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[july 20

LAR LINE
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"ELIZABETH JANE"
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T. C. NICOLS, Jr.,
Agents, Easton, Md.
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er's Foundry!
having rented the Easton
urchased the entire Stock of
r. Charles Keilholtz, for the
on the same and supplying
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early call. Every kind of
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WM. MASON,
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DERS, RALLY!
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the commanding officer of
Shore. For further particu-
AMES WALLACE,
Shore Regiment of Home
Md. [sep 14-tf

RSEY—A fresh supply of
lled Kerseys, together with
neres from the celebrated
Bro.
J. D. MANSFIELD,
St. Michaels.

THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY *SATURDAY MORNING*
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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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.

[From the Rural New-Yorker.]

Stand Beside the Banner.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Brothers, stand beside the banner,
Rally 'round the cause of *right;*
Truth shall triumph, and Oppression
Sink before your gathered might.
Sons of sires who boldly battled
On the gory fields of old,
Can you see our fair flag flying,
Can you hear its story told,
And not rally to defend it.
Firm of heart and strong of hand,
Till it floats a joy forever
On the sea and on the land!

We shall miss you from the fireside,
We shall miss you from the board;
Tears are starting while we bid you
Boldly buckle on the sword.
And when bursts the storm of battle,
And the death-shots fill the air,
Then remember, still remember;
That our hearts are with you there.

Think not in the homes you leave us
We are idle all the day.
No!—with hands and hearts united,
We will labor, we will pray.
He in Heaven who ruleth o'er us,
Be your strength and be your shield;
He can guide, and guard, and keep you,
Even on the battle-field.

When shall break the glorious sunshine,
And the din of battle cease.
And above the homes of freedom
Float the white-winged angel, Peace,
If ye stand among the victors,
Or among the sleepers rest,
Thousands free at last from bondage
Shall arise to call you blest.
Brothers, stand beside the banner;
In the God of battles trust,
Truth shall triumph, and Oppression
Fall before the brave and just.

GEN. M'CLELLAN'S DREAM.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

Two o'clock of the third night after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the U. S. Army, found that justly celebrated soldier pouring over several maps, and reports of scouts.

As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the entrenchments, was insufficient to distrub it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn voice:

"'*Gen. Mc'clellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse, you, or before it can be prevented, the foe will be on Washington!*'

"Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these few words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence. I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grape shot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, and yet helpless to make answer to the unknown intruder oppressed me, I once more heard that same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"'*General McClellan do you sleep at your post?*'

There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom of matter—was suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered I regained, by some *felt* and yet *unknown* power, my volition, and with the change, the grape-shot-discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart: one as of a huge, rough icicle being sawed back and forth through and through me.

"I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep I am utterly unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and, before my eyelids had half opened my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps, all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

"My gaze was turned Southward, and there spread out before me, was a *living map*, yes, a *living map*, that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *coup d'oeil* my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic ocean on the east to the Mississippi river westwardly.

"Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. 'An apparition appeared on my left, somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me.—I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed, for the statute-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man.

"This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:

"'*General McClellan, your time is short!—Look to the Southward!*'

"I felt unable to resist this command, even had I wished to do so, and again therefore, my eyes were cast all over the *living map*.

"Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine, that illumined everything with a strong, but mellow light. I saw Charleston Harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen-looking barbett guns. My eyes followed the Ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans and thence up the Mississippi.—Fort Pickins, and, in fact every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness, as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.

"This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as, within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute, but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every rivulet, every city, every village, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon, and, I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its height or bulk.

"My blood seemed to stop in its channels with joy, as I thought, that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when, once more, that slow, solemn voice said:

"'General McClellan take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short.'

"Started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point Southwardly.

"Still I saw no features.

"Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the *living map*.

"As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge, rough icicle again began his sawing motion through my heart.—For, as pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the *living map*, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at *those identical points;* while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!' cried I, in despair. And, as before, my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:

"'General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and had not God willed otherwise ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short!' Tarry not!'

"Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the *living map*. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and I noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay or mistake.

"At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

"For a while previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining of light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noonday sun.

"Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, should I forget what I saw.—The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent *Spirit of Washington, the Father of his Country, and now a second time its Savior.*

"My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty, returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to term it, was the most God-like being I could have ever conceived of.

"Like a weak, dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon our Washington had risen, to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country.

