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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861. No. 32.

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.

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The following should have appeared last week, but owing to the crowded state of our columns, were laid over to the present:

STAR CHIPS.—In speaking of Mr. Valliant's card of the 15th, the Star says:

"If he had offered the Collectorship to let, instead of his post office, it is quite likely that some of his Republican friends hereabouts, who applied for, but didn't get the Easton Post Office, might have been induced to settle for a season in the beautiful and healthy city of Oxford."

No doubt of it. The writer of the longest petition that went "*To the Hon. Molgomery Blair*," from these "diggins," has been remarkably fond of both "Turkey" and "Squirrel" for a number of years.

The Star says the Union men "humbugged the people in February last."

As much as they were said to be humbugged on that occasion, the Secessionists determined to excell on the 4th inst.

"She (the county) did not like the material of the leaders in the February revolution. They were too Northern in their sentiments and not enough identified with the soil."

Was an *arm* of the North more closely hugged *then* by Union men, than it was on the Sunday that the "sojers" were here?

"Some came here only for bread and will leave whenever they can do better."

Who, except a *drone*, wouldn't go where he can get *meat* too?

"Others stay here because they can live no where else."

Had the Secessionists full control of the State all such might readily say, "Man hath *not* where to lay his head."

"Others again have been sighing for the fleshpots of office for years, and only want the county for their *selfish* purposes."

How thankful we ought to be. The editor of the Star is so *generous* that he wants to keep all "*selfishness*," within the circle of his own party.

"By the 1st of January, 1862, the national debt will probably be about $300,000,000! We think this is paying pretty dear for the privilege of having an Abolition President to rule over us, to trample down the Constitution and the laws, involve the country in civil war, and render the separation of the States perpetual. What does our neighbor of the *Gazette* think of it?"

The Gazette thinks that had not the Star's party executed their *rule* or *ruin* principle there neither would have been an "Abolition President" nor a debt of $300,000,000. The Democratic party drove from it every Northern member, broke up the Charleston Convention and defeated both Mr. Bell and Mr. Douglas in order to have Lincoln elected to have a pretext for breaking up the government. As for the National debt, let it be what it may, secession gave it birth, and continues to nourish it by rebelling against the government. The Star has a particular fondness for running up *at mast head* the expenses of the Federal Government but invariably fails to mention the cost of the Rebellious army. Now add the cost of the two armies together, with the great destruction of property throughout the country, and then let the editor of the Star ask himself whether or not he thinks *experimenting* in Secession is profitable to the country or any part of it.

For the Easton Gazette.

MR. EDITOR:—The Star of June 25th, as you recollect, had a lengthy communication over the signature of "Confederate." The minute historical details of certain things therein noticed, no doubt edified and instructed its readers, while the attempts at wit and sarcasm may have afforded some little amusement to the low and vulgar.

The attack of "Confederate" upon the citizens of St. Michaels is wanton and unprovoked.—Who could have made such an attack upon the pious living, and slandered the virtuous dead as he has done without having some pent up feeling of hatred and revenge? Who could with so much accuracy give the names of persons, places, localities and incidents connected with the town of St. Michaels unless it be one intimately acquainted with its past history?

The "Masked Battery" behind which "Confederate" sends forth his venimous, *unprovoked* and slanderous assault, is not sufficient to screne or defend the author; he may be assured that his identity is strongly suspected, if not fully known; and that in him we recognize the old *defender*, friend and supporter of the late Doctor Syntax, in St. Michaels, that was a nuisance to all good men about the period of which he writes, but of which he failed to give an account.

We would remind "Confederate" that all the people who lived in St. Michaels in the days of "John Dorgan, Thomas Hanna, Peter Gossage and Garretson West," (men who lived and died above suspicion, and were honored and respected for their moral worth,) are not yet dead, neither have they forgotten some other incidents connected with St. Michaels and some of her citizens of former years; and as "Confederate" is so well acquainted hereabouts and is a good writer, we would respectfully suggest lest it may be forgotten or unknown to the rising generation, that he give us another article upon St. Michaels, with its past and present inhabitants, in which shall be given an accurate detail of certain *Drum, Bell and Beef Cattle* transactions.

