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TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME 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. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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-pad will receive prompt attention.

New Store.

THE undersigned respectfully call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that they have purchased the entire stock of Mr. Samuel T. Kennard, late at the old established and well known stand of Messrs. Mackey & Son, and are now prepared to carry on the Mercantile business under the name and style of

LOVEDAY & WRIGHT.

They have just returned from the city with the largest assortment of GOODS to be found in the county, among which are enumerated the following :—

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

GENTLEMEN'S,

PLAIN AND FANCY CASSIMERES,
BLEACHED AND BROWN MUSLINS,
BLEACHED AND BROWN CANTON FLANNELS,
PLAID DOMESTICS, &c., &c.

FANCY GOODS,

Hoisery, Gloves, Collars, Cravats, &c.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
WOODENWARE,
QUEENSWARE, &c.

LIQUORS.

Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, Gins, &c., &c.,

guaranteed Philadelphia Imported. Superior qualities cannot be found for the prices. Also a lot of the justly celebrated

"HICKLEY WHISKEY,"

to which they challenge a competition for a better article.

As they intend to sell as "cheap as the cheapest" they have adopted the CASH PRINCIPLE, and promising to do their utmost to please, earnestly solicit the patronage of all.

GEORGE E. S. LOVEDAY,
JOS. V. B. WRIGHT.

oct 18

NEW GOODS.

New Fall and Winter Goods.

THOMPSON & KERSEY,

HAVE just completed their work of opening and arranging their *NEW STOCK* of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

to an examination of which they earnestly invite their friends and customers generally.

Every department of their stock has been replenished and a very large proportion for nett cash, so that they feel confident of being able to successfully compete with the trade in *Style, Quality and Price.*

It has ever afforded them a pleasure to exhibit their stock, and none need fear giving trouble to the proprietors by calling to look through the selections.

We cannot with-hold the expression of our thankfulness to the public for their past patronage and must again express the hope that by constant attention to business, the exhibit of stocks quite equal to any in the market, and a determination to give entire satisfaction, to merit and receive a continuation of the same.

oct 11 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

CARPETS, CARPETS!

THOMPSON & KERSEY'S

CARPET Ware Room is now stored with one of the finest and best selections of
Rag, Ingrain,
Fine and Superfine Ingrain,
and Tapistry Ingrain Carpets,
Rugs, Druggets and Oil Cloths,
ever offered to this market. The public are respectfully invited to call and see them.

oct 11 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

Fulled Kerseys,

MANUFACTURED AT THE BOHEMIA MILLS,

Melton Cloths,
Cassimetts,
Tweeds, &c., &c., for sale by

oct 11 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

1852-3. 1862-3. 1862. NEW 1862.

JESSE HUGHES.

HOME AGAIN!

WITH A LARGE SUPPLY OF

BOOTS & SHOES.

I HAVE just returned from the city with a large supply of BOOTS & SHOES, of every description to suit the present and approaching seasons, suitable for all classes, consisting of fine and coarse work of very superior quality; to an inspection of which I invite my friends and the public in general. I am prepared to furnish the former with Servant's Wear in any quantity, and at as low a figure as they can be bought, as my motto is "small profits and quick sales." My stock consists in part of

Ladies' Morocco Boots, Gaiters, &c.,
Misses and Childrens' wear
of all grades and varieties,
Gentlemens' Boots, Shoes, &c.,
Servants' Heavy Boots, Brogans,
Planters, &c.

I have also purchased a large stock of superior Leather which I am prepared to make up into Boots and Shoes at the shortest notice and in the best manner.

REPAIRING done with dispatch.

Feeling thankful for the past encouragement, I have received from a generous public, I beg that they will continue the same favors.

oct 4 JESSE HUGHES.

KERSEYS, KERSEYS.—Cheezum & Emory, have just received from the Manufactory of Mallalieu & Brother a handsome assortment of Fine Cassimeres for Gentleman's, and Boy's wear. Also 3-4 and 6-4 Full Kersey's. To an inspection of which they invite their friends and the public generally. Wool taken in exchange for Kersey. (aug 2)

Ladies' Dress Goods.

A LARGE and handsome assortment of all the different styles and varieties, too numerous to menion, just received and for sale by

may 3 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

RAISINS and Figs by the pound or box, Prunes, Citron, Currents, Almonds, Chestnuts, Pecannuts and Filberts, for sale by

dec 21 C. ROBINSON.

