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. LXIV. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861. No. 50.

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.

To All Whom it may Concern.

HAVING disposed of the "Hardware and Agricultural" department of my business and being about to start in a new enterprise it is necessary that all my accounts should be closed as speedily as possible. I therefore request all persons indebted to me to come forward and settle. (oct 12) T. C. NICOLS, Jr.

A CALL.

ALL persons indebted to me either on note or open account, will please call early and settle the same. As this is the first public call I have made, and necessity compels this, I hope it will be universally accepted, and the indebtedness of each be cancelled with the ready cash.

The publics' ob't servant,
J. D. MANSFIELD.
aug 17 St. Michaels, Md.

COAL! COAL!!

THE subscriber has now in yard at Easton Point, several good kinds of Coal, suitable for Stove, Furnace or Range, which he offers for sale.

TERMS.—$5 per Ton 2240 lbs.. Cash invariably on delivery of order,—if furnished in August a discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed. Orders left at Dawson & Bro's., will be promptly attended to.

aug 3 ROBERT B. DIXON.

Young Ladies' Institute.

SITUATED upon a beautiful eminence in the western part of the City of Wilmington.

Grounds embrace nearly two acres; house heated throughout, and thoroughly ventilated.—Two pupils occupy a room. Board and Tuition in English per scholastic year, $150 payable quarterly in advance.

Music, French and Drawing at Professor's prices.

Next session commences first Monday in September.

REV. THOS. M. CANN, A. M.,
aug 17-3m Principal and Proprietor.

Selling off at Cost.



THE subscriber intending to discontinue his present business will from this date offer his entire stock, consisting of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., at cost prices, for Cash. He now offers them at the following rates:

No. 19½	Minor & Horton Plows at		$5 00
" 19	"	"	4 00
" 18½	"	"	3 50
" 18	"	"	3 00
" 7	Chenoweth,	"	4 00
" 8	Patuxent Plow at		5 00
" 7	"	"	4 21
" 6	"	"	3 25
" 6	Chenoweth,	"	3 00

When the Cash is not convenient grain and stock will be taken in exchange for the above at Baltimore prices.

aug 10 CHAS. KEILHOLTZ.

CHANGE OF ROUTES.



INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE LINE. Change of Routes of the Eastern and Western Shore Steamboats.

KENT, Capt. John H. Kirwan.
PIONEER, Capt. Wm. R. Norman.

On and after October 16th 1861, will run the routes as follows, leaving Light street, foot of Camden, at 6 o'clock, A. M.:

FOR ANNAPOLIS AND WEST RIVER.

KENT—Every Tuesday, and return same day.
Every Wednesday, and return on Thursday.
PIONEER—Every Thursday, and return on Friday.
Every Saturday, and return on Monday.

FOR EASTERN SHORE.

KENT—For Cambridge and Landings on Choptank river, as high up as Medford's Wharf, every Wednesday and return on Thursday, touching at Annapolis and West River, both ways.

For Cambridge, Denton and Landings on Choptank, river, every Saturday, and return on Monday.

"PIONEER."—For St. Michaels and Easton, via Miles River Ferry and return every *Wednesday*. For Annapolis, West River, Cambridge, Oxford and Easton Point, every *Thursday*, returning by same route on *Friday*. Every *Saturday* for Annapolis, West River, St. Michael's Easton, via Miles River Ferry, returning every *Monday*.

N. B.—The Pioneer will leave Easton on Friday morning, at 6 o'clock.

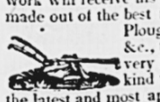
Kent will leave Medford's Wharf on Wednesday morning, at 7, and Cambridge about 9 o'clock.

☞ Freight must be prepaid.

Wharf and Office, Light st., foot of Camden.
C. K. CANNON.
Jas. Hollingshead, Receiving clerk. [oct 12

The Farmer's Foundry!

THE subscriber having rented the Easton Foundry and purchased the entire Stock of material, &c., of Mr. Charles Keilholtz, for the purpose of carrying on the same and supplying the Farmers and others of this and adjacent counties, he invites an early call. Every kind of work will receive his personal attention and be made out of the best material. The variety of



Ploughs, Cultivators, Harrows, &c., to be kept on hand will be very large, beside, work of all kind will be done to order. All the latest and most approved styles of Ploughs will be kept. Patterns for all kinds of Castings that may be desired will also be made. Orders for Castings and other work from a distance will receive prompt attention and be forwarded with dispatch.

