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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.

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.

FANCY GOODS, FRUIT, &C.

THE suscriber 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 Lucellas,
Hoyles, 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, Handkiffs,
Ruffilings, 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. MASSFIELD.

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

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE LAST VISITOR,

"Who is it knocks this stormy night?
Be very careful of the light!"
The good man said to his wife,
And the good wife went to the door;
But never again in all his life
Will the good man see her more,

For he who knocked that night was Death,
And the light went out with a little breath,
And the good man will miss his wife
Till he, too, goes to the door,
When Death will carry him up to life,
To behold her face once more,

THE UNION.

DEDICATED TO EX-GOV. HUNT,
PRESIDENT UNION CONVENTION.

BY WM. H. HAYWARD.

Air—"Wait for the Wagon."

Here's to this glorious Union,
So dear to you and me;
Bound by the Constitution,
In the bands of harmony.
Home of the Patriot Washington!
Our nation's boast and pride;
His life was for our Union,
Which we will not divide,
Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Whatever may betide.

Our fathers fought for freedom,
And shed their blood and died;
They left to us this heritage,
A country vast and wide.
They bound us in this Union;
And bade us guard it well;
That we should be united,
And never dare rebel.
Stand by the Union.

General Jackson was a hero,
From truth he never swerved;
He swore this Federal Union,
Must ever be preserved.
He fought for our liberties,
His name we here will cheer;
He made the hosts of Packenham
From New Orleans to clear.
Stand by the Union.

And he who conquered Mexico,
On Cerro Gordo's plain,
Brave Winfield Scott, who beat the foe,
And bled at Lundy's Lane;
And Rough and Ready, bold and true,
Whose deeds we love to tell,
The Union was their platform
No matter what befel.
Stand by the Union.

A Webster and a Henry Clay
Were Union men and true;
They lived for these United States,
And died as patriots do—
Firm on the Constitution,
United they did stand,
America forever,
God and our native land.
Stand by the Union.

Brave Lawrence, in the navy,
Said "don't give up the ship,"
So long as we're united,
We all the world can whip.
We will stand by our colors,
Our own red, white and blue—
With our ship, the Constitution,
Manned by a Union crew.
Stand by the Union.

John Bell, of Tennessee,
With Everett, as his mate,
Will steer our ship in safety,
Protecting every State;
They will rally to the standard,
The brave, the good and true,
And save this glorious Union,
And bless our nation, too.
Stand by the Union.

Our women will support us
As they did in days of yore;
They love us and our country,
We will their charms adore.
Three cheers for lovely woman!
They aid us all they can;
Their hearts are for the Union—
For Union to a man.
Stand by the Union.

We won't dissolve the Union,
While the stars and stripes shall wave;
They float in triumph o'er us,
The ensign of the brave.
They tell us of the battles
By our forefathers won—
Our eagle soaring upwards,
With the name of Washington.
Stand by the Union.

Then wave again the stars and stripes,
Columbia's flag on high;
The Union we will fight for,
And by her stand or die.
We will gaze upon the eagle
As she mounts towards the sun—
In her beak the words—the Union,
Endorsed by Washington.
Stand by the Union.

ENGLAND.—The trial trip of the *Great Eastern* has given much satisfaction to all on board, although the speed attained was only twelve-and-a-half knots an hour. The course of the vessel was down the Southampton water and out into the channel, by the western end of the Isle of Wight. It was understood that the ship was to be carried into the Bay of Biscay, but the course was held to the Lizard Point, and thence back again past Portsmouth, thus sailing around the Isle of Wight. The monster answered the helm with the greatest readiness, and is as easily steered as an ordinary sized merchantman. It appears that the ship's bottom is weedy, and that the hull sinks two feet deeper than was calculated on, and these causes account in some measure for the slow rate of sailing. The *Great Eastern* was to leave for New York on the 16th.—Every day's delay in starting the vessel was costing the company the enormous sum of three hundred pounds. She is to remain at New York during several weeks, and it is fully expected that a large sum will be realized by exhibiting her on this side of the Atlantic.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PARTY IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Executive Committee of the Constitutional Union Party of Philadelphia have adopted resolutions recommending the friends of Bell and Everett in the several Wards to take the preliminary steps for the nomination of a ticket for the several offices of Recorder of Deeds, Prothonotary of the District Court, Clerk of Quarter Sessions and Coroner. Also for the State Legislature and Congress. The question of a Gubernatorial candidate has been referred to the State Executive Committee. A City Convention will be held on the 25th of July, a Congressional Convention in each District on the 30th, and a Senatorial Convention in the First District on the 1st of August. Elections for delegates to the several Conventions will be held Monday evening, July 23d.

