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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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines) inserted ONE or 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
FOR THE
SPRING & SUMMER OF
1859.

WE take great pleasure in informing our friends and the public generally, that we have just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a very large and beautiful stock o

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

We have taken advantage of both cities in our purchases, and have spared no pains in our selections, and in point of *Beauty, Style, Quality and Price*, we challenge competition.

Ever ready in person, to respond to the smallest call, and having secured the services of prompt, polite and accommodating young gentlemen, we feel assured, that to call upon us will be to be both pleased and profited. In our stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

will be found

Plaid Peka, French Bareges,
Glassa Cloths, Barrege Robes,
Challi, French Lawns,
Challi Robes, Jackonet Lawns,
French Lavellas, Lawn Robes,
French de Beiges, Double Skirt Robes,
Mohair Lustres, Striped and Plaid Cambrics,
Merino Cashmeres, Plaid and Figured Swiss;
Thompson's Indestructable Double Extension Hoop Skirts,
Kid, Silk and Cotton Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL,

French Cloths, French Cassimeres, Linen Drillings,
Coatings in all varieties, Plain and Fancy Silk Cravats, Neck Ties,
Silk, Satin & Marseilles Vestings, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Striped & Fig'd Shirtings, Gloves, &c.

BOYS AND MISSES' GOODS, IN EVERY VARIETY.

FOR SERVANT'S WEAR.

Osnaburgs, Twilled and Plaid, Heavy Drillings, Striped Cottons,
Cottonades, Plaid and Plain, Plaid Domestics, Printed Cloths.

ALSO A FULL SUPPLY OF

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
GLASS, WOODWARE, TINWARE, &c.

To an examination of which we very respectfully solicit the public.

THOMPSON & KERSEY.

Easton, April 9.

A CARD.

J. RASIN returns his thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Easton and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him since his return from the city and takes pleasure in inviting their attention to his second supply of

RICH DRESS GOODS

received by last Friday's steamer

FOR LADIES.

Robe A. Les, French Organdies,
Robe Princesse, Jackonet Lawns,
Double Skirt Robes, French Bareges,
Poil De Chevres, White & Col'd. Brilliantes
French Lavellas, Striped & Plaid Cambrics,
Ducals and Challis, Plain and Fig'd Swiss,
Mantillas, Parasols, and Fans, Stri'd and plaid Nansooks
Black Silks, Shawls,
Dress Trimmings, Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Mitts, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Black and Fancy Cloths & Cassimeres, Velvet, Silk & Satin Vestings,
Summer Cloths, Marseilles Vestings,
Cashmeretts and Tweeds, Plain and Fancy Drillings
Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Satin Stocks, Ties,
Fancy Silk do., Black It. do., Madras do., Shirt Fronts, Collars, Marseilles Byron and Standing, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

apr 16 J. RASIN.

SPRING GOODS.

THE subscriber has now open his stock of *SPRING DRY GOODS* comprising every variety

GENTLEMENS' WEAR
AND
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

In the selection of which great care has been taken to secure all the novelties of the very latest importations. Special attention has also been paid to the purchase of

Swiss and Cambric Goods,
Bleached Muslins, Brown Cottons,
Sheetings, Denims, and goods for servants generally.

Hardware, Queensware,
GROCERIES.
Ropes, Brooms, Buckets, Spades, Shovels, Hoes,

and Farmers goods of all kinds, he is prepared to offer more than the usual inducements. Purchasers are invited to call and examine the goods and to take special notice of their very moderate prices.

apr 16 JNO. GOLDSBOROUGH.

EXHIBITION!

JUST received from Philadelphia and Baltimore my selection of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

and now *ready to* be exhibited and sold at small profits for cash or to punctual dealers on time.—I name in part as follows: Chalies, Barege Delaines, Lawns, De Beges, Lavellas, French Chintz, Brilliants, Figured and Plain; good selection of Calicoes, Book, Swiss, Mull and Jaconet Muslins, Cambric Swiss, Thread and Cotton Edgings and Insertings, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, Collars and Shawls, with almost every variety in the way of Dress Goods. Also a lot of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, and Vestings, together with a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Caps,
Ready Made Clothing, made to order;

A large stock of Goods for Servants such as Osnaburgs, Domestics, Striped Cotton, &c

Also, Groceries, Queensware,
Hardware, Tinware and Woodware.

Particular attention paid in the selection of articles generally used by farmers such as Shovels, Spades, Forks, Ploughs and Castings of all kinds in use, Carriage Harness, horse collars, bridles, cart-breeching, saddles, hames, &c.

