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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. XLIII. EASTON, Md., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860. No. 24.

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.

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, WOOLWARE, 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.

FANCY GOODS, FRUIT, &C.

THE subscriber again informs his friends and customers that he has just returned from the city with a large assortment of GOODS, as follows:

Fancy Goods, Toys, Books and Stationary, Fine Cutlery, Perfumery, &c., &c. Raisins by the pound or box, Figs, Currants, Citron, Prunes, Pickles, Almonds, Pecan Nuts, English Walnuts, Apples,

A large assortment of Plain and Fancy Candies, and a great many articles in the Fancy line too numerous to mention.

The subscriber feels very greatful to his friends for their custom heretofore, and hopes they will continue to patronise him at the old stand, where they will find a complete assortment of goods in his line. The public's ob't servant,

dec 24 CHARLES ROBINSON.

GROCERY AND VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just received and keeps constantly on hand a superior stock of

Family Groceries,

together with a large lot of Glass and Queensware, Stone, Earthen, Tin, Wooden and Hardware.

Also a complete assortment of

Fancy Articles.

He also keeps constantly on hand a full supply of LIQUORS of various kinds, to which he invites attention.

The above Goods having been selected with great care and purchased on the most reasonable terms, will enable him to sell them at prices to suit the times. Thankful for past favors, he trusts by diligence and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him.

Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

nov 25 J. P. BLAKE.

N. B.—The highest market prices allowed for Rags, Wool, Feathers, Eggs, Dried Fruit, and Country Produce generally J. P. B.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned having fitted up a large store room near his residence, at the northern end of Washington street and nearly opposite the Miles River Road, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public generally to his well selected stock of *DOMESTIC DRY GOODS*, together with a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES, LIQUORS,

QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE WOODENWARE, ROPE TRACES, &c.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call; as I sell for cash only I think I can sell them bargains.

The highest price will be given for Rags, Feathers, Wool, Dried and Green Hides, Dried Apples, Peaches, Eggs, &c.

W. T. HARDESTY.

P. S.—All kinds of CLOTHING cut and made at short notice in a fashionable manner and at reasonable prices.

may 14-y S M W. T. H.

SPRING 1860.

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from city with the largest and prettiest stock of **Ladies' Dress Goods** ever brought to this market—among which will be found a large and beautiful assortment of

Black Silks of all prices from 37½ up,
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Englais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, *Poplas Lacellas*,
Hoytes, *Schwabe* and *Jamisons'* English Prints, &c. &c., &c., &c.

Also a splendid assortment of

Ladies' Embroidered Collars,

of the newest styles and the largest assortment ever brought to this market and lower than *ever before sold*.

☞ Also an elegant assortment of KID GLOVES,

Gauntletts, *Handk'ffs*,
Ruffings, *Cambric & Swiss Edgings & Insertings*, *Infants' Worked Bodies*, &c., &c., &c.

To an examination of which the Ladies are respectfully invited.

mar 17 JAMES H. GRACE.

LIQUID RENNET—*For making Slip and Whey, from fresh milk in a few minutes.* This is an elegant preparation of Rennet, in a convenient form for immediate use. Accompanying each vial is a recipe for making slip; also one for preparing the celebrated Devonshire Junket.—Price 25 cents per vial.

june 2 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

REMEMBER that the place to buy good materials at low prices is in Easton at the S. E. Corner Dover and Washington Streets, where every article in the Hardware line is sold cheaper than at any other store in the State.

may 12 T. C. NICOLS, Jr.

GROCERIES.—Just received from the city, a choice lot of *LIQUORS and Groceries*, which will be sold cheap for cash or country Produce

(dec 24) W. T HARDESTY

WOOL! WOOL!!—5,000 lbs. of Wool wanted, for which I will pay cash or merchandise.

may 19 J. D. MANSFIELD.

OF INTEREST TO WOOL GROWERS—I am again in the market for the purchase of all descriptions of Wool, for which the highest price will be paid in cash. R. B. DIXON.

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

FOURTH OF JULY.

BY J. PIERMONT.

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace!—whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest
By the warrior's gory breast,
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes—let our heirs
Bow to thee alone!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

This is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence! This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birthday of our nation: and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offering is the last."

On the day of the Declaration of Independence our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama: one, in real importance, infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invoked

"A muse of fire,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarch, countries, and nations, and the age, beheld the swelling scene. How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Heaven,—and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety,—has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all the doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites, all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warmth, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

SUBDUE YOUR CHILD'S WILL.