We make this request not because we wish to impose upon the valuable time of "Confederate," but because many persons here believe that no one is so well acquainted with all the secrets and misteries of those transactions as he. True some light was shadowed forth upon them in 1845, by a handbill from the Commissioners of St. Michaels, but it is strongly suspected that "Confederate" could, if he would, give all the *particulars* on the subjects above alluded to.

We leave "Confederate" to his own reflections, solemnly avering that his attack upon the people of St. Michaels was unprovoked, and unjust, that as a people we are loyal to the State and general government, and encroach upon no man's rights.

"KING-CRAB."

St. Michaels, July 2, 1861.

Oxford, June 26, 1861.

ED. GAZETTE: Dear Sir—I thought when I had stated some reasons why the Collector of the Port of Oxford is yet post-master of said city, I would not again be led to notice any thing that might appear in the columns of the Star. But, contrary both to my wish and expectation, I find the Star under the head "an office to let," sets me forth as oppressed with the weights and cares incident to sustaining the whole Federal patronage of the city of Oxford, and that he (the editor of the Star) really pities me in my distress. I could name some of his political friends that has more need of his sympathy—whose distress is much greater. But at this time I simply mean to set forth some of his comparisons, (and will wait until he makes a politician out of me, (which I detest) before I can tread with impunity on the corns of my friends,) which comparisons I do not design particularly for your readers, for I honesly believe that a large majority of them have sufficient intelligence and discernment to see the difference between the man that went a gunning with the Indian and the present incumbent as collector of the port of Oxford, and post-master of said city. But as the patrons of the Star who consider it (a few honorable exceptions) both gospel and history may refer to your columns to see whether I have a shadow of defence, I will try to make it more palpable. The *squirrel* and the *turkey* were the joint property of the man and the Indian, each entitled to an equal share. The collector's office and post office are both held (with indisputed right, save the Star in his desire to enforce the laws) by the same man, or Indian, as the Star may see fit. Now where is the comparison (will the Star please shine more clear) I cannot see it. Now, Sir, let the Star call forth the man or Indian, who has an equal right to both Turkey (Collector's office) and Squirrel, (post office) and let him exclaim (as doth the Star) "he never said Turkey no time" then, and not until then, will I be able to see any comparison, or be prepared to admit its application. I am not so much oppressed with the weight, cares, &c., of office as the Star would make it appear. But as it seems anxious that the laws should be enforced, let the Star call on the government (against which, in sentiment, it has long since rebelled,) to enforce them, I could call the attention of the Star to some facts concerning the Easton Post Office, but as they are generally known, and might lead me beyond my present bound, will defer it. But do not suppose the Star would be much more dim by the use of the post office grease, did it not so particularly show itself to the confusion of Southern Rights. Now, sir, comes the Oxford ferry, another Federal office (as taught by the Star) as believed by Mr. Cook. When I received my appointment as Collector of Oxford, Mr. Cook came to me and said that I could not hold the Collectors office and be keeper of the Oxford Ferry at the same time. That he would take the ferry to himself, and thus relieve me (as the Star is pleased to state) of part of my troubles. Now Sir, I do not willingly say any thing about Mr. Cook, as the Star has already observed he is a poor man. Nor would I rob him of his good name, but will simply refer the Star to its own *consistency* without (at this time) dealing with the character of its friend Cook, I would ask the Star "where are the two turkeys and the squirrel that he proposes to divide, and between whom also what claim Mr. Cook has upon either the Collector's, or post office, or would the sun advocate the rule in the Southern Right sentiment of its friends "claiming an equal division of all the turkeys and a toss up for the squirrel belonging to the Federal Government," to which by acts of disobedience they have lost all claim, and who are still too proud to confess their sins, and seek forgiveness by a speedy repentance.—Excuse me Dear Sir, for tresspassing so long upon your time, I am continually running beyond my proposed bound.