1862. NEW 1862.

FALL GOODS.

JAMES H. GRACE,

HAS just returned from the city with a full supply of

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

GROCERIERS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE.

To an inspection of which I respectfully invite my customers and the public generally.

oct 4-tf JAS. H. GRACE.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF

Fall and Winter GOODS,

Ready-Made Clothing,

DRY GOODS,

FAMILY GROCERIES,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
BOYS' WEAR,
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS,
TOYS & JEWELRY,
CONFECTIONARY,
Coal Oil & Coal Oil Lamps.

PATCHETT & WRIGHT,

HAVE just returned from the city with a complete assortment of the above named goods, all of which have been selected with care and bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold at small profits. The public are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B.—Also, for sale, De Wolf's Copper Pens—a splendid article. [nov 1

FIGS.—Fresh Figs for sale by the Drum or smaller quality, by

nov 8 DAWSON & BRO.

For the Easton Gazette.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

BY VIOLET.

Time ebbs away; the year is on the wane;
Soon Christmas chimes will greet our ears again,
"The cedar and the box" together twine
To beautify the House of God Divine.

Glad festival, dear season, whose return
Should make the christian's heart with rapture burn,
As he lists to the record from Above,
The story of a Saviour's matchless love.

The time of social gatherings, when the chain
Of household love relinks itself again,
When absent ones return with smiles of joy,
The buoyant school girl and the laughing boy.

But ah! some links are missing, some, whose place
Knows them no more, some dear familiar face,
Whose loving smile, whose tender, cheering glance
Is wanting at the lavish board, perchance.

Thus 'tis with earthly joy; its sunbeam bright
Has e'en its shadow, crossing o'er the light;
The smile, that wreathes the lip, hides not the tear,
That dims the eye, love's parting tribute dear.

Only to childhood come the Christmas bells
As chimes of perfect joy, while they are knells,
That chronicle, to stricken hearts, the woe
Of cherished hopes, in all their prime, laid low.

Is it the aged pilgrim, on whose brow
Clusters the snow of many winters, now
Gathered unto his fathers, while we find
The gleanings of his saintly life behind?

Is it the man, cut off in life's full bloom,
Made suddenly the tenant of the tomb;
The loved recipiant of the filial pride
Of tender hearts—their comforter, their guide?

Is it the youthful matron, in whose life
Dwelt gentle acts unmared by thoughts of strife;
Who trained the house plants by the cottage hearth
And found, in home, her happy sphere on earth?

Is it the gentle maid, whose tranquil light
Beamed brightest, ere it faded on our sight,
Who dwells in Memory's chamber, sacred spot,
Where our own loved and lost are ne'er forgot?

Is it the little child, whose pratling dear
Could chase away dark grief, dispel the tear?
Oh! 'twas a cloudless sunbeam only given
To light the vale of Death—to guide to Heaven.

Yes, many beauteous blossoms yield, a prey
To the sad messenger of Death, whose sway,
Sweeping o'er earth with unresisting power,
Hews down the oak and blasts the fragile flower.

We pause—for Death hath borne, with noiseless tread
To the vast city of the sleeping dead,
The household idol, in whose opening life
Centred bright hopes, with love's own colouring, rife.

Can we forget his virtues? Can we cease
To mind us of his gentleness, the peace—
That silver thread, which gracefully entwined
To cast its halo o'er the tranquil mind?

How bright, when viewed through Sorrow's blinding tears,
Are the sweet memories of departed years;
Treasures, too dear to meet the careless eye;
The key of Love unlocks them—pass them by.

Memory looks back, while *Faith*, with steadfast hand,
Unveils the regions of the spirit land,
Guiding the tear-dimmed eye to realms Above
With the sweet angel whisper—"God is Love."

Parting is sorrow, yet our Father's Will,
Can we not call it ours, and trusting still,
Resign the brightest gems, to mortals given,
As jewels in the diadem of Heaven.

