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, DECEMBER 7, 1861. No. 51.

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.

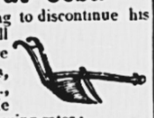
Grounds embrace nearly two acres; house heated throughout, and thoroughly ventilated.—Two pupils occupy a room. Board and Tuition in English per scholastic year, $150 payable quarterly in advance.

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.



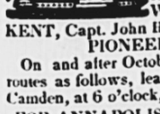
THE subscriber intending to discontinue his present business will from this date offer his entire stock, consisting of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., at cost prices, for Cash. He now offers them at the following rates:

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 24
"	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.

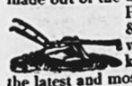
☞ Freight must be prepaid.

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 24 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.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following lines were written by a lady of Stockbridge, Mass., and commemorate an incident very touching and beautiful, which rests upon the best authority, and which ought to be known.

Col. Mulligan refused his parole at Lexington, and his wife resolved to share his captivity. Accordingly she left her infant, fourteen months old, in the care of one of the strongest secessionist women in the town. That woman assumed the charge of the little child, and dressed it in the captured American flag.

The fight had ceased! The cannon's roar
Was silent on Missouri's shore;
The leader and his band so brave
Had turn'd from walls they could not save—

When voice was heard of sore lament,
A mother o'er her baby bent,
And fast the bitter tears were shed
That fell upon his little head.

"Thy father yields his post and sword,
But rebels shall not have his "word,"
In prison rather ling'ring lie,
Than yield the right to fight and die!

"And faithful love shall follow there,
His hard captivity to share;
But *thee*, my boy! such fate for *thee!*
Like fetter'd cherub thus to be!

"To pine in loathsome, poison'd air,
To dwell in dungeon damp and bare,
Oh! better far, for thee, my blest,
Beneath the daisy'd turf to rest."

The word her lips are scarcely past,
When round her arms are kindly cast;
A foeman's wife, with pitying face,
The mother and the child embrace.

With glowing cheek, with brimming eyes,
"Give *me* thy son!" she earnest cries;
"And haste thee! for the moments press—
They spare thee but a brief caress!"

She's gone! and other care shall shield
That all-unconscious happy child;
Who laughs when glitt'ring foemen come,
And shouts at roll of hostile drum.

But still his friend with instinct true
Has rob'd him in his *red* and *blue!*
And,—mantle fit,—has o'er him thrown
The *flag* 'neath which the boy was born!

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

That old war-horse, "The Disbanded Volunteer," through the columns of the New York Mercury, pitches remorselessly into the Administration—and not without reason—for its leniency to spies and traitors. Why should not the *lex talionis* be applied to the traitor eaves-droppers taken within our lines? Union men are carried out of house and home, tarred and feathered, tortured, and, in many instances, put to death by rebel ruffians; while Southern spies caught in the North *in flagrante delicto* are treated as prisoners of war! We think, with the indignant correspondent, that rope is not as prominent a feature as it ought to be in the martial policy of the Government.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22, 1861.

Eddytors of the Sunday Merkary:

The thousands of dollars dispersed by the government for 'resting spies and pervidin them with every cumfort at the fashinabul milentary hotels of Fort Warrin and Fort Laugherycette, mought better be intested in shots and shells. It would be jest as eesy to sprinkle down a prayery fire with a New York water-cart, as to stop the rebils' spy-game by such delacut treatment. When we sees a traitor we ushir him inter a plesent and commojus kage, whar he whissels and sings, and smokes his meresham, and enjines his *oshun cum dignitraitor* on the fat of the land. But ef wun of our emiseries is ketched within the rebil lines, up he goes to the neardest limb strong enuff to bare his wait. Noboddy tries to git out a rit of *Hare his Corpus for him;* and ef they did, the presence of his boddy in court after his sole had left the airth, would be a useless form. Why kant we take a leef outer the secesh book, and string up thar spies like inyons, as they do our onfortnit Pilgarlicks? Instead of permitting 'em to admire the prospeck from the loopholes of our forts make 'em breefly ackwainted with the landskip through the loophole of a half-inch rope, and send 'em to jine Benny Dick Arnold in a future State, whar secesshin is onpossabul—thats my doctering!