By strict attention to business, the subscriber hopes to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the Foundry, pledging that nothing shall be left undone on his part to give satisfaction.

WM. MASON.
aug 21 Successor to Chas. Keilholtz.

P. S.—The subscriber is now manufacturing a large and superior lot of Double and Treble Ploughs for seeding purposes—to an examination of which he invites the public.

Merchants will be furnished with Castings at Baltimore prices. W. M.

A CARD.

THE subscriber intending to go to farming he has sold out his entire stock of material and rented his Foundry to Mr. Wm. Mason. In retiring from the Foundry business he can not do so without returning thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and he thinks that his old patrons will find Mr. Mason, his successor, in every way ready and capable of giving general satisfaction. He hopes therefore that his old customers will bestow upon him a liberal share of patronage.

aug 24 Chas. Keilholtz.

POWDER—just rec'd and for sale by
oct 19 S. T. Kennard.

The following verses (says the Boston *Transcript.*) were found in a pair of socks sent recently to the army of the Potomac:

"These socks were knit by ancient dame
Past three score years and ten—
Her heart doth glow with loyal flame,
Her fingers nimble, too, as when
She knit for *one*, her honored sire,
Who fought and bled at 'Bunker's fire.'

"She sends this pair (an offering small)
To some good soldier brave,
Who left his home at country's call,
That country for to save:
Who'er he is those socks shall wear,
God bless and keep him is her prayer.

"Matron."

Adventure of a Snake Hunter.

A correspondent of the Wheeling *Intelligencer* gives the following:

Capt. Baggs was crippled with the rheumatism and the Surgeon of Col. Tyler's regiment advised him to go home awhile to recruit his health. The Capt. left us with the Col. While gone the Col. sent for me to know if I could get over to Floyd's advance, and see what their force was, &c., at the same time cautioning me to be careful. I told the Col. that that was what I was there for; at the same time I asked him if he would let Sam Drake accompany me. He said for me to do as I wished, but to be careful.

Sam says:—"Cummings, are we going in this uniform?"

I told him we had better try the farmers' disguise, for that was the best in the mountains.

We started up the Gauley River, and as we were then above the bridge, we knew we must cross the river. Here we were in a dilemma.—I told Sam to come on something would turn up so we could get over. We kept on our way, now climbing up the rugged steep of the overhanging rocks of the mountains the Gauley flows through, then again diverging into a narrow valley. We crept along the base of the mountains for fear of surprise. We had got up the river as far as we cared about venturing on that side, and we stopped to hold a council of war.

"Down, Sam!" I said, do you hear that noise?"

We both got down in the bushes and listened. Some fellow was going down the river in a dug-out, singing Dixie. We crept to the river shore and here we saw the fellow, whom I knew to be a Secesh, paddling along at his ease, singing his favorite song.

I remarked to Sam, "I'll change that tune to Yankee Doodle."

Sam cautioned me against firing, but I told him there was no danger, as we must be some six miles from their camp.

"I'll have that dug out, at any rate; so here goes."

I took good aim, and Dixie was hushed, and old Secesh tumbled into the river.

"Well, Cummings," said Sam, "that was a good shot."

"Never mind, Sam, you get the canoe and I'll watch for more of them."

Sam got the boat, and we crossed the river.

I was somewhat at my wit's end to know how I was to get into their camp. I hadn't made up my mind when the pickets hailed us:—

"Halt there! Which way?"

I had my old flint lock horse-pistol pointed at Sam, and told them this was a Yankee prisoner I had brought along, and I wanted him put in jail, for he had been the terror of the neighborhood since them tarnal Yankees had come out there; that he had killed several loyal men, and I wanted him dealt with accordingly. This was sufficient for a passport, so we went on in.

I delivered Sam up, had him put in the guard house, loafed around camp awhile, waiting for some thing to turn up so I could relieve Sam. A rebel captain, named George W. Stull, come along, and asked me where I lived. I told him I lived on the Peters' creek road.

"How far from the Yankee camp?" he asked.

"About five miles."

"Are you well acquainted with the country there?"

I told him very well. He said:

"You are the man I want. I have been looking for you for some time."

