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TERMS.

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EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., February 28, 1863. No. 11.

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-paid will receive prompt attention.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

MRS. E. A. MASON has just received from the city all the latest

FALL STYLES

OF

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

of the largest assortment ever before kept by her. Having selected her stock with great pains and on the very best terms, she thinks all will be pleased that may favor her with their custom.

She will also inform the public that she has the same Ladies to do her Bleaching and Pressing that have given such universal satisfaction heretofore. Store on Washington street, between the M. E. Church and the Odd Fellow's Hall.

Being desirous of returning thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed she solicts a continuance of the same. [oct 18

1862. NEW 1862.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE returned from the city and are opening a FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Fall & Winter GOODS,

which they most respectfully invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine before purchasing. [oct 4

FEMALE COLLEGE.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

THIS Institution is pleasantly located on the Delaware River, 30 miles north of Philadelphia. It has been in successful operation for more than ten years, and is one of the most flourishing institutions of learning in the country.

Special attention is paid to the Common and Higher branches of English, and superior advantages furnished in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing, Painting, French and Latin are taught by experienced teachers.

Persons coming from the South can leave Walnut street wharf, Philada., at 6 A. M. and 2. 4, 4½ and 6 P. M. For catalogues address.

REV. JOHN H. BRAKELEY, A. M., President.

Nov 29, 1862-6m.

REFERENCES IN MARYLAND.—R. L. Thomas, North East; H. Moore, Havre de Grace; J. P. Dale, Whaleyville; Thos. Mallalieu, Millington.

TRIPS OF

New Schooner "Easton,"

TO EASTON POINT.

THE subscriber having had built a new Schooner of fine proportion, a good sailer, and in every respect calculated to assure great safety, would most respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he intends to run her regularly from Easton Point.

The "Easton" will leave Easton Point every *Wednesday morning* for Baltimore, and return from Baltimore to the Point every *Saturday*.—The usual prices for freight will be charged.—The Schooner, while in Baltimore, may be found at Tobacco Warehouse, No 2. Wm. S. Pauson, will attend to the business of the boat in her absence. Orders from Easton, left at the Drug Store of Dawson & Bro., accompanied by the *Cash*, will be promptly attended to.

may 3-1y E. T. LEONARD, Captain.

A FRESH STOCK OF

DRY GOODS.

NOW open at the old stand, in St. Michaels, a fresh supply of

DRY GOODS,

Consisting in bleached and brown Muslin,
Twilled muslin,
Plain and twilled Oznaburg,
Plaid Domestic,
Bleached, unbleached and
Colored Cotton Flannel,
plain and twilled flanneis, table Damask, Toweling, Scotch, Hockaback and other Diapers, together with 3-4 and 6-4 Kerseys, Sattinetts, melton cloths, Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans, Cassimeres and Cashmerets for boys wear. Also black and colored Beaver Cloth, black and colored French Cloth, fancy and plain Cassimeres, silk, satin and Valentia Vestings. In

Ladies' Dress Goods

I have black silks, Repped De Lames, figured Cashmere, plain and figured mouslins, plain and figured De Laines, Valentia, Merino Debaige, Lavellas, &c., and every variety of goods usually found in our line of business, to an inspection of which the public are respectfully invited.

JAMES D. MANSFIELD,

oct 25 St. Michaels.

Please Remember that the Old, Long-Established

BARBER SHOP

OF

PHILEMON FLOYD

WHICH has been in your midst for so many years is still in existence, next door to Merrett's Hotel, where you can be shaved, trimmed, clipped, curled, dyed or shampooned at short notice and on terms the most reasonable.

The shop is undoubtedly the best and most commodious on the shore; the chairs pleasant, the razors keen, the attendance polite, and altogether there is no other place of the kind where you would be so likely to get the worth of your money. Come therefore and try it. Returning thanks for past patronage a continuance of the same he earnestly solicits.

The public's obedient serv't,

PHILEMON FLOYD.

10,000 LBS. RAGS WANTED.—For which the highest market price will be given by PARKER & WRIGHT.

☞For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United State.

☞For sale by L. H. CAMPBELL, Easton, who will supply the country trade at manufacturers prices. [July 21 1862-1y

NATIONAL SONG.

"OUR COUNTRY IS A GALLANT BARK."

Our country is a gallant bark,
And gallant seamen man her;
The eagle spirit makes her flight,
The eagle's wing her banner;
Where Heaven unveils its cloudless blue,
Where winds and waves can bear her,
Her thunders speak to hostile realms,
That, hating, still must fear her.