The oney cheap convenient and effectual way of dealin with traitor spies, is to hang 'em. They merit death and should be treated 'cordingly.—I wouldn't be afeard to bet my Crymean medal agen a South Carolina major's shirt collar and spurs, thars more'n a hundred of 'em in the Decstrick at this moment, in regular entercurse with the enemee. Sum of 'em is said to keep carryer pidgins, and no sooner is a grand *coo* determined on by the guvernment than the particklers is on the wing to Richmound.

The fassility with witch suspishus karrickters gits appintments is a caushin to Cabbynetts, I met in Pennsylvany avenoo yesterday arternoon a Volunteer Kurnil—and he's kwite poplar with the war department too—as I heerd with my own ears torkin red-mouthed seceshin in a newspaper offis, in New York not more'n six months ago. And I could tell you of a Quartermaster, a feller from Tennessee, who sed in my herin arter the takin of Fort Sumter, that he was goin back to his nativ State to take up arms agen the U. S. government. Mebbee they're reformed traitors; but ef so thar convarshin was amazin rapid.—Howsever, I shall keep my eye onto 'em, and onto three or four mour cases of a simildar natur, and ef they sho eny simtums of a relaps, they'll be heerd on at Head Quarters almity suddent.—In the meantime I take the liby of advisin the Sockatry of War an Ginral Maclellin to keep thar eyes skinned, for to my sartin nolledge pollytickle intreeg and pursonal assurance hes obtained commishins for men who oughter hev solid masonry and bar iron atwixt them and the honest porshin of the publick.

The seizure of the two rebil plenipenitentiaries continners to be the universal trapic of conversashin, and is warmly disgust. I onderstand Lord Lyons ses they must be restored right side up with keer to the Brittish Guvument, and in coarse all the jackalls belongin to legashin barks up the same tree. I hope they'll hev a good time persuadin honest old Abe to give 'em up. By the way Wilkes got off rayther a good thing, Ime told, when axed by his Lordship's privit secketry how he dared to board a British steamer.—"Wal, my friend," ses the Commydore, in his solemn way, "I thort as the Caroline was *Macnabbed* in American waters, I was justified, onder the suckemstances, in *nabbing* the Trent on the high seas." The legashin feller dident see it. Sumboddy told the story to Prentiss of the *Louisvil Jernal*, at Forney's party on Tuesday evening, and that vetran joker remarkt that the rule of tit-for-tat dident seem to be the *Rule Britannia*. Assistant Attorney Ginral Coffee sed he dident cunsidder as England hed enny grounds of cumplaint, and Ginral Porter felt sartain that the hull affair would eend in froth.

It appeers that a curtis mistake oridginated outer the fust dispatch as arrove here announcing the capshure of Mason and Slydell. It stated that Wilkes knowin they were passengers on the British steamer, made up his mind to "*bring her too.*" This give rise to a report that the San Jasinto hed ackilly brort the Trent inter Hamton Roads with the plenipenitentiaries on board, and the Washinton Telegraft, witch never misses a lie by enny axident, would have spred the preshus noose from here to Californy afore this time, ef the wire-pullers at the offiz hedent been stopt by a speshil messinger from the Navy Department! Setch moddest fabels as the romance of the Three Black Crows would be considered in these diggins near enuff to gospel trooth to administer the oath of Allegence on!

We hev plesent informashin from Kaintucky to-day. The rebil Ginral Jollycougher's troops are desartin bekase they kant get thar pay, and it is sed he finds it onpossabul to raise the wind to replenish his milentary chest. In fack desarshin hes made setch a hole in his army, that he's hed to beat a retreat throo the Gap.

Intellegens has also been received at the War Department from Bufort that the *delirum trumminge* prisoner as was tuck with fits arter the fight, is sloly rekiverin from a state of sincopy and hed express a wish to take the oath of fidelity to the constitushin and a glass of red-eye.

The revew of sixty-five thousand sojers by Maclellin on Wensday was a high old specktickle, and ef the raal tradegy wen it cums off is equil to the rehearsal, Bull Run will be tearabully revenged. Trustin as the fitin of our troops will be as good as thar fainten,

I remane, wulfishly,
Yours, allus,
A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

The great review at Munson's Hill and the Cross Roads is critically noticed by Orpheus C. Kerr. Also, Secretary Seward's expected letter on the Slidell-Mason captuse. The writer evidently believes that we are on the eve of "great events," and knows what's what:

From Washington.

