PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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

The Easton Gazette.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post paid will receive prompt attention.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858. No. 6.

For the Easton Gazette.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO LILA,

FROM VIOLET.

Sweet Lila, what greeting shall I bring
To the friend, to me so dear?
It is meet to offer wishes fond
At the opening of the year.

Shall I wish that thy path may be strewn with flowers,
Of hues, like the rainbow bright,
That the hand of affection loves to fling
O'er the path, where thy steps may light?

Shall I ask, sweet Lila, that o'er thy life,
Bright sunbeams may ever play,
And that sorrow may never cast a shade,
To darken thine onward way?

Shall I wish that love may ever entwine
Its tendrils around thine heart,
And that the sunshine of its smile
May ne'er from thy life, depart?

'Twere vain to ask that thornless flowers,
On thy pathway through life, should bloom,
Or that the sunshine of life should ne'er
Be obscured by serious gloom;

Or, that the blossoms of love may ne'er
Droop their fair young heads and die,
Like a beauteous thing that is lent, not given,
From a dwelling pure in the sky.

But I will wish thy trusting heart,
Where dwelleth no touch of guile,
May ever look forth from those loving eyes
In the same confiding smile.

And if clouds of sorrow conceal awhile
The sun's bright and cheering rays,
O! may the rainbows of promise and hope
Shine forth on thine upward gaze

A pleasant New Year to thee, Lila, dear,
And may many days as bright,
Be waiting thy journey through life, sweet friend,
As the one that now dawns on our sight.

[SUNNY SIDE, Jan. 1st, 1858.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dreams that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Aulderly, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawe's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulaine, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property of his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's Folly.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Almont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness and looked forward to identifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulaine attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Auderly's, in whose pew she sat.—Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to his Honora and said:

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe an astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art"

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulaine, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme for every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horescope was a HORROR-scope indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death."

"Good Heaven! But the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulaine, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir: I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

The fourth and last prediction was, that *before my twenty-fifth birth day I should perish on the scaffold.*"

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practicing in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birth-day, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that *the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber.* Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYBEL'S CIRCLE.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulaine, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced.—All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partaer of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated a while, smiled, and, and rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"'A widow beautiful as light,
'Twill be your lot to wed—
With a rich jointure, which shall pour
Its blessings on your head.'"

There was a general clapping of hands and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

"'To dandle fools and chronicle small beer.'"

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"'Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
Near at hand, perdition threatens thee!—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life!—
An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet.—Oh, be warned!'"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, secretfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter lifting the tablet of fate, and reading—

"'I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercing stars, and her deep winds' might!
There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou!—there's a weight on thine!—away!—
Back to thy home and pray!'"

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said:

What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the luscious tones.

"Invoke the knowledge"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

"'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make thee desolate,
The wrong thou mayst not quell!
AWAY! AWAY!—FOR DEATH WOULD BE
EVEN AS A MERCY UNTO THEE!'"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near said Mr Heine.

The check of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

"'But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling
As in delighted visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm—and thou art she!'"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

——"'*Disgrace and ill,*
And shameful death are near'"

An irresponsible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger.—We give this as a sample; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of it, can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

The story is, of itself alone worth the price of the Ledger. To peruse the history of the lovely heroine, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind,
Her voice for pity's tones so fit,
All speak her woman;—but her mind
Lifts her where heards and sages sit.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

Rachael Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London, having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's absence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard: his wife supported herself and two children—Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six—by selling, one after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachal was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was moaning for bread, and crying with cold.

The drunken father was at the dram-shop.

The agonized mother had but one more article of value left—a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket rushed to a pawnbroker's, obtained a few shillings, put by the amount of the rent and with the rest purchased a little bread and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter Mangles, who had ever been kind to her, to consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to "The Crown and Magpie" tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone.

There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie." The landlady—a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was hastily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers: the regular ones she was treating—for it must not be forgotten that it was New Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house.

"Is Mr. Hoffman here?" she inquired faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

"Can't tell the names of any of my customers, replied the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining."

"Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally!—Three and eight pence, sir. Half-and-half directly.

"You can't go in there!" shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. "Mine is a respectable house; I allow no females beyond the bar."

"But I am Mr. Hoffman's wife."

"So they all say," answered the woman, with a sneer.

There was a coarse, mocking laugh from the crowd of half drunken wretches standing near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily; but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother restrained him.

"Let us return home," she said, in a despairing tone. "I feel faint and sick at heart."

And leaning on the arm of her son, the unhappy wife tottered rather than walked from the place.

