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

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

EASTON GAZETTE.

Vol. XLVI. Easton, Talbot County, Md., March 7, 1863. No. 12.

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 Fancey 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 Osnaburg,
Plaid Domestic,
Bleached, unbleached and
Colored Cotton Flannel,

plain and twilled flannels, 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 Laines, 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 PATCHEN & WRIGHT.

EVE'S BANISHMENT.

She knelt—the ever glorious sky
Spread its blue wings above—
And angel harps were breathing songs
Of never dying love;
The stainless moon was glancing bright,
Upon the glittering robes of night.

She knelt—the myriad stars looked down,
In their untiring gaze,
Upon the bright and sinless bower,
Her home in happier days;
The sapphire wall of heaven unfurled
Their banners to the Eden world.

She knelt—the earth lay calm beneath
The Holy Spirit's smile—
And strains of seraph melody
Stole on her ears the while—
And whispering winds, and zephyr's bland
Her pale and feverish temples fann'd.

She knelt—in its untroubled pride
The waveless stream rolled by,
And glittered in the beamy light
Of the unclouded sky—
And onward passed, in murmuring sweep,
Unto the vast and watery deep.

She wept—a curse was on her heart,
A curse that could not die,
For the deep sin which rested there
Was registered on high;
She wept—her scared heart could not bear
The starless night of its despair.

She wept—to leave the sunny flowers
That gemmed the sylvan scene,
And danced like fairy revellers,
Upon the glittering green—
Which almost offered rivalry
Unto the bright and glorious sky.

She wept—that all the shining host
That gazed upon her then,
Should never light her steps unto
That sinless bower again;
But hence her heritage should be,
To toss on life's wild billowy sea?

A REBEL VIEW OF THE MILITARY SITUATION.

A contemporary recommends the following article, from a recent number of the Richmond Enquirer, to the particular notice of those gloomy men who think that the Rebels have the advantage of us in the military position. He thinks if they could look at facts from the Southern point of view, and see how our immense forces by land and water are crowding down upon the rebellion from every side, they might come to more cheerful conclusions:

The Third Stage of the War.

We have fairly entered upon the third stage indicated by the President in his message, namely, that of a war for subjugation and extermination. The people of this Confederacy, isolated and shut up from all the world have now to encounter the most horrible and demoniac effort for the assasination of a whole race that history has yet recorded, or we believe will ever have to record till history grows grey. For it is not every century, it is not every *aeon* that shows the world a Yankee nation. Yes, the Confederate people has now at last to strip for battle. It is a people that must this time very literally conquer or die:

No doubt it would be agreeable to believe that this last stage of the war will be soon over, and must end in the speedy destruction of our intending murderers. But look round the map of the Confederacy, and judge if we can soothe ourselves with this belief. In the very heart of the country our gallant sentinel of the Mississippi—heroic little Vicksburg—has sustained, indeed, and baffled two tremendous sieges; but a third time her citizens see pouring in around them from the North and from the West enormous masses of the beleaguering foe; iron floating batteries again crowd down upon her; and, even as you read these words, two hundred heavy guns may be thundering upon her defences, a hundred thousand men may be pressing to the storm of her ramparts. Again she will drive them off, perhaps, and remain the famous maiden city of this hemisphere, the bulwark of the West. So be it! But the vision we see on the Mississippi does not look very like exhaustion or despair on the part of the foe just yet.

And again, look to the mouth of the mighty river. New Orleans is not a maiden city, alas! the base rag that has so often been rent and trampled before Richmond and before Vicksburg flies from all the towers of that deflowered City. Hordes of hungry Yankees, armed to the teeth, sit in the shade of her orange groves, and station negro guards over the mansions of her noblest citizens. All her best and fairest have to lament every day that their goodly city had not been laid in ashes before it became a haunt of obscene creatures. No sign of relaxation there! And, but a short way off, Mobile, by the shores of her spacious bay, keeps diligent watch and ward, expecting in the light of each morning sun to see the thrice accursed Stars and Stripes gleaming through the smoke of a bombarding squadron. All along the Gulf, and round the coast of Florida, this omnipresent enemy, who is said to have just been playing his last card, is shutting up every river and planting his guns on every strong place.

