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SATURDAY MORNING
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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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.

STATEMENT

Of the Expenses of Talbot county,

For the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1861, made out and published by order of the county Commissioners, in pursuance of section 9, of article XXVIII of the Code of Public General Laws, which provides that

"The county commissioners shall make out and publish annually in at least two newspapers published in their respective counties, if there be two, *a detailed minute and accurate statement of the expenses of their said counties, specifying therein each particular item of expense, and for what, and to whom paid,* and shall also deliver to the sheriff of their respective counties as many copies of such statement as there are Election Districts in the county, at least ten days before each general election, and the Sheriff shall within six days after the receipt of such copies, set up one of them at the place of holding elections in each election district; and the Clerk to the county commissioners and the Sheriff who shall fail to perform the duty imposed by this section, shall each forfeit the sum of one hundred dollars."

Levies payable out of the estimate for Court Expenses, for May term, 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. T. Hopkins, clerk of Court	$1,308 62
I. C. W. Powell, States At'y	1,233 00
S. Sparklin, Sheriff,	408 12
James Ll. Martin, Att'y	405 00
A. P. Jump Att'y	146 67
Whit Cox, Standard keeper	30 50
Wm. T. Benny, magistrate	5 15
Thomas Hughlett, examiner	6 00
Dr. Charles H Rose, inquest	5 00
Isaac P. Cox, cl'k of school	10 00
Alex Larimore, pension	25 00

GRAND JURORS.

Nicholas Willis,	15 05
Isaac W Jump,	16 00
Jno Talbott	12 00
Gus A Skinner	16 80
Wm B Martin	17 20
R Arringdale	13 60
Jno [illegible] Willis	13 20
Jno [illegible] Martin	16 00
Abner Hall	13 20
Jno D Nabb	15 20
Chas M Jump	16 00
Jacob R Wollen	14 70
E R Arringdale	16 40
Charles R Mullikin	15 60
John Reese	14 33
Wm Harrison	20 80
Wm L Wrightson	21 60
Jno L Hopkins	15 60
J B Bennett	12 80
Wm H Powell	16 80
Geo R Goldsborough	14 40
F A Wrightson	18 80

PETIT JURORS.

Wm K Lambdin	35 70
Jno Chilcutt	23 10
J T Harrison	27 40
J C Adams	31 60
J R Caulk	25 50
R A Dodson	29 30
Jno F Kersey	21 00
Spedden Orem	29 40
Thos C Nicols	21 00
J C Wooters	31 50
A Harrison	27 30
Jno Small	33 00
Silas Sullivan	22 75
B M Bowdle	16 00
J Leonard	31 40
Wm Bridges	37 80
Wm S Denny	37 80
Jacob Morgan	30 80
W S Callahan	29 40
Jno A W Powell	22 50
P Groome	21 00
Ferdenand Johnson	28 50
Jos V B Wright	17 50
Jas B Adams	33 60
George Hale	3 40

TALISMEN.

W H Thompson	1 50
J H Grace	1 50
John Satterfield	1 50
Jesse E Shannahan	1 50
E L F Hardcastle	1 50
Geo H Dawson	1 50
Jesse E Shannahan	1 50
Saml H Benny	6 15
Wm H Nabb	6 00
Jas A Mason	6 00
Jos L Plummer	6 00
Bennett Allen	6 30
Chambers Harden	6 45
Jno Satterfield	6 00
Charles H Grace	6 00
Jno F Kemp	7 35
Ed Ray	6 45
Jos L Plummer	3 00
Edward Ray	3 10
Jas H Ridgaway	3 50
Jno R McQuay	3 60
Jno Mason	3 00
W H Thompson	3 00
Chambers Harden	3 15

BAILIFFS AND CRIER.

Wm H Shepard crier to court	28 00
Whit Cox bailiff to court	31 00
Wm Collins bailiff to G. jury	16 00
Wm H Bostic bailiff to court	36 00
Wm H Bostic "	5 00
Whit Cox "	5 00

CONSTABLES.