I then told him I had a friend in his jail for getting drunk and raising a fuss, and I wanted him to go along. He went to the guard-house and took Sam out to go with me. He then detailed eight men out of his company to go on a scouting expedition.

We all started for a reconnoisance of the Yankee camp; went down the river with the rifles the Captain had given us, until we came to where we had left the dug-out. After three of us got in, one of the chaps said:

"Charley, don't this look like the boat Alex. Taylor started a scouting in this morning?"

I told him that boat belonged to old Bill Hendricks, that lived down the river a couple of miles. They were satisfied. I ferried them all over.—We traveled along until we were descending a high bluff, when Sam noticed a smoke.

I had posted the boys before I left to look out for me when I came, no matter who was with me.

We advanced cautiously to where the fire was; they asked us who had camped there; I told them the Yankee Snake Hunters, and that they were prisoners.

Just then the Snake Hunters raised all around at a charge bayonet. The "Rebs" acknowledged they had been sold, so we marched them off to the guard-house, and, subsequently they were sent to Columbus, Ohio.

The Deliberate Character of the Rebellion.

It is seldom the case that men of ordinary good sense enter on the prosecution of any great enterprise without first carefully calculating the probabilities of success—a trait in human character recognised as long ago as when the significant question was put: "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

We have had occasion, frequently, to recognise this characteristic in dealing with the origin of the rebellion, taking the ground that it was essentially *deliberate* in all its phases; although, for *effect* with the badly informed masses, loudly assuming to be otherwise. Let any desirous to come at the truth recur to the most fiery outpourings of the Secession orators, for any period within thirty years past, and they will, in almost every instance, find a vein of calculation running through these productions showing plainly that they had estimated—or attempted to do so—with the utmost care, the chances of their rebellion, however they may have depended upon at last what is bitterly disappointing them.

Amongst those most persistently and earnestly bent on Disunion—from the first—has been the Memphis *Avalanche*, a print that has been rivalled only by the Charleston *Mercury* in its rabid teachings; and to show that it forgot not, even amidst its wildest ravings, the estimate of "ways and means," we propose to lay before our readers the calculations upon which, long ago, it based its hopes of a successful attempt at Disunion:

"Southern Recources.

"There is no country on earth so rich in resources as the South. It is God's favored region, on which His hand has lavished boundless wealth. A single glance at the map, and the most casual view of its numerous advantages must satisfy any mind that it was furnished and destined by the Creator of all things to be the seat of a mighty and flourishing nation. All its features indicate that it was intended to have a national existence and career of its own, and to be tributary to none.

"No other portion of the earth possesses such a combination of natural productions and resources. The three great kingdoms of nature, the animal, the vegetable and the mineral, contribute their richest treasures to its aggrandizement.

"All the domestic animals which contribute to the sustenance and convenience of man can be reared in this favored region. Horses, mules and cattle find here a congenial clime, in which they reach their highest perfection. Its boundless corn fields can fatten innumerable hogs.—The true latitude of the sheep, which furnishes both food and clothing for our race, is in the South. It was Mark Cockerell, of Tennessee, who at the World's Fair, in London, took the gold medal, in competition with the wool growers of the world, with wool of Tennessee growth. The mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina surpass even those of Spain as sheep pastures.

"In the variety and value of her vegetable productions the South is without a rival. She excels the North in the growth of cereals, while to these she adds cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco and indigo, the elements of an immense commerce, to whose expansion there are no limits. Their magnitude and value are shown by the fact that they furnished four-fifths of the exports of the old Union, and that any interruption in their supply would derange the commerce of the world.

"In mineral resources, also, the South possess exhaustless wealth. She has coal and iron enough to supply the world, and is rich in lead, zinc and copper, and also manganese, saltpeter, sulphur, salt, and other minerals. The South has, also, a territory greater in extent than that of the leading empires of Europe, watered by mighty rivers, by innumerable streams, affording limitless water power, with an extended sea coast, dotted with harbors, accessible to ships of the largest class, and with a climate, temperate and delightful and peculiarly favorable to the highest development of the human species.