Savannah, shut in from the sea by Fort Pulaski in the hands of the same inveterate Yankee, listens for the first boom of the artillery that is to level her walls with her sandy soil; and Charleston, grimly calm, but with beating heart, stands waiting the onset of the great armada. Those few acres of old Oyster Point, it seems, already swept and devastated by conflagrations, are to be the object and the prize of the most potent armament by far that American waters have ever seen. This very moment, it may be, the black Monitor batteries are steaming between Sumter and Moultrie. No signs of relaxation or of discouragement and despair in the enemy here! Pass further, and you will find the whole coast, from Charleston to Norfolk, and every river to the head of tidewater, and every creek and sound formed by the sea islands, swarming with their gunboats and transports, ready to pour in masses of troops wherever there is a chance of plunder, bridge burning, and general havoc.

From Norfolk all round Chesapeake and Potomac we are guarded by gunboats, and no living thing (save skulking smugglers) suffered to enter or go out. On the Rappahannock two hundred thousand men wait for a drying wind to move "on to Richmond" once more, led by a genuine apostle of extermination. * * * And Northwestern Virginia is desolated by Milroy and his men, and Kentucky and the half of Tennessee, the richest and fairest lands of all the West, are entirely in the clutch of the enemy, while the rivers bring them up fleets of transports, and Rosecrans, with another large army, threatens to sweep all opposition from his path and join the other brigands who are crowding upon Vicksburg.

Where, in all this wide circuit, does the invasion seem to be fainting or giving ground? All round the border, and in the very heart of the Confederacy, the foot of the enemy is planted and his felon flag flies; and it means subjugation and extermination. It is, indeed, the third stage of the war, and we believe the last; but the struggle will be desperate. If it be the "last card" it is one on which the stake is life or death, honor or shame—either our name and nation will be extinguished in a night of blood and horror, or else a new sovereignty, the newest, fairest, proudest, will take her seat among the powers of the earth with the applause of man and the blessings of Heaven.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Croakers.

"Do not depress and discourage us with your fears, but cheer us with your hopes." Thus writes an officer of the United States army. It is hard when our noble sons are in the field, defending us our homes and interests, from those who would make us their slaves, to dishearten them by expressions of fear, or to echo the prophecies of the subjects of "Doubting Castle."

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" Very few of those who are "cast down" can tell why they are disquieted. Independent of the hope every man should have in Him who always prospers what will ultimately benefit the race, we have every reason to cheer our noble and self-sacrificing army. We never had more or better men in the field, never had so many guns mounted and afloat, never had so many or such powerful ships, never so much real power in hand as at this moment; and, *per contra*, the Rebels were never so distressed and never so near a complete collapse as now. They brag in print and cry aloud and spare not in public speeches while the secret despatches to their foreign friends speak of misery and suffering which cannot long escape death-pangs.

We are in plenty—they are in extreme want; and while they are desperate, we need only to be true and in earnest to conquer.

Croakers tell us that our Government is bankrupt. Facts tells us that the income tax and duties on imports will yield us $250,000,000 per annum; that the circulating medium of the country, without detriment to its interests, will give the Government a credit of $300,000,000, and that the people will take at or near par value several hundred millions of interest bonds.

Croakers tell us our Government is imbecile and partisan. Facts tell us it is strong, and on the whole equal to the unprecedented and monstrous load suddenly laid upon it; that it has selected Generals and officers from every party and sect, endeavoring to get the right men in the right place.

Croakers tell us the President is weak. French reviewers say—"he is honest and sagacious—qualities of a great statesman."

Croakers tell us the army is incongruous.—Facts speak of unity and daring—of heroic deeds that will live while the memory of croakers will not.

It is true we have arch foes—traitors in front and croakers in rear—and of the two the former are more to be admired. Of the latter there are a great variety. There are hard-shelled croakers and soft-shelled croakers. The former do nothing but pay what the law compels—the latter growl, skulk, and pay nothing. Then there are the "Outs," who have been so long accustomed to eat from their master's crib, that they, less intelligent than the ox, think it is their own; and having practiced at the game, cry "plunder!" So cries the incendiary after he has fired a dwelling! "Stop thief!" is the covered cry of the real thief.

Then there are some of the contractors, who have aided with their shoddy-bad shoes and bad supplies to lessen the efficiency and increase the sufferings of the honest soldier—they cry "it looks dark," "the Quartermaster don't pay"—when to pay such would rob the people and reward heartless scamps.

Then there are the Pilates, who sit on settees in 'Change hours as judges—"wash their hands before the multitude, saying we are innocent"—and while their country is being falsely accused, and its life threatened, they wish the army would march on Washington, demand their pay, return home, and let Jeff. Davis & Co., enter the Capital.

Lastly—the faint-hearted—they should be pitied, not blamed; if they are women, but if men, they are beneath pity.