"Mr. Valiant having applied for, and obtained of Mr. Lincoln the Collestorship of the port of Oxford, we call on him to fulfill his promise to Mr. Cook, and resign to him his partnership in in the ferry," so says the Star. Now sir, do you not think that I made a strange promise to Mr. Cook in 1858 (when we were appointed joint keapers of the Oxford ferry) that if Mr. Lincoln should be nominaten and elected president of the United States in 1860 and be permitted to take his seat on the fourth day of March, 1861, (by a party made desperate by the loss of power, who cries aloud Peace, Peace, Peace, while it wages war upon the government) and I should apply for, and obtain the appointment, as Collector of the port of Oxford, that I would resign to him (Mr. Cook) my partnership in the ferry? But so says the Star, "Cook is a poor and deserving man, and is honestly entitled to it under the terms of partnership," says the Star.—Now Sir, permit me to enquire of the Star what are the terms of partnership, that entitles one partner to the whole proceeds of the firm, (or when one of the firm may engage in a separate business, or have an appointment to a separate and distinct office, or if the Star likes it better, may obtain a whole turkey from some other source,) that destroys his legitimate claim as partner of said firm, and gives to his partner who was hitherto entitled to one half, the whole property (Turkey) of the firm, for so says the Star. Mr. Cook has applied for, and obtained the turkey, of which I was equal owner, and we have agreed upon terms for the dressing (of which I was sole owner,) I do again extend the offer of the squirrel to the Star, and his friend Gallup, would ask the Star in case it does not conclude to take the squirrel, at least to come down and chain the "critter" before leaving it in his charge.

Respectfully, &c.,

WM. H. VALLIANT.

Resignations from the Naval Service, and Southerners Remaining.

The *National Intelligencer* gives a list of all the resignations in the naval and marine service of the United States up to the present time, with the entire number of officers in the service, and the number from the Southern States still remaining in the service, from which we make the following summary:

	Whole number.	Southr's resigned.	Southr's remain'g.
Captains,	93	16	22
Commanders	127	34	30
Lieutenants,	351	76	75
Surgeons,	60	11	20
Passed Assistant Surgeons,	43	10	11
Assist. Surgeon,	36	7	11
Paymasters,	61	10	17
Chaplains,	24	1	5
Prof. Mathematics,	12	1	6
Masters,	45	6	10
Midshipmen,	55	5	15
Act. Midshipmen,	267	106	22
Gunners,	47	2	9
Carpenters,	45	1	19
Sailmakers,	40	3	11
MARINE CORPS.			
Captains,	18	3	3
1st. Lieutenants,	20	6	4
2d. Lieutenants,	20	5	7
Chief Engineers,	28	4	4
1st. Assistants,	43	6	17
2d, Assistants,	23	1	9
3d. Assistants,	92	7	23
	1563	321	340

From the above it will be seen that one-third of the resignations are those of Acting Midshipmen, who have never seen service, and who are principally from the naval school.

A MORAL AND MUSICAL CROWD.—An Erie paper states that a company of volunteers numbers in its ranks four preachers and thirty-six fiddlers!

The southern papers lament the great want of salt, printing paper, lead, and leather.

Smile and be Contented.

The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure;
And what with want, and care, and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure.
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily, if we will
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No! steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope,
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth, are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow,
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented,
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be content.

Dialogue on Rights.

Secessionist.—What is to be gained by fighting? What does Lincoln want to fight for? Why can't things be settled as well before fighting as afterwards?

Unionist.—How do you know de *does* want to fight?

S.—Why, what else is he gathering such an enormous army for?

U.—Does Jeff. Davis want to fight?

S.—No, he wants "to be let alone."

U.—But what is *he* raising such an army for?