Respectfully soliciting a call from my friends and the public, I will always be pleased to show my goods, being confident that the variety and price will please.

☞ Extra inducements to cash buyers—a discount of four per cent. on all sums of two Dollars.

E. T. BENSON, Royal Oak,
apr 16 Talbot county, Md.

CIGARS & TOBACCO.—A complete assortment of the best brands, kept constantly on hand and for sale by (apr 23) J. P. BLAKE.

KID GLOVES—all colors and sizes, and of the very best quality at
apr 23 J. H. GRACE.

1859! 1859!! 1859!!!
NEW SPRING
AND
SUMMER GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY having just returned from the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia with a large and handsome assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

most respectfully invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine their stock before purchasing, as they flatter themselves they can please in styles, quality and prices. [apr 9

NEW GOODS.

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends generally, that we have just returned from the city of Baltimore with a full supply of everything in our line of business. We have on hand a good assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a full supply of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
WOODWARE, TINWARE,
QUEENSWARE, &c.

All of which we are selling at prices to suit the times. We would advise all in want of goods in our line to give us a call.

apr 2 A. DODD & SON.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF
NEW GOODS,
ALL KINDS;
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
VERY CHEAP.

J. RASIN has returned from the city, and is now opening the largest and cheapest stock of goods, ever before offered by him, at prices which cannot fail to please. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine.

apr 2 J. RASIN.

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS
FOR 1859!

PATCHETT & WRIGHT would inform all purchasers of Cheap Goods, that they have just returned from the city, and are now opening at their old stand, under the Odd Fellow's Hall, a magnificent assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing,

consisting of

Business Coats,
Pants and Vests.

DRY GOODS, *of every variety.*

Ladies' Dress Goods of the latest styles and fashions.

Hardware, Groceries,
Crockery & Tinware,

together with a large assortment of Jewelry and Notions. Ethereal Lamps and Coal Oil do.

These goods have been selected with care, and will be sold at *prices to suit the times.* The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

apr 16

NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, with the *finest, largest* and most *complete* stock of GOODS from Philadelphia ever brought to this market

Ladies' Dress Goods,

of the newest and cheapest styles of Lawns, Lawn Robes,
Dukales in Stripes, Plaid & modern patterns
Berages, De Baige, &c.

an elegant assortment of Calicos, from 6¼ to 12½.

For Gentlemen—a complete assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Drillings, Satin, Silk and Marseilles Vesting, Marseilles and Linen Shirt Bosoms, Shirting Calicoes, &c., &c., and a large assortment of Dress Goods, for Misses and Girls, &c., Handkerchiefs, Collars, Gloves, Belts, &c.

Also the finest lot of Ladies' Collars, Cambric nd Swiss edging, Dimity, Ruffing, Kid Gloves, &c., &c., Irish Linens, Fig'd Dimity, extra Table Linen, Table Napkins, Pil'ow Case Linen, 5-4, 8-4, 10-4, 11 4 and 12-4 bleached Shirting, and a very large stock of Bleached Muslin.

The largest stock of heavy Twilled and Plain Osnaburgs, Striped do, Blue Denims, very heavy, 3-4, 7-8, 4-4 unbleached Muslin—bought since 1856 for this market. The public are respectfully invited to an examination of my stock:

mar 26 JAMES H. GRACE.

LIME! LIME!—By the barrel or bushel, for sale by (june 4) W. P. MACKEY.

Brilliants.

EARLY MORNING.

Crowned with limp dew pearls, lo! the jewelled morn
Peeps coyly o'er the mist-plumed eastern hills;
I wot ere long she'll make the silvery rills,
That now lie sleeping like pale maids forlorn,
Smile as young mother when her firstling's born;
And lay her finger on each flowret's lip,
Softly as swallow in the pool doth dip
Its airy wing, till blushes rich adorn
Their tingling cheeks, and Flora sings for joy.
Sweet morn! I would not now be dead in sleep,
Whilst thou rid'st forth in crimson chariot fair,
For all the treasures of yon dim seen deep.
O view sublime! O incense-laden air!
With these compared, wealth seems an idiot's toy!

In the way of true, forcible, and poetic smiles, the following by Adelaide Proctor, has not been often surpassed. A boy is speaking of his infantine recolections of his dead mother:

The mere thought
Of her great love for me has brought
Tears in my eyes. Though far away,
It seems as it were yesterday.
And just as when I look on high
Through the blue silence of the sky,
Fresh stars shine out, and more and more
Where I could see so few before;
So, the more steadily I gaze,
Upon those far-off misty days,
Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories start
Before my eyes and in my heart.

