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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—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XI EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. No. 49.

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.

NEW GOODS.

I HAVE just received and am now opening a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

suited to the present and approaching seasons—which will be sold at a small advance for CASH; or on time to prompt paying customers.

sep 12 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

FALL TRADE, 1857.

HASLET C. MACKEY

HAS just opened a large stock of Woolen and Cotton Goods, suited to the season, such as Filled Cloths and Kerseys, Satinets, Flannels, Muslins and Sheeting, Ticking, Wool and Cotton Plaid for Servants, stripe Osnaburg, &c., also a large lot of fresh

GROCERIES,

Coffees- Rio, Laguyra and Java. Sugars--crushed, pulverized, granulated, brown. Candles, Soap, Starch, Spices of all kinds, water and soda Crackers, alway fresh.

Liquors of all kinds; fine Brandy and Wines for sickness. Hardware in great variety. Queens ware and Woodware, Ropes and Cordage, all of which I will sell very cheap. My friends, customers and the public are respectfully invited to give me a call; I will endeavor to please all who may favor me with their patronage. sep 5

CARPETS, CARPETS,

THE largest and handsomest stock of CARPETS ever brought to this town are now open for exhibition and sale at the

CARPET WARE ROOM OF

Thompson & Kersey.

In our stock of the above goods will be found

Tapestry Ingrain,	Fine Ingrain,
Three Ply,	Union Ingrain,
Super Fine Ingrain,	Venetian

Druggets, List and Rag Carpets.

We earnestly solicit any who may be in want of Carpets to call and examine them. We will guarantee to sell them as low as they can be bought from any establishment in the city.

oct 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Thompson & Kersey

HAVE just returned from the city, and are now opening at their Newly Refitted Store Room in Easton, a very large and beautiful stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

embracing almost every variety of

Ladies' Dress Goods;
Gentlemen's " "
Boys and Misses' " "
Servants' Wear;

Also a large stock of

Groceries, Queensware, &c.

HARDWARE, TIN WARE, WOOD WARE, &c.; to an examination of which they earnestly invite their friends and the public generally. oct 3

Large Dry Goods Establishment

HAMILTON, EASTER & CO.,

New Marble Building,

Nos. 199, 201 and 203 Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

HAVE now in store (mostly of their own importation) one of the largest and most complete stocks in the United States, embracing

Silks and Silk Goods of every class;
Dress Goods—a very large stock;
Irish Linens; Linen Goods and Housekeeping Articles of every description,
Mourning Goods
Cloaks, Mantillas and Shawls;
Embroideries, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves;
Blankets, Quilts, Domestic Goods;

And every article generally required by FARMERS and PLANTERS for SERVANTS' USE.

☞RETAIL ROOMS on first floor—the PRICE affixed to each article, from which no deviation is made.

☞WHOLESALE ROOMS on the second and third floors. oct 17-3m

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

1857.

J. H. GRACE has just returned from the city with a very large stock of *FALL AND WINTER GOODS*, embracing every variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, viz:—

Silks, colored and black;
Plain and figured Delaines;
Cashmeres; Debaze, &c
Also, a large assortment of
Embroidered Collars,
Ruffling, &c
Linen Cambric and hem-stitch Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, hosiery, &c.
Also, a beautiful supply of Stella Shawls.
FOR GENTLEMEN & BOYS,—My assortment of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vesting and Coating Cassimeres
are large and complete. Also, a large supply of
Tweeds,
Cassinetts,
Jeans, &c.;

Together with a very large and generally assorted stock of

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GLASS, STONE-WARE, TIN-WARE, GROCERIES, &C.,

To an examination of which the public are most respectfully invited—feeling sure that from the pains taken in the selection of these Goods that in QUANTITY, QUALITY, and PRICES, they cannot have a better stock to select from

sep 26 J. H. GRACE.

JUST received
100,000 Lathes,
60,000 Shingles,
25,000 feet 1-4 W. P. Fence, W. P. Culls,
Scantling, &c. [may 9] R. THARP.

HATS, CAPS, &c—We have just opened our new stock of hats, Caps, Ladies and Misses Gaiters Also Children's Shoes of every discription to which we call attention

oct 24 MANSFIELD & HARRISON.

SHETLAND YARN AND SPLIT WORSTED, for knitting Shawls, &c., on hand and for sale by

sept 19 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

STOVES! STOVES!!—British lustre for cleaning Stoves and Icinglass for stove doors can be had at the Drug store of.

oct 17 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

[From the Baltimore Dispatch.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth."