S.—Only to maintain Southern rights against fanaticism and Black Republican coercion.

U.—I suppose, then, the Government is raising an army to sustain the rights of the South against secessionism and the coercion of mobs and demagogues?

S.—What! do you mean to say secessionism is coercion? Don't it maintain the rights of the South?

U.—What rights?

S.—What rights! Do you, as a Southern man, ask *what rights?*

U.—I do ask what rights or advantages *secessionism*, as inaugurated and prosecuted by Yancey, Rhett, Keitt, Davis & Co., have secured or can secure for the South?

S.—Why—why—why you certainly know, as well as anybody, that it is contending for our rights that occasions all this trouble.

U.—I know that Secessionists have this pretext for making what might have been the most prosperous year of our national history the most disastrous. And though my Southern prejudices were at first, fired with the idea of standing up for our rights, since I have watched the doings of secession leaders and their fruits I have perceived their outcry for Southern rights is only to gull the people as the old Secessionist in the garden trapped Adam and Eve with the pretence of gaining their rights.

S.—But you know the Black Republicans are opposed to Southern rights.

U.—I never was and never will be a Black Republican. But if the Secessionists are the friends of Southern rights, may Heaven "deliver us from our friends!" If it is "Southern rights" for arbitrary demagogues to sever a State from her interests in one of the most honored, powerful, enlightened and prosperous nations on the globe, and, *without first allowing the people to decide for themselves at the polls*, to *coerce* them into identity with such a concern as the Southern Confederacy, vainly begging a national recognition; if its "Southern" rights to have to pay *export* duties, to be charged *tripple* rates of postage, to have taxes increased sevenfold, to be forced to fight against your principles to have credit demoralized by repudiation, to be at once involved in inextricable State and National bankruptcy, to have the authority of the General Government to recapture fugitive slaves taken away, I say, if these are "Southern rights," I'd rather hold on to the old Constitution and Government, even if administered for four years by the Republicon party. While I retain my senses I've no notion of submitting to a remedy a great deal worse than the disease. I'd rather bear a few strokes from the wing of an American eagle than to be hugged to death by a secession bear.

S.—But I never could be a submissionist.

U.—Nor I, and therefore it mortifies me so that the noble State of Virginia, or at least the Eastern part of it, did finally *submit* to being dragooned or lampooned, under the lead of petty and arogant little South Carolina, who, at the Charleston Convention, snubbed the Commissioners sent by Virginia (to dissuade from precipitancy,) in refusing them seats in deliberation and rejecting their counsel.

S.—But we must keep the right side of the South, or we'll lose her trade.

U.—If we should, I *prefer honor to gain*. But the cost of their war will be greater than the profit of their trade. And after matters are settled, either way, Southern dealers will have as strong sympathies with their interest as ever, and will go where the market suits them best, whether at Baltimore, New York or Boston.

S.—I reckon so; still I detest Northern interference and insults. I must go for the South.

U.—And so do I. But I'm not going to take Northern insult so much to heart as to be induced to commit national suicide. I'm not as weak as that. I love the Stars and Stripes of our fathers more than I mind the slurs of their boys.—And I love the South too well to help them to ruin themselves, and secession is the greatest evil they have ever suffered, be the matter settled as it will.

S.—But they won't yield; every man of them will die first!

U.—That will be all the worse; but don't you believe they are all such fools. That would give the whole country to the Northerners. They are now excited—when they get time to deliberate they'll see they can sustain their rights better in the Union than out; they'll put down the secession leaders, and rally for freedom. And when the storm is past, peace and union will be sweet and undisturbed.

A RAILROAD WAGGER.—Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said, in a loud tone:

"Why, this car isn't going."

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned.

"You said this car wasn't going!"

"Well, it wasn't going then; but it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little—but Waggs came near getting a good thrashing.

The Baltimore Secessionists have been well provided for by Massachusetts. She first sent them the best of Butlers, and now tenders the aid of her banks.