How seldom do we see a person whose self-will was not restrained in childhood, becoming a Christian in later years. "A child left to himself," not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself.—The parent who neglects, with love and firmness to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hateth his own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

The son of pious, but too-indulgent parents, left home and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heart-broken, but wrote continually to him letters overflowing with affection and earnest entreaties to leave his sinful ways.

A friend was in his room when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience; then sat a few moments lost in thought, when, suddenly rising, he dashed the letter in the fire, exclaiming, "There, let them warn, write letters, pray, and whine; it is of no use. A good whipping, well laid on ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will, while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother of a little girl who was always delicate and subject to fits of any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible, and never let her be crossed. But instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her peevish, irritable and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did her other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey, or be punished.

Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed of it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success. Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last the little offender completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once at midnight she waked her mother with the entreaty, "Oh, mamma, pray for me, I am such a great sinner." It was not long before she gave good evidence that she was "born again." That mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mamma, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent, will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child when you cannot pray at the same time for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger will do more harm than good.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

"I never hear a lady protest against matrimony, as you are now doing," said Mrs. Villers; "that memory does not travel back to the Misses Sharpe."

"What about the Misses Sharpe?" asked her niece. "I hope they did not enter the holy state of matrimony after saying so positively?"

"A woman's no means sometimes YES Lucy."

"Not in my vocabulary, aunt; but pray give us the veritable history of the Misses Sharpe."

"Well, let me make myself comfortable first. Give me that cushion for my feet, throw my shawl a little closer around me, and put another log on the fire; there—that will do. Now for the veritable history of the Misses Sharpe."

"When first I became acquainted with the Misses Sharpe they were not young. Lucinda, or, as her sisters called her Lucindy, was not fat and fair, though she was forty. Providence—called by her sister Provy—was several years her senior. Lucindy was certainly not as lovely as a poet's dream. She was small and thin, and took no pains to appear aught else. Her pride was to appear natural. Her hair, black and wiry, was her own. She never powdered or painted; never squeezed orange juice into her eyes, like the Spanish women, to make them bright; never used henna, like the Turkish women; had not even as much as heard of Parish masks for the complexion—Vestris' paste or tale. She was a true child of nature without sham or pretence. She wore her bonnets very close and her dresses very short; she were no feathers—it was a sin. Lucinda Sharpe was one of those people who see sin in everything they look at; who cry out sin at every sight and sound that gladdens this beautiful earth, and fills the heart with silent ecstacy. She had even been heard to reprove the young pastor for laughing too loud. "Hush, my dear," she would say in an awful tone, "don't laugh too loud; it is a sin." When in her presence you felt as if you were the greatest sinner in all creation, that you had twice as much original sin and twice as much acquired as any one else. "My dear," she would say in freezing tones, "I saw you during prayers look up several times from your book at Mr. Harvey. He is a very handsome young clergyman; but the young ladies of the church commit a very great sin when they look at him during prayers. I never look from my book. I never see any one in church."

"Now, your eyes may have wandered to Mr. Harvey's face during the prayer, not because you were anxious to look at him but because you were perhaps listless, or you could not give up your whole soul to devotion as you should have done. You may have been morning over this deafness, down in the depths of your high backed pew, shut out from mortal eye. You may have been bewailing your coldness and striving to recall your wandering thoughts, when struck by the fervor of the minister's tones, you raised your eyes and looked at him, praying silently in your heart that you might have the power as well as the wish to give yourself wholly up to the spirit of prayer as did Rev. Mr. Harvey.

"It was a sin with this sinless child of earth, to act and think contrary to her ideas of right and wrong. It was a sin to read any other book than the Bible, Prayer Book, and the whole duty of Man. She was a great churchwoman whose creed was no salvation out of the church catholic; which is Protestant Episcopal. She had never been to a meeting-house in her life, but had always sat under the preachings of those who could prove their descent from the Apostles. Sidney Smith himself was not more intolerant of Dissenters than was Miss Lucinda Sharpe.

"Providence Sharpe eschewed being altogether a child of nature. She consented to wear a very brown braid, suggestive of person rather more lavishly than her sister. She was rather milder in her mode of speech than Lucinda, but, like her, equally despised the lords of creation.—I well remember the evening that Grace, the servant girl, had an admirer. I was taking a social cup of tea with the Misses Sharpe, at their snug little mansion at the corner of the street.—We were gathered around the tea-table; the hospitable board was well spread; muffins and tea smoked before us; preserves were of their own making; the beef of their own drying. A fire burnt in genial glow in the well polished grate, before which lay two fat, well-conditional tabbies, enjoying a charming siesta.