From thirty Empires link'd in one,
She takes her strength and glory,
And makes a progress, neath the sun,
That glows, a sunlike story;
In peace, she grasps the pride of war,
In war, her purpose fondly,
Is still to save from cloud the star
That shines for freedom only!

And thus, with giant might endow'd,
No giant will degrade her;
Of power and wisdom justly proud,
No injured realm upbraids her;
She heeds no mock of foes who hate,
But steers with progress steady,
For those who hail with cheers elate,
For those with curses, ready!

O! gallant bark, if ever thus,
Thy curses in right pursuing,
No hostile hate can rear the rock
Or wave, to work thy ruin!
The seas shall own thy progress wide,
The realms of earth thy glory,
And in his daily march of pride,
The sun shall write thy story.

A California Story.

We copy the followiog California story, which is said to inculcate a subtle warning against profanity. A San Francisco contributor writes:—

"In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba river. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks someoody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the 'town' increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveller and a sojourner on the land passed this flurishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus adressed him:

"'Hello!'

"'Hello!' replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"'What place is this?' demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

"The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"'Yuba Dam!'

"There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"'What did you say?' he asked.

"'Yuba Dam,' replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"'What place is this?' roared Mr. Thompson.

"'Yu-ba Dam!' said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"'Lookee here!' yelled the irate Thompson, 'why in thunder don't you answer?'

"The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with the voice of an 80-pounder.

"'*Yu-ba-Dam!* Do you hear that?'

"In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

"Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said:

"'I ask you for the last time. What place is this?'

"Putting his hands to his mouth, his opponent roared:

"'*Yu-ba-Dam!*'

"The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is both were down—They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, bnt came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scramb'd up the bank, mounted the warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

"Having left the buisness portion of the town—that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the suburbs before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"'What place is this, Sissy?' he asked.

"The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned and squealed, 'Oo-bee Dam!'

"'Good Heavens!' said Thompson digging his heels between his horse's ribes—'Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the the men, but the very babes and sucklings, swear at inoffensive travellers!'"

MORAL EXCELLENCE.—Believe that in every relation of life, with given endowments, other things being equal, a man's whole success, first and last, will be the ratio and proportion of his moral excellence. We do not mean that a man that is good, and not smart in any other way, will succeed as well as a man that is smart from worldly aptitudes, and depraved. But with given endowments, a man will be more prosperous, in a long run, by being bad, other things being equal. A man with a certain amount of intelligence, of common sense, and of tact in worldly matters, united to high moral manhood—such a man unquestionably has a hundred tchances of prosperity to another man's fifty, who has the same intelligence, and common sense and tact, but who, also, is corrupt and unvirtuous.

A Minister, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed, "my son, I believe the devil has got hold of you"—"I believe so, too was the reply.

Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking.

The Way the Bayonets Think.

THOSE politicians who have been zealously laboring to seduce the North into a composition with treason on the basis of "peace on any terms," have met with a stinging rebuke from the officers and soldiers in the Western departments. Insidious attempts have been made, by the circulation of newspapers and documents of a peculiar class in the army, to obtain an indorsement by the soldiers of the views of the Peace party, but they have met with a most ignominious failure. These men went into the war in earnest, for the purpose of enforcing the authority of the Government, and they are determined, with the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, to carry out that purpose against obstacle that may intervene. On men animated with this stern determination, the only phrases and hypocritical professions of political demagogues have no effect, except to arouse the intense indignation of insulted manhood.

The Indiana and Illinois regiments have held meetings at their different camps, and unanimously adopted resolutions condemning any action looking to other terms of peace than the unconditional submission of the rebels.

On the evening of the 12th of February, a large and enthusiastic meeting of Ohio officers, in which both the Democratic and Republican parties were represented, was held at Murfreesboro, an address, prepared by a committee of officers, was adopted and presented to the soldier, by whom it was unanimously endorsed. This address, ignoring all party politics, dedeclares solely for the Government, and says:

"This war must be prosecuted, or all that it is waged for be given up. All evils can be remedied at the ballot box save the rebellion men in arms. *This can only be suppressed by bayonets.*

"People of the North, you must either acknowledge this rebellion to be right, and that your nationality is a shame, or you must, as one man, sustain the war agrinst traitors. We intend to protect you and you must not desert us. We have suffered now too much to be willing to agree to anything save the absolute, unconditional restoration of the Union without consultation with traitors. Arms have been invoked to destroy the Government; arms only can save it.