A Soldier's Emotion in Battle.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in "Howe's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions.—Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose; to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us, and, as he gazed, he said: "*The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!*" The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands! How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with HONOR: these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hour's fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and phisical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Reader did you ever see your house on fire? if so, it was then you rushed into great danger; it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed; yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so prostrated with fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, slink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would not fight; others allowing that they would and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right-wing when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crushing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron; Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eighteen pounders, and when the first was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the Lieutenant said to his men. When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Too high, men; try another!"—"too low, men; try again—the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots.—"That's it, my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have the range—keep at that;" and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment.—In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as clean as with a knife. The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a great portion of the flesh of his thighs; its force was tremendous, cutting both his pistols at the locks, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivoucked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than men.

American Affairs in Parliament.

In the House of Commons, on the 7th, Mr. Liddell asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the proposal made by her Majesty's Government to the United States and the so called Confederate States of America, to interdict the armed ships and also the privateers of both parties from carrying prizes made by them into the ports of the United Kingdom, or of any of her Majesty's Colonies or possessions abroad, is or is not at variance with former practice; and also whether it were true that the Government of the United States had agreed to acts toward the ships of this country on the principles laid down in the declaration of Paris?

Lord John Russell—With regard to the last question of the honorable gentleman, that forms a part of the subject which the honorable member for Galway has intimated his intention of bringing forward to night, and it is, therefore, better that I should defer any remarks upon it.—[Hear, here.] We have made no proposal to the Government of the United States or to the Confederated States with regard to bringing in prizes to any of her Majesty's ports; what we have done is to give orders to the authorities in the ports of the United Kingdom and to her Majesty's Governors in the Colonies to interdict the entrance of ships-of-war or privateers with prizes into any of our ports. [Hear, hear.] With regard to the usage, it is hard to say what the usage has been, because there is hardly any instance of a considerable maritime war being carried on in which many prizes were made where this country has been neutral. There is no doubt, according to the opinion of the Queen's advocate, supported by the authorities on the law of nations, that every Power has a right to interdict the entrance of prizes into their ports. Mr. Wheaton, in his well-known treatise, lays it down that it is entirely within the discretion of any Power so to interdict the entrance of ships-of-war or privateers with prizes. [Hear, hear.]

Col. W. Patten said that before the order of the day for going into Committee of Supply, he wished to make an appeal to the honorable member from Galway [hear, hear,] and to ask him whether it was absolutely necessary that he should proceed with the motion of which he had given notice? [Hear, hear.] He believed he was speaking the opinion of a great number of persons who were well acquainted with everything which related to the United States of America, and who were deeply interested in our maintaining friendly relations with those States, when he said that it would be very inexpedient at the present moment to enter upon such a discussion. [Cheers.]

Mr. Gregory said, in answer to the question of the honorable member, he could assure the House that he was the last man who would willingly involve the country in any embarrassment, or take any course which would in any degree be prejudicial to the maintenance of friendly feelings with America. He thought it only fair that one section of the States should have an opportunity of justifying the course which they had taken; and the only object which he had in view in bringing forward the subject was to endeavor, if possible, to give a perfectly impartial statement of the differences which existed between the two sections in that country. [Hear, hear.] Although they had heard only one portion of the question, although the information which had been published came almost exclusively from Northern sources, and although he was almost pledged to persevere in his motion, yet, seeing that there was such a strong feeling in the House on the subject, he was unwilling to do anything which could in the slightest degree aggravate or embitter the dispute. [Cheers.] He would not put himself in opposition to the wishes of the House, so generally expressed, and therefore he would postpone the motion to some future opportunity. [Cheers.] His honorable friend, the member from Birmingham, said "Withdraw it." [Hear, hear.] He would postpone it *sine die*, with the hope that he should have some opportunity before the close of the session of bringing forward the subject, because he must say that it was most unfair and most unjust that publications should be circulated throughout England in which the Southern Confederacy were accused of unwarrantable secession, and its members were called traitors and perjurers ["Oh," and "Hear, hear,"] and that he should have no opportunity whatever of putting forward their case in a manner in which it could be dispassionately considered. [Hear, hear.]