"Now, this is what I call comfort, Miss Providence," I said, as I looked around and about at the charming prospect.

"Yes, my dear," she answered, blandly, and the greatest comfort of all is, there is no man here to mar our enjoyment."

"Men!" exclaimed Lucinda raising up the plate of muffins suddenly, and putting them down again; "they are"——

"Wretches!" put in Miss Providence.

"Wretches? Provy, don't mince your language; they are—demons, arch-fiends!"

"O, not all," I interrupted, feeling solicitous about my brothers, uncles and cousins:

"Yes, all! My dear, you don't know them as we do. Ha! ha! men!" and Lucinda gave a series of defiant convulsive shrieks.

"Men!" echoed Provy, "ha! ha!" And she picked up a knife and waved it about in the air like a bloody cut-throat thirsting for his victim.

"Why, my dear, they are utterly destitute of religion, to begin with."

"A set of atheists!" responded Provy.

"Deists!" continued Lucinda.

"Turks without their morals! O my dear! my dear! and Miss Lucinda raised her hands in a mute expression of horror. "Just look at some of the Popes. Look at Henry the Eighth, Francis the Second, Louis the Fourteenth.—Then in modern times, look at Byron—the butcher over the way—the baker round the corner.—Why, there is no end to the disgraceful catalogue. God may have made man in his own image, but now he has fallen so low that he is not fit"——

"To wait on my dear Tabby Gray," interrupted Miss Provy. "Take another dish of tea, Barbara, love?"

"I handed up my dish, that looked very much like a cup, and Miss Lucinda remarked:

"Mr. Harvey is very partial to tea;

"O, is he?" I asked. You have him to tea then, though he is that biped called man. I wish you had asked him to-night."

"Miss Lucinda frowned and said, drawing herself up: "As our pastor, he takes a dish of tea with us, by special invitation, twice a year but we confine him entirely to spiritual conversation. We do not suffer him to roam into worldly pastures where there is no food for the soul. Before parting, we always request him to read the penitential psalms aloud."

"We do not invite him more frequently," observed Miss Provy, "for it might have the effect of flattering his vanity. Men, even the least worst of them, are so vain. "All is vanity" about them, as the wise king says. Ha! ha! men! men!" echoed Miss Lucinda; and these two high priestesses of Diana's temple kept up their "ha! ha!" and their "men! men!" until they scared the two fat tabbies out of their slumbers on the warm rug, and they began to stretch their legs and open their sleepy eyes in a manner quite wonderful.

"At this juncture the door opened, and Grace, the servant girl, in tremulous tones—

"'Please, ma'am, may I go to the circus to-night?'

"'The circus, Grace? Good heaven! what a sin!' ejaculated Miss Lucinda 'Shut the door, girl, and come in.' Grace obeyed. 'What put the circus into your foolish head?' asked Miss Lucinda.

'Nothing, ma'am,' replied Grace, bashfully, twisting the corners of her apron.

"'Put down your apron, girl, and answer me properly. Nothing is no answer at all; nothing means nothing. Have you forgotten your catechism, girl?'

"'No, ma'am,' said Grace.

"'What are you by nature, Grace?'

"'A child of wrath, ma'am.'

"'Deserving punishment?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'What did I promise when I stood your sponsor at the baptismal font?'

"'That I should renounce the devil and all his works,' responded Grace demurely.

"'Yes, that was my promise. Now, the circus is the devil's presence-chamber; decked off to make it alluring; it is a very wicked, a shockingly sinful place. Do you know that, Grace?'

"'George Morris asked me to go, ma'am,' replied Grace. "He never told me it was a sin!"

"'George Morris!—good heavens!' ejaculated both ladies. "Who is George Morris?—Speak out, girl—no hesitating."

"'He's the butcher's boy, ma'am.'

"'The butcher's boy!' said Miss Lucinda ironically. "Truly aristocratic, I do think.—Really, girl, I have no patience with you.—Where on earth did you make so low an acquaintance?'

"'He brings the meat to the door, ma'am,' said poor Grace, turning scarlet.

"'And what if he does bring the meat to the door?—that is the very reason you should not have spoken to him. Better never eat meat than have such a dreadful affair under our very roof.'