"As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time, I heard that slow, solemn voice saying to me something like this:

"'General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic.—It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and therefore, through this, her FIRST GREAT STRUGGLE for existence, he sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her out triumphatly.

"'A century has not passed since then, and yet the Child Republic has taken her position, a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity, she has been brought to her SECOND GREAT STRUGGLE. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result. *Self-conquest*, to learn that important lesson, *Self-control, Self-rule*, that in the future, will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed, and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would, by to-morrow's sunset have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the final grave of human liberty.

"'But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto Heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace once more come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together, and raise up their hands against her.

"'But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her THIRD AND LAST GREAT STRUGGLE for existence!

"'Therefore shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord, her God; let her trust be always in Him and she shall never be confounded.

"The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I inclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of the Spirit of Washitgton.

"The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The Vision had departed, and I was again sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, *with one exception.*

"The map, on which I had dreamed I had been marking, *was literally covered with a network of pencil-marks, signs and figures.*

"I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room, to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the pencilings were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details.

"My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, refreshed in sprit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me, from an infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

"In an instant thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain manœuvres at certain points, (*guiding myself by that now, in my eyes, unearthly map,*) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last price of treachery, had not Heaven interposed.

"That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and, therefore, treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of information that I need, information that the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

"The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of National power and retribution will, until the proper moment comes, now and then let slip down upon its victim forerunners of its approach. And when the proper moment *does* come, it will sweep down upon, and forever annihilate DISUNION with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

"*Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs!*"

"God has stretched forth his arm, and the American Union is saved! And our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until perhaps, the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her THIRD AND FINAL STRUGGLE, when he may, once more laying aside the cerements of Mount Vernon, come, a messenger of succor and peace, from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the Earth in his keeping.

"But that future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present.

"When Peace shall again have folded her bright wings, and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the American Nation, of what, in their SECOND GREAT STRUGGLE for existence, hey owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

"Verily the ways of God are above the understanding of man."

[From the Kent News.]

Patriotism and Gratitude.

We have the great pleasure of lying before our readers a correspondence between a committee of Union patriots of Kent, and Ex-Governor Hicks, of our State. The articles presented to the Governor are of exquisite taste and beauty, and gotten up in a style as honorable to him as they are creditable to the honors. The tribute was one of gratitude, to the noblest and sublimest of purest patriotism and sterling integriy and firmness, by Maryland's Chief, in the most critical and perilous days of our country's history.—The sacred pledge given at his inauguration has been inviolably kept—the high trust of the Constitution—the fidelity, honor, and peace of our State, which was committed to his hands, have been guarded as priceless jewels, and untarnished and unimpaired, handed over to the keeping of his worthy and honored successor.

Letter of Presentation.

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY,
December 26th, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—We accompany this communication with a Silver Pitcher, Waiter and Goblets, on which are engraved the Coat of Arms of the United States and the State of Maryland, various national devices, and the inscription—

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THOMAS HOLLYDAY HICKS, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND, FROM THE UNION MEN OF KENT, FOR HIS UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION."

We desire your acceptance of this small token from those who appreciate your fidelity, firmness and patriotism, in the momentous and perilous crises through which our State has passed the present year. Your highest reward is the consciousness of having performed your duty, and next, the approbation, esteem and confidence of your fellow-citizens.

In laying aside the robes of office and retiring to a private station, you will carry the knowledge that the loyal people of Maryland and of all the Union States, highly value your public services; and we add, owe you a debt of gratitude, which will never be adequately discharged.

Your firmness and fidelity to the obligations of duty and of patriotism, have kept back the desolation and calamity of civil war from our midst, and saved the capitol of the nation from capture and destruction by the hands of insurgents.

May you live to witness the realization of your fondest hopes for the restoration of that perfect union, harmony and prosperity, which, we believe, a good Providence has in reversion for our beloved country.

In behalf of those we represent, as well as individually, we beg you to accept assurances of their and our highest consideration and regard.

We remain, as ever, yours,
GEORGE VICKERS,
EDWARD WILKINS,
GEO. B. WESTCOTT,
S. W. SPENCER,
JESSE K. HINES,
W. F. SMYTH,
Committee.

To His Excellency THOMAS H. HICKS, Governor of Maryland.