Who that has a heart will not stand up for his country and defend its flag? "My country, my whole country," is the cry of every true man. Mistakes, blunders and reverses will come, rogues will plunder, *true Rebels* will fight, hypocrits will skulk but *real* men will come and defend their country in spite of all these things, and, like the Burgomaster of Old Leyden, say, "You may kill and devour this body, but my country I will never surrender!"

We have wealth, men, guns, courage, right upon our side, and we only want earnest purpose to end this war. To bring all our strength, and especially that of *earnestness*, we *may* have forced upon us the misery of burned cities and defeated armies—but come what may—conquer we can—we must, and—*Deo Volente—we will.*

Courage, boys of the army! You shall be cheered, fed, clothed and supported, and should your ranks be thinned and our country call—she shall not ask "Where are the fathers?"

Lawyer and the Irishman.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few years since, a jolly soul from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner.

The landlord told him he should dine when the gentleman were done.

"Let him crowd in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have some fun with him." The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were born in this country, were you my friend?"

"No sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any person while he was here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To Heaven, sir."

"And what do you s'pose he is doing in Heaven?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one, I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?

"Because they searched the whole kingdom of Heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer."

"On to Washington."

There are still some persons in our midst who are constantly asserting that we are losing ground in the contest with this great Rebellion, and are prophesying our utter failure. It has probably almost faded from the memory of such persons that not two years have elapsed since our Home Guards in this city and in the adjoining counties were organizing and drilling to prepare for a probable and speedy invasion of the Rebel hordes; that the bridges on the two railroads from Philadelphia and from Harrisburg to Baltimore had either been burned or were safe because secured by strong guards; that the Pennsylvania Railroad itself was compelled to guard its bridges in order to prevent their apprehended destruction by Rebel hand, and that for one long, dark week we heard from our National Capital only by means of messengers passing by stealth and in peril through a region full of open hostility.

People seldom think of those things now.—It is not yet two years since the Southern papers were full of appeals to the people to rally for the capture of Washington, and of prophecies that it would soon be in their hands. At that same time the enthusiasm for this object was immense. The Rebel orator only needed to lift his clenched hands in threatening style, and raise his voice to its highest pitch, and thunder out in sentorian tones the cry "On to Washington," and he was sure to bring down the house," or the mob, as the case happened. It is well occasionally to take a retrospective view, in order to measure our advance since those dark days so recently passed.

On the 13th of April, 1861, L. P. Walker, the Rebel Secretary of War, proclaimed at Montgomery, Alabama, "That the flag which now flaunts the breeze here, would float over the dome of the Capital at Washington before the first of May."

On the next day, two days before Presidnet Lincoln called for volunteers, and four days before the secession of Virginia, the Richmond *Enquirer* prophesied that "President Davis will soon march an army through North Carolina and Virginia to Washington;" and it called on volunteers to be ready to join him when he arrives.

On the 18th of April, the New Orleans *Picayune*, "the first fruits of a Virginia secession will be the removal of Lincoln and his Cabinet and whatever he can carry away, to the safer neighborhood of Harrisburg or Cincinnati, perhaps to Buffalo or Cleveland."

The Vicksburg *Whig*, of April 20th, says, "Major Ben McCulloch has organized a force of five thousand men to seize the Federal Capital the instant the first blood is spilled."

On the same day the chivalrous Roger A. Pryor made a speech in Montgomery, of which a reporter said:—"He is in favor of marching immediately on Washington, and so stated, to which the crowd responded in deafening and prolonged cheers."

The Milledgeville *Southern Recorder*, of April 30, comes out very strong. "The Government of the Confederate States must possess the city of Washington. * * The District of Columbia cannot remain under the jurisdiction of the United States Congress, without humiliating Southern pride and defeating Southern rights."

In Alabama, the Eufaula *Express*, of April 25, has a happy idea, and expands on it. "Our policy at this time should be to seize the old Lincoln and his Cabinet prisoners of war.—Once get the Heads of the Government in our power, and we can demand any terms we see fit, and thus, perhaps, avoid a long and bloody contest."

It is certain that the desire was strong, and the expectation was confidently indulged, that Washington would soon fall into their hands. When Walker, at Montgomery, pointed to the first of May as the latest day for the capture, he spoke no doubt with a full knowledge of all the plots and preperations by which at one and the same time help from the North was to be cut off by the uprising of Rebels in Baltimore, arms were to be secured by the capture of Harper's Ferry, and a fleet and all of its necessary equipments provided by seizing on the Navy Yard and vessels at Norfolk. The conspiracy was well planned, and the secret well kept considering the number who were in the plot, and its success in all of its parts would have made good the words of Walker, the Rebel Secretary of War. It well night succeeded, through the energy of traitors in Maryland and Virginia, the treachery of officers at Norfolk, and the absence of suspicion beyond the circle of conspirators. Yet was it foiled, utterly foiled and Washington still looks up to the old flag waving over the Capitol.