Editor T. T.: Next to the question concerning the capacity of gunboats for the sweet-potato trade, my boy, the great topic of the day is the capture of Slidell and Mason, whose arrest so pleased the colonel of the Mackerel Brigade, that he got up at nine o'clock in the morning to tell the President about it.

In the year 1776, my boy, this Slidell sold candles in New York, and was born about two years after the marriage of the elder Slidell. While he was yet a young man he went much into female society, and at length offered his hand to a lady. Her father being a male, gave his consent to the match, and on the day of the wedding, there was a fire in the Seventh Ward. Since that time, Slidell has been a married man, and was respected until he got into the Senate. I get these facts from a friend of the family, who has a set of silver spoons engraved with the name of Slidell.

The rebel Mason was born and bred in the United States, and has always been a First Family. He says he was going to Europe on account of his health.

The capture of these men, my boy, cannot fail to produce a great sensation in diplomatic circles, and I am informed by a reliable gentleman from Weehawken, that Mr. Seward is preparing a letter to Lord Lyons on the subject. This letter, I learn, will contain some such passages as this:

"I have the honor to say to your lordship, that your lordship must be aware of your lordship's important duty as a Minister to the United States, and I trust that your lordship will pay a little attention to your lordship's grammar when next your lordship addresses your lordship's most obedient servant. Your lordship will permit me to say to your lordship, that your lordship is in no way capable of interpreting the Constitution to your lordship's American friends; and I trust your lordship will not be offended when I state to your lordship, that your lordship will find nothing in the Constitution to compel your lordship to demand your lordship's passport on account of the recent capture of State prisoners from one of your lordship's government's vessels, your lordship."

I read this extract to Cononel Wobert Wobinson, of the Western Cavalry, my boy, and he said its only fault was that it hadn't enough lordships in it.

"Lordships," says he, "lend an easy grace to State documents, and are as aristocratic as a rooster's tail at sunrise."

The colonel is a natural poet, my boy, and abounds in pleasing comparisons.

The review of seventy thousand troops near Munson's Hill, on Thursday, was one of those stirring events, my boy, which we have been upon the eve of for the past year. A new cavalry company, for the Mackerel Brigade, excited great attention as it went past, and I understand the President said that, with the exception of the horses and men, it was one of the finest cavalry mobs he ever saw. The horses are a new pattern: fluted sides, polished knobs on the haunches, and a hand-rail all the way down the back. A rebel caught sight of one of these fine animals, the other day, and immediately fainted. It was afterwards ascertained that he owned a field of cats in the neighborhood.

From personal observation, my boy, I am satisfied that an advance movement will be made as soon as the rebel troops leave Virginia. Orders were recently given to supply the army with rations every day, and several market-wagons went across the Long Bridge last night. The gunner who used to produce heavy firing in the vicinity of Chain Bridge, every day, in time for the evening papers, has died of old age, but his place will be supplied immediately.

Fondly thine own,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

From the Home Journal.

Modern Dictionary.

Wedded Bliss—A term used by Milton.
Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.
Office of State Inspector—A sinecure.
Honesty—An excellent joke.
Fear—The shadow of hope.
Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.
Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.
Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.
My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.
Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.
Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.
Satirical Poems—Harmless impertinence in verse.
Editor—A poor wretch, who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.
Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.
Law Proceedings—Unbrushed cob-webs in the dark ages.
Bonnet—A female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.
Critic—A bad dog; that goes unchained and barks at everything he does not comprehend.
Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody; equal to colonel.
Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.
State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.
Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveler is spattered on the road to distinction.
Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.
Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.
The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.
Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.
Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.
Death—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.
Managers of Lotteries—Men who pay the legislature handsomely for the privilege of cheating the people.
Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.
Honor—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise.

A Daring Exploit.

Among the many instances where the bravery of our officers and men has shown conspicuous, the one we are about to relate is almost unequaled:

Captain Spencer, Aid to General Wool, received information from two ladies who went from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce, that near midnight a six-oared boat was to leave Norfolk for Richmond with money for the payment of the rebel soldiers. He requested permission of General Wool to attempt their capture, and was told not to place too much confidence in the information received. Nevertheless, permission was given, and selecting two good oarsmen on whom he could rely, with their oars muffled, he started at dark, and awaited the coming of the enemy's boat. He had previously given direction to his men to pull directly for the boat, and on the moment of striking to "back water instantly.