TREAD AVON, Dec. 9, 1862.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ELSIE FORD'S

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

Christmas Eve! The soft snow was falling lightly round; the church bells, their sharp clang mellowed and softened by distance, were ringing forth the Christmas chimes; the curtains were drawn in closely, and Elsie Ford sat by the fire dreaming. The open grate filled with rudy coals, cast a bright yet pleasant light over the large parlor, deepening the shadows in the far off corners, yet bringing into full relief the little figure nestling down in the deep chair, musing happily on her own new joy. She looked very fair, fragile, and childlike, for eighteen years had passed over her petted life with light fingers, bringing out new beauties, yet sparing all her care and sorrow. The fair open brow, shaded by short brown ringlets, was smooth and white as polished ivory, and the soft brown eyes looking so earnestly forward in musing, were frank, well opened, and trusting as a child's. The petite figure in its crimson dress, the little white soft hand, the regular features, and smiling rose bud mouth, had each and all their peculiar winsome grace. She seemed born for petting, to be encircled ever by loving hearts that could stand between her and every rude shock, as she lay thinking of the morrow of its coming happiness, and then suffering her thoughts to roam back over the past annual festivals. She celebrated two epochs in her christmas rejoicing, for eighteen years ago that very night she had first opened her big brown eyes on this world, first mingled her wailing cry with her mother's last sigh. The love she had never known she never missed, for her father's jealous love watched every attendant of her childish days, every instructor of her later years, and sheltered by that love, she had grown up concentrating all her filial affection upon the only parent she had ever known. Every luxury, every refinement that wealth could command has been hers from infancy, and she looked as if she was the petite child of fortune. And this night another deep happiness brightened her eyes and gave the sweet earnest smile to her lip. She loved and she was assured that her love was returned with a fervor and truth equal to that given by her own pure heart.

Alfred Conway, the man who sought this sunbeam to brighten his own home, was a clerk in Mr. Ford's counting-house and one whose fair, open integrity, strong intellect, and bright genial powers of fascination, had long ago won the love and respect of his employer. Hiram Ford had been poor himself, before the freak of an eccentric distant relative had willed to him his present wealth, and he was himself too generous, too large hearted to let his young friend's worldly disadvantages make an barrier in his reception at the hospitable house of his employer. It was not long difficult to guess where Elsie got her merry ripling laugh; her dancing eyes, and smiling lips when one looked into her father's face. He was a tall man with every limb moulded on a large scale, yet giving an impression of activity as well as strength. In the curling brown hair there are heavy flakes of silver, but his high white forehead is unscarred by time's wrinkles, and the well cut features, clear, fresh complexion, and large frank eyes show no signs of age. The crowning attraction is the mouth, ever varying with change of emotion, flexible, expressive and beautiful, those full red lips convey every change of feeling before they utter one sound. Upon coming into his inheritance he had enlarged his business and taken for a confidential clerk the father of Alfred Conway, who dying, left his widow; son and daughter utterly destitute. With his warm, impulsive generosity, Hiram Ford paid for the education of the orphans, and obtained for the widow employment in sewing at good prices. As soon as Alfred was old enough he took him in his countinghouse, at a salary sufficient to enable his mother and sister to live without work. This man, then with his large heart, his deep fatherly love and warm impulses, was not one to listen coldly to a love tale poured forth with all the fresh enthusiasm of youth; and while Elsie sat dreaming by the firelight secure of the affection that had made her whole life joyous, her father listened in his library to the boy he had loved so long, as he told his story and asked him to give the life of his only child to another's keeping. They were a fine contrast, as they sat earnestly conversing, these two noble men, the one so strong and genial in his mellow middle age, the other buoyant and joyous in his fresh youth. The large yet well-moulded features, tall, erect figure, and keen black eye of the young bore the impress of a life of love of all men so eminently characterized the face of the older one. Truly Elsie was happy in her protectors.

"You must not think to take her away Alfred,' said Mr. Ford, as the other ceased speaking.—"She is my only one. Nay,' he added kindly, "your face need not cloud so. I do not mean to refuse you the place you plead for. She is yours, with her father's full and free consent. Where she has given her love I will not refuse her hand."

"How can I thank you!" said Alfred earnestly, his eyes full of tears.

"By loving and cherishing her and by granting the only request I shall make—to make your home here. The house is large enough for all, and I cannot part from Elsie."

There was a long silence; then with a low voice and face that proved the effort the words cost him, Alfred said:—"I shall not claim your promise now, for I want your permission to leave the counting-house for eighteen months, to go to the Cape of Good-hope."

No words of mine can picture the amazement to the old gentleman's face.

"Go to the Cape of Good Hope!" he echoed.