Sing again the song you sung,
When we were together young,
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.
Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

On the question "which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the married man or bachelor!"

'Mr. President and gentlemen:—I rise to advocate the cause or the married man.—And why should I not know something about the institution? I do. Will any gentleman presume to say I do not? Let him come with me to my home. Let him confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide. High as the Rocky mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character and condition of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his after-self than a mill dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara! [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet. "Confusion was the monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants; there a dirty pair of Boots, there a pay bill, and there a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and in the bar-room? I found it would never do; gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

'Mr. Spicer,' says she, 'I've washed for you six months, and have'nt seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it? I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

'Miss Simpkins,' said I, 'its no use denying it. I have'nt got the first pewter, I wish for your sake I had.'

'Then,' said she, promptly. 'I don't wash another rag for you.'

'Stop,' said I; Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service.'

'Are you in earnest?' says she, looking a little suspicious.

'Never more so,' says I.

'Then,' says she, 'as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay in any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer.'

Enough said. We were married in one week; and what's more, we have'nt repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen; I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker. In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a ragged devil, without a coat on your back or a shoe on your foot, if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally as a hedge hog, rolled up the wrong way, I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently get married. I have got ten daughters, gentlemen—[over-powering applause]—and you may have your pick.'

GREAT BEAR FIGHT BETWEEN ONE OLD BEAR, THREE CUBS, TWO LITTLE BOYS AND A DOG.—A subscriber writing to us from North Twin Dam, June 3, thus tells of a bear-fight that took place on the farm of Col. Thomas Fowler, on the 30th ult.—One of the boys was sent to drive the cows home, which were about one hundred rods from the house at the edge of the woods, where he saw an old bear and her two cubs, he hallooed to his elder brother, some 14 years of age, to come to him with a pistol; he brought one of Ramsdell's ten-inch pistols, as the other had a gun loaded with shot only. John, for that was his name, fired the pistol at the bear's head, and she then went up a tree where her cubs were. The old bear turned to come down and give battle; the boys then fired again, and the bear came down and took for the boys. John took the gun from the other boy and mauled her over the head until he bent it badly, and the dog made such inroads upon her right flank at the same time, that she was forced to give battle to him—the dog—which enabled the boys to put an end to the bear. They then killed two cubs, and went home with one live one to their mother (being the only person in the house) with as much honor of victory as General Scott or Taylor in the Mexican war.
Piscataquis (Me.) Observer.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—Once two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching. "Well" said the old divine, (waxing warm) "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and then reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who makes the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper on which was written—"And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip up. After rising, and opening the Bible, the old man looked anxiously around the congregation, and nervously read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and re-read aloud—Am I not thine ass? Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass?"—he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice said—"*I think I am brother.*"

The following touching, simple and sorrowful memorial of his wife was written by one of the greatest statesman of England—Sir James McIntosh—in a private letter to a friend. "She was a woman," he writes, "who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost: and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship—before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life: that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just: that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man."

STRANGE PROVIDENCE.—A correspondent writes to a Boston paper from Franklin, as follows:

"A melancholy providence is connected with the death of Mr. DeWitt. His only daughter resides in Buffalo. About a week or ten days before her father's death, she received a telegraphic dispatch from Chicago, announcing that her husband, who had gone there on business, was nigh unto death. She hastened thither, and arrived in season to see him die. On the day following she returned with his remains to Buffalo, where he was buried on the Saturday previous to her father's death. On Monday after his burial she wrote to her father, who was dead when the letter reached Franklin. On that evening a telegraphic dispatch announced the death of her father to her. She left Buffalo in order to attend the funeral, and was on the train of car that was thrown from the track down the embankment two weeks ago yesterday, the conductor was killed, and seventeen injured. The car in which she was rolled over three times.—She was considerably injured, but reached Franklin in season to attend the funeral."