The man who gets along by borrowing, is on the highway to ruin. He is somebody else's property riding a sprained livery-horse,

THE NOTTINGHAMROBBER;

OR,

THE PROPHECY OF GEORGE FOX.

BY WM. COMSTOCK.

It was in 16—, about the month of May, and during the reign of the first Charles, when two men apparently travelers, met beside what seemed to be the ruin of an old church; lying just beyond the line of Nottinghamshire, which, as late as the year 827, belonged to the seventh division of the old Saxon Heptarchy, but which was now pretty well amalgamated with the blood, the customs, and the pride which came over in 1066 with William, the Norman conqueror.

Still one of these men, so plain was his attire and so blunt his manners, might well have been mistaken for one of the old stock of *Anglia* who superseded the ancient Britons, and who came originally from Saxony.

The other was a tall, portly gentleman, whose dress and accoutrements proclaimed him a traveling tinker.

Neither of these gentlemen would have passed muster in a modern drawing room, and yet, to judge by their discourses, they regarded themselves as little less than doctors of divinity.

As these men met; the smaller of the two broke forth thus:

"Art thou there tinkering pots and kettles as thou tinkerest the Scriptures, Man of Belial!—According to thine own wisdom, and in thy own time, dost thou pretend to expound—"

"Hey? thou slow-belly!" cried the tinker; "withstand me not in my way as I am not a Quaker, to hide my talent in a napkin. So, begone! thou foul fiend Appollyon!

"Thou wheelbarrow!" shouted the Quaker; but, before he could say, more, a voice was heard from beyond a neighboring hedge, and a full round face appeared above the thicket:

"Come hither, Peterkin," said the voice, "and waste not thy breath upon John Bunyan; the Lord rebuke thee, John Bunyan!"

And as the Quaker came away in obedience to his friend the latter come forward and added aloud:

"Let me alone, for Ephraim is joined to his idols!

"Idle thou! and *idle* too!" roared the tinker, as he trudged off, rattling his instruments as he went; "there is as arrant a heretick in those leathern breeches as ever put a false gloss upon a scripture text. I am well rid of those heady disputes who sorely trouble me when I am on the Lord's business under pretense of special revelations, as if holy scripture was not good enough for man's meat, following the way of Balaam the son of Beson, clouds carried with a tempest to whom is reserved the mist of darkness forever."

The two Quakers were, by this time, out of hearing, and Bunyan had everything his own way. They walked slowly along the road conversing together in a low voice. The taller of the two was a man of commanding port, wearing leather breeches buttoned at the knee; his hair, instead of being cropped short like that of the other non-conformists of the day, was parted in front and fell down his neck and shoulders in massive ringlets. He wore a hat with a broad rim, but the crown was very high and conical, almost steeple shaped. Seen in this day, the man would be esteemed a great curiosity, worthy the attention of Phineas T. Barnum.

They had not gone far before they came to a small piece of wood lying on both sides of the thoroughfare. Before they had quite passed it, they were arrested by the sound of a deep groan as of some person in great distress. Then there was a voice. They drew near to the spot from which the sound proceeded, and heard a man bewailing his condition:

"For six weeks," said the sufferer, "I have lived upon bread and water, and even that is almost spent. What shall I do? They say there will be stirring times soon: the king and parliament are quarrelling. I might join the army, but that cannot be done in a day. I might put an end to my life, but I am afraid. I know that Judge Fell has just received a large sum of money, and one of his maidens says that he sleeps with it in a bag under his pillow. If—if but no, I dare not. If I am detected; I shall be hanged, and I should certainly be caught."

Here the man began to groan again in great distress, and the Quaker who had held the altercation with Bunyan nudged his friend. But the other paid no attention to him; he seemed to be wholly absorbed in his own reflections as if some strange thought had struck him.

Then the former spoke: "George," said he; "dost thou hear? This man contemplates a robbery. It is our duty to make known to Judge Fell that his money is in danger; as honest Englishmen we can do no otherwise."

But George said nothing; he appeared like a man in a trance.

All this time, the unknown had been moaning and muttering piteously. Suddenly, George started away from his companion, and with long hasty strides approached the spot where the wretched man was concealed.

"Come forth!" cried he.

All was at once silent.

George then entered the brake. In the next moment he appeared holding the man by the arm. The latter was quivering like an aspen and as pale as death.

"Thou spoke of a robbery," said George.