Reply of Governor Hicks.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE CHAMEER,
ANNAPOLIS, January 1st, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—I acknowledge the receipt of your flattering communication, with the accompanying handsome testimonial, and regret my inability to thank you suitably for the valued compilment, and I beg to assure you that it is highly appreciated.

Being about to close a plain, but trying term of the Executive administration of your State, with much of shortcoming and imperfection in the retrospect, I am deeply moved by this demonstration of your favor; and coming as it does from those who came to my relief, at a period when all was dark and of dreadful foreboding as to Maryland's future; when the waves of Secession and Rebellion were beating with great force and fury upon the frail bark of your State Executive, you, with many other patriots, stood by, nobly watched the storm, and skilfully helped to work the ship, until now, thank God, we are, helmsman and crew, comparatively safe in port.

Gentlemen, this exhibition of respect and confidence is rendered doubly valuable, because of the fact that I am soon going into that retirement so desirable to one, care-worn and born down by responsibilities and labors, added to domestic afflictions, almost without paralief; and now when I have no patronage to bestow, and no favoritism or refusal to exercise, you come to solace me. The favor will never fail to be warmly and gratefully cherished. I beg through you, gentlemen of the committee, to tender to each one of Kent County's faithful Union-loving sons who contributed to this valuable testimonial, my profound thanks, and to assure them, that unworthy as the recipient may be, it will be held in lasting remembrance.

With a sincere invocation to kind Heaven, that if it be compatible with Divine Wisdom, an early termination of the fratricidal war between our brethern of the North and the South may be our good fortune, and that fraternal relations, gentle peace and good will, may again pervade our entire country.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your favored ob't servant,

THOMAS H. HICKS.

To George Vickers, Edward Wilkins, Geo. B. Westcott, S. W. Spencer, Jesse K. Hines and William F. Smyth, Esqrs., Committee.

Now and then we have indications of the terrible straits to which the Southern States are put, and the impatience with which the people submit to the burdens imposed on them by the leaders of the rebellion. A gentleman from Memphis has furnished the Evansville (Indiana) Journal with a copy of the Memphis Argus of the 5th, which contains an article that occasioned considerable excitement at the "Bluff City," and induced the vigilance committee to wait upon the editor. As it goes to show that everything in the South does not "go as merry as a marriage bell," we copy it in full:

[From the Memphis Argus of the 5th.]

INJURING THE CAUSE.

"A knowledge of the disease is half the cure." This truism is as applicable to political as to physical disease, and a knowledge of how the fracture came is the best key the surgeon can have to obtain him a mental view of the shattered bones. We measure the value of a household servitor by the efficiency displayed by him in the past; and so should we that of a public and paid official. How is the household? means what kind of a housekeeper. Where order and happiness reign, there we say rules the good steward; where confusion and needless want exists we censure the steward; and so it should be with the rulers of nations.

We have yet to learn that this Confederacy is the private property of Jefferson Davis, or the joint domain of his Cabinet, and we find it still harder to comprehend how either the President or his Cabinet came to be considered the autocrat dispensers of weal and woe to this people, untrammelled by any responsibility to the same.

We, for one, were and are far from considering that in voting for the Secession of Tennessee from the despotism of Lincoln we were merely making a choice between two irresponsible sultans, propped by duplicating divans. We never meant in abandoning the Union to abandon with it the rights of speech and of the press, and as long as we can wag a tongue or wield a pen we shall do both in the *assertion* of truth, however palatable or unpalatable to Presidents, Cabinets, minorities or majorities.

Our assertion, last Tuesday, of the true state of our affairs, has caused quite a flutter among a few home soldiers, irresponsible and illegal wielders of authority, etc., men who, holding their positions from the higher servitors of the people, think it sacrilege, and "weakening of the cause," to fault any of their acts or no acts; and who, unable to deny our statements, would cover the sins of their superiors by asserting that a statement of the results arising from said sins is encouragement and comfort to the enemy. We seldom anthematize, but in such connection we can scare help saying—something of the enemy. We spoke and speak of the state of this Confederacy, which, juding from the policy of both Cabinets, is already better known to the Federal Cabinet than it is to our own.

We spoke and speak of the ill-conducting of this war, which has now taken from our homes some three or four hundred thousand of our best and bravest, which has paralyzed all business, save that which puts the money we can so illy spare into the pockets of the creatures of said President and Cabinet. Of this war we spoke, when we said so much might have been done in it that has been left undone. Those at the head of affairs were leaders *to* the war. We ask how are they leading *through* it?