"If some miserable demagogues amongst you must vomit forth their treason, let them keep it at home. We want none of their vile letters, speeches, or paper here. We have sunk all party considerations in devoted loyalty to our country, and whatever names unholy traitors may apply to us, we will, by ever means that Providence puts in our hands the Union, so help us God.

"The army of the West is in terrible earnest. Earnest to conquer and destroy armed rebles. Earnest to meet force with force. Earnest in as hearty detestation of cowardly traitors at home. Earnest in will and power to overcome all who desire the nation's ruin. Ohio's one hundred thousand soldiers in the field, citizens at home, potent in earth capacity, ask their fathers, brothers, and friends, by their firesides and in their peaceful homes, to hear and heed this appeal, and to put an end to covert treason at home, more dangerous now to our material existence than the presence of armed hosts of misguided rebels."

Gen. Rosecrans, too, whom no one has yet dared to assail, has addressed a most eloquent letter to the Legislature of Ohio, in reply to a vote of thanks which had been conferred upon him. This gallant officer says;

"Voluntary exiles from home and friends, for the defence and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle Peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessings is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us.

"Trust them not; were they able, they would invade and destroy us without mercy. Absolutely assured of these things, I am amazed that any one could think of 'peace on any terms.'

"He would entertains the sentiment is fit only to be a slave; he who utters it at this time is, moreover, a traitor to his country, who deserves the scorn and contempt of all honorable men.—When the power of the unscrupulous rebel leaders in removed, and the people are free to consider and act for their own interests, which are common with ours under this Government, there will be no great difficulty in fraternization. Betwen our states and social life there are fewer differences than between those of the people of the Northern and Souther provences of England or Ireland."

In reply to a similar action of the Cincinnati Common Council, he says:

"May no Syren song of peace, founded on the delusive hopes of honor, truth, or justice of the rebel leaders, induce us to peril both honor and the safety of our homes. If never permitted to enjoy those dear homes ourselves, we will at least endeavor to leave them safe and free, under the Constitution and laws, to our posterity."

Such evidence that the heart of the army still beats steadfastly for the Union, is most gratifying. We accept it as a cheering omen of success in the impending clash of arms. We anticipate, too, that the effects of such expressions from the soldiers will be to inaugurate a reaction in their Northern homes that shall forever silence the voice of those cowardly or designing men who would seek peace at any sacrifice of the national rights and honor.

An American Heroine.

Among the many heroes and heroines which the present war has developed, there is one, now with the Army of the Potomac, whose history deserves to be made conspicuous, fully justifying, as it does, that "truth is stranger than fiction," and furnishing an example believed to be witnout a parallel in the history of the sex.

Anna Etheridge, of Minnesota, was born in Detroit, Michigan, and is now twenty-three years of age. Her father was once a man of wealth; and her early youth was passed in the lap of luxury, with no wish ungratified and no want uncared for. But misfortune came and swept away his property, and, broken in fortune and depressed in spirits, he removed to Minnesota, where he died, leaving our heroine, at the age of twelve years, in comparative poverty and want.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends at Detroit. Colonel Richardson was then engaged in raising the 2d Michigan Volunteers, and she and nineteen other females volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. Every other has returned home or been discharged, but she has accompanied the regiment through all its fortunes, and declares her determination to remain with it through its entire term of service. She has for her use a horse, furnished with a side saddle, saddle-bags, &c.—At the commencement of a battle, she fills her saddle-bags with lint and bandages, mounts her horse and gallops to the front, passes under fire, and, regardless of shot and shell, engages in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds of our soldiers.

In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, commencing with the battle of Blackburn Ford, preceding the first battle of Bull Run, including the battles of the Peninsula, and terminating with the battle of Fredericksburg. Gen. Burr, the present commander of the brigade to which the regiment is attached, and who highly distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry in all these fights, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as himself. On one occasion, a soldier was torn in pieces by a shell while she was in the act of binding up his wounds previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, yet she has never flinched and never been wounded.

Her regiment belongs to the brigade commanded by the lamented General Kearney till his death, and in consideration of her dauntless courage and valuable services in saving the lives of his men, General Kearney commissioned her as a regimental sergeant. When not actively engaged on the battle-field or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking at the headquarters of the brigade. When the brigade moves, she mounts her horse and marches with the ambulances and surgeons, administering to the wants of the sick and wounded, and at the bivouac she wraps herself in her blanket and sleeps upon the ground with all the hardihood of a true soldier.