The man thereupon fell on his knees, and, in a weeping voice, cried:

"Pardon! pardon! I did not intend to steal anything. If you had heard all that I said you would have known that I had no such intent."

"I have heard *all!*" cried George.

"Then you know that I said I would not do it," for fear they should hang me. Oh! let me go, gentlemen. I beseech you—I beg—"

"I know thou saidst thou wert afraid to do it," replied George. "Dost thou call that innocence? Verily, thou art guilty of robbery, since nothing but the fear of punishment deters thee from robbing Judge Fell!"

The man continued to quake with fear.

"Now, hear me," said the Quaker. "I bid thee, in the name of the Lord, to do as thou listest."

The man looked up. Evidently he did not understand.

"I bid thee commit the theft. Go and rob Judge Fell. In the name of the Lord, I bid thee to take away the money from under the pillow of Judge Fell."

The other Quaker laid his hand upon the arm of his companion, so greatly was he astonished.

"What dost thou say, there, George?" cried he, in amazement.

"Question not the commands of the Most High," said George. "What purpose the Lord hath in this is not for me to inquire, but he commands me to send this man to the bed-chamber of Judge Fell this very night."

The trembling stranger looked from one face to another, and seemed to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

"Dost thou understand?" said George.

"I understand, sir, but the gentleman is only jesting with me. I should be sure to be hanged if I took his advice,"

"Friend, think not that jest. The Lord sends thee on this errand, and no harm shall befall thee. I pledge that all will be well. It is for some good purpose, but I know not what."

After a little more conversation with the man, who still hesitated, George went away with his companion. As soon as they were out of the wood the latter turned to George and said:

"I am at a loss to know, my friend, why thou hast counselled that man to do so great a wickedness."

"I have counselled him to do no wickedness," was the reply.

"What! do I hear from the lips of George Fox that theft, robbery and burglarly are not sinful?"

"Flesh and blood cannot sin," replied Fox.—"All the sin was committed when the man felt that he was willing to rob his neighbor. To fear the gallows is not a virtue, else all the martyrs would be to blame. The act of entering a house, of walking into a chamber, of lifting a bag of money, is not a crime, or we should all be criminals. These last are the signs by which the law discovers the crime, but the crime is in the heart; the outward act is performed by flesh and blood is neither good nor evil. Therefore, the man had already committed the crime. What I have counselled him to perform is an innocent action. If I had counselled him to hate his neighbor, it would have been bad counsel, but as he was already willing to rob his neighbor, I sought to remove his fear, which fear is not a virtue. What have I done?"

"But now, George, we may do good by going to the house of Judge Fell and putting him on his guard."

"There are many ways in which we may do good," returned Fox; "we are not tied up to any particular method. It would do good if we gave a few farthings to you barefooted children, but I have not heard thee propose that."

"But to prevent a robbery!"

"Nay," replied Fox, "dost thou suppose that Judge Fell needs that money more than yonder children needs apparel? I trow that he will have plenty of money left when that is gone, whereas many persons in this kingdom scarcely have bread to eat."

Let us now turn our attention to the unhappy man who had been counselled to commit the robbery. He knew George Fox well by sight, and being a superstitious man, placed great reliance upon the promise that no harm would befall him. But he was sufficiently cunning to conceal both of these facts and to affect a strong dissemblation to perpetrate the robbery. Nevertheless, the keen gaze of Geo. Fox—that gaze which had made judges tremble on the bench—was fixed upon the poor wretch, and his every thought was read as it passed through his brain.

After a brief delay, during which the thief turned the subject over in his mind, he came to the resolution to plunder the Judge. He sauntered down toward the mansion, and perceiving that the maidens had left the kitchen to get water at a neighboring spring, he stole in at the door and secreted himself in a lumber room, for he was well acquainted with the topography of the premises having formerly been hostler to Judge Fell.

He lay quiet until the family had all retired and the lights extinguished, when he began to prepare for action. Now, however, his fears returned. The promise of George Fox was nothing but words, and they were nearly obliterated by the actual facts which now pressed on his attention, the Judge might wake up, the boards might creak, somebody might be wakeful and get up to come down stairs and meet him in the passage. His faith in Fox grew weaker and weaker as these realities rose up before his imagination. He trembled as he advanced, and just as he reached the corridor which led to the Judge's chamber, the suggestion darted into his mind that Fox had only been setting a trap for him—that no preacher of righteousness would seriously advise a man to commit a robbery, and that, in all probability, the officers of justice had been summoned by his betrayer, and were, at that moment, watching for his exit at the doors and windows! They would wait till he came out, in order that he might be taken with the money upon him, so that the proof of his guilt should be conclusive.