SHOOTING A FOOL.—An Irishman in Danbury Conn., undertook to shoot a cat the other day, and as the following account shows, shot a fool instead:

First, he put a charge of shot, which he covered by ramming home a wad. Next, a charge of powder. To make sure of his victim, he wound up the loading with a small handful of corn in the kernel. Thus prepared, he brought the instrument of death to bear upon the cat and snapped.—To his great chagrin the gun was not discharged. He snapped, and snapped again, but it was no use—the gun would not go. Irritated beyond measure at his failure, he drew the iron ramrod from the gun, put the point in a fire until it was red hot, inserted it at the *muzzle*, and then wormed it down through the corn until it reached the powder, when whang! went the charge down to the shot, sending the ramrod through his hand between the thumb and forefiger, burying the corn in various parts of his hand and badly singing his face with powder! The cat survived, and the Irishman is doing as well as could be expected.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars Hence the expression. "He is gone to pot.'

Since the inauguration of the Opposition party in the South, the democratic organs have incessantly belabored the movement with the cudgel of abolitionism. They have everywhere in the South proclaimed it a union of Know Nothingism and Abolitionism. They have jeered at the Americans and old line whigs, and charged them with a willingness to fraternize with the Republican party. They were over fast in their denunciations. They cited the manifesto of Horace Greely, announcing that *he* would not unite with the Opposition except upon a Republican basis, but they have nowhere been able to find that the Opposition are willing to accept Greely's proposition. What shall be said then when we find all abolitiondom rampant with gratulation at the success of the *Free Soil* democracy in Virginia? This same Horace Greely says in the New York Tribune:

It is a palpable truth that the recent contest in Virginia between Letcher and Goggin, the main ingredient was, after all, the sectional struggle which has long existed between the Eastern and Western—in other words, between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding sections of the State. It has only been by means of non-slaveholding votes of Western Virginia that the Democratic party has been able to retain its ascendancy in that State. It was entirely to the zeal with which, as a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, Mr. Letcher was nominated, and has been elected Governor of the State upon interest.—The largest slaveholding counties, and the Eastern slaveholding section generally, show a decided falling off in the vote for Letcher as compared with that for Wise.—In three counties the Ruffner pamphlet in denunciation of slavery, which Letcher had formerly approved, was used with good effect against him, in spite of his recantation and the humility with which he begged pardon of the slaveholders. But *the Western non-slaveholders came to his rescue.* Whatever change of opinion Mr. Letcher might have undergone as to the expediency or not of getting rid of the institution of Slavery, at least he did not abandon or disavow the doctrine that slavery ought not to be made the basis of political power.

Here is authority not for what the Republicans are willing to do, but for what the Virginia Democracy have done. But the *Tribune* is not alone. The whole abolition press of the North is jubilant over the election of Mr. Letcher. The Boston *Liberator*, a rabid abolition sheet has the following. We commend it to the careful perusal of the locofocos who have been crying out abolition against the Opposition in the South:

[From the Boston Liberator, May 30, 1859]

Abolition Victory in the South.—The telegraph informs us of the election of a Virginia Abolitionist to the office of chief magistrate of the Old Dominion. We were not prepared for such cheering news. His majority may be small, but we have abundant cause to rejoice that slaveocracy is on the wane in Virginia, and that so large a portion of her people is imbued with the principles of the early, and best, and purest statesman. The Governor elect lives among the Scotch-Irish, in the heart of the State, and was the ardent advocate, a few years ago, of the abolition of slavery in Western Virginia.

The *Liberator*, however, is an *ultra* abolition paper, and it may be as well to copy the expressions of some of the Northern democratic journals. The New York *Evening Post* is democratic to the back-bone. It always talks democracy. It is relied upon by the Southern democrats as an exponent of Northern democracy. It says:

It fills us with joy to report the election of a democratic Free-Soiler to the important office of Governer of Virginia. It justifies the policy we have sustained of refusing to join the Abolitionists in invading the institutions of the Southern States. With no agency of ours the back wave is receding to the South. Mr. Letcher was an advocate of emancipation in Western Virginia some ten or twelve years ago, and though driven by apparent policy to palter to Eastern Virginia it is well known that he cherishes his earlier opinions, and will be encouraged by his election to resume them at an appropriate season. His Democratic Free-Soil brethren at the North had this victory with unalloyed pleasure.

The ultra Abolition Boston Liberator claims Letcher as a brother "Abolitionist," and abundantly rejoices over his election, while the Democratic Freesoil New York Post is filled with joy to report the election of a Democratic Freesoil Governor of Virginia. The Post, it appears, is in the confidence of Mr. Letcher, and says he cherishes his earlier opinions—meaning the doctrines of the Ruffner pamphlet—and that he will be encouraged by his election to resume them! This will carry joy to the national Era, and the Abolitionists generally will be prepared to kill the fatted calf and welcome back the prodigal who has been rioting with the Southern democracy, but now returns penitent and humbled to the scenes of his youthful attachment. We must believe one of two things—either the Liberator and Post decieve themselves as to the "moral effect" of Letcher's election, or they are anxious to decieve the Northern people and lead the Black Republicans to think that the South is yielding before the abolition tide.