The keen, frosty air partially restored her strength and Rachel proceeded with her children till she reached the thoroughfare leading through St. Margaret's church-yard towards the Almonry, when a faint moan from Mary, whom she still carried in her arms, arrested her steps. She placed her hand under the thin faded shawl which covered her; the child was cold as ice, and shivering, as if seized with an ague fit

"She is dying!" groaned the terror-stricken parent—"dying for the want of food.

The heart of her boy could endure no more—it was breaking. The cup of misery and endurance had been filled to overflowing. His brain was on fire—tears could not quench it.

"Take her home mother! he cried—"take her home! never fear but I will bring you food! Mary shan't die. I'll beg—beg," he added; "anything to save her."

"Richard! Richard! do not leave me!" shrieked his agonized parent. "Let me not lose both my children! if you love your mother, return—for pity's sake return"

The appeal came too late. Her son, stung, maddened beyond endurance by the sufferings of those so dear to him, had broken from her feeble grasp, darted down the thoroughfare, and was already beyond the reach of her voice.

Rachel clung to the railings of the church-yard for support, till a second moan, still fainter than the first, sent a pang through her maternal breast.

"She must not die in the street!" murmured Rachel. "Home—home! if I have strength to reach it."

"Oh, God!" she cried with a sudden burst of anguish, "protect my boy. Shield him from crime: guard him against vices and the hideous snares which in a thousand forms assail unfriended youth: or take him," she added solemnly, "take him in Thy mercy."

It was a Christian's prayer wrung from a mother's heart, uttered in faith, in agony, and tears: and angels bore it to the mercy-seat on high.

Clasping her perishing child yet closer to her aching bosom, the drunkard's wife hastened to her home.

As Richard Hoffman rushed along the street, scarce knowing whither he went, and only intent on the one idea of getting by some means, food for his famished mother and sister, he was hailed by Jack Manders, an impish acquaintance, who lived near Richard's home, and to whom he told the desperate state in which he had left those so dear to him. Jack listened with much interest, and at once proposed to Richard to help to pick the pocket of an old gentleman, who was staring into a window on the opposite side of the street. Richard refused with horror, although Jack urged the necessity of at once getting something to save the life of his mother and little Mary. Jack then undertook the business alone, and just as he had relieved the old gentleman of his pocket book, a policeman sprang from a doorway to arrest him; but Jack made good his escape. Not so Richard, who was at once seized by the policeman as an accomplice of the escaped pickpocket.

"*I am no thief, sir,*" *cried Richard breaking from the strong grasp that held him,* and throwing himself at the feet of the old gentleman, who had just come to the spot, "though poverty and hunger tempted me to become one. My mother and sister are starving."

The future history and trials of this poor boy were given in the New York Ledger of January 16, which is for sale at all bookstores and news offices.

SWANN ON LIGON.

We take the following extracts from Mayor Swann's Message, delivered to the Baltimore Councils on the 18th inst. He is justly severe on the late Gov. Ligon, for his attack on Baltimore city:

"The florid picture presented by his Excellency shows to what extent persons at a distance have been misled by the statements of a licentious press. If that picture has created surprise, in no quarter has it been greater than here, among those who were witnesses of the scenes which his Excellency has attempted to describe. If it be true that in the elections to which he has referred, democratic voters have been the sufferers, it is a significant fact known to our people, but never yet satisfactorily explained or accounted for, that in one of these, at least, the *only* disabled victims *were the officers of police, who were killed or wounded by the fury of their assailants.*

It is well known that until within a few years past this city has been, with but casual intermissions, under democratic rule.—That party held possession of its patronage and its offices. In the fierce conflicts which marked their struggles with their old wing adversaries, they were charged, with what truth the remnant of that party can best answer, *with maintaining their existence by* force, whenever occasion required it. It was charged that notorious fighting men infested the polls: that clubs, whose effect encouraged a spirit of turbulence, intimidated the people: that peaceable citizens were deprived of their franchise: that frauds were perpetrated without hindrance; that houses were sacked; printing offices outraged, and other acts of lawlessness permitted to go unpunished by those in whose hands the authority rested.

This state of things so loudly complained of at the time, led to the passage by the Legislature of 1837, of a law, directing the registry of the names and residence of voters—as an effectual means of correcting these evils.

At a subsequent period, by an ordinance of the City Council, approved June 20, 1856, an attempt was made to arrange a division of the several wards of the city of Baltimore, to prevent undue crowding at the polls, and thus facilitate the voting in the different precincts.