Cease lamenting—why with sorrow
Come you the Christian's bed,
When upon death's peaceful pillow
He lays own his weary head!

Hath this earth, then, naught of trial,
Naught bitter, burning care?
Are there not upon life's dial
Darksome shadows, hard to bear?

Would you have him tarry longer
In this world of sin and wo?
Think ye, could his faith grow stronger
Did he linger? Surely no.

Would he be more happy, lying
Here in sickness and in pain,
Than if, free the body dying,
He should live in heaven again?

Is it for his holy counsel
Ye would keep him with you here?
God will give you better counsel:
He is with you never fear,

"Blessed," saith the Lord of heaven,
"Are the dead who die in me;
They shall, every sin forgiven,
All my father's glory see."

Heaven is o'er his vision dawning,
Christ hath conquered death, his foe;
Faith and hope have brought the morning;
Glory waits him—let him go! D.

[From the Baltimore Dispatch.]

THE COQUETTE.

BY WM. H. TOLDRIDGE.

It was a scene of splendor. Brightly shone the lights from golden chandeliers upon the thick mossy carpets; crimson and gold curtains hung thickly from the window recesses, while the air was filled with soft, sweet music from an hundred instruments. It was a scene that caused the heart to throb wildly with pleasure and excitement, for the Count d'Atoile's gorgeous parlors were filled with fair, laughing, bewitching creatures, and proud, manly cavaliers; and the wine sparkled in the silver goblet, and bright eyes grew brighter, and hearts beat high with hope, jealousy, pride and deceit, and the laugh rang louder as hours flew unheeded by. Oh, how many wretched hearts were there hid by the false smile which ceremony calls forth!

But a dead silence prevailed, as a young and beautiful girl was led to a piano. What pen could describe the dazzling whiteness of that broad, clear brow, the thrilling expression of the dark hazel eye, the raven, wavy tresses, falling in faultless curls upon that fair neck? Yes, she was beautiful—lovely as woman could be, but you could read in her face, in her silvery voice, in her every action, that she was a *coquette*.

For a moment there was a pause, and then her rich, mellow voice warbled dreamy airs of love. Now the tones were high, anon they sunk so low that exceedingly lovely she looked with her head thrown back, her cheeks crimsoned with excitement and secret pride, and her dark curls wandering over her heaving breast. How many men were there that evening who would have attempted anything, however rash, to win the fair white hand that sported with the pearly keys of the gorgeous piano.

She was the Count d'Atoile's daughter. Scarce had the last note vibrated upon the air, when a young and very handsome gentleman, attired in the dress of an officer, sprang forward, and bowing low to the fair singer, uttered in a voice of softness, while his dark eyes beamed on her:

'Lady, will you condescend to take my arm?'

The young nobles who had clustered round her in the vain hope of leading her to a seat, drew back chagrined and abashed, as Kate d'Atoile, proudly leaving her seat, placed her small hand within the extended arm of the officer, and moved slowly away.

Oh, how wildly beat the heart of Kate, as she felt her hand tremble beneath the touch of that manly arm. Never before had she known aught of love till she had met him a few days previous to the opening of our story. Many a lord had kneeled humbly before that fair girl: and while they wildly begged for her hand, she only laughed, and bid them leave her, for no feeling of love thrilled through her heart then; but now it was different. She wildly adored William Winters, though he had not yet spoken of love; but she knew his heart, for his every action spoke his passion for her.

But would she, the woman who had triumphed over so many of her sex, who had broken so many noble hearts, confess by word or deed her love for him who was nothing but a soldier—who could boast of no noble blood? Would she yield to him, when she had rejected so many far above him in station and rank? No; she determined to scorn him, were he to confess his love, though her heart would break in the trial.

Thus was she, the poor, misguided coquette, weaving in her mind those plans, which would surely sink two beings in endless misery. Such is the curse of pride!

How many hearts had that remorseless coquette broken; how many noble beings had she caused to live a life of despair and anguish? And yet she lifted not the spell from her heart, but lived on, while the same fascinating smile played about her coral lips.

As William Winters walked the extensive parlors with Kate d'Atoile leaning on his arm, his heart beat high with hope, for he knew he was not averse to her, and he longed to pour into her willing ear his tale of love.