We have been made to stand still and take such cuffs and kicks as the Northerner chooses to give *when* he pleased and *where* he pleased.—We have heard our Generals blamed for not doing what it appears they were not permitted to do. The smothered report of Beauregard has made that truth clear enough. We have for months and months been told that England would do our fighting for us on the seas. We have been told everything, save this one thing; that in the cities of the North lie the keys of our blockaded ports, and the peace we seek and need.

We see access to that peace rendered more and more distant by the wondrously accumulating power of the Federal armies and navy. We see the advance that was easy six months ago difficult to-day, and likely to be impossible to-marrow. We see that from a shoe latchet to a steam engine we lack everything, and that the families of our obedient soldiers are suffering from the seeming fabulous prices they have to pay for everything of domestic use. We look to the future, and, seeing nothing but war, ask ourselves, ask our readers, ask our rulers, *why* all looks darker and darker, as day follows day; and our vast armies prepare to rot in their camps, while mothers and sisters suffer from their absence at home.

Three times since the inception of this war has the road been opened unto us into the very heart of the North. In July, after Manassas; when Fremont resigned; when Johnston moved to Bowling Green. We blame not Beauregard, Price or Johnston; but we ask why they were not permitted to do what they wished to do, and could then have done—secured our peace and our liberty? Whom do we blame? The men at Richmond. Not ours the place to ask why and wherefores. We say our people are so situated. We say the leaders *to* the war have been the leaders *through* it; and we simply state the results.

One year's roticent suffering is enough; and as we never were, and never intend to be a puff sheet for Jefferson Davis, or any other statesman or politician, in or out of place or power, we speak the more plainly. We believe less adulation, real and hollow, of our public men, who have yet done nothing, would have been attended with more beneficent results; and dare also believe that the sooner our press ceases this slavish adulation, and confusion of the cause with any act of men, the sooner is the cause likely to prosper.

Position of Affairs Previous to the Battle at Somerset.

A letter from the camp near Somerset, Ky., near which the foregoing battle was fought, dated January 15, gives the following account of the *status* there a few days previous to the battle:

The *status* here is simply this: Crittenden, having taken the command of the troops at Mill Spring, while Zollicoffer has gone to Nashville, remains with the bulk of his twelve thousand men, intrenched, and defended by eleven pieces of field artillery and some twenty of the cannon manufactured in the Confederacy, and warranted to burst on the third discharge. His right flank is protected by the river, his left by White Oak creek, a stream with high bluff banks, impassable at the camp to our troops, while his front rests on a succession of hills, not steep, but so commanding that they cannot be taken without great slaughter, unless their defenders cut and run. With their only route of escape cut off by our forces moving towards Monticello, we may well imagine that if the enemy fights at all it well be with desperation.

On our part, Gen. Boyle is somewhere on the Cumberland river near Burkesville, waiting for artillery. Gen. Thomas is fifteen miles this side of Columbia, or was at last accounts, waiting till a creek runs down, and we are here waiting for orders. The telegraph has caught the general infection, and after getting within eight miles of us has stopped, waiting for insulators. And I fear that even if a chance should occur for us to strike a blow, and make one long hoped-for entry into Tennessee, we would still have to "wait for transportation."

Last evening and this morning we have had a pleasant excitement in our camp in welcoming Tennessee refugees. Seventy three came in, having traveled by night through the mountains. Driven from their homes by the tyranny which prevails in their State, they come to join those who have promised to redeem their firesides from the pollution of the oppressor. It is most painful to listen to their stories. The conscription has been going on in East Tennessee, forcing brave men into the service of a cause which they hate, and of men for whom their only prayers are curses. The greater part of them had only time to bid a hurried good-bye to their families, and, leaving them under the shadows of untold perils, to fly to the woods. One man had lain hidden for six weeks, a few miles from his own house, waiting till the bloodhounds should leave him free to escape. During that time he saw his home but twice. Several had been imprisoned, and used the first hours of their freedom in flight to seek revenge under the old flag.—They came by mountain passes, following the paths which they knew, and then the North Star. In their night marches not a word was spoken. Their hands on their knive and pistols, they came on prepared to die rather than surrender.—They tell us that if we can reach Tennessee with arms, four-fifths of the male population will flock to our standard. They promise us such a reception as only can be given by brave hearts long crushed beneath superior force to those who bring them rescue.