Anna is of Dutch descent, about five feet three inches in height, fair complexion, (now somewhat browned by exposure,) brown hair, vigorous constitution, and decidedly good-looking.—Her dress on entering into battle, is a riding dress, so arranged as to be looped up when she dismounts. Her demeanor is perfectly modest, quiet and retiring, and her habits and conduct are correct and exemplary; yet on the battle field she seems to be as one possessed and animated with a desire to be effective in saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. No vulgar word was ever known to be uttered by her, and she is held in the highest veneration and esteem by the soldiers as an angel of mercy. She is indeed the idol of the brigade, every man of which would submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf.

She takes the deepest interest in the result of this contest, eagerly reading all the papers to which she can obtain access, and keeping thoroughly posted as to the progress of the war.—She says she feels as if she stood alone in the world, as it were, and desires to do good. She knows that she is the instrument of saving many lives and alleviating much suffering in her present position, and feels it her duty to continue in so doing.

These facts can be substantiated by testimony of the highest character, and they deserve to go forth to the world to show that if England can boast of the achievements of a Florence Nightingale, we of America can present a still higher example of female heroism and exalted acts of humanity in the person of Anna Etheridge.—*Washington Correspondence Bangor Whig and Courier.*

Lieut. Commander Eeward Lea, U. S. Navy.

The following notice of this gallant young officer, who was killed on board the Harriet Lane, while bravely defending his ship, on the morning of the 1st of January last, is taken from the Washington Daily Morning Chronicle, of Thursday. Shortly after the commencement of the rebellion, Lieut. commander Lea served in the Mississippi Squadron then under the command of Admiral Foote. This heroic officer, who knew Lea well, thus speaks of him, in a letter to a friend, which we are permitted to publish.

Admiral Foote most heartily endorses the notice of Lieut. Commander Lea. He was among the brightest ornaments of the service, and had his valuable life been spared, would no doubt have still more distinguished himself, and added to the fame of his country; but he trusts, while his spotless example remains on earth, his pure spirit rests in heaven; and may Divine Grace sustain his family and friends, in this their sad bereavment:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, Feb. 5, 1863."

From the Washington Daily Morning Chronicle.

OBITUARY.

It is truly with a melancholy pleasure, that we trace these lines, as a tribute of love and friendship to the memory of one, the record of whose brief career, presents such a beautiful picture of an upright man, that its contemplation alone imparts a sweet relief, to the sad heart of the mourner.

Lieut. Commander Edward Lea was born in the city of Baltimore on the 30th day of January 1837. His father, General Albert M. Lea, graduated in the Topographical Engineers at West Point, and his mother was a grand daughter of Samuel Shoemaker, Esq., Mayor of Philadelphia before the formation of the government.—Having conceived a fondness for the navy, Edward Lea entered the academy at Annapolis, in 1851 and graduated threrefrom June 9th, 1855.—From this time until his decease he was employed in active service, on various stations, having passed rapidly, through the several grades of Master and Lieut. to that of Lieut-Commander, to which position he was commissioned, July 16th, 1862, not quite eleven years from the date of his entry into the service. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he was Master on board the Frigate Hartford, the flag ship of the East India squadron; which vessel was recalled shortly after, by the command of the Department. Upon her arrival in Delaware Bay, all the officers attached to the ship, were required before landing, to take the oath of allegiance, and to his lasting honor be it known that of six, then present, he was one of two who went forward and subscribed his name in full, remarking afterwards, that when it was proposed, he "gave one glance to the old flag flying at the peak," and obeyed its silent, though patriotic summons. Shortly after this he was assigned to the Harriet Lane, and took a conspicous part in the bombardment and capture, of Forts Philip and Jackson, and the city of New Orleans. From this scene of active operations he was ordered to the blockade off Pensecola, and thence to Galveston where after a most gallant and heroic defense, fighting his vessel to the very end, against the enemies of his country, he fell over-powered, on the first of January, breathing his last, on the deck of the ship he had so nobly defended.