And Kate? It would, indeed, be a puzzle to read her heart. She was suffering a short lifetime of misery, for she knew she was but filling that manly breast with hopes which could never be realised; for though she loved him wildly; yet pride and poverty stalked grimly between them, and those two hearts could never be united.

Filled with hope, the young officer at length led fair Kate from the hall to a balcony. The stars were shining calmly from above, and the round golden moon was just coming forth from a bank of purple clouds, tinging all nature with a mellow hue.

They were alone. Not a soul was near, as Winters had led her along the flowered balcony, away from the scene of joy and mirth; and naught could be heard but a few soft, low notes from a distant guitar.

Pale and trembling, the fair girl took a seat offered her, and Winters grasping her hand, murmured gently:

"Kate, you are very beautiful."

"You are pleased to flatter, sir," returned the coquette, coldly, though her voice slightly trembled.

"Flatter, Kate—if I may call you by that name," answered the lover. "No," he continued, sadly, "I flatter not in calling you lovely. I am about to tell you a thing which others have oftened told you before."

"Proceed," was Kate's answer, in a low, husky tone.

"I love you," replied Winters, while his brain whirled, and his heart grew sick at her careless manner.

"Love *me*—ha, ha, ha!" laughed the coquette, in a cold voice. "Are you *quite* sure?"

"*Sure!* Oh, Kate! Kate!" returned the young man in a broken voice. "treat me not so scornfully, for I love you wildly deeply. Oh dearest, I heard that you were a coquette; that your heart was steeled against the pure passions of love; that you cared not for the misery you brought upon men; that you were a women who delighted in causing every knee to humbly bow before your radiant beauty. But I believed them not, Kate. I only saw in you a being to adore, and be loved in return. I saw you, and resolved to win you or die. I am poor—nothing but a soldier, and must yet carve out a name with my sword. I am an orphan, Kate, and yearn for the love of a pure being like you. Oh, do not deny me! Return my passion, love, and I will cherish you through life."

There was a deep pause, and then, as the moon passed behind a mass of clouds, two pearly tears trickled down the cheeks of Kate, but the young man did not notice them. The coquett's hour of trial had truly come. How she longed to throw herself in his arms, and relieve him of his anguish by confessing her love! But pride restrained her.

"Kate," at length exclaimed Winters, breaking the silence, "do you bid me hope?"

"We can never be more to each other than what we are at present," slowly spoke the coquette in a broken voice.

For a moment the young man gazed at her, as if he could not comprehend her words, and then, in a hopeless voice, he went on:

"Six months ago I had a sister, *then* my home was happy. God knows how I loved lovely, so innocent. We were both left orphans young, and our love turned towards each other. She was to me my life, my hope, and I inwardly resolved to cherish that fair being. I was happy then, till I noticed my darling Clara grow paler day by day. I asked her often was she ill, but she answered no: and I never knew the secret why she drooped, till one evening I had brought her near the window, for she was now too weak to walk. I leaned her head upon my breast, and begged her to tell me why she drooped. A crimson hue stole over her wan face, as she whispered to me a tale of hopeless love. She had loved, with all the earnestness of her passionate soul, a young man of good family whom she had frequently seen. She had hoped on, never telling her secret, till she had heard of his departure to a foreign clime; and then hope became dead, and the fair girl drooped in silence. A week after she had confessed to me her simple tale, she was laid beneath the damp sod. Oh, Kate, what agony I suffered as I saw that precious form borne to the tomb. Despair crept in my heart, and I wandered through the world with no definite purpose in my mind, but to avoid thoughts of her whom I so passionately loved, till I saw thee. In you I discovered a second sister. You have her same dark eye and raven curls. Oh Kate, when I saw you, I had then something to live for. If you have the least touch of compassion in your heart, say you love me, and come with me to my home to gladden it with your presence. "Kate, will you answer me?"

A low, deep, choking sob was heard, then a form fell slowly to the ground. Kate had fainted.

"Dearest, do not die!" uttered Winters, wildly, and springing forward, he clasped her cold form in his strong embrace, and bathed her lips, cheeks and brow with his burning kisses. He did not call for aid, he was silent. He only knew that he held a precious burden in his arms.

Slowly, and with a long drawn sigh, Kate recovered from her trance; and as she felt *his* arms encircling her, she shuddered.

"Are you better?" inquired Winters, as he removed his arms from her waist.

"Yes, better—much better," slowly replied Kate, her head throbbing wildly.

"And you love me?" he asked in a low tone.