"Added to all these vast and varied resources, the South has a population combining more elements of strength than any other of equal numbers on the globe. In her slave population of four and a half million she has a body of laborers, hardy, industrious, reliable, and adapted to her industrial pursuits, equal, according to late acknowledgements of Northern writers, to double the number of white inhabitants at the North, in productive capacity, and the value of their labor. In her white inhabitants, she has a population of freedom who in point of intelligence, energy and courage are unequalled. Animated by an intense love of freedom, an unbending pride, an indomitable personal courage, and a lofty chivalry of character, they can neither be awed by fear or subdued by force.

"Without presumption we may well rely on the ability of a country with such resources to maintain her independence against the assaults of an enemy twice as powerful as the North.—It is well for the people of the South to look at their own resources, to know and feel their own real strength, that they may entertain the confidence which they are entitled to feel in their ability to maintain successfully their present struggle against an insolent foe bent on their subjugation."—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Now, this a splendid exhibit on the face of it; but much of this eulogy might be applied to Mexico, also a prey to wild and ruinous faction, and with a fair showing of justice. And what dose all its rich natural resources avail it, if neutralized by the curse of anarchy, of distrust, of neglect to apply its means to the development of substantial power? Suppose, then, we proceed to a brief analysis of some of these self complacent conclusions, conclusions which have led them to a mad conflict with a power superior to their own.

In the first instance, carried away by false visions of possible future greatness, the writer concludes—against the views of the founders of our national greatness—that the South, as a section, is destined to a separate "National existence and career of its own." Reasoning by analogy, let us ask what great empire presents an area traversed by a river like the Mississippi, debouching in foreign territory, and thus interlocked with other States, with no great natural boundary of arms of the sea or mountain chains to separate one from another? The islands which, from the Kingdom of Great Britain are made one, almost, by the surrounding oceans; France and Spain are separated by the Pyrenees; Switzerland is isolated by her mountain ranges; and Central Europe, comprising the States of Germany, have reddened almost every foot of their soil, in times past, in furious conflicts to maintain such boundaries as the Rhine and the Danube. Must we, then, be commended to perpetual conflicts upon a similar basis here, and are the lessons of the past, so fearful in their character, to avail us nothing? Why, even Sweden and Norway, separated as they are by a chain of high mountains, after fighting with each other for centuries, like England and Scotland, were compelled to unite—to come under one Government; whilst the "Germanic Confederation," comprising, as it does, parts of Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Holland and twenty-nine independent States and four free cities, shows us how potent are the lessons of war in causing countries to endeavor to achieve a semblance of unity, where nothing as complete as our Union can be consummated.—Let the Confederates, then, dismiss their wild visions of an unmolested Confederacy of their own within the boundaries they propose to themselves to "conquer;" for every conclusion drawn from history teaches the folly of the undertaking.

And now let us examine a little further the calculations of our Secession brethern. Admitting the great value of the raw material they can provide in the "animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms," what does it all amount to without skilled labor to make it available? If of wool, what has the South done with its fine resources in this direction? Excepting jeans and negro cloths, as a general thing, what has she to show in the way of fabrics equivalent to the loud boast of the fineness of her wool! Simply nothing; and with her known contempt for mechanical skill, her foolish devotion to agricultural pursuits as developed by plantation labor, the fineness of her wools—except for purposes of exportation—are no more to her than if they were of the coarsest kinds known. Infatuated with her calculations of the value of cotton, she does not stop to consider that no nation ever got rich by agricultural pursuits alone; and in this age, especially, a people devoted to nothing else become mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to those upon whom they depend for the productions of mechanical ingenuity.

And as with her fine wool, so with her other boasted productions. Iron, of fine quality, she has been producing from her mines in abundance; but what is that to her more than her fine wool, except in its character as an article of export? Take up in this way every production in turn; concede to her the possession of coal, lead, zinc, copper, and "limitless water-power," what does it avail?—hugging ignorance to her bosom—she contents with the world of political economists that the crudest forms of labor are preferable, that the skilled white artisan must be discarded in favor of the labor of the field hand, as of more value to the resources of the State? Bitterly hating to be tributary to any other people—dreaming of independence, the Cotton Oligarchy have taken a course to strike down all real independence by fostering a devotion to interests suicidal in their effects upon the power of State and people. Escaping from the Union, they would become completely tributary to the skilled labor and capital of England and France; learning nothing from the example of other nations, they would continue poor to the end. Boasting of the exportations of two hundred millions of dollars worth of cotton per annum, she is tantalized from year to year with seeing the golden stream flow past her unable to clutch any substantial results, because it is already pledged to Kentucky for mules, and bagging and bacon; to Illinois, and Ohio and Indiana for corn, and wheat and whiskey; to Pennsylvania and New England for woolens, hoes and axes, and to England and France for wines, and broadcloths and silks.—Meanwhile she dreams of what may be achieved by what the *Avalanche* calls "a lofty chivalry of character," when one sober artisan who could be made to develop her rich resources were worth a regiment of such.