No one who has not talked with our East Tennesseeans has any idea of their holy hatred of the Confederacy, and of the sufferings they have undergone through their attachment to the Union. There are now two full regiments of refugees in this State, besides more than fifteen hundred who have enlisted in the various Kentucky regiments. Brave, honest, simple-hearted fellows, not the best material in the world for drilled and disciplined machine soldier, but gifted with individual courage and all excellent marksmen, they are as fine skirmishers as any General could ask. But their hearts are sickened by the long delays to which they are subjected.—The promises so often made that they should be sent to defend their State with a strong army to back them up, are yet unfulfilled. They all have the strong local attachments to their homes which characterizes mountaineers. And many of them have had their hopes deferred till they sickened and died in despair.

All who do not take the oath to support the Confederate States are either sent to Tuscaloosa or forced to bear arms against the Union.

They state that Parson Brownlow has been released from his loathsome prison, only to die from his disease, contracted within its walls, and is now at home dangerously ill.

They secreted themselves during the day and travelled by night. Hundreds more will join us soon. They say the Secessionists are concentrating at Jacksboro. A prominent and influential Rebel at Knoxville, named Sneed, is urging the citizens to burn the town to prevent its falling into the hands of the Union forces.

[From the Missouri Democrat.]

Condition of the People in the Rebel States.

Everything we learn from the newspapers of the Confederate States, indicates a condition of general privation and suffering. Nowhere are the prime necessaries of life to be obtained at reasonable prices; but everywhere scarcity and high prices prevail, with no employment or business but military service or occupations auxiliary to the war. The whole South is evidently suffering terribly from the calamities of the war which it madly and wickedly invoked.

It is quite true that the expressed sentiments of the press are those of unabated defiance. But it is to be remembered that the entire South is now under a military despotism, which would repress by instant force any manifestation of discontent. Those sentiments may be sincere, but it is quite certain that no other can be uttered.—Though whole counties and districts may be tired of the war, and would gladly return to their allegiance, no man dare now proclaim such willingness.

There is reason to believe that thousands and tens of thousands throughout the South would rejoice to be reinstated in the Union and enjoy the prosperity which it secured in times past.—How soon that feeling will become too strong for military restraint no one can predict. But the calamities which rebellion has brought upon the people throughout all the Confederate States fall first, of course, upon the poorer class, whose voice alone has little power there. Pinching want is felt first in the cabins and humble tenements. When it reaches the mansions in its severity, as it inevitably must, if the war is protracted, there will be a counter revolution too powerful to be stayed. No one can scan the price current of the South which we sometimes get hold of, without being convinced that want and suffering and privation are sorely felt.

It is very commonly said, and is true, that the South cannot be *starved* into submission. But there are a thousand wants more easily denied than hunger, indeed, but the prolonged endurance of which is fearful and distressing, and which are now experienced in increasing severity. One man—an hundred men, may talk heroically, and resolve they will "never yield."—But no community is made up wholly of determined men; there are infirm and helpless, the aged and the children—who make the aggregate, who can be actuated by no such desperate malignity as that of the leaders of the rebellion.—Ere long, the suffering, as it grows daily more hopeless, will be quite intolerable.

Were the federal armies now to achieve some great, decisive victory, we should expect to see signs of a counter revolution against the confederate despotism exhibited at once in many portions of the South.

Since the foregoing was written, we notice a passage in Governor Bradford's inaugural address to the Legislature of Maryland, which confirms in a forcible manner the views we had expressed. In reply to those who augur, from the emphatic declarations of the secession politicians, the impossibility of regaining the allegiance of the revolted States, Governor Bradford opposes considerations of national unity which he deems more potent than any such declarations, however sincere. Under this head he says:

"The leaders of the rebellion may assert over and over again that the South never will submit to this national rule—that it will resist to the last the proposed reunion. So far as those leaders are concerned, we may not doubt the sincerity of their protest; their offences against free institutions are too rank and too recent to allow them willingly again to submit to the will of the majority. But to say nothing of that popular voice which they have for the present stifled; to admit for argument sake, that but one sentiment pervades the entire South, and that it clamors for a separate government; earnest as that purpose may be, there is a still stronger force opposed to it, not merely the force of a vast numerical superiority, but a power made irresistible by the force of necessity; a controlling and decisive power, growing out of the demands which the laws of self-preservation make imperative. Nationality with us, therefore, is a necessity, and peace, anxiously as we may await it, can never come until that necessity is recognized, and our whole country once more united under its old established rule. Who can doubt that such will be the ultimate result of the war if it is confined to the faithful pursuit of that object?"