B Buckly	2 00
L M Jones	2 00
R K Murphy	2 00
R R Butler	2 00
Silas A Simpson	2 00
Geo W Merrick	2 00
Jos H Brown	2 00
Kemp R Caulk	2 00

WITNESSES TO THE GRAND JURY.

N E Nicols	75
Geo W Haddaway	1 50
Thos O Martin	1 35
Jesse Mullikin	1 20
Barnett Parrott	1 35
Wm Willis	3 60
Robinson Corkran	1 35
Anna Faulkner	80
Robert Faulkner	80
Jno T Ford	1 35
A H Whitman	1 85
Saml H Haddaway	1 40
Robt W Ross	1 20
Argelas Hennessee	1 20
Jas T Mullikin	1 20
Saml Somers	1 20
A W Neal	1 15
David Chapman	1 20
Jas F Chaplain	1 20
A H Bromwell	4 60
Thos Barwick	1 20
Thos E Lloyd	75
Lem Johnson	75
Saml Sneed	1 35
Jno T Ford	1 05
Barner Sadler	1 05
Risden Frampton	75
F G Wright	75
Richard Thomas	75
Saml Hambleton	1 50
King Hayes	3 00
Samuel Plummer	1 35
James Harrison Jr	1 35
Charles Benson	75
James Ll Martin	75
T N Chance	

WITNESSES TO COURT.

James M Seth	10 20
Margt Ann Wheatley	2 30
Elijah J Morgan	2 70
Wm D Rice	1 35
John McLockland	7 20
Charles Wilson	7 00
Dr J S Chaplain	6 90
Wm P Reed	6 25
Hugh Harris	2 10
Asbery Blades	2 30
Thos Sewell	3 70
Josh W Cummings	3 70
Reuben Marshall	3 70
Jno R McQuay	2 80
John H Ford	2 70
Joseph W Jefferson	2 70
Robert M Dawson	1 35
Caleb Stanfield	1 35
Thos B Leonard	1 15
Hy Banning	1 15
Jno Benson	1 15
H Clay Dodson	10 80
Jno Graham	8 40
James Merrett	4 50
Thos Jefferson	2 70
Jas Jester	1 40
Chas Robinson	9 75
Geo W Merrick	1 25
Jas Covington	8 25
S B Hopkins, Jr	4 50
S B Hopkins, Jr	2 25
Geo Loveday	9 75
Geo W Garey	11 25
Frances Aberla	75
Michael Pinkind	1 05
Wm Duyer	1 00
Jas Framptom	2 30
R A Stevens	1 70
James Collier	3 30
James Ayres	15 00
Hester Bryan	15 00
Thos R Price	15 00
Dr F M Lloyd	8 70
Saml Somers	8 70
Jesse Mullikin	9 60
Wm McClayland	9 00
Jos Bartlett	6 75
Saml Smith	6 75
Wm L Wrightson	5 85
Jno W Kemp	4 95
Jas Harrison	9 45
Frances A Wrightson	4 80
Josiah Higgins	6 00
Peter H Fairbank	3 75
Jas Todd	12 00
Isaac H Henry	12 65
Geo H Dawson	11 20
Dr E M Hardcastle	10 80
Mat Merrick	12 60
Wm Cryer	10 50
Jas Lloyd	10 50
Wm H Lecompte	10 50
Wm Collins	6 40
Jas Moore	10 50
Wm Fairbank	9 10
Quimby Price	9 00
David Pritchett	4 60
Alex Dyott	14 20
Henry Hare	16 20
Silas Simpson	6 75
Jas H Scott	1 20
David Pritchett	1 15
L H Delahay	1 00
Jas D Bromwell	2 40
Josiah Higgins	3 60
Bill Lewis	1 50
R Cooper	2 30
Lewis Gibson	7 20
Barnett Parrott	2 70
N Willis	1 40
Chas R Mullikin	1 20
Chas Bond	2 70
Jas Weston	3 15
Jas Kirby	3 15
Wm W Gealand	7 35
E L F Hardcastle	7 20
Kemp R Caulk	10 85
T B Merritt board for jury in Trice's case	17 50
Wm H Richardson witness	9 00
Polk Russum	8 70
Whit Cox bailiff	2 00
Wm S Denny juror	2 05
B M Bowdle	2 00
R A Stevens talismen	5 10
B F Lambden rent for house for election	8 00

