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—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 th 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.

1860. NEW GOODS. 1860.

PATCHETT & WRIGHT

MOST respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have returned from the city with a large and handsome assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

OF WHICH THEY NAME IN PART AS FOLLOWS:

Solid and fancy DeLaines, plain and printed Challies, plaid and striped Poplins, plaid Ducals, Barege Anglize, plain and fancy Debeige, fancy Barege, French Organde and American Lawns, Lawn Robes, dot and plain Swiss Muslin, plain and plaid Cambric, a large and handsome lot of English and American Prints, Ginghams, Bonnet Cord, Flounced Skirting, damask Napkins, marseilles Quilts. Also a handsome lot of Black Silk and Lace Mantillas, Black Lace Points, Barege and Stella Shawls, Irish Poplin, Barege and Lavella Dusters, Lavella and Mohair Cloths, Ladies and Children's skeleton Skirts, all prices. Worked Collars, stripe do., Linen Hdk'fs do., handsome lot Parasols, Basque Fringe, White Cords and Tassels, Bl'k silk Fringe, Velvet Ribbon and Kid Gloves—also a lot of bleached and brown Muslins, plaid Domestics, Osnaburgs, blue Deneims, bleached and unbleached Diaper for Bedspreads, Cloths and fancy Cassimeres, plain and plaid goods for Boy's Clothes.
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

ALSO AN EXCELLENT LOT OF JEWELRY,

Groceries, Queensware,
Tinware, Hardware,
Glassware, Stoneware,
Brooms, Buckets, Tubs,
All kinds of Rope, Market Baskets, etc.

GENTLEMENS' DEPARTMENT!

Clothing! BARGAINS IN Clothing!

WE most respectfully say to our friends and the public that we have returned from the city with a large and well selected stock of CLOTHING, for the Spring and Summer Season, consisting of black Cloth and fancy Cassimere Coats, Marseilles and Linen Coats, summer Cloth do. black and fancy Cassimere Pants, Linen Drilling, fancy cotton and Marseilles Pants, black Sattin, black Silk and fancy silk Italian Cloth, fancy Marseilles and Cotton Vests, blue Over-Alls, Gum Coats and Pants, Oil Cloth, do., Deneim and Canton Flannel Drawers, Marine, do., Summer Undershirts, Fine Linen and Marseilles Shirts, Shirt Fronts. Also Hosery, Gloves, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Neckties, black silk Handkerchiefs, Linen Collars, Lawn and Gingham Neckties, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Walking Canes, Carriage Whips, &c.

We can and will sell any of the above named goods, considering the quality, as low, for the Cash, as any other House in Easton. We ask our friends to drop in at the Corner and examine for themselves, as we are always glad to show our goods.

SHOES, SHOES—Also a fresh stock of Ladies and Children's Shoes, just received and for sale low.

Thankful for past favors we ask a continuance of the same as every means shall be used to please those who favor us with their patronage. All orders promptly attended to.

PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

apr 28 1y

THE
SPRING & SUMMER TRADE
FOR
1860
IS NOW FAIRLY OPENED.

THOMPSON & KERSEY

HAVE just returned from the cities *Philadelphia* and *Baltimore* with a Stock of GOODS, unequalled by any that has been brought to this market, in the THREE GREAT NECESSARY REQUISITES, namely: *BEAUTY OF STYLE, FINENESS OF QUALITY, CHEAPNESS OF PRICE*, for the evidence of which we ask but the inspection of the public. In our stock of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

WILL BE FOUND THE LATEST STYLES!

FOR SPRING.
Plaid Dress Silks,
Silk Cross Overs,
Poil De Chevre,
Fr. Mohair Lustre,
Plaid Mohair,
Challi,
High Col'd Delaines, &c.

FOR SUMMER.
Tissue De L'Imperatrice,
Crape Maretz,
Foulards
Rosalbas,
Pl'd Ducal,
Barege Robes,
Fr. Lawns, &c.

TRAVELLING DRESS GOODS.

Robe De Voyage,
Travelling Mixture,
Morella Lustre,
Pl'd. and Plain De Bege, &c.

In our line of GENTLEMENS' GOODS will be found:

Black and Fancy Fr. Cloths,
" " " Cassimeres,
" " Silk Vestings, &c.
Fancy Fr. Coatings,
Fancy Linen Drills,
Fancy Marseilles, &c., &c.