Mr. Forster (Bradford) asked if it was the intention of the honorable member to postpone his motion or to withdraw it altogether?

Lord R. Cecil—I hope it is understood on behalf of those who do not take the same view as the honorable gentleman. [Order, order.]

The Speaker said there was no question before the House, and the honorable member was out of order.

Mr. M. Milnes asked if the honorable member for Bradford intended to postpone his motion, because it was perfectly competent for him to proceed, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the other motion? [Cries of "Withdraw."]

Mr. Foster said he would explain in a few words the course he wished to adopt. [Cries of "Order, order." He agreed that it was most undesirable to have a discussion on the merits of the quarrel between the two sections of the States of America. The honorable member, amidst considerable interruption, proceeded to say that he would withdraw his motion, if the motion of the honorable member from Galway was indefinitely postponed.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND THE WAR.—The Fraternity of Odd-Fellows, a large and influential body in the United States, it is generally known, never mingles in political or sectional affairs.—At the late session of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, a State where the war fever rages in a violent form, a resolution to the following effect was unanimously adopted:

"That while we believe that the principles of Odd-Fellowship are, in their nature, indestructible, and trusting that the union of the Order will be perpetual, surviving all commotions—as the entire superstructure upon which our Order is built, its base, foundation stones, pillars and caps, the alpha and omega of its existence, is benevolence, charity, good-will to man and beneficial assistance to its brotherhood, the teachings of Odd-Fellowship, founded upon its cardinal virtues, are so clear, plain, distinct and unmistakable that "he who runs may read;" and as our laws forbid the introduction of party or sect, and all other matters that do not, directly or indirectly, tend to the development of the moral faculties and the amelioration of our brother man, of whatsoever nation, clime, party or sect; and the perpetuity of our Order, and its beneficial influence can only be maintained and exercised by a rigid adherence to its fundamental laws—we think it would be impolitic and dangerous to the best interests of Odd-Fellowship for us to express any opinions, as Odd-Fellows, in relation to State or national difficulties, the same being contrary to the genius, spirit and established laws of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows."

The Destiny and Interests of Maryland.

No State in the confederacy is more completely at the mercy of circumstances than Maryland. "Self preservation being the first law of nature" with States as with individuals, there has been no period since the troubles upon the nation commenced when she could do much more than await the course of events, where those on all sides battling for empire represented almost separate nationalities in the means brought into the field. That she could have mastered these great events everything now disproves. Whilst the material force of the States adhering to the Union has been overwhelming in amount, it has been thrown upon the field of action with a quickness marvellous to behold, and supposing that months previous to this display Maryland had been unmolested in the passage of an act assuming to take her out of the Union, it would have been the merest paper ordinance to be conceived of, and utterly useless in the premises.

Granting once more that our destinies were bound up with those of Virginia, that Virginia and Maryland had both seceded at the same time. That could not have helped Maryland as a member of the proposed Southern Confederacy, for, in the predicament in which Maryland is placed by geographical position, no aid would have insured her against being overpowered by the forces summoned to the side of the General Government. And even if she had been able to withstand the forces marching in this direction from the States North, what then would have been her fate? The supplies for her commercial metropolis are brought mainly from the North and West; and we have seen lately that with the best efforts of the Confederates, they have not been able even to hold Harper's Ferry, to say nothing of being able to keep open our communications with Wheeling, and so with the Ohio river. With our communications destroyed North and West, what would have been our condition? What was our condition in the short experience we had after the bridges were destroyed which gave us supplies from the North? So plain has been the case, even to the strongest advocates of Secession in the Confederacy, that leading men there declared, in substance, that Maryland, under the circumstances, could only do what she had done—"maintain a position of neutrality;" that even be a member of the Southern league, the other States South could not ask her to make a sacrifice of herself to no purpose!