We might well pause here, and point with pride to the undimmed record, of his faithful career in the public service as the most imperishable monument, to his worth and gallantry, but our admiration of his many virtues, and exalted patriotism tempts us to add, that in all the higher qualities, which adorn the christian, and ennoble man, Edward Lea stood foremost. Of a warm and impulsive nature, a generous, noble hearted disposition, a devoted son, a faithful friend, his memory will ever be cherished, by those, who met him in the private walks of life, as it must be honored by his companions in the service. Early impressed with the truth of the saying that "it is man's highest glory to be good," he became a devout and consistent member of the Church, in his fourteenth year, from which time he walked steadfastly to the end, never swerving from the chosen path of rectitude, and fulfilling every christian obligation with a zeal and devotion, worthy of example to the world.

He now sleeps his last, long sleep, on the far distant shores of Texas, and although the raging storms of the Gulf, which in life were music to his manly heart, may no more rouse him to glory, his pure and guileless spirit enjoys perpetual rest in that heavenly kingdom prepared for all those who, like him when living, lived only unto God.

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better day
None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but in praise."

POSTAGE WIT.—A letter bearing the following address was recently mailed in Rochester, New York.

To Hiram Allen, OSWEGO;
Transposed, it readeath WE-GO-SO
Transposed again, and you will see
That thus it runneth, SO-GO-WE;
Transposed once more, and it will show
A common adage, SO-WE-GO!
Aye—*so we go* in Life's GREAT MAIL;
If well *directed*, we can't fail—
If badly, "*thereby hangs a tale!*"

ARKANSAS WATER.—A visitor to one of the midland towns of Arkansas, after inquiring very particularly of a prominent citizen about the health of the the place, continued his interrogator's by asking—

"Doctor, what kind of water is mostly used here?

"Well water, answered the doctor.

"Is it good?

"Those who use it, replied the doctor say it is first rate. I use whiksey.

AGRICULTURAL.

Improvement of Pasture Land.

The first inquiry a skillful physician makes of his patient, is: "What are your symptoms?"—Then, the peculiarities of constitution are noted, and the treatment decided upon. A quack cares little for symptoms. His panacea covers every case. "Buy my pills," is his one prescription. Those who have but one course to recommend for treatment of failing pastures, resemble the quack doctor. One man insists that plowing is the cure-all. He argues that the grasses "run out" for want of seed, and he directs to cultivate with hoed crops a year or two, followed by Winter grain; then re-seed, and all will be right again. But let him visit some sections where natural pastures abound, fields which have yielded luxuriant grass crops for scores of years without the harsh surgery of the plow, and he will find his theory "run-out" much sooner than the grasses. Another authority urges the water cure. "Turn on the adjacent stream," he says, "flood the land repeatedly through the season, and grass will grow while water runs." All very well, doubtless, in some places, on well drained ground, but productive only of coarse rank growth of undesirable sorts on other soils. A few conditions are necessary for the luxuriant growth of grass; adjacent circumstances must determine how to secure these conditions. Thus, the soil must be suited to the kind of grass, otherwise it will soon run out, and can only be kept by plowing and re-seeding often. For instance, one writer says, "whoever has limestone land, has blue grass; whoever has blue grass, has the basis of all agricultural prosperity." The estimate is undoubtedly too high, but the fact of the suitableness of the limestone soil to blue grass is unquestioned; and the thousands of acres of Kentucky and Ohio pastures perennially productive of this species, are evidence of the truth of the statement. So then, if a blue grass pasture has failed on a soil unsuited to its permanence, the remedy is to seed with some other variety which will be at home on that particular soil.

Whatever the soil, no pasture ground will remain good long, when overstocked. Though none dispute this truth, yet half the complaints of failing pastures come from neglect of it. Many err in turning in stock before the roots of the gross are strongly entrenched in the soil. Not a hoof should enter the field the first season after seeding, nor the following Spring until the grass is well started, and it should then be fed but sparingly until a thick matted turf is formed; and afterward it should never be pared to the very ground.

Many pasture grounds will need manure in addition to what is left by cattle. An occasional dressing of 300 to 500 lbs. of bone-dust per acre will make itself felt in the increased product of grass. Where only cattle feed upon grazing lands, go through the field two or three times in a season and scatter the lumps of manure with a maul or other implement; otherwise a few spots will be over fed and rank, while the surrounding soil may be lacking fertility.

It will seldom pay to break up a natural pasture. A thorough scarifying with a harrow, and the application of manure with a little seed, will in most cases restore it effectually. In any case, avoid the one remedy principle. Take into consideration all the circumstances, and give the treatment which the particular symptoms indicate.