About midnight the boat was heard approaching, and taking his station in the bows, with a nine inch shell in his hands, he gave the order to "give way." The moment his bows struck the rebel boat he threw the shell into the middle of it, and was himself drawn back, luckily receiving no injury from the explosion. Not so the boat and occupants, however, the former of which was broken in two, and the latter were scattered in all directions in the water, not, however, before discharging their pistols at him, two balls going through his cap and three perforating his coat. The men were then told that if they submitted quietly they would be saved, otherwise he would leave them to their fate.

They preferred the former, and arming himself with his pistol in one hand and a dirk (taken by him at the battle of Bull Run from a "seceshi") in the other, he took them in his boat one by one, handcuffing them as they were pulled in. In addition to which, from the stern of the enemy's boat which floated, he took eleven hundred dollars in gold, and five thousand dollars in their worthless paper money. It was with some difficulty that he reached the fort, the gunwale of the boat being almost level with the water with its increased freight.

The Romance of War.

HOW CAPT. WILKES GOT EVEN WITH JOHN SLIDELL.

The Brooklyn *Times* is responsible for the following:

"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsiblity assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Bunsby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor, and not often giving to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou'wester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The bow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was "a lass who loved a sailor,"—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow chandler, well-to-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being cut out, refused to accept "the mitten," but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with "poisoning" the mind of the "stern parent" of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his "lady lass" again, or meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last "got more than even."

Highly Gratifying News from North Carolina.

A letter from Hatteras Inlet of the 18th, says we learn that North Carolina by a convention of delegates representing forty-five counties, has declared a provisional government, and has entirely repudiated the secession act of the State reaffirming her loyalty and devotion to the Constitution of the United States. The Convention met at Hatteras on Monday the 18th ult.

The act passed contained several sections, the substance of which is: The first declares vacant all the offices of the State. The second names Marble Nash Taylor, Provisional Governor. The third adopts the constitution of the State with the statutes and laws contained in the revised code of 1856. The fourth repudiates the ordinance of secession passed at Raleigh on the 20th of May, together with all other acts adopted. The fifth directs the Provisional Governor to order a special election for members of Congress. The sixth gives the Governor authority to make temporary appointments to official vacancies. The convention then adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

Gov. Taylor has issued his proclamation for an election in the second Congressional District, which will be held on Wednesday, the 27th inst.

A New Attack on Popular Rights.

Recent demonstrations in the Eastern Virginia Convention point to the most startling changes in the proposed management of political affairs there by the destruction or restriction of the right of suffrage. In this thing the deluded men of that section of Virginia are only demonstrating the madness with which they have been seized, the desperation to which they are driven, the tyranny they are ready to enforce. Their conduct only affords new proof of what has long been apparent—that following the lead of South Carolina, they are doing as much as in them lies to subvert free government by the establishment of an offensive Oligarchy, ultimately to take the semblance of that despotism to which they have so long looked with ardent longings as the perfection of government.

It seems that the "Chairman of Constitutional Reforms" there proposes in a majority report to make the most sweeping changes; to "abolish popular suffrage, and the election of most of the public functionaries—high and low." They take the ground that "popular government, as practiced in the United States, is a *lamentable failure*," and that "whilst it is the duty of all able-bodied men to perform *military* service in behalf of the Confederate States," that "it is only the legitimate right of the *property holder* and tax-payer to *vote*."

Now, is not that a pleasant revelation for the thousands who are called upon to take up arms in order to improve upon our old fashioned system of free government? How it must nerve their arms to know that every blow they strike is a direct assault upon that high right which has hitherto been the noble distinction between themselves and the millions trodden down by the despotisms of the Old World! Like the serfs of Russia they may be driven to the field with arms in their hands to do the behests of their proud masters; they may pour out their blood in any quarrel forced upon them; but as for having anything to do with controlling their own destinies, why that is too much to expect under the proposed *new* order of things.

Further, to get as close as possible alongside of South Carolina—the model State of the proposed Oligarchy—it is proposed that "only members of the Legislature shall be elected bo the restricted popular voters, and that *all other officers*, county as well as State, shall either be chosen by the Legislature, or appointed by new appointing powers."