"But for the hope of your permission I should never have dared to tell you of and his colors rose—"my love for Elsie. Some two months ago my cousin, who sails a trading vessel, came home from a voyage to Africa, and told me of a cargo that costing but little here, would realize a sum there that would raise me above want, and make my mother and sisters likewise independent—a sum that would warrant my asking Elsie's hand secure of her still having a home not too much at variance with the one she leaves.—I meant to leave my hope of her love, a thing of doubt till I returned, but I could not. I shrunk from the thought of leaving her for so long a time without one assurance of the sweet truth I learned to day."

"But, Alfred, this is a Quixotic scheme. Besides, you leave here. I will raise your salary. Anything but having you leave us."

"I know, I feel all your kindness," said the young man deeply touched, but I cannot hear your generous proposal, I feel deeply all the debt of gratitude I already owe you, but I must still plead for the right to feel that I can claim Elsie not as a poor man, but with the independence I can earn in this venture. If I fail, I shall start anew, sure'—and his smile was radiant in confidence—'that she will be constant.'

'But, Alfred; what is this scheme; and how will you meet the first expenses?"

'Your own liberality has placed my salary far above the wants of our little household, and I have saved a sum sufficient for all the necessary outlay. For the scheme, let me explain it."

Listening with the earnest attention of one deeply interested, the man of business saw at once the feasibility of the plan and the fair opening it offered to his young friend. It was an opportunity but seldom offered to a speculator and had the double advantage of presenting to the buyers across the ocean a fair opening for their energy and enterprise. Altogther the philanthropic and mercantile spirit was fully roused.

'It were a thousand pities to lose such a chance,' he said enthusiastically. Go, Alfred, and I will keep Elsie for you till you return. Don't tell her now. To-morrow is Christmas, and her birth-day and your mother and sister must dine with us. It will be some weeks before you can sail, so let to-morrow be a day of pleasure to her unalloyed by the prospect of a long separation. You"—and he locked up wistfully—'think you must go?"

'It is best,' said Alfred, gently.

'Yes,' sighed he, 'but I don't like partings.—There, go find your lady-bird and let me think.'

The young man came from his seat and took the hand that had so long fostered him, both his own. For a moment a sadness that in after years seemed to him almost prophetic, crept into his heart, and he stood silent, looking into the kind face raised to meet the gaze. Then softly subdued by some feeling unexplained, he bent down on one knee beside the chair, and bowed his head over the strong hand he grasped. With a touch light as a woman's the hand fell upon his thick clustering curls, and the cheerful hearty voice of his benefactor was husky, as he said,

'God bless you, Alfred, my son!'

And Elsie, meantime, dreamed away the fleeting moments by the fireside. She knew well the love her father bore towards Alfred, and with the fond affection of a woman he felt that the pleading of her lover would be resistless. Did not she feel how vain it was to think of loving any other, and where she loved she knew her father's whole interest would be roused. Her loving gentle father! Over the whole retrospect of her life, she could recall no harsh word, no ungentle act; he had stood in the place of both parents, and no mother could claim a more perfect confidence, stronger, truer affection than Elsie gave her father.

'Asleep?'

The question, in the cheerful voice she loved so well, roused her from her reverie. She looked up to see the tall figure of Alfred Conway, towering above the back of her chair, the large eyes looking down upon her nestling figure.

'Asleep? No! Shall we have the gas lit, or sit here by the fire-light?'

'Sit here by all means,' and her lover drew up a footstool and established himself in the orthodox position at the feet of his mistress. 'Gas light was never meant for wooing, Elsie.'

The firelight played then on a group that could have the brightest gas jet, so full of grace and poetry was the posture. Alfred had thrown himself carelessly down his large, yet graceful form resting partly on the large rug, partly on the footstool, while his head and shoulders were leaning on the arm of Elsie's chair. His thick chesnut curls were thrown back from the broad forehead, and his face, radiant with new happiness, was raised smiling and happy to meet her look, while she, just bending forward, rested her clasped hands on his shoulder, and let her bright curls brush his as she lay her cheek down on the arm of the large chair. The low melody of his voice, as he told her of her father's kindness, was in keeping with the pretty picture, and his arm stole round her little figure to emphasize the vow he whispered, to cherish love, and protect her his life long, she let him fold her in his clasp, sure that her resting place was there in all joy or sorrow. Standing, an hour later with clasped hands, the two bent before the kind father, who came to rouse them from their loving converse only to sanction and bless it. So with every want of his heart filling to overflowing, happy in home, father and lover wrapped in a blissful dream, passed the first of the three years that Elsie called her Chirstmas Eve.