"I respect you as a friend, but naught else," was the coquette's cold reply; and gathering her mantle around her she glided away.

The stars shone brightly down, the night wind whistled by, the cold moon looked proudly from above, and still the broken-hearted lover stood where Kate had left him, with his bowed head buried in his trembling hands.

* * * * * * *

The sun rose bright and beautiful upon the earth. The morning dew glistened upon the green trees and flowers, and Nature was robed in her brightest colors. All was fresh and lovely.

In a small and magnificently furnished boudoir, reclining upon a couch of crimson and gold, with her small hand pressed upon her hot brow, was Kate d'Atoile. Oh, who could recognize in her ashy check, her dim eye, that quivering lip, and trembling form, the glorious belle of the previous evening.

At the thought of him who loved her so deeply, yet so hopelessly, who was so good, so manly, tears rolled down her pale check, and her bosom heaved with the violence of her emotions. Now that he was gone, she had time to think of his worth and pure love, and bitterly did she blame herself for acting so coldly to Winters, and thus causing a pang of anguish to shoot through his noble heart. Truly there are moments of anguish in the life of a coquette.

As Kate thus reclined in her boudoir, busy with her bitter thoughts, a servant entered and extended to her mistress a silver salver on which lay a small note, and bowing, retired. Kate with a trembling hand and swimming brain, tore open the envelope, and with the face of ashy paleness, and one hand pressed upon her throbbing breast, read the following:

"KATE: Sneer not when you see who writes these lines, which spring from a broken heart. Never more will you see me, for I am going far away from here, where I have received such anguish and agony of soul. I loved you, Kate, loved you with all the strength of a pure heart, for you are like my angel sister. Forgive me if I were too bold in confessing my love to one so far above me in rank and station as you are. It was done in a rash moment, and the check I received, though terrible, was just. Fool that I was to feed myself with thoughts of love for me. Oh, it was a sweet dream to imagine I possessed your heart, but the awakening from it has broken my spirits, and I am no longer a man. When you read this, I shall perhaps be far away; but wherever I roam, my dreams will turn to you as an angel whom I dared to love and was punished with a broken heart. My sister's beloved form lies beneath a sunny spot in Italy. There will I often wander, and while I shed tears of sorrow upon her green grave, I will think of one far away, who so much resembled her. Farewell, Kate, farewell!

WILLIAM WINTERS."

"Oh, William! William! this is the hardest blow of all!" moaned Kate, and she fell upon her couch in a passionate, remorseful flood of tears. At length she arose, and tottering to an escritoire, she drew from it a sheet of delicate pink paper; and wrote the following:

"DEAREST WILLIAM: Oh, forgive me the anguish, the despair, the bitterness I have caused you. I was wrong very wrong, in treating you so coldly, last evening, when—yes, I confess it—I loved you so passionately. But I was proud and wilful, and scarce knew what I did. Oh, William, now that I have perceived how kind and be [illegible] are, my heart is sad that you may If you are not [illegible] quickly that I may behold you once more.

Yours truly, KATE."

Such is woman's heart; one moment filled with pride and cruelty, the next with compassion and pity.

Kate, unknown to her father, dispatched the above note to the residence of William Winters, and then with a beating heart, awaited an answer. An hour elapsed, and then her note was returned unopened.—Winters had departed, and was far away from home. With a sigh of deep anguish Kate fell upon the floor in a death-like swoon, with the note tightly grasped in her hand.

* * * * * * *

All was bright and beautiful under the sunny sky of Italy. The silver streamlets sparkled and danced over the dewy lawns and meadows: and the clear, bracing breeze swept ever and anon over the green fields, causing the eye to sparkle with joy, and the cheek to glow with pride at the lovely aspect of nature.

Near the door of a small but elegant country cottage, on a noble, milk-white, steed, sat a young girl. How frail she looked, so pale, so angel-like, with her dark curls sweeping round her white neck, and her large hazel eyes having in them an expression so sad and mournful. Ah! she had drank deeply of the bitter cup of life, for that vacant look too plainly told that this world to her was dreary.

That pale, fair girl was the light-hearted coquette, Kate d'Atoile. For weeks after William Winters had left her presence she pined, and grew thinner day by day, till she was a mere wreck of her former self. No longer could her ringing laugh be heard; no more did her sylph-like form glide gaily through the long halls of her stately mansion. But she drooped, and pined, till her father, the merry old count, grew alarmed, and consulted his physician. He advised the Count to take Kate on a tour, where she might regain her spirits.