Letter from Hon. Joseph Holt on the Appointment of Secretary of War.

In a letter from Hon. Jos. Holt to Lieut. Gov. Stanton he uses the following enthusiastic language respecting the appointment of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, viz:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16, 1862.

* * * "The selection of the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War has occasioned me unalloyed gratification. It is an immense stride in the direction of the suppression of the rebellion. So far as I can gather the popular sentiment, there is everywhere rejoicing over the appointment; but that rejoicing would be far greater did the people know, as I do, the courage, the loyalty and the genius of the new Secretary, as displayed in the intensely tragic struggles that marked the closing days of the last Administration. He is a great man intellectually and morally—a patriot of the true Roman stamp, who will grapple with treason as the lion grapples with his prey. We may rest well assured that all that man can do will in his present position be done to deliver our poor, bleeding country from the bayonets of traitors now lifted against its bosom. Sincerely yours,

J. HOLT.

Stay-at-Home Ranger's Answer.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Do you know that I think that it's hard on a feller,
Only because he's not willing to go
And stand to be shot at by some other feller,
To keep on making verses about him, you know,
If I only could find out the feller that wrote 'em,
I'd go and take lessons in boxing to-day,
And he and the other mean fellers that quote 'em
Should find such impertinence very good play.

Gwacious! you know that they fire off weal bullets,
Howwid big cannons, and guns by the score,
Shooting fine fellets like so many pullets—
Fellers must find it a tewwible bore.
Sleeping in bawwacks—I b'lieve that they call 'em—
Howwid old wood-sheds, you know, the word means;
Eating—good gwacious, how government feeds 'em—
How could a feller live only on beans?

Then, if you couldn't be over the others—
Every one can't be a colonel, you know—
Nobody'd mind, and they'd quawwel like bwothers
When they are little schoolfellows, you know.
It's awfully low to be only a private,
Wear queer little jackets without any tails,
And go wound forever with things on your shoulders,
Strapped and tied up just like small cotton bales.

Just 'cause the government chooses to quawwel
With those queer fellers that call your hair 'har,'
Fellers that don't go themselves think a feller
Cowardly because he don't run to the war.
If they like, let 'em try it; myself don't fancy
Being shot at with pistols and poked at with swords,
Bay'neted, bomb-shelled, perhaps Minnie-rifled
Cut up and blown up, and widdled and gored.

It's all vewy well to be colonol, and order
T'other low fellers to do what you choose,
If evewy ball didn't wemind you to-morrow
Some other feller might stand in your shoes.
Gwacious! a cannon ball fired at a feller
Mashes his brain like a basket of eggs—
Squashes and maims and disfigures a feller.
How would I look, now, without any legs?

Loss of a Fine-Tooth Comb.

An English Methodist preacher, who spoke in meeting out West, told the following story:

"It is but a little while since I was traveling along one of our great rivers surrounded by the deep forest. I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side, and there I found a poor family in g-r-e-a-t affliction-ah! They were all sick; their children were shivering and starving; their heads frowsey and dirty; and I was informed by the mother that they had lost their fine-tooth comb-ah! They were ignorant of the go-ospel, and didn't seem to care about it either; for when I reasoned 'em, the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine-tooth comb-ah!—'Yes, theer it is up theer on the catch ali;' said she, when asked if she had a Bible in the house, and she pointed to a narrow shelf, over the smoky fire-place, "but we don't read into it; ha'n't read any on't but once't, when our little Bill died with the ager, for asmuch as two months!" I got on a dye-tub, my friends, that stood in the corner, and reached up and took down the blessed book, all covered with dust, and what do you think it was I opened to-ah? What do you think it was I found there to satisfy the longings of that poor woman ah? It was the long-lost, long-wanted fine-tooth comb! Oh, my hearers, search the Scriptures! If she had only searched the Scriptures, how her mind would a been eased; for she would have found her fine-tooth comb, com'd the frowsey heads of her children, and make her peace with her Maker-ah!"

A Philosopher, being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered "an opportunity."