Is it not a promising programme for the masses of Virginia, the plundered, oppressed thousands, now giving their best blood under the foolish delusion that they are enlarging their liberties, or escaping prospective oppression? Can it be that the descendants of the men whose fiery responses followed the appeals of Patrick Henry are to bow their necks to the accursed yoke thus preparing for them? Drifting hopelessly onward to an evil destiny under the bad influences around them, is not the time at hand when they will make some effort to redeem themselves, when by a counter revolution they will drive out the demagogues now seeking by fair pretexts to steal away their liberties?

And let it be observed that these proposed measures are the results of no sudden impulse, are caused not alone by the pressure of present circumstances; but they are born of *deliberation*, of a set purpose, reaching forward from the views entertained by these men in the past. As long since as November last, before this attempted revolution was under way, the great political oracle of the Cotton Oligarchy—De Bow's *Review*—foreshadowed *the very measures now contemplated by the Confederate leaders in Virginia*, as is shown by the Richmond *Dispatch*, which warmly endorses its views. We quote:

"De Bow's November *Review* has an admirable article, entitled the "Perils of Peace." The obvious danger of an immense Yankee immigration, which will abolitionize the Border States at the ballot-box, unless such restrictions are placed upon the right of suffrage as *will prevent them from ever having a vote*, are painted in letters of light. We have *often* referred to this danger as one which, if not provided against in time, will render all the blood and treasure expended in this war entirely profitless. The same writer also contends that while our present foreign population, which has proved so gallant and faithful in the Southern cause, should retain the possession of every right which they now have, the same privilege should not be conferred upon future emigrants to this country. He also expresses the opinion that no European, and, we may add, Northern citizens, now residing in the South, unless it be one who is still an alien, will condemn a feeling which does not deprive Northerners or foreigners, now visiting here, of any right which they possess, but only proposes to exclude hereafter those who are now endeavoring to deprive every Southern man of his liberties."

We see by this that so long ago as last fall this movement now on foot in Virginia was contemplated, and whilst the last part of this paragraph—to use an expressive phrase—"draws it mild," since it was given to the world we had had Jefferson Davis' edict of banishment, which has had the effect of driving away tens of thousands of good citizens from States like Virginia, and [illegible] ured up by sequestration, deprivation [illegible] ght to vote, and every other outrage for which tyranny can always find an excuse in the plea of a "military necessity," or something equivalent.

Moreover, on the 12th day of last November—the *same* month in which De Bow's article appeared—Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett made a speech in Charleston, which was reported in the *Mercury*, and to show what was purposed *then* by South Carolina, and how obsequiously Virginia is trailing along after her in this matter of restricting the right of free suffrage, and so laying the axe at the root of popular government, we will quote a paragraph. He said:

"The Southern Confederacy ought to be a Slave-holding Confederacy. It is no experiment that free government should exist in slaveholding countries. The republics of Rome and Greece—still the light and glory of ancient times—were built on domestic slavery. *But it is an experiment to maintain free government with universal suffrage* and the whole population to control the government. Population increases faster than capital, and no prosperity can long stave off the dare conflict which must arise between want and affluence—population and capital. When then great majority of the population have no property, which is the case in Europe, what shall protect property under the control of this majority from partition or confiscation? What is liberty worth with starvation? and what is property worth with confiscation? Our Confederacy must be a Slaveholding Confederacy. We have had enough of a Confederacy with dissimilar institutions."

Is it not plain by this where the movement in Virginia originated? and does it not prove beyond all controversy that the leaders there have no faith whatever in the masses—that they purpose to deprive them of all political power—to *watch them as enemies?* May we not inquire whether there is anything in this that smacks of free government, and whether this is in accordance with the noble confidence felt in the masses of the people of the United States by Washington, and Madison, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry? Besides plunging us into a war, is South Carolina to inoculate with her viris—her hatred of free government—all the other States of the Union, until liberty becomes a mockery, and the people at large only blind instruments of their master's will?