His limbs shook violently under him, and as he sank to the floor, he murmured:

"I shall be scragged! Oh! this is horrible!—I think I hear them talking outside now!"

Then there came to his ear a deep groan, followed by heavy snoring. The Judge was therefore asleep; and, after all, his case could be made no worse—it was as unsafe to go back as to go forward. He gained his feet in a fit of desperation; he staggered to the door of the Judge's room and pushed it open. He entered. The Judge was making a strange noise in his sleep, something between a scream and a snore. He advanced toward the bed, and pushed aside the curtain; he saw the eyes of the Judge glistening as if they were wide open. His brain reeled, and he fell forward heavily upon the breast of the sleeping man.

The Judge started from his slumbers, and uttered a deep groan, while the petrified robber could not stir an inch from the spot.

"Ah! thank you, thank you, my dear!" cried the Judge, sitting up in his bed, and thrusting one leg from under the bedclothes. "But no! this is not Margaret. No matter; whoever you are, God bless you! I thought nobody would come. A moment longer, and I should have died in dreadful agony. Oh! what have I not suffered with this horrible nightmare! I shall not recover from it in a week. But, speak, is it John?"

"No, it is Peter Johnson, your honor."

"What, Peter! Oh! then God sent you, surely. Well, Peter, you shall lose nothing by saving the life of your master. You were passing the house, and heard me, I suppose?"

"Yes, master," returned Peter, taking the hint, "I heard you groaning dreadfully, and says I to myself, 'My master is dying!'" I rushed at the door—it gave way—I flew up stairs—"

"Ah! noble fellow, it is a miraculous interposition of Providence that you should happen to be near at the critical moment. Well, Peter, perhaps I was a little hasty in discharging you from my services for only getting intoxicated once. You may return next week to your old place."

"Yes, master."

"And stop, Peter; put your hand to the head of the bed, and take out what you find there."

With a trembling hand, Peter drew out a sack full of money. The Judge told him to hold his hat, and he poured about a hundred crowns into it.

"Surely it is worth something to save my life," said the Judge; and now, Peter, you may take your old place next week."

With many humble acknowledgements, Peter took his leave, and soon afterward left the mansion with a hundred crowns, honestly obtained.

Peter kept his own secret, but the Quaker who accompanied Fox having learned the sequel, was so overwhelmed by his sense of the great preacher's power of prophecy, that he gave the true version of the affair to one of his friends, who revealed it to the Judge's wife. Upon her pious mind it made a powerful impression, and she soon afterward became a professor of Quakerism.

And this is that same Margaret Fell, the widow of Judge Fell, who espoused George Fox, and traveled with him in the ministry, sharing his prison, his trials, his persecutions, and his fame, for many years.

Transported for life. The man who marries happily.

For the Easton Gazette.

FELLOW-STATESMEN ABROAD.

BY PIONEER.

I have often had cause to feel grateful to fellow-citizens of Maryland, in my journeyings, and during my residence South. Persons from the different States are always happy to meet with their fellow-statesmen; and always, have a stranger feeling for them, than for others, although heretofore perfect strangers.

With pleasure, I shall ever look back to the kindness evinced by a physician of Houston, when having reached that city but a few days, the previous attack of yellow fever in New Orleans, displayed its injurious effects on the shattered system. Doct. Howard was called to my sick bed, and after a few professional remarks and questions, discovering I was a Marylander, announced himself as coming from the same State, and ever afterwards treated me with marked attention and friendship.

During my sickness, unpleasantly situated as I was in a Hotel, where, as everybody knows, attention, waiting upon, and the little comforts a sick man needs can't be had for love, no, not for money—this warm hearted Doctor would insist, that I should not be passed by entirely uncared for; though with all his influence I did suffer a little.

In the same city, others from my native State evinced much friendship and kindness; and even a Jew merchant, to the manor born, was not backward in many acts and tokens of good feeling. The Mayor of Houston, was a native of the old Chesapeake State. Bay State she ought to be called, but Massachusetts claims the title.—Speaking of Jews, I have been struck with the difference between American-born Jews, and foreign Jews; they are much superior in every respect. South, you meet with men who are known to be, of the once chosen people of the most High, but you would never suppose it, until assured of the fact. They are natives invariably; gentlemen of refinement and generosity. I mention this, to show that there is no depreciation in this country in any respect, but, so far from that being the case, it is decidedly otherwise.