One year later and again the firelight plays upon the parlor where Elsie had promised her love and won her father's blessing; but the large chair stands empty by the wall, the rooms hold no life, only the still furniture that seems to mock the glowing, ruddy flame by its more formality. To find Elsie you must mount a story higher to a large bedroom, whose white draperies chill you, even before you enter. The bed lies vacant, and the chairs are ranged around the walls with an inhospitable stiffness. The toilet table is draped with a white cloth and the long snowy curtains flutter in the piercing wind that enters the open window. Close beside that window in the long narrow casket that is man's last earthly tenement, lies the master of the house, with folded hands resting over the stilled heart that beat warmly to every generous emotion.—The noble features look as it carved from marble, in their pure white outline, and the calm smile tells truly of a peaceful ending to a well to a well spent life kind watchers have been with the orphan; but as the weary hours of the night moved on, they slept and she alone of all the house walked and watched.

Clearly and distinctly the midnight hours pealed from the clock on the chamber mantel, and as the last stroke echoed through the awful stillness, a little white robed figure glided softly in. In the softened subdued light she looked like some unearthly vision, her white night dress fell in long folds to her little bare feet, and the hair brushed carelessly from her face, floated in uncurled masses down over her shoulders. With a step that fell without a sound on the thick, soft carpet she crossed the room till she stood behind the coffin. The moon striking through a crevice of the closed shutters, threw a ray of light across her father's face, and lit up the smile that seemed beaming as of old to greet her coming. It was too solemn for any violent burst of grief, and the weary, aching longing for the loved face rested as the young girl stood gazing with eager eyes upon it. The cold winter wind swept over her, chilling her to the heart but she did not heed it. There was an iron at her heart that defied any outward chill. Not till she pressed her lips to the cold ones that for the first time let her kiss pass unreturned did the wailing cry break from her poor sore heart. Then low, but oh, how bitter in its intensity, the cry poured forth. Father, O father, speak to me!" Every fond word of endearment every caress that she was wont to lavish she wasted on that cold unanswering face till the tide of feeling broke all barriers, and her piercing cries brought Mrs. Conway from the next room, to find Elsie raving in delirium. Long weeks of illness followed, and when health came slowly back to the delicate, sorely-tried frame, the love that sorrow had deepened and strengthened for the mother and sister of her betrothed were Elsie's chief comfort in her bereavment.

Knowing how lonely the orphan would do if she refused, Mrs. Conway accepted Elsie's proposal to make her house the home of herself and daughter until Alfred's return. This was the hope that kept the orphans from utter despair. She had turned for comfort to the source from which her father has drawn motives for every act of his life, but while she bowed in humble resignation to the Power that had claimed her father's life, she could not keep away the actual daily void his absence made. No room but his place seemed waiting for him; no hour when his voice, his counsel was not missed, no day when the first thought of her bursting heart was other than, "He is not hers!"

Spring opened, and the sad, pale face grew brighter as the days drew the time of Alfred's return. At last the vessel arrived; it was early in July and Mrs. Conway was in the parlor, putting those finishing touches a good house wife loves to add to a servant's arranging, when her nephew, the captain of the vessel in which Alfred had sailed was announced. Trembling, with a dredful terror she went to meet him. His sad face and slow advance confirmed her worst fears.

"Alfred, my son! Is he dead?"

"I—I fear so" was the mournful answer. He was taken very ill with ship fever, and by the surgeon's and vice we left him at Port Elizabth—He said the only chance for his recovery was to be put ashore, but I fear he was only left to die. I have never seen a worse case."

"I was forced to do so, but he was in kind hands. An American family residing at Port Elizabeth took him to their own home and every means will be used for his recovey."

"My son!" the agonizing cry reached Elsie in her own room, and she flew down stairs. Far differently the news affected her.

"He is not dead! He will return I know. I feel he will dear mother," and her sweet face glowed with the fervor of her hope as she spoke. The faith was contagious, and the anxious watching for news became painful only as it failed them. No word, no tidings reached them, and the weary months sped past in painful monotony Still the trust never left Elsie. Something in her faithful heart whispered courage and hope, and she drew the messenger closely to her, and believed that her lover was alive and hastening to her.

As the vessel which bore him, still in feeble but gaining health, to England—sped over the seas, for his impatience could not wait for another American vessel, she seemed to feel his spirit approaching hers so strong grew the certainty that he was to return.