Witnesses where parties were convicted but did not sell for enough to pay the expense of prosecution

Moses Emanuel	11 50
Thos J Pritchett	7 20
Wilson Johns	7 20
Burnhart Klempert	2 40
B Buckly	1 50
Moses Hertz	1 50
Wm Ford	5 60
Lewis Johnson	7 20
N Newman	7 20
Jas Newman	7 20
Sallie Newman	7 20
Anne E Roberts	6 75
N Rice register	2 30

By order of the Commissioners for Talbot county,

THOS. K. ROBSON, Clerk.

sep 28

10 BARRELS PURE CIDER VINEGAR, made in this county, in store and for sale by the gallon by

aug 24 J. RASIN.

SALT.—20 Sacks of Marshall's No. 1 4 bushel Sacks—just received by

sep 7 S. T. KENNARD.

NOT SO GREEN.

We listened not long ago, to a short dialogue between a wag of Gotham and a six-foot green 'un from Vermont, which was, almost, word for word as follows:

SCENE—HOTEL STEPS IN BOSTON.

Wag—[approaching "legs" with a bland countenance.]

You are from Vermont, I take it, sir?

Legs—I am, sir.

Wag—You have very green mountains in your State?

Legs—Yes sir—the mountains are rather green. [Circumflex accent on *mountains* and emphasis on *are*.]

Wag—Very high, too?

Legs—Yes sir—rather. And there's another circumstance about 'm that praps you never noticed.

Wag—Ah! what's that?

Legs—Why—between any two of 'em you are sure to find a valley.

Wag—[a little disconcerted.] Your soil is rather hard to culturate, eh?

Legs—Why yes—rather. But it isn't true that we are obliged to plant our corn by shooting the Kernels into the cracks of the rocks with a rifle. That's a York story. You come from York didn't you?

Wag—Yes—why?

Legs—O, nothing—its a good State to *come from*.

Wag—[rallying]—I say, mister, Vermont is a great State for raising sheep, isn't it?

Legs—O, yes—famous!—famous for raisin' sheep and horses; but for *asses* and sick cattle, York beats it hollow! [Three cheers for Legs and exit Wag, looking foolish.]

[The annexed beautiful and touching poem, which we take from the Methodist Protestant, of Nov. 3, 1860, is from the pen of the lamented Dr. E. Y. Reese, written upon the death of his wife. It will be read with melancholy interest by his many friends and admirers, now that he has gone to meet her whom he so dearly loved.]

ALONE, (a Midnight Reverie.)