"'I have promised to marry him, ma'am,' murmured Grace, gaining courage.

"'Marry him!' exclaimed both ladies. "My dear Lucinda," said Miss Provy, clutching her sister's arm, "how awful!"

"'Miserable depravity!' moaned out Miss Lucinda, clutching Grace's arm and shaking her violently. "You awful bad girl, what do you mean by saying such a thing?—you wicked child—only seventeen, too."

"Speak gently to her, Lucinda," said Miss Provy," in an altered tone. "We must win back the erring, gently." "Come here, Grace," she said, mildly. Miss Providence was evidently bent on trying "moral suasion" on the youthful love of the butcher boy.

"Do you not know that it is very wicked to wish to get married? Are you not aware, too, (we have told you so repeatedly,) that men are very bad people? This young butcher inherits a bad nature from his father, who inherited it from *his* father, and so on."

"I am ready ashamed of you, Grace," screamed out Lucinda.

"Now," said Provy, again resorting to "moral suasion," "see how happy Lucinda and I are. We never got married—we abhor the very thought. See how much respected we are! see how independent we are!"

"Free, free as air," ejaculated Miss Lucinda, flourishing about her arms.

"Yes," continued Miss Provy, "we do as we please—we go where we please—we are indebted to no man for any of our pleasures or privileges. Why, girl, you are a silly young thing to desire matrimony. Now you belong to yourself, when you marry you are the slave of a man.—Come this will not do. Don't let me hear another word about this wicked butcher boy.

"He's not wicked, ma'am," sobbed out poor Grace.

"But he is wicked!" said Miss Lucinda; "he can't help himself. It is his very nature, against which he neither prays nor struggles; and you are a very sinful girl to try and screen him in his wickedness. Let me hear no more about him.—Go to the kitchen immediately, and read, on your knees, the psalter through. Tell Martha to lock carefully the door and the gate.

Grace dried her tears, and walked out with a look of stern defiance. Outside the door, in the entry, stood the offending butcher boy. Grace quietly walked into the street with the youthful swain, went and got married to him, then made her appearance, as a bride at the circus.

The next morning, when the ladies were at breakfast, she opened the door and walked in "I have called ma'am," she smilingly said, "for my things. I am a bride. I got married last night."

"Married!" screamed the ladies. Lucinda, always prompt to act, arose and clutched her severely by the arm. "Walk!" she said in tones of awful majesty, closing the door upon the delinquent. The butcher's bride vanished as speedily as she had appeared, and Miss Lucinda, sitting down, pale with horror, gasped out: 'What an awful thing to happen in our house.'

"'Oh! men, men!" groaned Provy.

"One morning—a fatal morning—a gentleman called at the house of the Misses Sharpe and was ushered in. Lucinda positively refused to go down to any man; so Providence smoothed her braid, looked at herself in the glass, and tripped obligingly down to receive the gentleman. He was the son of their father's old friend, Jacob Clark. He was just then in the city, and had ventured to call on the ladies for the sake of auld lang syne. He remembered them well as little girls, he would not say how long ago—the least said about that the better; but he would say Providence was very pretty. He remembered well her rosy cheeks, and soft brown hair. Ah! was he not addressing Providence now? "He knew her by that same soft brown hair."

"Providence blushed. "She never was pretty. He was a flatterer."

"But he thought her pretty. Her image had gone with him through life—a divine memory. Ah! those early loves, what hold they take on the mind! He had married, and Hannah had proved a very good wife; but he had had the misfortune to bury her. Now he was lonely—very lonely, indeed. Man was not born to be alone; his spirit pines for the sweet companionship of woman."

"His conversation was quite affecting, and so worked upon the tender feelings of Providence that she cordially invited him to stay to tea. Lucinda was disgusted when her sister ran up stairs and told her what she had done.

"'You are as thoughtless as a child. Provy," she replied, angrily. "As to his loneliness and his grief, I don't believe a word of it; men always talk that way when they wish to marry again. Even if they have their house as full as it will hold of mothers, grandmothers, aunts and sisters, they walk amidst a multiplicity of females, all highly interesting and agreeable people, and cry "lonely." O, they are a deceitful race, and if this man has come here to hunt for a wife, he is greatly mistaken; and Miss Lucinda dashed out of the room.

"'The imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free.'