It is not two years since all this took place.—And with all the mustering of their troops, with all the concentrations of their forces, with all their fuss and fury, they are vastly further from the possessions of Washington than they were on the 15th day of April, 1861. Even the most sanguine of the Rebels never breathes the once universal cry, nor cherishes the most distant hope of ever possessing Washington, and flinging out their flag from its Captol. They have had to accept this "humilation of Southern price, and this defeating of Southern rights," as a necessity, bitter as that necessity may be.

From the bold aggressive movement they then assumed, they had passed to a timid and almost despairing defensive; and high military authority has asserted that they who can only assume the defensive are lost. If we have not gained on the Rebellion since April, 1861, as some croakers say, why do we have no tears for Washington? If we have not gained, how comes it that the Rebels have so terribly lost during these few months? How is it that they stand to-day, having been driven back so far, with each of their armies kept at bay by a superior force of our brave men, who only await the possibility of moving at all, to move on to victory?—*Phila. Inquirer.*

Vacillation.

There is, in all seasons of war, a certain class whose opinions are governed entirely by the success or the disaster which attends their country's arms. If all moves on favorably the war is just and right, and should go on. If anything goes wrong, the war is to be deplored, and peace should at once be sought on any terms. They lack that fixedness of gaze which ever looks at the great principals involved; or they want that heroic element which makes them calm in the midst of their greatest successes, and patient even of great disaster, while contending for those principles:

This class is not peculair to our own country, or to the present gigantic conflict. It has existed in all countries, and has been excited or depressed in the progress of all wars. Ruskin, in his own forcible way shows up the feeling of the British Parliament during the terrible Crimean campaign. "I notice that there never came news by telegraph of the explosion of a powder barrel, or of the loss of thirty men by a sortie, but the Parliament lost confidence immediately in the justice of the war, reopened the queston whether we should have engaged in it, and remained in a doubtful and repentant state of mind, until one of the enemy's powder barrels blew up also, upon which they were immediately satisfied again that the war was a wise and necessary one." This admirably hits off that class of fickle, vacillating men, whose feelings in regard to a great conflict rise or fall with each success or disaster, like the price of gold or of the fancy stocks at the Brokers' Board.

History points us to many an example for our admiration and imitation—examples of patient endurance in the midst of the most terrible reverses, in order to secure the worthy end that the nation proposed to itself. When Rome waged her long and desolating wars with Carthage, the tide of battle turned long and strongly against her. At the disastrous battle of Cannæ they suffered terribly. The most staunch advocate of the war seemed ready to give up in despair. But they had men in their midst who know as well as did Cato how necessary it was that Carthage shoud be destroyed, and who had thoroughly infused their own deep convictions into the minds of the people. They were firm and unmoved, therefore, even in that great disaster, which sent mourning for their dead into every Roman family. And the whole world honored them for the indomitable energy, the unwearied patience and the unflinching fortitude which they exhibited. They were worthy of the success from which both they and the world have seen such gainers.

And what we admire in others that we should aim to develope in our own National life.—What we need at this special crisis is that same strong conviction and that same resolution which led us to accept at first the stern necessity of war against Rebellion. It matters not whether we are for the time being sorrowful or not. It was the duty of the Government to meet the Rebels in arms, since to arms they had made their appeal. It is a stern business, crushing Rebellion and breaking up the power of the Rebels. Yet this is what we undertook to do, because it was right and necesssary to be done, and we pledged "the last dollar and the last man" to the Government in the prosecution of its stern work. Success, the most uniform and through, cannot make it more right; disasters, though they come trooping in gloomy array upon us, cannot make it wrong.

Above His Business.

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up in shop-keeping, must buy farms or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt, and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or profession till they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life, are men who stick to their business and make money, before they buy farms, and houses, and commence speculating. Look at your successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of their success. You will find that they were never above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job, which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer in the city works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure; if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed and become independent.

"WORDS FOR THE HOUR.—Influence is not Government. Let us have a Government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once. There is a call for decision. . . . . Let the reins of Government be braced and held with a steady hand, and every violation be reprehended."—WASHINGTON.

Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat but did you ever know a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet? Echo answers—'Never!'

☞For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers 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 1860-1y

who made this request endeavoring to sow discord among the people of God." W[illegible] troubling him with the process of reason[illegible] will relieve the mental effort by stating th[illegible]