Traveling due North this spring, in the great South West, I stopped at a flourishing town in a fine district of country, surrounded by splendid cotton plantations, and called after the famous old hunter and pioneer David Crockett, with David however, lopped off. "Crockett" is the name of this really pleasing, and handsomely located town. Here, I made my debut in one of the stages of the northern line, having accidentally lost a fine horse some one hundred and fifty miles South East.

At the Hotel, my first business was to record my name, place of residence, destination, &c., and engage a room. A thought passed through my mind to affix Maryland to my signature, showing from whence I originally came, and a gentleman standing close by, tall and good looking, immediately claimed me as a fellow statesman; and being the head of the house, made me very comfortable whilst there. But more than this, he introduced me to several in town who were also Marylanders, and for a time, I was a small lyon in the sociable way, in the burg.—These gentlemen were mostly from Queen Ann's.

I mention these facts, and introduce this subject merely to show to you, who may not be entirely familiar with such things in States so remote as California, Texas, &c., the feeling entertained by persons, for those who come from their own State even, but, when from a neighboring county, or the same neighborhood, as warm almost as that of relations. It is pretty much like going to some foreign country, and their meeting accidentally with people from your own country.

Virginians look upon Marylanders with very much the same feeling, generally, and we reciprocate the kind sentiment; but south of that State, they are apt to view us in the light of northerners. They fancy we are somewhat contaminated with northern sentiment, and being pretty far north of them, they are apt to class us amongst the herd of Republican black sheep.

Maryland though, in the bold, manly, and patriotic stand taken by her Governor last fall, and by the action of her legislature the past winter, clearly showing her hand and colors, has very nearly if not quite redeemed her proud position in the ranks of her sister Southern States. I am satisfied that this State is as sound upon this question of slavery, the great issue between the North and the South, as any other border State; perhaps as Texas, my adopted State and home.

In closing this article, permit me to deviate slightly from the subject, and say a few words with regard to this great issue. The time indeed has rolled around, when there is no longer any *party issue;* it is now, simply between the North and the South; party must be laid aside. The day has gone by, when the two great parties existing,—the question was not the life and death, Union or no Union, but merely how far such a principle should be carried, if at all. Victory might crown the one, and peace would remain with the other. That day has assuredly gone by; the great issue, whether our southern institution shall stand or fall, now trembles in the balance. The cry is not for party; throw politics to the winds; examine the matter carefully; if the Union nominees are the ones to support, to defeat the black Republicans, as from present appearances they undoubtedly are, go in for them heart and soul. Had the democrats remained the great national party, not to have voted for their ticket, would have been treason.—But should the cause of Bell and Everett swell, as it is rapidly doing, throughout the land, and should any Southern man refuse them to vote for them, he will be very little better than a traitor.

Near Trappe, June 28th, 1860.

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

Among the many striking instances of God's care of his persecuted people, is recorded the case of Mrs. Mason in Scotland. At the time we refer to, her husband was hiding in the morass which spreads over a great part of Galloway. Thither he was driven by Claverhouse, and there he was hidden till peace again gave a breathing time to God's servants.

When the Covenanters in that district determined to have divine service, and for this purpose the godly Mrs. Benwich arranged to meet them in a lonely glen beyond the moss, Mrs. Masan decided to attend. Accordingly she took her infant babe, and shutting up her house, and committing her four eldest children to God, she set out on her perilous journey.

Returning from the meeting, a neighbor met her and told her her house was destroyed and all her children in it by fire. Looking calmly at the trembling messenger she replied, "It is *impossible;* before I left home I gave my children to God, and I know they are safe." To all the assurances of her friend she steadily answered, "It is impossible." Hastening forward, she speedily found her faith confirmed, for her house and children were safe, and eagerly looking for her return. The flames which had alarmed the neighbor arose from a small cottage on the next farm. Turning to her friends she said, "I told you God would keep them safe, and I was right."

This woman lived long after the darkness of persecution had passed away, and her children all died in a good old age, faithful servants of their pious mother's faithful God. Her husband too came forth from his refuge, and bore witness for many days to the Master's truthfulness.

[*From the New York Ledger.*]

THREE PER CENT PER MONTH—ANECDOTE OF JAS. G. KING.

I have said that James G. King was a great friend of Daniel Webster. So he was of Nicholas Biddle. At one time such was the influence of Mr. King, that he held Wall street in his hand, and some profane persons named him "the Almighty of Wall Street." He was fond of a little fun occasionally, and liked a good joke or a good story. He held a share in the celebrated "Tontine Stock." (By the way I mean to give you a list of all the original members of the Tontine, and of such as are now living. I think all the Gracie family and King family had stock in the Tontine.)