With the aid of these important measures it can readily be seen that much of the confusion which has prevailed at the recent elections might have been effectually prevented; but it is well known that the former measure was repealed by Democratic votes in 1839, and the latter thwarted by a well known movement of the Democratic party in the City Council in 1856.

The Journals of the Council will show that from the eighth of August, 1856, until the eight of October of the same year a quorum of that body was steadily defeated by the absence of a number of the Democratic members.

It may be that frauds have been perpetrated as the Governor supposes. But these are incident, in a more or less degree, to all the elections that have ever taken place in our city, and have been confined to members of no particular party.—It may be that, owing to the crowded state of some of the wards native born citizens struggled to take precedence of the foreign who only a few days before had been admitted to the rights of citizenship.

While such occurrences are common to all excited elections, his Excellency would have found that the *repudiated* laws to which I have referred, would have done more to restore order and prevent fraud, than the bayonets of all the military that could have been thrown into our streets.

A resort to military force in time of peace by the governing power of a State, must always be viewed with alarm, and our constitution has clearly defined the powers, as well as the restraints, imposed upon its Executive in cases of great emergency. The whole theory of our government is opposed to the application of military force, unless in strict subordination to a civil power, and an attempt from any quarter to wrest from a community like this, comprising one half of the numerical strength of the State of Maryland, the direction and control of its municipal regulations, would be a violation of the fundamental principles of the government under which we live, and could only be accomplished by revolution and bloodshed.

It is much to be regretted, that the spirit of our people was so much mistaken, as to favor the expectation, that a body of six thousand men, or even double that number, could be thrown in contact with the polls on the day of an election in direct conflict with the highest legal authority, without determined resistance on their part; and that in the event of such resistance the military could not have been able to maintain their ground in opposition to a united public sentiment. The power of all free government rests with the people. So jealous has been the State of Maryland in the delegation of her power, that she has provided the most safeguards for her protection against usurpation or abuse. The military arm is held subject to her control by a wise provision of her constitution, which prohibits the Executive from commanding in person without the express assent of the Legislature. The whole spirit of our constitution and declaration of rights proclaim this feature of popular sovereignty, whether in reference to limited communities or the State at large. The constitutional provision which imposes upon the Executive the duty of *seeing that the laws are faithfully executed,* is a *civil* and not a *military* requirement—looking to the courts and the Legislature, and not to the employment of force. "In all cases and at all times," says our declaration of rights, "the military ought to be under strict subordination to and control of the civil power."

The Governor seems to be somewhat confused in his understanding of this plain declaration:—"In authorizing the use of the military," says his message, "the Executive necessarily acts as commander-in-chief, but under the constitution, he cannot of his motion forego in the minutest degree, his civil capacity." That is to say, the 9th section of the 2nd article of the Constitution expressly provides that "the Governor shall *not* take the command in person without the consent of the Legislature." He admits that in ordering *the use of the military,* the Executive acts as *commander-in-chief,* and seems to concede that his power is exhausted when he orders the military to be *enrolled and called out.* "The direct military command of the forces," continues his message, "must be in the officers commissioned by him. And the extreme resort to be determined upon in the actual emergency, is left entirely to the judgment and discretion of these officers."

THE LADY WITH THE RED PETTICOAT.—The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian says of the red petticoat, recently introduced by the wife of British Minister Ousley:—

"There is an English literary lady now in this city, whose dress known in London as the 'peasant costume,' has caused quite a stir among the fashionables.—The dress consists of a red and black striped petticoat, descending within six inches of the feet, over which is worn a dress of the usual length, but hooped up to the height of the skirt. A 'dread-naught' overcoat, with gilt buttons, serves to keep out the cold and damp while a straw hat screens the head, and real, genuine, long-legged boots protect the feet. I do not think the dress is very neat or pretty, but it is novel, and that is something. It is considered an improvement on the Bloomer costume. In all the mud of a Washington winter, it is a much better dress than the street sweeping machines which have so long prevailed."

A New York letter writer says:

Red petticoats begin to peep out in Broadway, modestly, and as if half ashamed of themselves—but still sufficiently manifest to convince the world of their presence. It is curious to note the sudden change in the direction of the promenaders' eyes.—The gaze which lately stared fixedly at even height with ladies' faces, is now modestly lowered upon the hem of the garment, in search of the new fashion and the pretty ankles. So far but few (petticoats) have appeared—but the fire is kindled, and it only needs the breath of a single fashion-monger to break forth into a crimson flame which will envelope all womanhood.

"Mother, may n't I have the big bible in your room?"

"Yes, my son, and I am glad to see you desirous of perusing that book. What do you most want to see in it?"

"I only want to see whether I can smash flies in it, like Bill Smith does at school."