I am alone to night,
Nay not alone,
For thou, beloved, art with me.
Did I dream?
Methought thy warm breath kissed my fevered brow,
Methought thou stood'st reclining at my side,
Thy circling arm reposing on my own,
As when, into my hungry ear, thy whisper
Poured its rich tribute of confiding love.
The pen wherewith I fashioned vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to meet the soul-light of thine eyes,
To feel the warmth of thy endearing smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering touch,
Signaled whole volumes of unfaltering Trust!
Ah me! 'twas but a dream! Thou art not here!
No eyes, like stars, meet my imploring glance,
No smile, like sunshine, bathes me in its beauty
No touch responsive thrills. I am alone!
Alone! how sorrowful to be alone!
I never knew, beloved, till thou wast taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I feel it now in all its bitter desolation!
What time I stood beside thine open grave
And heard the clods fall jarringly and heavy,
Upon thy coffin-lid, my Beautiful,
Oh, then my heart within, with sudden bound,
Seemed to leap from my body and stretch out
Its yearning arms toward thy enshrouded form,
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clasping thee in its grasp of passionate grief:
It would not be divorced, not e'en by Death!
For when I turned me with the parting crowd
It nestled closer to thy cold, cold clay,
The living with the dead. *It lies there still!*
Leaving me desolate in the world,—*Alone!*
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow.
It is not well to be betrayed by passion
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason,
'Twas but what *seemed* thyself that day we buried,
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art *living* still—
Oh, my own Love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate?—it may be, wondering
That this poor heart will not be comforted,
And longing to uplift the darkened curtain
That veils thee from my vision? I, alone?
The spirit still holds fellowship with mine;
I talk with thee, and find my woe assuaged;
Find something soothing in these hours of silence,
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou, mine own, art a perpetual presence
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to soothe the weary hours of night:
And when the cheerful Sun looks through my curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee
And of thy Home, where Day all glorious reigns
And Night holds no dominion. Not alone!
Nay, *thou art with me. I am not alone.*
I have no picture of thee, dear departed,
I have no picture of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank, expressionless, and fading toy,
And call it by *thy name*. Yes, I have pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which Time can never dim. In rarest framework
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and women's gentle bearing,
Which left its impress on my ruder nature,
And fashioned me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
Oh, these are pictures which can never fade!—
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a blaze of joy, and I forget
The 'wildering sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
Was given a love so rare and excellent.
Still *other* pictures linger round my path.
Thine eyes—are they not glancing upward daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face,
Fair as its mother's. Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul in hours of sadness,
And bathe me in the warmth of my sweet love?
Oh yes,—at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some trait, some semblance, of the dear departed,
Breaks into life before me. *They* are here
Standing beside me,—motherless, alas!
Claiming intenser love since thou art gone!
Each motion speaks of *thee* and of *thy* beauty!
With these, I must not say I am ALONE!
Good-night, sweet spirit,—peaceful be thy rest,
Now disembodied,—till the welcome voice,
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand, in form Immortal,
A bright transfiguration!
In my dreams
Still come to me, beloved; and let we feel
That I am not ALONE.
With these communings,
I bend me to the Father's will, and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When, we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now, good-night!
I sleep to dream of thee. E. Y. R.

THE ABUSE OF POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. GEO. A. LEAKIN.

Every age has its peculiar trials:—sometimes persecution is the law—again, pleasure-seeking is the epidemic, then infidelity becomes fashionable, and at other times speculation is popular; but now our danger lies in political discussion.—Go where you will it abounds. In the study, in the parlor, in the shop, at the store, at the social company, at the street corner. However the conversation *begins*, it is almost sure to terminate in politics. Even children catch the contagion and are vehement in their expressions. Our peculiar exposure to this danger proceeds from the position of our State. Between two great divisions of our country, our position resembles the place where the river meets the tide. There the waters are peculiarly rough. To say that political discussion has its dangers, is only to say that every good thing is liable to abuse. I do not maintain that such discussion should be dispensed with. The very nature of our government requires the expression of one's sentiments in a proper way. I therefore say nothing against politics, as such. Indeed, one might as well attempt to arrest Niagara as to stop the political cataract that surrounds us; but I maintain that there is a point beyond which there is danger, and have we not reached that point? See the friends who have been separated! Families divided—father against son, brother against sister. The table which should be a pledge of peace becoming a scene of angry dissension! Behold the effect on our churches. The minds of many are so disturbed that they have no relish for the means of grace; they do not come to church, engage in works of charity, enjoy their bible or appreciate prayer. The political storm passing over us has reduced many souls to ruin, and instead of seeking Christ's shelter they have wandered from their Savior. At the touch of excited discussion, confirmation classes become bare, communicants diminish, and hearts which once beat high and warm for Christ beat no more.—Such being the dangers (faintly described,) I venture to make some suggestions which may be profitable. And first many persons *consume precious time* in political discussion. They become excited, and the hours pass unnoticed; hence, many important duties are neglected, especially that provision for one's family which is so necessary at the present crisis. The times are, indeed, hard, but let us not add to their hardness by wasting the hours of business in unprofitable discussions. Nor does the evil stop here. Time is given us to prepare for eternity. This is life's great object. This we are enjoined to seek first of all. This requires concentration of thought, and special exertions proportioned to special dangers, but what if we are careful and troubled about many things? We then must miss the one thing needful, and our hearts shall resemble a field where, through the owners of neglect, the rank weeds choke the rising corn. I have known persons to spend half the day in reading newspapers; what other result can come from this waste but neglected domestic affairs, a slighted business, and a hazarded soul?