The *National Era*, the great central organ of abolitionism echoes this cry and claims the election of Letcher as a tribute to the abolition sentiment which, it says, pervades the whole country. The *Era* thus alludes to the result of that election:

"Letcher recanted his Emancipationism, *but nobody believes that he is a sincere convert to the preposterous nonsense which maintains that slavery is a moral, social, and political blessing.* He knows that slavery is the cause of Virginia; just as Henry A. Wise knows it, and virtually admitted it in his letter written in 1854, to the Rev. Nehemiah Adams.

Slavery fanaticism is running out in Virginia. The tide has began to recede, and we confidently look forward, at no distant day, to the triumph of reason, justice and freedom."

The Zanesvill *Courier*, another rabid free-soil organ exults over this result, and boasts that "Republicanism has gained a foothold in the Old Dominion"—a foothold that it confidently believes "will grow broader and more secure until that State shall take the same position now occupied by Missouri, ultimately range herself on the side of free against slave labor." It asserts too, in proof of this, that "while the people of the Northwestern portion of the State were unconcerned as to which of the two gubernatorial candidates was successful, they were not willing that their influence should not be felt in the State Legislature, and accordingly they send three members of the House of Delegates and one member of the Senate to Richmond, who entertains Republican sentiments, and will advocate Republican principles," while, it adds, "the great cause of free labor finds willing and able champions in the Wheeling Intelligencer and Wellsburg Herald—decidedly the two best conducted, widest circulated, and most influential papers in the western part of the State."

A Washington correspondent of the New York democratic *Post* follows up the cry of congratulation, and says:

It may seem somewhat singular with you but I believe the Republicans in Virginia hold the balance of power between the two great parties to-day. This is the opinion of a shrewd Virginia politician. There are thousands of Northern freemen already in Virginia. In a town not a dozen miles from Washington there are over fifty voters who came from the North, and are Republicans in sentiment. They proposed a month ago voting for Goggin but his abuse of the Republicans lately disgusted them, and they agreed in a body to stay away from the polls. By another gubernatorial election in Virginia the Republicans in the State will make themselves tell as a power.

And the Pittsburg *Gazette*, still another free-soil authority echoes the cry and chimes in as follows:

"These counties, on any other than a pure pro-slavery fight, could have been carried for Goggin; but he choose to forget, or perhaps he never knew that there was a free element in the western end of the State, and he has reaped the reward of his forgetfulness or ignorance."

But it is not in the North alone that these opinions of the Virginia election prevail.—They have had a similar influence at the South. The Mobile *Southern League* says:

We have hardly believed the telegram which reports the election of John Letcher, the Abolitionist of the Valley of Virginia. It confirms the opinion we have often expressed, that Virginia was unsound upon the subject of slavery, on the north side of James River and west of the Blue Ridge. It confirms, too, our opinion that the States south of that line must form a confedracy of their own, to resist the encroaching wave of Black Republicanism. We have long seen the necessity of disunion, and we now invoke our timid friends, who have dreaded a dissolution of the Union of the States, to join the Southern League, en masse, and build anew the barrier which no longer exists on the banks of the Potomac. Let us have our cherished Southern Confedracy from the James River to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now let the opponents of the Opposition cry out "Abolition" if they will. The tables are completely turned upon them.—We have not only the authority of the New York Tribune as to what the Abolition wing of the Republicans will do, but we have the authority of that great Mogul of Free-Soilism, and sundry lesser lights of abolitionism as to what Democracy has done and will do in favor of Abolition. If this is the issue the locofocos of the South would make, we can only say to them,

"Come on Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries hold, enough."

"Good-morning, Pompey," said the lawyer.

"Good-morning massa C——"

"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head up, like me?"

"Massa ——, you ever bin tro' a field of wheat when he ripe?"

"Yes, Pompey."

"Well, you take notice, some of de head tan up, and some hang down; dem tan up got no grain in 'em."

The agent of a French house was in Newark, N. J. last week, endeavoring to contract with some of the shoe manufacturers to furnish 800,000 pairs of shoes for the French army.

The children are so dirty in our town (says an exchange,) that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of a half a dozen children before she finds her own.

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