The line of BOYS AND MISSES' WEAR is complete.

The stock of SERVANT'S GOODS is also full. Heavy Osnaburgs, Pl'd and Striped do., Plaid Domestic, Dom. Ginghams, Heavy Denims, Drillings, &c.

Also, Groceries, Hardware Tin and Woodware.

OUR CARPET ROOM

Is stored with the most recent patterns of Tapestry, Tapestry Ingrain and Wool Carpets, Mattings, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

All of which have been selected with the utmost care, from the most recent Importations and the best Manufactures, and will be disposed of on our usual accommodating terms.

We very kindly thank our friends and the public generally for the very liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon us and pledge to them for the future, in every instance, Fair Dealing, and untiring efforts to please every one who may favor us with a call.

THOMPSON & KERSEY.

mar 31-1y

FLOUR!

WE have just received a large supply of Family, Extra and Super Flour of the celebrated brand

GAMBRILL'S PATAPSCO
AND
HOWARD MILLS,

which we are selling at a very small advance by the barrel or pound for cash only.

apr 21 A. Dodd & Son.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

AS the Patuxent Ploughs are admitted to be the best, we have a good assortment and will sell them at city prices on time or 5 per cent off for the cash, also all kinds of castings generally used, pitch Forks and Shovels, from 50 cents upwards, Ames' Spades, turfing and weeding Hoes, cart Saddles, Breeching, horse Collars, Hames, Bridles, Ropes of all sizes, Rope and chain Traces, to all of which we invite attention and will be sold reasonable. The public's ob't servant, E. T. BENSON;

mar 31 Royal Oak.

1860. 1860.
NEW SPRING GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY,

HAVE just returned from the city with a large and handsome stock of

NEW GOODS,

adapted to the present Season, which they, most respectfully invite the public generally to call and examine. [mar 10

FRESH STOCK
OF
Cheap & Fashionable Clothing
FOR THE SEASON.
Long & Tannebaum.
L. SACKERMAN—Agent,

BEGS leave to inform the citizens of Easton and vicinity that we have just opened in the spacious room adjoining the Brick Hotel and "Gazette Office," an additional stock of Clothing of every description, which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

The following are the prices of a portion of articles in our establishment:—

All wool Cass Sack and Frock coats		$3,50a8,00
Tweed and Sattinett	" "	1,87a5,00
Alpaca and Lasting	" "	1,62a4,00
Linen and Marseilles	" "	75a2,50
Black Cass. Doeskin Pants		1,75a4,75
Fancy Cass. Pants—all wool		2,00a4,50
Tweed and Sattinett		1,00a2,00
Linen and Marseilles		62a2,00
Satin and French Granadine Vests		2,00a3,50
Cassimere and Fancy	"	62a1,50
Marseilles		62a2,25
Twill'd cotton & Canton flan. Drawers,		31a37
Servant's Heavy Hickory Shirts		40
Linen & Marseilles bosom Shirts		50a1,75
Hats		50a2,25
Caps		15a1,00
Oilcloth Coat, Pants and Hat		1,87
All kinds of Neck Ties from		5c to 75

Together with a variety of Fancy articles. Cutlery, too numerous to mention and cheaper than can be had at any other store on this Shore.

Please call—examine our goods, and hear our prices, before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is "quick sales and small profits."

mar 17-1y L. SACKERMAN, Agent.

For the Easton Gazette.

Sweet Fannie has gone Home.

BY VIOLET.

Sweet Fannie, but a few brief years
Passed lightly o'er thy head,
And then thy little form was laid
Amid the sleeping dead,
And o'er thy grave our mother, Church,
Her last fond prayers, hath said.

Thy smile came like a sun-beam bright
To chase away each shade,
That heavily the hand of care,
On graver brows, had laid;
Oh! thou seem'dst a creature all too gay,
Too fair a flower to fade.

We always think of drooping flowers
As fitting for Death's prey,
And not the buds, 'mid whose fair leaves
The sunbeams love to play;
They seem too rife with light and life,
So soon, to pass away.