The bible is the Christian sun, but many make the sun their Bible, and hence the thoughts of politics penetrate their very prayers and intermix with the worship of God's house.

But polical discussion is dangerous in *disturbing the temper*. There is a mode of carrying on such conversations beneficially. There is a temper in which one desires to impart or receive information or correct some mistake. But this temper is rare. In most cases where two or three are present, the conversation assumes the form of a contest. The disputant is eager to carry his point and achieve the satisfaction of victory. When one argument does not succeed, a stranger is tried. The end is thought to justify the means, and hence exaggerated statements, imaginary facts are produced, and in the excitement the rein is taken from the temper and expressions are used which wound a friend. In the desire for triumph his feelings are forgotten, and something is said, perhaps true, but said in a wrong *tone*, which, like poison, rankles afterwards. Perhaps every one may remember an intimacy broken off, or at least cooled, from such a cause. Nor does the injury stop here; it reacts upon the offender himself; for it should always be borne in mind that the injurer is always the most injured, as the deceiver is always the most deceived: So in this particular case. Unless one repents of harsh, unkind expressions, he becomes more insensible, acquires a habit of harsh speaking, and often clouds a pleasant company by some chilling remark. The person may not be aware of the injury done, but this very unconsciousness shows the loss of his own self-control, and hence persons avoid such conversation for the sake of peace; nor can they respect the sentiments of him who does not respect the sentiments of others. His very bitterness destroys his influence. Conversation in the wrong spirit, merely to triumph over an opponent or to gratify latent feelings of resentment which lurk to a greater or less degree in every one, invariably warps the judgment. You take up an argument, and by discussion become more convinced of its correctness. You are committed to its maintenance, as by indulgent parents, see no faults in spoiled children; so by repeated discussion you will see no fault in your own or no justice in another's opinion, until at last many reach a position of infallibility. They *cannot* be wrong. But if really infallible, they should be tender of others who have not as yet reached that lofty eminence.

The indulgence in such discussions, unless carefully watched, will have a permanently injurious influence on the character. The Holy Spirit—heavenly dove—will not nestle in a stormy bosom. Feelings of resentment disturb peaceful prayer. The appetite, dissatisfied with the manna of God's word, seeks the more exciting and marvelous. The perceptions of right and wrong are clouded, and all that is done by one party is thought perfectly right, and all done by the other wrong. *Our* camel becomes a gnat—*their* gnat a camel. A growing unbelief spreads over the soul, and though not expressed by the lips, the warped heart asks "Where is God?" because God does not at once interpose in behalf of the apparently righteous cause. God did not at once destroy Nineveh, and Jonah thought he had great cause for anger. Vexed at the withering of the vine which sheltered him, he had no sympathy for the loss of immortal beings. What ruins of religious character strew the community. How far have voyagers to eternity wandered! How greatly have they lost their reckoning. The political troubles, which should have led us closer to God, have driven many to the shoals of destruction.