None knew the secret that was filling the heart of that poor girl with woe. But determined to do all in his power for his beloved daughter, the father started with Kate on a tour to Italy. Oh, how the poor girl's heart throbbed when that sunny country was uttered; for there she might have a hope of meeting with her lover.

Weeks elapsed. The count and his daughter had visited all the scenes and ancient piles worthy of notice in Italy, and were now resting from their labor in one of those romantic villages which abound in that country. The count had done all in his power to cheer poor Kate; but no bright smile came to her lips, no happy light to her eye. Her heart was slowly breaking.

The lovely day we have introduced her to the reader, she had mounted her favorite steed for the first time in many days.—While seated on his back, her father saw from his window, and a bright smile played around his mouth, for he thought his daughter felt better in spirits than usual Kate touched the rein and the noble steed bounded away.

For miles she rode over the verdant ground, she cared not wither, so that she could drive away the gloom that was settling round her heart. Hours glided away, and still she rode on, till a simple graveyard met her view. Might not the form of Clara Winters lie beneath one of those simple white stones! This thought caused the heart of Kate to leap within her; and springing from her horse, she opened the little gate, and entered the country graveyard.—With a throbbing brow, she wandered over the sacred place, stooping now and then, to read the inscriptions on the marble slabs, till two moss-covered graves met her gaze At that instant an icy feeling crept through her breast, and kneeling down, she drew back the moss from the white stone, and read, with a dim eye: "The grave of Clara Winters, aged 16 years."

Tears of anguish rolled down Kate's cheeks, and fell upon that sacred spot. At length she leaned over the other grave, and with starting eyes and throbbing brain, read the inscription: "Here lies William Winters, died of a broken heart."

It was too much for poor Kate. With a groan of agony, she fell upon the grave of her dead lover, with her cold cheek pressed upon the sod! The sun glided in the west, darkness came upon the earth, the evening dew fell upon the ground, the cold winds whistled by, and moaned in sorrow for poor Kate; but she heard them not. The rain fell and beat upon her white brow; but she felt it not. The lightning danced around her cold form: but she saw it not. Poor Kate was dead!

And of an evening when the wind is cold, when the rains falls heavily, and the winds moan sadly, an old man with a bowed form and his long white hair streaming down his back, wanders through the old graveyard. He has a vacant gaze, and he often speaks about his darling daughter Kate. And he hurries to a new-made grave, and kisses the wet sod softly, as if it were almost too sacred to touch, and then he wanders away. Kate's father was a maniac!

Bay Side, Oct. 26.

A FEW TRUTHS WHICH A GOOD MANY SHOULD KNOW.

TAKEN FROM A GENUINE COPY.

Miss——I am a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you which I cannot bear, yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention.

I believe I don't admire nor value you for any of those charms, for which you admire and value yourself; I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. They are very brilliant to be sure, but what are they? [illegible] woman, in their heedless airy manner, tell you that they were made of celestial fire, that they were two animated balls of beauty, two love darting mirrors, formed by the graces, and a pack of such stuff. But I scorn to figure away at the expense of fair truth. I write in honest prose, miss: and therefore in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty, those same love darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on. But what of all this? I am not so short-sighted, but I can look forward a little, beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away, when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and not a spark of fire will you have about you. If you live long enough, you will be purblind, and then what becomes of your love-darters. Don't be quite so vain, my young beauty.

Another mighty matter upon which you have, it seems, to pique yourself, is your face. I mean such things as we call cheeks, lips and complexion. I wish it to be known to you, that I have but a poor opinion of these divine graces, as you call them.

Some time ago, I remember you showed me in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who, swore, in very sorry verses, that your cheeks threw into *utter despair* all the roses and lillies in the creation. Your skin too, was, if I recollect, polished marble. The veins were compared to the azure of the third heaven, and the color was whiter than alabaster.

'Tis a lie Miss. 'Tis a sad lie. You are indebted to poetical fiction for all this truth. The rogues who deal in it have, as they say, a license from that silly fellow 'poles to play such pranks with idle girls and boys who believe them. For my part I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhyme, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the transportation of ten saucy sylables, since I was born. I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps.

What a collection of falsities is here: indeed, I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life that were fairer than a lily, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to Alabaster, I will take upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble.