But "there's a good time coming." This war will teach her the lessons so much needed that never could have been taught by ordinary methods. She will have learned much when she has learned her real wants, and has gotten posted up with what constitutes the real power of a State in the present age of the world—*skilled labor!*—The lessons of experience are generally harsh in their character; but States have to learn them alike with individuals, and we have no fear when this war is at an end that the finance of war talent of the South will be eager to try its hand in a similar way again. Instead of having—as the *Avalanche* expresses it—felt "their own real strength," they will have felt *their own real weakness.*—*Baltimore American.*

[From the London American.]

A BOLD AND TIMELY SPEECH.

The reflecting men of England are concentrating their thoughts on the American question; all classes discuss it, and it is the general theme of conversation wherever men gather together.—Each newspaper has its leaders, and each member of Parliament has his fling at the "Bubble bursting Republic of the West." At a dinner given by Henry Wood, Esq., the large anchor and chain manufacturer of Birkenhead, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, this all absorbing subject, the American question, was the feature of the entertainment. Our Consul, Mr. Morse, made a most eloquent speech. Mr. Bell, the builder of the Warrior, Mr. Gladstone, and a distinguished gentleman from Georgia, who recently left that State for his Union sentiments, and several other gentlemen joined in the animated debate between the English, the Scotch, and the Americans. Mr. George Francis Train, whose strong Union sentiments have so often been recorded in these columns, created some excitement by his attack on England's unmanly course in this ungodly rebellion, and some of his strictures were emphatically denied by some of the gentlemen present—the chairman especially, who asserted that he knew there was the most friendly feeling in this country towards America.

Some extracts from Mr. Train's speech will show the warmth of the debate:

Mr. Chairman—You are an old friend of mine, and knowing me so well I am surprised that you call me up on street railways when the American question is on the table. (Hear.) I admit I am good for a speech on that or any other topic, but to night I intend to sink the shop and talk the Senate chamber—suffice it to know that my success is complete. (Hear, and cheers.) I have run the gauntlet, with all kinds of weapons aimed at me, but have passed the Manassas Gap of English conservatism and introduced a car riage for the people—(cheers)—with colors flying and lots of money still in the treasury.—(Hear and laughter.) But no more of that, let me talk on America. I thank you, Mr. Wood, and you, gentlemen, for your good wishes for peace, but we want no peace. You say England is with us. I know that she is against us, and has been from the first. (No, no.) I say yes, yes—and the question is, how much plain talking can you stand from a man who loves his wife, his children and his God, but who loves his country more than all—(loud cheers)—for a man without a country is unworthy of wife and children, and poor God-forsaken devil, he had better die—(hear, hear)—and this, gentlemen, is what England has recommended. (No.)