When last I smoothest thy soft fair hair,
And pressed my lips to thine,
And felt the pressure, warm and soft,
Of thy little hand in mine,
I thought not that thy germ of life
Would leave, so soon, its shrine

And when the words of parting said,
She sported on her way,
I watched, with loving tenderness,
Our fairy all so gay,
Nor ever thought how soon, on earth,
Would end her life's young day.

Yet but a few brief weeks, and she
Was gathered in her bloom,
And now the wounded, dimpled form
Lies silent in the tomb,
While little faces, bright as hers,
Are shrouded o'er with gloom.

There is a vacant place at home
That once sweet Fannie filled,
Hushed is a voice of childish mirth
That once in gladness trilled,
And the music of her pattering feet
Is now forever stilled.

The Holy Angels gathered round
And hushed the child to rest
And tenderly her spirit bore
To a home amid the blest,
While loving hands placed summer flowers
Upon her guileless breast.

If our dull ear had but the power
To catch the Heavenly strain,
Our Fannie's music tones of love
Should we not hear again?
While the eye of Faith, her snowy robe,
Might view mid the Angel train.

We might have heard the anthem sweet,
That echoed through Heaven's dome,
As its portals op'd to the spirit pure
Mid celestial bowers to roam:
We might have caught the whisper low,
"Sweet Fannie has gone Home."

SUNNY-SIDE, August, 1858.

ROSE ELMER;

OR,

A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, A. D. 1800, that a rather large group of ladies gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern, in the ancient little town of Swinburne, in the west of England.

By their looks and conversation, it was evident that some event of unusal importance was expected to come off.

They were, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Colonel Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheredge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the retainers and neighbors of the noble bride, who almost worshipped her for her goodness of heart, were anxious to see the man who was to be their beloved "lady's" husband.

They had not long to wait. The coach soon came thundering up to the door; and as soon as the steps were let down by the obsequious landlord, Colonel Hastings issued forth. He was an elderly gentleman, tall, spare, and stooping; was clothed in a suit of clerical black: and his pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by his secretary—Ferdinand Cassinove—an Italian, of such graceful mien and dignified bearing, that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention.—His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair. His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellant severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom elect. He was followed into the house by his vallet, bearing his dressing case.

After a slight repast, Colonel Hastings, attended by Cassinove, drove off to the castle to have a preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, (who was his ward,) and arrange the marriage settlements. On arriving at the lordly castle, Cassinove was shown into a sitting-room, while the colonel proceeded to the library, whither his ward requested to come to meet him.

As the young Italian paced up and down the room, occasionally pausing before a full length mirror, which reflected the spacious window (reaching from ceiling to floor) and the picturesque landscape beyond, suddenly, among the roses outside, glided a purple-draped female figure, that immediately rivetted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth. As young Cassinove gazed upon her reflected image, as he never gazed upon *her*, he felt as though a goddess had suddenly descended among the flowers. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her broad, expansive forehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich massive knot at the back of the head. Her eyes were large, luminous, dark gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced. Her nose was straight and well formed, her lips rounded, and, like all the rest, full of character. In the carriage of her head and neck, and in her stately footsteps, there was a certain natural majesty that, even in a peasant's dress, would have proved her one of Nature's queens.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong—quick as sun-painting, permanent as sculpture. He saw this goddess of the intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that queenly form, and met those large, luminous, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as he said—

"You are Colonel Hasting's secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table."—And, with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged in its contents.

After the profound bow with with which he had returned her courtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove. *He felt, from that moment, that his fate must take its character for good or evil from the will of that royal-looking woman.*

In the midst of the pleasing pain of his dream the door opened, and a gray-haired servant entered softly, and stepping across the room where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed said—

"My lady, Colonel Hasting's respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library."

"Very well, Williams; go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately," answered the lady, rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne! For ever and for ever unattainable by him!—Oh, despair. His castle in the air tumbled all about him, and buried all his hopes and aspirations in its fall.

After greeting Colonel Hastings, on her entering the library, Lady Etheridge took a parchment from a drawer in the centre-table, and handed it to her guardian. On examining the document, the colonel found it to be a deed of gift, absolute, of her entire magnificent estate, to Albert Hastings, her intended husband. The Colonel pretended much surprise, and refused to accept the deed, alleging that such an act might give rise to unpleasant criticism.

"Oh, Colonel Hastings there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, for she will come to him as poor as a cottage girl," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her cheek and lighting her eyes.