These being the dangers, what are the means of escape? And first, let me recommend more earnest prayer and more engagedness in good works. The mind must be occupied with *some* object: let that object be the salvation of your own soul and the good of those around you. If we fill the measure with wheat, there is no room for chaff. Scientific men have pursued their investigations amidst the convulsions of revolution. They have forgotten their captivity and losses in their studies. Could *they* be so interested for some *earthly* discovery, how engrossed should *we* be in the science of religion, the discovery of heavenly treasures, the reaching of our peaceful home in the skies. People greatly dislike investing their funds in what is not permanent. They select ground rents which cannot be moved. They shrink from tempting inducements which may fail at the first shock. Why not pursue the same prudence in other matters? Why not lay up our treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt? Contrast the changeable politics of earth with the permanent politics of Heaven, and then shall we know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Heaven, seen by faith, throws earth's discussions in the shade.—Consider farther that we differ as much from another as he does from us. Look on your past life, and see how often your strongest opinions have been changed by subsequent experience, and perhaps you may hereafter cherish the very side you now oppose and oppose that which you now maintain.

This consideration will teach us to disregard both our own and the sentiments of another with tenderness, and certainly such tenderness is best calculated for receiving and holding truth. Consider still further the effect, not merely of time, but of locality. Suppose yourself born and educated in such a place, and in all probability you would share the sentiments which there prevail; or, suppose yourself born again in another locality, you would probably have sentiments quite the reverse. "Is there then no truth in *any* sentiment?" Yes! True principles are the same in every place, and principles will produce their results; but some truths are not essential to *salvation*. One may live and die in their ignorance, or through education they may be held erroneously. Hence such truths should be subordinate to those revealed by God and embodied in his Church. For instance—"Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost;" our lips, therefore, are the consecrated doors of that temple. "Our citizenship is in heaven;" earth is our place of naturalization, and it cannot be long before we leave time for eternity. These are truths which cannot be displaced—truths which concern every individual. Let me further suggest that while discussion cannot be avoided, yet much might be saved if we regarded *what* is said—to *whom, where, when, and how*. A discussion profitable with a single friend might disturb a promiscuous company. I have thought that in proportion to the number of listeners, so was the danger of excitement. With one you may *change* the conversation; with many listeners you cannot; and indeed, at times it is prudent to keep silence even from good words, to set a watch over the door of one's lips. You cannot acquiesce in sentiments you do not approve—you do not wish to enter into discussion. You may, therefore, suspend your opinion until you have more sure information; or until you have given the matter more consideration. This is not a mark of cowardice, but of good sense; for it has often been remarked, that those who decide in haste may repent at leisure. If I were asked at what point political discussion became dangerous, I reply that when what we are about to say is likely to wound the feelings of another, there we should pause; for if we advance beyond that we shall only irritate the hearer and confirm him in the very sentiments we think mistaken or objectionable. I cannot forbear reminding you that whatever others do, we are Christians, animated by higher motives, prompted by higher principles, possessed of a nobler inheritance. Let us act accordingly—let us treat each other as heirs of the same treasure, as candidates for the same eternity, members of the same family, sharers of the same table. Shall we have the same or several cups to suit the various differences of opinion?

"Whatever strife disturbs the street,
There should be peace at home."

In the wide-spread inundation let the Church be that ark of refuge which shall invite the weary to rest.

Perhaps you look forward to the future with dread! You anticipate something that disturbs you; face that something; suppose to-morrow's paper announces the very calamity you feared. Then consider that the worst in the future is not the worst when realized; God so compensates every event that there is no perfect defeat and no perfect victory, and sometimes they are so entwined that one does not, in reality, know whether to rejoice or lament. Let the worst come! console yourself that you had no hand in the calamity; extend your gaze a few years hence, and your eyes will rest on shores where earth's contentions never reach, where earth's politics excite only sympathy.

Did I say that there was here on earth no perfect defeat and no perfect victory? Let me qualify that observation. There is one perfect unmitigated, irretrievable defeat: it is the great salvation slighted. For that each man is alone responsible; for that, time has no remedy. "Heaven's treasure was extended, and I rejected its pardon and peace. But there is also a perfect, unalloyed victory—a crown without a fading leaf. It is the great salvation won for eternity,—eternity cannot erase that. It was on a Sunday morn that I heard Christ's minister. He brought from his government the proclamation of salvation, amid hosts of difficulties; I grasped the message and maintained its truth, and now I pass through things temporal to enjoy the things eternal. The smile unclouded by doubt; the face unsullied by tears."