England's neutrality has already cost five thousand lives. She has made a great mistake and three months hence she will acknowledge it. Will you let me speak my mind? (Yes.) Now, I beg of you, gentlemen, not to get excited when I tell you a few startling facts to prove how unwise, how ungenerous, how dangerous has been England's avowed neutrality on the American question. England's sympathies are with, and have been with the South, not out of hate to the North, but because she wished to see us break in two. (No.) When a man is very ill it is, to say the least of it, bad taste to go and order all your mourning, for perhaps he may get well again, and how surprised he would be to see the notices of his death which were prepared. England's neutrality consists in standing on the platform and cheering the Rebels on. Read the Secession organs of the country. Secession organs, did I say? There are no others save the Daily News, the Star, the Liverpool Post, and two or three more journals—the rest all have flags flying and cannons booming to stimulate treason on to murder. The press leads the way. The Cabinet would declare war at once if it dared; and I am not sure but what the Mexican intervention is war in disguise. Read the speeches of members of Parliament to their constituents. You find them secession to the backbone. Is there any question about Lindsay's language, or Captain Jarvis, or Bulwer Lytton? I like Bulwer for his frankness and his honesty. He is no hypocrite. He talks as he thinks, and says that he hopes the country will not only break up in two, but in four pieces! It is already too powerful, and its growth should be checked. England's neutrality consists in giving all her sympathy to the rebels. Suppose you and I, Mr. Chairman, were friends of forty years' acquaintance, and some night on the highway a burglar tries to assassinate you after having stolen your money, would you not think it almost out of the pale of humanity in this civilized age to have me remain neutral? or, what is worse, to hear me cheer the thief on in his bloody work? (Chairman—It is not a fair analogy.) Analogy or not, that is England's position to day toward America. (No, no.) Ere many months you may have revolution in this garden island—the revolution that arises from a starving population—for is there not unmistakable signs of a corn famine in Ireland and a cotton famine in England? Suppose such to happen, and class should be arrayed against class, would you not think it damnable for America to join the rebels, and cry lustily for the destruction of this proud nation, as England is continuing to cry for America's ruin? (Hear, hear, and No.)

Here are the facts I wish to make known.—The South has always been the enemy of England, as the North has been her friend. (Here, and true.) Every act of hostility has emanated from that quarter. Look along our history's page. What was the Non-intercourse act previous to the last war but a Southern institution? Was not the embargo act and the War of 1812 itself a Southern institution? The whole North was against it, and the Hartford conventionists, to this day, are subjects of derision by the Southerners for the sympathy New England showed for Old England. (Hear, and cheers.) What was the high Tariff act, the twenty-five cents a yard duty on cotton, of 1816, but a Southern institution? All New England voted against Mr. Calhoun's American system. It was the same in 1820 and 1824; but the South having passed their high tariff, the North showed its enterprise by putting up cotton mills, and it was not for some years after (1828) that the North voted for protection. Then Mr. Calhoun, in 1832, wanted to kill the hunting he had created in 1816, and because he could not succeed, started his hell-born nullification cry, which was so summarily stopped by General Jackson. What was the Mexican war but a Southern institution to get new slave lands? What were the filibustering expeditions against Cuba but Southern institutions? Where did Lopez hail from? Where did Lynch law, the bowie knife, and the duelist originate but in the South? Is not repudiation purely a Southern institution? Who was it that showed their sympathies against England in the Russian war but the entire democratic party, which for forty years has been a Southern institution? The Whigs were with England, but the democrats cheered the Russian arms. These are all Southern institutions, and certainly negro slavery is not an institution of the North. Where, then, does England find food for sympathy with the damned traitors in this hell-born conspiracy? Was it the North or the South who sent the contributions to Ireland in their distress? (Hear, hear.) Was it the North or South who put the flags at half-mast on the death of Havelock? (cheers) and tell me, gentlemen, who received the son of your Queen with open arms, but the proud children of our northern country? Boiling over with good will to England, we took the Prince and embraced him, because we loved this old land and its mighty associations. (Cheers.) We loved to mix our history and lose it even in yours. (Cheers.) We loved your Christian Queen, and showed all these things in the warm and honest reception we gave her son. (Loud cheers.) All this was in the North, but when he crossed the border into the slave country, he hastened away quickly for fear of repeated insult! Yes, gentlemen, it was in the capital of the so called Confederate States, Richmond, that the Prince of Wales feared the action of the mob, and saw for the first time that he was not welcome in the land where once his ancestors ruled. (Here and true.) Knowing, then, that all these acts of violence and hostility against England came from the South, you can imagine the disgust of the North at reading the Times day after day, and the Telegraph, the Herald, the Chronicle, and nearly all the entire British press, encouraging the rebels on in their unchristian work! England has made a mistake—a fatal mistake. To make sure that I am not in the wrong, I am preparing a book of opinions of the press—extracts from speeches of members of Parliament and the Ministry, which will prove the hostility of England against the Federal Power.