"But even in that home of the vestals, there was a wife for Mr. Jacob Clark; and he came and came again, until the fair Providence consented to endow him with her hand, and what was of infinitely more consequence to him, her goods. But she dared not breath the rash promise to Lucinda; in her exasperated state it would throw her into fits. Accordingly, one sunny morning, when the skies were blue and the sun was golden; in walks Providence Clark born Sharpe, and says in triumphant tones: "Lucinda, this is my husband!"

"What!" screamed Lucinda, "Provy, you are certainly mad."

"Dear sister Lucinda," said Jacob Clark, smilingly, "Providence never exhibited more striking signs of sanity than in marrying me.—Yes, I have the supreme happiness of calling myself the husband of your charming sister.—We were united in the silken bonds of matrimony a few moments ago; we have returned to ask you to give us an affectionate welcome."

"Never!" said the indignant Lucinda, you have sinned beyond all hope of pardon. Leave my presence immediately!"

"He was lonely," murmured the bride; "I married him to comfort him."

"She did, indeed, blessed woman!" ejaculated Jacob Clark.

"O, go away, both of you," sobbed out Lucinda. "Better be dead than subjected to these constant shocks."

"A few weeks after her marriage, Providence wrote to her sister, imploring forgiveness. "O," she said, "Lucinda, I am so happy. Jacob is one of the sweetest and dearest men, that ever lived; he is a perfect pearl; matrimony is the most charming state I was ever in. How could we denounce these noble beings as demons?—My erring sister, be convinced; they are only a little lower than the angels. Men! men!!

"She certainly is crazy," said Lucinda, throwing down the letter, Men, indeed! "I don't care to see how she finishes that sentence now."

"Miss Lucinda was wretched after the departure of her sister, and the Presbyterian clergyman, who lived next door, was kind enough to step in of an evening, to sit with her and offer consolation. In a short time Lucinda was heard to pronounce him a man of wonderful grace, deeply interesting and charmingly consolatory. Old prejudices vanished as speedily as

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows."

"A bishop was superfluous—apostolic, descent could not be proved, in short."

"Stop, stop, aunt, I implore you. I swallowed that story of Miss Provy; but, indeed, I cannot open my mouth wide enough to take Lucinda, too."

"My dear, if I were telling you a fiction, gaily would I stop here; but this is a veritable history. I regret, for consistency's sake, to say that Lucinda actually married the clergyman. Now, when you protest so positively against matrimony, just think of this story of woman's *no*. We, none of us, can tell what we may be induced to do in this world of change. Like you, like the Misses Sharpe, I once said I never would marry. I am now Mrs. Villers. Ha! here is my husband. We are just discussing a woman's *no*, my dear."

"What do *you* think of a woman's *no*, uncle?" eagerly cried Lucy.

"A woman's *no*! Well, let me see! Lucy, love, if Mrs. Villers will excuse me, I must say that my experience of it proves it *gratis dictum*—said for nothing."

REV. DR. CARTWIGHT, THE METHODIST PREACHER, WHO WHIPPED ABE LINCOLN.

Our cotemporary, the Democrat, the other day, in announcing the fact that Dr. Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist clergyman of the West, was to lecture here, gave the following anecdote, as related by him, and added that it would "bear repetition." In view of a certain fact we think "it will bear repetition," and here it is from the Democrat, as Dr. C. related it:

The first time I ran for office in Sangamon county, I was on the north side of the Sangamon River, as we say in the West, electioneering, or rather, trying to get acquainted with the people, for I was at that early day a great stranger to many of them. Passing through a bushy point of undergrowth, near a ferry, where I intended to cross the river, I heard just before me, some one talking very loud.

I reined my horse to listen. I heard some one say that Peter Cartwright was a d—d rascal, and so were all Methodist preachers; they would all steal horses, and that it was a scandal to the country that such a man as Cartwright should offer as a representative of the county, and that the first time he saw him he intended to whip him for his impudence. This surprised me a little, and I looked for some way to pass the company, but there was no path that I could see, and the brush was so thick I could not get through. So I summoned all my courage and rode boldly up and spoke to the men. There were six of them, and as I learned, but one of them had ever seen me. So I said—

"Gentlemen, who is it among you that is going to whip Peter Cartwright the first time you see him?"

The man who had threatened, spoke out and said: "I am the lark that is going to thrash him well."

Said I, "Cartwright is known to be much of a man, and it will take a man to whip him, mind you."

"O, no!" said he, "I can whip any Methodist preacher the Lord ever made."