Mr. King had a horror of the three and four per cent a month operations. On one occasion a merchant who was doing a very extensive business, and for whom Mr. King felt a sincere friendship, came to him and said:

"Mr. King, I keep four large bank accounts, and I have offered heavily the best paper for discount. It is flung out as fast as I offer it. I shall have to go on the street, and do as the others do—get heavily shaved. Money is worth now three per cent a month. I have got to pay it.—I do not see why I should not pay that for your house as well as on the street. I know you object to such transactions, but I cannot help myself. I will bring down my "portfolio." It contains in Bills Receivable, over $200,000 of A No. 1 business paper. You can take your selection. I must have $100,000 in cash before another week."

"No business can stand such a premium of money for any length of time. It will use up a million capital very speedily," said Mr. King.

"Oh, not at all. My business will justify my paying any rate of interest, however exorbitant."

"Why discount for a short time? Why not for two or three years? I will not discount your good business paper. Pay your debts with it. I will discount your note for $100,000, if you will make it three years."

"Thank you, Mr. King. I will draw it at once. It is very kind in you, but don't you want collateral?"

"No, sir. Mr. Miller, (turning to his accountant,) take off the discount at three per cent a month on $100,000 for three years, and draw a check for the balance for Mr. D. Wait a moment D., or give me your note for $100,000.—The conversation became general, both were seated, when Mr. Miller, the accountant, handed the following memorandum to Mr. King:

Note of Mr. D. for	$100,000
Payable three years after date.	
Discount at three per cent a month is thirty-six per year, and for three years 108 per cent, or	108,000
Balance due to Prime, Ward & King,	$8,000

"D. have you a blank check with you?" pleasantly asked Mr. King.

"A check. What for?"

"Miller has handed me a statement, and I find that if we discount or shave your note for three years for $100,000 at three per cent a month you will have to pay us $8,00.

"Why this is absurd. I give you my note for $100,000 and get no cash in return, but have to give $8,000 cash. Bah!"

"Be cool, D., and listen. I have done this purposely to give you a lesson, to show you where your mercantile career will end, if you submit to such extortion. Now if you will pledge me your word of honor that you will curtail your business and never pay more than seven per cent interest for money to carry on your trade, I will tell you what I will do. You want $100,000. Draw your note for that sum at ninety days, leave with me $100,000 of your best notes receivable, and I will give you the money less the ordinary discount of seven per cent."

Mr. D. was grateful. He appreciated the lesson taught by Mr. King, and he is at this present moment one of the wealthiest men in the city of New York.

MASON'S AND DIXON'S LINE.

On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore being together in London; agreed with Chas. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians or surveyors, to mark, run out, settle and fix the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand, and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other.—Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following, and began their work at once. They adopted the peninsular lines, and the radius and tangent point of the circular, of their predecessors. They next ascertained the north eastern coast of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude.—They pursued this parallel, a distance of 230 miles, 18 chains, and 21 links from the place of beginning at the N. E. corner of Maryland to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard's creek, where an Indian war path crossed their route, and here on the 9th of November, 1767—ninety two years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Sioux Nation, that the surveys should cease, and they terminated accordingly, leaving 36 miles, 6 chains and 50 links, as the exact distance remaining to be run west to the South West angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Board Tree Tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777; Mason died in Pennsylvania, 1787.

STANZAS TO A RESPECTABLE CONVICT.

Go to penal servitude,
Faithless friend, rogue, scoundrel, thief,
Go, and o'er thy future brood,
With unpitied shame and grief,
Now, thou base, dishonest knave,
Cheat of men who trusted thee,
Ten years long thou art a slave,
Smooth respectability!

Pick thy oakum, wheel thy load,
Puff and blow, and sigh, and groan,—
Thou whom conscience ne'er could goad,
Pain of sense wilt now bemoan;
Rascal, would that all thy kind
Could thy sore affliction view,
Warning swindlers, base of mind,
What a villain may come to.

Toiling in a convict's dress,
Lashed to work; if labor tire,
Fear, the sight of thy distress,
In their bosoms might inspire;
As a Guy that frights the crows,
Fellow-blackguards thou would'st scare,—
All thy use, is pangs and woes,
For example's sake, to bear.

Judge B. was once obliged to "double" with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yes, yer honor, said Pat, and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a Judge, too!"

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