Mr. Bell asks, how could we have done otherwise than remain neutral? But I maintain that you are not neutral. When you find two boys at blows you must not forget that while you do not enter the ring, the more you hurrah for Bill the stronger it makes him, and the more it discourages Joe. You cheer one side continually and hiss the other, and call it *neutrality.*—[Hear, hear, and applause.] However, it has taught America one lesson—that is, not to put her trust in princes [laughter] but to rely on her own strong arm. It has opened her eyes to many things, but none more important than this, namely, that England may war with Russia, France with Austria, and all Europe may be blazing away with the flash of musketry, the clang of armor, and the sound of cannon, without America being affected. But when America, desirous of showing off her military nature, gets up a little national sham fight within her own borders in three months' time with a million of soldiers, fires off a million of rifles, discharges a million of revolvers, and has her artillery booming on every hill—I say, when the American people, in the absence of foreign war, get up a grand review and kill ten thousand traitors on the *Champs de Mars* of the Potomac, all the world tremblingly stops to gaze, and all the world's commerce becomes deranged. [Hear, hear.]—Europe may fight, but America cares not. America plays with firearms to keep her hand in and Europe is pale for fear, for it has come to pass that the commerce of the United States with Europe sums up each year *one hundred millions of pound sterling!* Stop this commerce for twelve months and millions here are thrown out of employment. [Hear.] Even my friend, Mr. Wood, will feel it in the absence of orders from the ship-yards of the North. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] I have listened with earnestness to the bold words of Mr. Morse. I meet him tonight for the first time, and I congratulate, at last, our people at having a live Consul, to represent them in London. [Cheers.] We have had enough of dead men, God knows. [Cheers.] His Union sentiments are refreshing. Now we shall have no more treason-hatching in the American consulates of England. His predecessor was buying muskets all the time—so was it at Liverpool, and so was it with the Paris Embassy—the flag was outraged, the consuls and the ministers are guilty of high treason, and should suffer the doom of traitors.

No man dared to speak out until the Russian Ambassador arrived. I enforce every word of Cassius M. Clay, and wish all our representatives were equally national. I say I welcome our new consul, and give him a cordial shake of the hand over his brave, bold words for the land I love; and you, too, my eloquent friend from Georgia whose name shall not go into the papers, for I would not have your children who remain in the State suffer for your love of the Union—you, too, we welcome for your honest defence of the nation. You have astonished many present by your graphic description of affairs in the south. I knew it must be so; I knew that the southern country was full of Union men, who will spring around the flag the moment our forces land in Savannah! (Yes, and cheers.) Secession in your part of the country is fashionable; no wonder the fair southern ladies are enraged; for all their crinoline was used up long ago, and they do not make it in the south. (Laughter.) How can they be out of fashion? They believed that Mrs. Davis would hold levees in Washington; they believed that Mr. Walker would raise the traiter's flag on the capitol; but when the truth breaks upon them, what a sensation of shame awaits them; for it must be a terrible thing to realize that they have been the wives and daughters and sisters who have made red so many battle-fields. It looks to me, I am sorry to say, as though the rebellion was nearly dead—the war nearly over. (Oh.) I want it to last another year. (Oh, and no.) I want Europe and England to know us better, and another year's war will best explain our strength. I have a policy of my own. Away with free trade these distracted days. Let England have her own laws and let America have hers. You may not agree with me—few people do—(laughter)—but nevertheless I have opinions, and will express them, even if the distinguished archangel who got put out of Court on a memorable occasion had his carriage at the door. (Cheers and loud laughter.) Here is my platform: Take Japan and China for a model; that is, live a few years by ourselves—(cheers)—clap an export duty on our cotton and our tobacco, and double the Morrill tariff.—(Oh, and no, no.) Destroy the port of Charleston—make a Sebastopol of its forts and block up its channels, and give Beaufort or Savannah all its commerce. Partition the State and ink-blot her name out of the map. (Hear.) Build the Pacific railroad and establish a line of swift steamers between San Francisco and China. Make New York the stock market of the world. Establish military schools; have a decent army—it looks respectable when you want a review.—(Laughter.) Augment the navy, and give Spain a hammering for her impudence in landing in St. Domingo. (Hear.) Wait till she gets into Mexico, under the guarantee of France and England, and get the military roads built; then let the northern and southern army close up and take Cuba as a dependency, and carry out the Monroe doctrine. (Hear, hear.) We want more room. (Laughter.) We are getting cramped and crowded, and we must have an outlet for the rush of emigrants that will pour into the country when we declare peace. Put a discriminating duty on, shutting out English goods, if England continues to side with the rebels.