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot do it; and now I tell you, my name is Cartwright; and I never like to live in dread; if you really intend to whip me, come and do it now."

He looked a little confused, and said, "O! you can't fool me that way; you are not Cartwright."

"Well," said I, "that, is my name, and I am a candidate for the legislature, and now is your time; if you must whip me, do it now."

He said, "No, no, you are not Cartwright at all, you only want to fool me."

By this time we had moved slowly to the boat, and when he got on it, he broke out in a fresh volley of curses on Cartwright. I said to a gentleman on the boat, "Here, hold my horse," and stepping up to the cursing disciple, I said, sternly, to him, "Now, sir, you have to whip me as you threatened, or quit cursing me, or I will put you in the river, and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

This settled him, and strange to say, when the election came off, he went to the polls and voted for me, and remained ever afterward my warm and constant friend.

The fact that makes this story worthy of repetition is, that the man who ran against Mr. Cartwright for Representative of Sangamon county, and was beaten, was Abe Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency.—*Rochester Union.*

A Virginian Wedding.

For a long time after the first settlement of this country, the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts, the first impression of love resulted in marriage, and a family establishment cost but a little labor, and nothing else. A description of a wedding from the beginning to the end will serve to show the manners of our forefathers, and mark the grade of civilization which has succeeded to their rude state of society in the course of a few years. In the first years of the settlement of the country, a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood, and the frolic anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log-rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign. On the morning of the wedding-day, the bridegroom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the home of his bride, by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials, and which, for certain reasons, must take place before dinner. Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantua-maker, within a hundred miles, and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shoe packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting-shirts, and all home-made; the ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bedgowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buskles, rings, buttons, or ruffles, they were the relics of olden times; family pieces from parents or grandparents. The horses were caparisoned with old bridles, or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them; a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather. The march in double file was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill will of neighbors, by felling trees, and tying grape-vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the way side, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shriek of the girls, and the chivalrous bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Occasionally, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be sprained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was thought or said about it. The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes venison and bear's-meat, roasted and broiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables.

During the dinner, the greatest hilarity always prevailed, although the table might be a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broad axe, supported by four sticks set in auger holes, and the furniture, some old pewter dishes and plates; the rest, wooden bowls and trenchers. A few pewter spoons, much battered about the edges were seen at some tables; the rest were made of horns. If knives were scarce, the deficiency was made up by scalping-knives, which were carried in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting shirt. Every man carried one of them. After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted until the next morning. The figures of the dances were three and four-handed reels, or square setts and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called jigging it off; that is, two of the four would single out for a jig, and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were often accompanied with what was called cutting out; that is, when either of the parties became tired of the dance, on intimation, the place was supplied by some one of the company without any interruption to the dance. In this way a dance was often continued till the musician was heartily tired of his situation. Towards the latter part of the night, if any of the company through weariness attempted to conceal themselves, for the purpose of sleeping; they were hunted up and paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play, "Hang out till to-morrow morning." About nine or ten o'clock, a deputation of the young ladies stole off the bride, and put her to bed. In doing this it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball-room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards lying loose; and as the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was purposely opened for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner ends were well hung with hunting shirts, dresses and other articles of clothing, the candles being on the opposite side of the house, the exit of the bride was noticed but by a few. This done, a deputation of young men, in a like manner stole off the bridegroom, and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued. And if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man, when not engaged in the dance, was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls, and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity the bride and bridegroom were not forgotten.

Pretty late in the night, some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshment; *Black Betty*, which was the name of the bottle, was called for, and sent up the ladder, but sometimes black Betty did not go alone; I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork, and cabbage sent along with it, as would afford a good meal for a half a dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat and drink, more or less, of whatever was offered. But to return. It often happened that some neighbors or relations, not being asked to the wedding, took offence, and the mode of revenge adopted by them on such occassions was that of cutting off the manes, foretops, and tails of the horses of the wedding company. On returning to the infare, the order of procession and the race for black Betty was the same as before. The feasting and dancing often lasted several days, at the end of which, the whole company were so exhausted with loss of sleep, that many day's rest were requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.

Aunt E—— was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy; "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more argument with him.

A cotemporary wants to know if we can throw any light upon kissing. We don't want to—the thing is done just as well in the dark,

The American eagle with Heenan comes back,
Looking wise, from his trip, as an owl;
He expected a lion to meet, but good luck!
He was meet by an Ewell and Cowl.

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