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer of August.]

Maryland.

The Secession conspirators of Maryland are still actively at work upon their schemes to force that State into the Cotton Confederacy, and it is said that an act of Secession is actually prepared to be rushed through the Legislature when the opportune moment arrives. This plot is not confined to the rowdy element of Baltimore, or to the reckless and desperate adventurers there and elsewhere in our sister Commonwealth; but is either secretly encouraged or silently acquiesced in by some of her substantial and hitherto law-abiding citizens. How these latter can permit themselves to be in any way instrumental in such bad business surpasses comprehension, while they have the sad condition of the adjoining State of Virginia constantly before their eyes, as an example and a warning of the disastrous results of treason and rebellion in the Border States.

Everywhere in the "Old Dominion" the march of Secession has been a blight upon industry, prosperity and happiness, and its track has been marked by desolation. The rich and fertile counties of Fairfax and Loudoun have been impoverished by the traitors, and their peaceful citizens, stripped of their substance, are fugitives from their homes. All up and down the border, from the sea to the mountains, and from the mountains to the valley of the Ohio, the same condition prevails to a greater or less extent, palliated or aggravated, according to the absence or presence of the Rebel troops. Wherever the crops have not been destroyed, the farmers have nothing in return but the worthless rags of bankrupt Virginia corporations. In some places the land looks as if it had been swept by the wing of the spirit of destruction. From Harper's Ferry up to and beyound Martinsburg, the charred and blackened ruins of bridges, cars, locomotives and workshops, summing up millions of dollars of the property of Baltimore's and Maryland's proudest and greatest improvement, are so many monuments of admonition to the people against the terrible effects of Secession.

Going over into the interior of Virginia, we find not only property destroyed and plundered, but life and liberty also constantly perilled and outraged. The most peaceful and unoffending citizen has no safety for a single hour. He is either arrested and imprisoned, and at the mercy of mob law, as a malcontent against the Rebel Government, or is impressed into their army.—In this way the whole male population of entire counties have been torn from the pursuits, upon which the lying of themselves and their families depends, to do military duty in a cause which is destroying them, and against which their judgments and their hearts alike revolt. Families are left unprovided and unprotected, life-long friendships are sundered, neighbors have been made mutual enemies, and brother is armed against brother. In the long and black catalogue of crimes characteristic of causeless treason and rebellion, there is not one but is now afflicting the poor people of Virginia in the most oppressive form.

It is into such a condition that the Maryland conspirators are now plotting to plunge that State. It is not their fault that such is not the condition of Maryland to-day. The Secession conspirators of Baltimore city were armed, and thought themselves ready to do it in April last; and nothing but the timely interposition of the power of the General Government averted the disaster. The people of Maryland are indebted to that Government—which some of them are laboring to destroy—that their counties of Montgomery and Prince George, of Frederick, and Harford, and Carroll, and Baltimore, are not desolated like Fairfax and Loudoun, and Prince William and Jefferson, and others in Virginia, by the blighting presence of Secession troops.—To the act of that same Government is it that they owe the security of their prosperity, the possession and control of the fruits of their industry, and their exemption from forcible impressment into the army on the one hand, or exile from their homes on the other.

How then is it, that in the face of such facts, which are as unimpeachable as the most self-evident truth, men can still be found in Maryland, of respectable position in life, who in defiance of the public will, persistently lend themselves to plots and plotters, all tending to bring such fearful calamities on their neighbors and their State? Is it possible that reason is ever brought to bear upon the matter at all?