Every day the truth becomes more and more apparent that the rebellion is a deliberate and revolting conspiracy against free government, as such; and that it has to be met with the sternest measures if the people of the Western Continent are to escape the evil consequences it would inaugurate. So, far, wherever the conspirators get any foothold, they straightway fall to work to subvert everything once esteemed valuable amongst us, everything that distinguishes ours as a Government from the despotisms of the old world. We have seen it in Maryland in its base attempts to steal a march upon the great majority of her citizens; in Kentucky and Missouri, where it regards not at all the overwhelming verdict of the people. We see it in the tyranny in every State South, where a military tyranny stalks rough-shod over popular rights; and it is now reaching the culminating point in the Old Dominion in its deliberate attempt to deprive the people of the plainest rights they have enjoyed for more than three-quarters of a century. Let such acts stimulate every freeman to new endeavors to foot out the evils it would force upon us; let us strive anew to redeem the nation from the woes which threaten it.

For the Easton Gazette.

POT PIE, NEAR LONDON BRIDGE,
CANTON COUNTY, MD.

TO PROFESSOR:

Your application as Preceptor of the Pot Pie Eclectic Institute, was duly received through the columns of the Easton Star, in which you stated your qualifications, &c., at length, and which, are in no wise objectionable to the most *fastidious*. You are well aware that we are a *peculiar people*, and you will therefore excuse our very exact requirements. You omitted to state whether or not you were married, if *married*, we do not wish to employ you, if *single*, come and take charge of the Institute forthwith, as we will then have accomplished our greatest *desire;* as we can soon obtain the *married man* after you have been with us awhile, provided, you are *good-looking* and not at all *bashful*.

You spoke of keeping the Institute open of nights and Sundays, thereby giving no one reason to complain. We do not wish to confine you so close to your business, but ask you to *lock* up, as soon as we can trace out the whereabouts of the *unexpended* balance of the funds, placed in *certain* hands for the purpose of *purchasing* locks, &c., for said institute.

We were very sorry to learn that you failed to elect a board of Trustees, (on a certain occasion,) for your special benefit, but we will divulge the secret, if you will keep it from the public, why you were defeated. The established rule, by which all the other elections have been conducted, was, that none but *tax-payers* were allowed the privilege of depositing their votes, but this rule was disregarded by the party opposed to you and under whose *special* care the votes or ballots of the public were *entrusted* and they allowed both *tax-payers and non-tax-payers* to deposit their votes when offered by a member of their party, but disputed and rejected even *legal* votes, when offered by a member of your party. Such are facts, and can be substantiated by a host of *Pot Pieronians*. We thought we would inform you of the *cause* thinking probably that you were *ignorant* of it, and would be glad to receive such *information*.

You would, no doubt, like to be made acquainted with the locality of said Institute, its dimensions, &c. We will give but a faint description, sufficient however to convince you of its magnificence. It is beautifully situated at the junction of the Pot Pie and Bay Hundred avenues, enclosed on all sides by a neat structure of horizontal *palisades*. The lawn immediately in front is adorned with the richest and choicest shrubbery, and ornamental shade trees, comprising the *Sweet Gum, Spruce Pine, and Locust* variety, interspersed with the *charming whortleberry and fox-glove vine*. the latter clinging with parental fondness about your feet while promenading its *graveled* walks; upon whose sides they abound in rich abundance. The Institute is a noble edifice, full one story high and commanding a delightful view of the Chesapeake and the surrounding country, provided you ascend the top of a stately *gum* within the enclosure, having prior to your ascension procured a spy-glass, by which you will be enabled to see both into the present and future. Feeling assured that you will be pleased with the description that we have given respecting said Institute, we will cease hereafter to hold any further communication with you, but *gladly* await your arrival at the Institute.

Yours, Officially,
PROSCRIPTION.

Hard on the "Stars."

The following conversation occurred between a theatrical manager and an aspirant for Thespian honors:

Manager—What is your pleasure?
Applicant—An eng-ga-gement at you-you-your theatre.
Manager—But you stammer.
Applicant—Like Betterton.
Manager—You are very small.
Applicant—Like Kean.
Manager—You speak monotonous.
Applicant—Like Macready.
Manager—And through the nose,
Applicant—Like Booth.
Manager—And you make faces.
Applicant—Like Burton.
Manager—You have badly-shaped legs.
Applicant—Like Wallack.
Manager—And brawny arms.
Applicant—Like Forrest.
Manager—And an obese person.
Applicant—Like Blake.
Manager—But you unite the defects of all actors.
Applicant—Th-th-that's just it. If you en-gage me, you will need no s-s-tars at all.

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