After protesting somewhat farther against such noble generosity, the colonel allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the deed, and called in Cassinove to witness its execution in due form. The poor secretary could scarcely hold the pen which the colonel handed him, so great was his agitation. His employer could not help remarking upon the unusually poor signature which the Italian affixed, as witness, to the deed; *but little did the colonel or the baroness know the terrible passions that were seething in the secretary's soul, or the important results that they were destined to bring about.*

We will now return to the bridegroom elect, whom we left at the Swinburne-Arms.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, murmuring—

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered upon me by the favor of the blind goddness—not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world, else sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings. Poor girl! she little dreams that the man who has wooed her, under the name of William Lovel, is really Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom of the high-born Lady Etheridge of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right or maiden's honor. Here, then for a divided life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne—my heart to the lovely cottage girl: only Lady Etheridge must never know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady-bride are to spend our honey-moon."

And so saying, he took his hat, and strolled out into the street.

Taking a course opposite to that which led to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon came to a cross-country road, which he followed for some two miles, and then turning into a by-path, he went on until he came to a secluded and lovely cottage.—Opening the door of this elegant retreat with a latch-key, he passed in. It was a lovely abode, fit for the home of a fairy.—And for a fairy Albert Hastings had had it furnished. The fairy's name was Rose Elmer, and she was the daughter of the village laundress. Albert had accidentally met her on one of his visits to the castle, and, as his soliloquy, given above, shows, had fallen desperately in love with her; and, under the assumed name of William Lovell, had won the beautiful and innocent maiden's heart.

He had had the cottage furnished, and was that morning to meet Rose there, where they had so often met, by appointment.—Rose came at last, and as soon as the first joyous greetings were over, the intriguing lover set at work to persuade her to consent to a secret marriage: as he well knew, by a thousand tests of character, that he could never gain his purpose unless Rose believed herself to be his wife. His task was a hard one; but he finally succeeded by promising that she should stay with her mother just the same, as long as she lived.

This was not at all that Mr. Hastings wished, but neither logic nor eloquence could convince or persuade Rose Elmer to desert her ailing mother; and upon no other condition than that of being allowed to remain with her would she consent to the secret marriage.

And, finally, he obtained a promise from Rose that she would meet him at the cottage that same night, where, by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant, disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony. After which, Rose should return to her mother, to remain during the few weeks of his absence in Wales, whither, he said, important business forced him. This agreed upon, they took leave of each other for a few hours, and returned to the village by different routes. Mr. Hastings went to his inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence. And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, turned down the street leading to her mother's cottage.

When Rose entered the house, there was a smoldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old arm chair, sat a female, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must once have been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagreness. Her features were nobly chiselled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were sunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her board and prominent forehead, and heavy black eye-brows, shone a pair of large, dark-gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fires of fever or of frenzy. Her jet black hair, slightly streaked with silver, was half covered with a red hankerchief, tied beneath her chin, and partly fallen in elf locks down one side of her face. A rusty black gown and shawl completed her dress.

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly in her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose laying off her bonnet, and coming to the woman's side.

"Better. Where have you been? I have wanted you,"

"I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you on my return. Will you eat them?" said Rose offering her little basket.

"No; I want none of them. You care little for me."

"Mother, don't say that. You do not know how much I love you"

"Hush, girl, you have little cause—oh!"

And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her heart, dropped her head upon her breast, and seemed convulsed by some great agony. Her features worked frightfully, her frame shuddered.

"Mother! mother! what is the matter?" exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms around the woman in great alarm.

"It is—past," gasped the woman, breathing with great difficulty,

"What is it, dear?"

"A spasm. It is gone."

"Oh, mother, will it return?,'

"Perhaps."

"Let me run for a neighbor, or the doctor."

"Nay, you must run somewhere else!—To-morrow, Laura–Lady Etheridge of Swinburne, weds with Albert Hastings, of Hastings Hall. It is so, is it not?"

"Surely, dear mother, the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else. The village children have been employed all day in bearing flowers to decorate the castle church and to strew in the path of the bride as she comes—they love her so well"

"Yes, she is a high and mighty lady; yet, sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl, kneel down before me, so that I may take your face between my hands!" said the woman, growing more strange in her talk.

Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands, and gazed upon it wistfully, critically, murmuring—

"Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure as the inside of a conch-shell, white, and flushed with red; hair like fine yellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands, small and elegant, I have not let poverty spoil your beauty, have I, my child?,'

"No, dear mother, you have let kindness more likely spoil me," said Rose, in simple wonder, at her words.

"I have not let your person grow coarse with hard work, have, I, dear?"

"No, mother: notwithstanding that I ought to have worked with you, and for you."

"Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?"

"No mother; though they ought to have been."

"Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needle-work?"

"No, good mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame."

"And I have worked hard to save you from work, and to pay for your schooling, have I not?"

"Dear mother, you have! You have been the best mother in the world, and only too good to me. But I will try to repay you."

"Think of all that to-morrow, child; *and when all the country around shudders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name,* do not *you* curse one who has nourished you of her bosom, when that bosom is cold in death," said the woman, solemnly.

"Oh! she is mad! mad!" exclaimed Rose, in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said. "Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I-your poor daughter Rose, that kneels before you. Do you not know me?"

"Ah, I know you well, and I know what I say," repeated the woman, solemnly.

"Mother! oh, why do you talk so wildly? It is very dreadful! But you are not well!—let me go for some one."

"Yes you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon," said the woman, in the same tone of deep gravity.

"To the castle! I, mother!" exclaimed Rose in surprise.

"Yes, you must go to the castle; and when you get there, ask to see her who calls herself Lady Etheridge."

"The baroness! Dear mother, why does your thoughts so run upon the baroness?—What is she to us? Besides, is it likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one?"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one *whom you have so long looked upon* as your mother. Demand be to admitted to the presence of the baroness. Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly concerns her ladyship; insist, and she will not venture to refuse you. When you stand before Lady Etheridge, say that her old nurse, Magdalene Elmer——"

"Her nurse, mother! You Lady Etheridge's nurse! I never knew that before!" interrupted Rose, in surprise.

"There are many things that you never knew, my child. But attend! Say to the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dying!"

"Dying! Oh mother, do not say so! it is very cruel! You are not sick in bed—you are sitting up! You are not old either, but have many years of life before you!"

"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, prays—nay, demands—to see her this night! Tell her that *I have a confession to make that she must hear to-night, or never!* Conjure her by all she holds on earth! by all her hopes of Heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me to-night! Tell her *if she would escape the heariest curse that could darken a woman's life,* to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There; get on your bonnet, and go!

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which is for sale at the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the Mew York Ledger of May 26, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 40 Park Row, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

Conspirators Against the South.

Against the simple re-adoption of the Cincinnati platform, the Charleston Mercury vehemently inveighs. Whatever doubt it argues existed as to its purport, when originally adopted at Cincinnati, its re-adoption at Charleston, with the notorious squatter sovereignty construction put upon it by northern delegates, who will constitute a majority of the Convention—will strip it of all doubts—the southern minority will thereby accept the construction of the northern majority—the construction of the majority will become the construction of the democratic party—squatter sovereignty will become the creed of the party—and the Cincinnati platform will thus no longer *be an invention of party jugglers, carrying a necessary falsehood by its base hypocrisy upon its face,* but a distinct declaration of squatter sovereignty and free-soilism as the grand basis of the Democratic party. On the Wilmot Proviso alone, the Mercury continues, the northern Democracy, as a party of fixed principles, differ with the Republican party. On every other principle—the tariff—internal improvements, and the nature of the Government as a consolidated Democracy, the northern Democrats, as a party, though with a few exceptions, agree with the Republicans.—Differing only on the Wilmot Proviso, in lieu of it the Democratic leaders of the North offer the people of the North squatter sovereignty which is a far more efficient instrumentality to prevent the extension of slavery than that Proviso itself. In view of these facts, the Mercury maintains that the southern people ought to consider the Charleston Convention as a northern convention to subserve northern purposes, and regard those from the South who voluntarily go into it, and assist in its consultations as *conspirators against the South.*

The Louisville Journal sums up the Union ticket with enthusiasm. It says:

"We ratify this nomination with our whole hearts. John Bell and Edward Everett!! The sentence thrills and kindles the spirit like the mellow strain of a bugle. It rounds off the splendor of our ticket with overflowing measure."

An "old soak" down East, accounts for his perpetual thirst by the fact that he was weaned on salt fish.

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