and implore the President of the United States to accept the olive branch which is thus held out to him, and in the name of God and humanity to cease the unholy and most wretched and unprofitable strife at least until the assembling of Congress at Washington shall have given time for the prevalence of cooler and better counsel.

Resolved, That the State of Maryland desires the peaceful and immediate recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and hereby gives her cordial assent thereunto as a member of the Union, entertaining the profound conviction that the willing return of the Southern people to their former federal relations is a thing beyond hope, and that the attempt to coerce them will only add slaughter and hate to impossibility.

Resolved, That the present military occupation of Maryland being for purposes, in the opinion of this Legislature, in flagrant violation of the Constitution, the General Assembly of the State, in the name of her people, does hereby protest against the same, and against the oppressive restrictions and illegalities with which it is attended, calling upon all good citizens at the same time, in the most earnest and authoritative manner, to abstain from all violent and unlawful interference of every sort with the troops in transit through our territory or quartered among us, and patiently and peacefully to leave to time and reason the ultimate and certain re-establishment and vindication of the right.

Resolved, That under existing circumstances it is inexpedient to call a Sovereign Convention of the State at this time, or to take any measures for the immediate organization or arming of the militia.

Resolved, That when the Legislature adjourn it adjourn to meet at ———, on the ——— day of next ———.

Mr. Ford moved that the report be accepted and ten thousand copies ordered to be printed, which was adopted by ayes 49.

Nays—Messrs. Medders, Lawson, Keene, Landing, Straughn, Wilson of Harford, Bayless, McCoy, Fiery, McCleary and Gorsuch—11.

Mr. Scott moved to suspend the rules to put the resolutions on their passage.

Messrs. Fiery and McCleary desired time to discuss the resolutions.

Mr. Long said he could not adopt the sentiments of the report without ignoring the principles of his whole life. He would not subscribe to the declaration that the reconstruction of the of the Union was hopeless.

The report of Mr. Wallis was discussed at considerable length, as also the constitutionality of the war policy of Mr. Lincoln, and of the several measures inaugurated by his several proclamations.

Mr. Fiery, the newly elected member from Washington county, who took his seat on the 7th inst., at his election in that county, a short time since, received upon a distinct Union platform 3,952 out of a total poll of 4,081 votes.

NORTH CAROLINA.—A letter received in Boston from a lady in Wilmington, N. C., gives a melancholy view of affairs. She said the people did not fear war as much as they did famine. Salt pork was selling at twenty-five cents a pound, and butter at 50 cents, and other articles of food in proportion.

Since the action of the Criminal Court in Baltimore, in relation to the parties who attacked the Massachusetts Volunteers on the 19th ult., some of the participants have left the city, under fear of arrest and trial, whilst others are being arrested.

NOT SO.—We have the best authority for saying that there is no truth in the statement going the rounds of the papers, that Rev. Henry A. Wise was forced to leave the pulpit in Philadelphia a few days since, in consequence of having, during Divine service, omitted the prayer for the President. The reverend gentleman is now in this city, on a visit to his relatives and friends.—*Richmond Whig.*

NORTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.—The last number of the Morgantown (Va.) Star, published in Mongalia county, comes to us filled with the reports of meetings held in Northwestern Virginia for the purpose of protesting against the policy of secession, and, in the event of its occurrence, advocating a separation of Western from Eastern Virginia. It is now apparent that this movement is taking serious proportions.

THE UNION VOTE OF LOUISVILLE.—The Louisville Journal says:

Secession in Kentucky received a staggering blow on the 4th, and Louisville covered herself with imperishable honor. There were 8,112 votes cast for the Union delegate ticket, when the aggregate vote of the city at the Presidential election was only 7,153. The largest vote ever cast before in Louisville was in the Gubernatorial race between Magoffin and Bell, the aggregate of which was 7,615. So that when Louisville gave 8,113 votes for the Union ticket, she exceeded by four hundred and sixty votes the largest aggregate vote ever before polled. Of the 7,153 votes for President, Breckinridge received but 860, and many of the latter doubtless voted the Crittenden-Guthrie ticket on Saturday, so that the Secessionists proper do not constitute a corporal's guard. If their ticket had not been so judiciously withdrawn, we do not believe it would have averaged more than two or three votes in any precinct of the city.

The Governor has appointed Dr. D. Claude, of Annapolis, for many years State Treasurer, as State Comptroller, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Wm. H. Purnell, Esq. The nomination is subject to confirmation or rejection by the Senate.

Associate Justice Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, has resigned. He does not approve of secession, but considers himself bound to obey the action of Alabama.

In Illinois corn is at 20 cts. per bushel; wheat at $1.20; oats at 12 cents; potatoes 40; bacon 10 and 12 cts. per lb.; eggs 6 cts. per dozen; chickens $1.50 per dozen; hay $8 per ton; wood $1.50 per cord, &c.

The Cairo correspondent of the Journal says that the main points of the conversation between General Buckner, Senator Johnson, of Kentucky, and Col. Prentiss, consist in additional guarantees on the part of Kentucky was determined to maintain a neutral position; that she would not allow Confederate troops to cross her soil to invade Northern States, nor countenance the organization of any portion of her citizens for the purpose. In return, she requires a guarantee on the part of the authorities of Illinois that the territory of Kentucky should suffer no invading from Illinois troops. The representatives of Kentucky protested against the blockade of the river at this point, claiming that the jurisdiction of Kentucky extended to the Illinois shore. Nothing but munitions of war under the present *state* will be interfered with.

An Editor in a New Suit.

"CLARK," editor of the Kendall (Tenn.) *Clarion*, gets off the following:

DISGUISED.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could feel more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long thought we had been swapped off.

We went to the house and seared the baby almost to death; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked if he wished to see him particular; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we did not think he'd be in; business man left.

We started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other "What handsome stranger is that? In our dilemma, we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife who is now as proud of us as can be.

The next time we get a new suit of clothes we shall let our wife know it beforehand.

"TAKE ONE FROM ONE, AND SOMETHING REMAINS."—A sub committee of a school board not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following questions:

"If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half of the pie for myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow.—The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. That boy was excused from answering any more questions.

Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk pathetically about the lost arts.

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