A third time in our story Christmas eve drew its twilight shadows round the parlor, and the ruddy glow from the grate plyed over the room. Mrs. Conway and her daughter in their own room, but a restless little figure, in a deep mourning dress paced up and down the long parlors. Pail and shadowy the face, that had been so brought two years before, looked now in the corners, till passing before the grate, the ruddy light threw a false glow over its outlines. The little white hands clasped lightly together works with emotion, as the poor child looks back on the last year, the sad epoch that marked a day before all rejoicing. No tears were on her cheek; but the white lips, the mournful eye and working fingers speak the deep emotion, while up and down the quick feet bear her, till from weariness they grow heavy and she trailes them over the monotonous walk. Then as the evning wears on, she sinks into the large chair to rest her head down and think, think till the brain seem reeling with its painful memories and doubts and so she fell asleep. Dreaming she went back to two years before the last loved voice bade her still love, still hope for happiness, and again she seemed to hear and see the accents that had always cheered, the smile that has been brightest for her alone.

And the dream brought back another face, another voice whispered, as of old, her name with every tone of tenderness till she heard as if from afar, the mother's voice:—

"Softly, Alfred, do not rouse her suddenly," and she opened her eyes to meet a flood of light, to find her head pillowed on her lover's shoulder, his face bending over hers, his warm, loving kisses pressing her lips.

The People Sick of the Rebellion.

The Bangor (Maine) Whig publishes a letter written by a gentleman now residing in Charleston, S. C., on the 10th ultimo, of which the following are extracts:

"My opinion is that the majority of the residents of this city, at this time, would not mourn to see the old flag waving in the breeze over the town. The fire-eaters who are too old to be in the army have generally retired into the interior, where we trust they will remain. When the grand crash comes, it will find us not grieving, but glad. Sieges and storms have lost their terror to the people of this city. We have had so large a share of *liberty* under our new Government, that we can cheerfully submit for a time to the oppression of the Federal Government. The bombardment of the city is not so great an evil as some others. With flour at $35 per barrel, corn at $2 50 per bushel, potatoes at $4 per bushel, coffee at $2 75 per pound, common calico at $2 per yard, shoes $16 for my wife, to say nothing of $30 for a of pants, $1 30 for a pound of butter and $1 55 to $1 65 a pound for yellow soap, bomb shells are not regarded as very terrible. More people will suffer for want of fuel and food in Charleston this winter than in all New England, unless the city falls into Fedreal hands.

Hundreds cannot buy salt. It was sold at auction the other day at $46.33 per bushel, at wholesale. I have just paid $22 per cord for poor oak wood, and there are thousands of cords within a few miles of the city, but no boats, no cars no carts to haul it, no negroes to cut it—every body, everything being used by the Confederate Government on the public works. The efforts of the Government seem like desperation, but to any one who has common sense there seems very little chance of any successful defence. I prophecy that when this town falls in on the Federal Government there will be such a different state of things here from what is *generally* anticipated, as to surprise many outside of it, and many in it. The leaders of secession are no longer here, and they are thoroughly killed off as far as future influence goes, *however this war ends.* Of no man is there more thorough detestation to-day, in South Carolina than Robert Barnwell Rhett—not even Abraham Lincoln. The news of the death of his whole family would give more joy than any other event I could name How sure it is that every revolution of such a character as this kills its own sires!

The Northern papers talk about the absence of Union feeling in the South. There is no want of love for the old Government. It is daily growing stronger rather then weker. But the power of that Government must be shown to be strong enough to occupy and possess the teritory. Once give us a chance, and the pressure of the peril off, and the welkin will ring with joy at the downfall of the Confederate Government. But as long as the Confederate Government is the one which exercises excusive power over us—as long as Virginia stands defiantly in front af the Federal army—so long will all men hesitate to take the risk of openly espousing the Union cause. It is hard now to find any man who will avow that was an original Secessionist. But their pride is engaged in the conflict. That will yield to hard blows this winter. Then let Jeff Davis & Co look out for a peace party at the South. They have been straining their eyes to see one at the North; they may see one in the South before they want it. There is no single grievance of which the Southern States complained at the hands of the Federal Government (except the one in connection with slavery) which has not been aggravated by the Confederate Government, and the common opinion here is, that whatever the result of the war, so far as connection with the Federal Government goes, the axhas been laid at the root of slavery.