Don't get alarmed, gentlemen, you know it is all fun. (Loud laughter.) You know you call me eccentric, and I must keep up the illusion.—(Hear, hear, and laughter.) England has slept in the middle of the bed long enough! (Loud laughter.) The times are changing. The speck on the horizon is already bigger than an ox cart. (Laughter.) The fires of free opinions have been smouldering in Europe for nearly fifteen years. Poor Poland is in sackcloth and ashes! Hungary sleeps awakingly, and will shortly spring upon the enemy's camp, when Caprera's chief will land in Venice. France groans under a disordered commerce and a diseased finance. Europe has enough to look after without troubling herself with America. Let America lock her gates for awhile—economize—buy no foreign fabrics—live within herself—manufacture her own cotton, and take the profit we have so long given to England. Our strength is shown by this contest. Six hours of such rebellion would have changed a dynasty in France; six days in Austria, or Prussia, or Spain. Six weeks without a Ministry would capsize the English Constitution, but after six months of preparation America begins to show her strength. It was a clever move of the President in this great national game of chess to give up Fort Sumter—always give away a castle to checkmate your opponent. (Hear, hear.) The Cabinet have done nobly—Seward upheld our foreign relations, and proved himself the man we knew he was. So has Chase—and Welles, with his five hundred ships of war, armed to the teeth; and Cameron, too, with his half a million of fighting men. (Hear, and cheers.) I don't believe the reports of corruption in the departments: they are circulated by rebel spies and enemies of the country. I have faith in Seward and Cameron and Welles and Chase, and know the President is an honest man. (Loud cheers.) I like the strong measures of the Administration. In times like these one cannot do things too firmly. Act first and apologize afterwards—strain a point in the Constitution, if necessary, to save a nation—over with the spies—down with the traitorous women—down with the vile hoards who infest the country with their treason—macadamize Fort Lafayette with the best bones of the land if they have crystalized into patricides.

The civil power is nothing when a country is to be saved. Give us martial law—overboard with Habeas Corpus Act, and command obedience with the sword and the gallows. Yes, gentlemen, to put down treason I would put on the thumbscrew. Out with the guillotine—raise the inquisition and enforce the law, At whatever cost of money or men. Break up the printing press—shut the mouth that dares to breathe against the "Army of the Constitution." Who thinks of saving brush and comb, sponge and towel, when the house is in flames? Who stops for overcoat and carpet-bag when the ship is in the breakers? Who thinks of wearing white kids when shells are exploding in the drawing room? Let the Administration save the nation and overlook any little thing that may have been omitted. [Hear, here.]

Christians hate Iscariot, Romes despise Catiline, Americans loathe the name of Arnold. So will the southern pirate chieftains in their exile be marked with contempt by the patriots of the Constitution! Separation is impossible! Annihilation absurd! Who ever heard of twenty millions being annihilated? America must change her policy; be more republican [laughter,] less aristocratic, overcome our modesty, and not be two religious about forms. America fights with her own men—our soldiers go to battle for glory, law, liberty—Europeans fight for pay.—Ours is a volunteer army; we have no Hessians or hired battalions.

Our thirty million loan, so readily taken by our people, is nothing to what we can do; England spends that sum every year on army and navy. The days of Perry and Decatur and Paul Jones are to be revived. The fleets are off—a new set of tactics—take Hatteras. Send back the North Carolina troops! telegraphs the Governor. Take Savannah! Send back the Georgian regiments, telegraphs the general in command to Beauregard;—take New Orleans!—send back the Louisiana contingent, and shortly Beauregard is left high and dry without an army, having reduced Virginia to a desert like a vineyard destroyed by locusts. Where is Beauregard?—alone, uncared for, forgotten. Where is Davis?—ill in mind, ill in body, the shattered frame battling with the diseased brain and the seared conscience. The north flourishes amid the clash of arms—stocks rising, bullion increasing, ships launching, factories building, corn shipping, while the south is paralyzed, and England and the world wondering where it is all to end! Why do consols droop day after day unless there is some *terrible* secret in Downing street? Why does France borrow two millions on the Bank of England unless France is about to lead an army somewhere. Verily the times are changing; and it may turn out that America is not only the richest country, but possesses one-half the common sense, three-fourths the enterprise, and seven-eights the beauty of the world. [Laughter, and loud applause.]

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11033-1121