These observations are designed, not for our own people, but for those of certain of the near counties of Maryland, where our paper has a large circulation. In closing, let us put a case that will come home to the people of Baltimore. Suppose the soldiers of Davis and Beauregard and Johnston in possession of your city. Overlooking all the evils above depicted that would attend their presence, let us take a step forward to "the last scene of all." Suppose, then, that they were compelled to evacuate it—as they would be as certain as death—what, then, would be its fate? In the sad ruins of the property of your noble railway about Martinsburg, and in the wanton destruction of the beautiful village of Hampton, you have your answer. If, in the mad vengeance of the traitor leaders, the thought should come up to destroy the city, the Vandals would spare nothing. They would sweep Baltimore with fire rather than leave a wall standing to afford the armies of the Union *room for winter quarters*.

Men of Maryland, think of these things and act as the momentous occasion demands—and take care that you act promptly.

Confederate Freedom.

From the time when the military tyranny of the Confederate leaders became an institution, the coils have been gradually tightening around the unfortunate people there who fancied that under a new government they were to gain a larger liberty. First came that tyranny of public sentiment which made it criminal to audibly regret the old condition of things, filling the prisons at New Orleans with those who ventured to question the policy of the Secession leaders, and making it the climax of wickedness to hold in grateful remembrance the Stars and Stripes.—The nearest limb of a tree was, even at this early period in the attempted revolution, the speedy reward of any too indiscreet devotees to freedom of speech—especially in out of-the-way localities in Mississippi and Arkansas. Next followed the institution of a Bureau for the breaking open of letters, to find out thus who were candidates for their tender mercies by the too free expression of sentiment with regard to the existing condition of things. Keeping pace with these acts, military impressments were authorized by wholesale, along with all these thousand outrages which naturally come in as accompaniments; whilst in swift visitation since have followed almost every outrage known to the calender of crime, by any organization which could venture to call itself a Government in this enlightened age.

Well, we thought that at this stage in their career these new lights in the science of free government had reached the culminating point; but we find ourselves mistaken; and therefore we commend to the people of Maryland—yet free—the latest specimen of their action which recognizes the rights of citizens in that pandemonium they are getting up, termed the Southern Confederacy:

[From the Richmond Enquirer of Sept. 24.]

ALIEN AND OTHER ENEMIES.

The forty days having expired as designated in the President's proclamation, in conformity to what we deemed an extra judicial act of Congress, we are to presume that henceforth no alien enemies will be permitted to go at large within the limits of the Confederate States. Neither should foreigners come amongst us without a declaration of purpose to become citizens. And above all no one, not in the employ of the government, ought to pass out of our country, else the passport system itself is a farce, and we shall be at the mercy of our enemies.

"It seems to us that aliens should now be required to take the oath of allegiance to our Government, and that the same test of loyalty be applied to those amongst us *who are known to have voted, a few brief months ago, against the ratification of the ordinance of Secession*. Many of our *wealthy* men opposed Secession to the last, and may be still opposed to separation and Southern independence. If this class be not attended to, and if, by one of the vicissitudes incident to war, the enemy should happen, for however brief a session, to approach the Capitol, we might have the spectacle of at least *another* nucleus of "Reconstructionists." They would come out of their holes and offer protection to the fearful or attempt to intimidate the timid noncombatants. We should provide for every contingency, and all who are not friends are enemies. Not only all the wealth, but all the blood of the South, is pledged for the redeption of our country. The man who will not fight, and he who dares to deprecate the credit of the Government, are alike TRAITORS."

Here we see the evil infliction taking an *ex post facto* shape, and returning on its trail to see if in its greed for plunder it cannot hunt up something it had missed in its raid against the rights of free citizens. Do not such acts as these invoke the condemnation of the whole civilized world?

ONE OF THE POEMS.—The editor of the San Francisco Golden Era cruelly rejects a poem sent to him by a Californiar, "Anna Maria," and then adds insult to injury by giving his readers the following extract from the same, as justifying his decision:

I had a dreme,
I thort I was alone, alone:
Oh, it did seme
So sad away from home, from home

Mi hed upon mi hand,
I lent, I lent;
Mi ise upon the sand
I bent, I bent.

I thert of other days:
And things, and things:
Of happy, childish plase,
And strings, and strings.

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