We have taken the ground that the safety of Maryland is in the Union. That she would ever be recognized or regarded as the commercial metropolis of the Southern Confederacy, even supposing their independence established so as to include Maryland, we have no faith. The South has had ample opportunity in the years past to have made Baltimore the recipient of the rich trade which made Philadelphia and New York; but did she do it? No city ever made more herculean efforts to give herself position than did Baltimore in building the enormous public works which have suffered so much recently at the hands of the Confederates, but it all availed little or nothing so far as the city was concerned.—And year after year, too proud or too little enterprising, she contented herself after their completion with sitting still and seeing the rich trade of the South pass by her very doors and over her road, to build up the great commercial marts of New York and Philadelphia.

Let peace come forward, and it would be so once more; for the South never did stand by its own. With Disunion accomplished, Baltimore would, if thrown into the Northern portion of the Confederacy, be shelved in favor of New York and Philadelphia, because her old associations and position would make such a result inevitable; whilst thrown into the South, the latter would never trust her trade and commerce so near a frontier which, ever of necessity being in the feverish condition incident to rival nationalities, would be at all times in great hazard.

The safety of Maryland, and of Baltimore especially, is therefore bound up beyond all peradventure in the maintainance of the Union. Under no necessity at present of making herself obnoxious to either, section, unable to control events, she must calmly await their advent. More fortunate than Virginia in escaping being made the battle-ground of the nation, let her people be thankful that they have ever the measure of prosperity around them denied to vast numbers in other sections. Conscious, too, that in the events which have preceded these disturbances she did nothing to provoke them, she may well rest content to see the game for empire played by other people than her own.—*Balt. American.*

The Indications of a Good Milker.

Mr. George W. Ogden, of Lexington, Ky., asks how he may be able to tell, by inspecting a cow or calf, that it will make a good milker:

To the iniatiated this is very easy; he will scarcely be mistaken one time out of twenty in making his selection. But to convey this knowledge to another, by the pen alone, is impossible; the most we can do is to give a few general rules to guide Mr. O. in selecting. We could give him more information, orally, in one hour with us among a herd of cows and calves, than if we were to write a volumn. What a misfortune that farmers' sons are not taught these things, as well as many others of great practical value relating to their profession. Are they not as important to them as reading, writing, or arithmetic? And still more important than much they are required to learn at school. But to the question.

There are three points in a calf or cow which indicate great milking qualities. The most important and certain of these, especially in the calf, is the *udder*. This should be broad and full, extending well forward along the belly, and well up behind; the skin rather a soft and elastic, neither thick nor thin; and the hair around of a silky touch. The teats should be of good size, placed rather wide apart, and at right angles to each other, the ends slightly pointing out in an oblique direction.

It is a favorable indication for the udder to show a fifth or even sixth teat, though these should be much smaller than the others, especially in the grown cow. In the calf the relative difference may not be so great.

The second important consideration is the *milk veins*, which should be large and quite jagged. These will be well developed several months before the heifer drops her first calf, and invariably show large ever after. We never knew a cow with such veins that did not give a large quanity of milk—whatever the quality might be—unless some accident had happened to her, or she had been very improperly managed. We have also known cows that were great milkers which did not show large milk veins, but these are mere exceptions to the general rule.

In addition to the above, there are other points which may be taken into consideration in making up one's mind whether a cow is a good or poor milker. If the former, her eye is generally bright; her head long and close; her chest slightly thin for the breed; and her body rather wedge shaped from the hips forward, while she is extra capacious behind, with thin thighs; the skin a rich cream color and very elastic. In the latter we have noticed that the eye was not ordinarily so prominent; the head thicker; the shoulders and thighs coarser and more meaty, and the posterior development narrower.—*Farmer and Gardener*

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-1034