No, no, these flights will not pass upon men of cool prose. They will not, indeed, Miss. Metaphor my dear is a mere balm. It tickles the child's ear, but I heartily despise it. Not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praise. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features. I like to see the proper proportions of red and white, I am very well pleased with a pair of sparkling eyes, but I have no idea of calling any of these what they realty are not, nor of compairing them with objects to which they have no resemblance whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the driven sow. If that is not carrying the jest as far as it will fairly go, I don't know what is. Why—if your bosom and a snow ball were shown together, and any thing in the world but a poet to judge, he would say that you were a swarthy Gipsey in the comparison. But how you ladies can be pleased with all this high-flying is to me astonishing. If a man was to compare me to a stick or a stone, or a tree, or a plant, that I was no more like than like the main ocean, should I hold up my head, and look about me the more for that? As to features, skin, complexion, &c., they are so truly things of a day that if I was a woman I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make

"Your hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the porcupine"

Go into your garden. Fix your attention on the fairest flower. Take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom.—Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colors better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it.—Pay it a second visit to-morrow morning.—What are you surprised at? That a flower should fade? A light blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it. The tints are dead. The colors are faded. The beauty is no more. Step to your toilette. Indeed Miss, you are very pretty. What a face, what air, what shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the glass shows you—an ugly woman.

I believe you have sense enough Miss, to see where to all this tends;—it tends to your destruction. I would not have you fix too violent a dependence on features.—Nor do I estimate you according to your wealth—certain it is you will be independent, but I wish you were not so fascinated with these possessions. I heard you talk in such raptures of a new carriage, diamonds and new clothes, that I am much afraid you are gone for in the *frippennies* of life. A slight fever would soon show you the impotency of gold, and it would divert you of all the trapings in which you have so wantonly dressed the finest set of limbs in the country.

Everything I have mentioned is held on a sad tenure, even the tenure of a regular pulse. I think there is, under all your false ideas, a good honest heart. 'Tis this dear one, which draws me towards you.—I think I could banish the frailties that cling at present about your affections. If you can bear me after this letter, I shall have a better opinion of you than ever. If you are offended and take pet at it I shall lose your friendship and be regarded as a bore; but then I shall know by experience that your friendship was not worth seeking. Now first break your looking glass, secondly turn all your poets out of the doors, thirdly throw their verses into the fire! and lastly make a solemn vow never more to put your sed things: which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you, will you believe me honest, and the rest false? P.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (Kansas,) 10 mo. 31, 1857.

Since my last we have had two proclamations from Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton. One throwing out the fraudulent votes at Oxford the other throwing out the fraudulent votes from McGee county. McGee county is one of the far interior counties, and as yet has no place on any of the printed maps of Kansas. There is certainly not one hundred legal voters in the county; the returns sent up to Lecompton claim one thousand, two hundred and twenty-eight majority for the national democracy.

A number of the fire-eaters of Lecompton enraged at the just action of the Governor and Secretary in throwing out fraudulent votes in these counties held an indignation meeting and threatened the Governor and Secretary's lives if the certificates of election were not given to the democratic counties. On hearing of it at Lawrence a respectful letter signed by one hundred of the prominent citizens was sent to the Governor and Secretary offering them the hospitality and protection of the city.—They declined the invitation in a pleasant and polite manner.

Judge Cato has issued a writ of mandamus in hopes that they might obtain their certificates in that manner, but the writ was defective on its face, was directed to the Governor and Secretary instead of the Sheriff, and was made returnable on its day of issue. The Governor and Secretary treated it with the contempt it merited and have given certificates of election to the free state counties. The result now stands:

	House.	Council.
Free State,	21	9
Democrat,	15	4
F. S. majority,	9	5

Parrotts' majority about 5000.

If the remaining frauds are corrected the democrats will have but four members in both Houses and should it not be done by the Governor and Secretary it will by the Legislature when it convenes and those members legally elected will get their seats.

The constitutional convention elected in the spring by a vote of 1675 are again in session, while stationed around them, guarding them from the people are six companies of cavelry, one company of infantry and two companies of artilery—all U. S. troops.

The convention have done nothing except abuse the Governor and the fraudulent voters. It is feared by the free state party that they will form a constitution, and get it through Congress without the citizens of the Territory having a vote thereon. If such should be the case civil war will again desolate the plains of Kansas. From the almost unanimous feeling here for a free State, I should say that it will be an impossibility to make it otherwise. K.

It is an error to think that a long face is essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.

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