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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.

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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 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,
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, 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.

For the Easton Gazette.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

There's a something called "Love" that springs up in a day,
And as fresh fallen snow passes swiftly away;
Like the insect that sports in the hues of the hour,
Sipping sweets as it flies from each beautiful flower;
Though it seem to be honest and lasting and warm,
Tis the love of the sunshine and not of the storm.

There's a love that is born not in light but in shade,
Neither absence can dim nor adversity fade;
Unchanging it blooms mid the troubles of time,
And its home finds at last in a heavenly clime;
This, this, is the love, honest lasting and warm,
Unfailing and true in the sunshine and storm.

Ion.

THE RANGER'S BRIDE;

OR,

The Pride of the Neuces.

It was a late hour, one evening in October, when a lone hunter, or ranger, as they are called in that region, with his rifle thrown carefully over his shoulder, was leisurely saunting along the banks of the Neuces River. He was one of medium height, with the broad, manly chest and free bearing which is peculiar to those who make the free forest their home, and despite the swarthiness of his cheeks, his features were well formed and handsome. And from the intelligence sparkling in his eye, and the broad majestic looking brow one became impressed with the fact that he was not a native of the forest, and had seen other climes in earlier days. Nor did his countenance indicate that grief or affliction had driven him to his present life. His face beamed with the radiant pleasure and freedom of surrounding nature, and he often let forth his feelings in snatches of song, or indulged in a careless whistle.

It is well remembered that when the fame of the Texas Rangers became first known to the world, many bold and adventurous spirits flushed in the prime of manhood, cast off the trammels of society, and the strife of the commercial world, and, bidding farewell to friends, and home, departed for the southern wilds, resolved to share its dangers and adventures.

Henry Woodward was one of these. Attaining his majority, with a patrimony of several thousand dollars, his bold spirit thirsted for excitement; and, removing to the far west, he purchased a ranche upon the Neuces River, joined the Rangers, and now, at the age of twenty-five was experiencing as much pleasure as he could well appreciate.

It is needless to say that the ranger we have described and Henry Woodward are one and the same. He was just returning from a day's hunt which had proved rather profitless, as his wet garments attested, it having rained nearly the entire day. It had cleared up, however as the sun went down, and now, as the stars began to peep out from above the ranger seemed to have forgotten his drenching, and went on as merrily as though his hunting bag was full of game.

He had just diverged from the river's bank, to avoid a strip of dense chapparel, and began to hum a merry song, as he thought of his being near home, when his ears were pierced with a thrilling shriek, apparently a short distance down the river.

"A woman, by St. Marie! and in danger," he cried, and without pausing to consider, he dashed through the chapparel, towards the spot whence the sound had proceeded.

He had not gone many yards, when he discovered two boats through the tall reeds, but had not time to observe them, for his attention was immediately attracted by a rustling in the weeds and the voice of a man, mingled with the hard breathings of some object.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the voice. "Americano strong as a tigress!"

Henry sprang forward, and started, as he beheld a sight which made his blood run cold. A young and beautiful woman was struggling in the grasp of two Guerilla Mexicans, who had succeeded in gagging her, and were in the act of taking her toward the river. Henry had not been so many years in the wilds to need consideration as to how to conquer two foes. His rifle was unslung in a moment, and bringing it to his shoulder, he sent a bullet with unerring aim, through the brain of one of the ruffians, and then clubbing the weapon, the next instant it was crashing through the skull of the other.

Without pausing hardly to think, he snatched the gag from the maiden's mouth and held her in his strong arms, until she recovered from the fright, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, noble sir, I thank you. You have saved my life, more, my honor. To the river—my honor. To the river—my father! Oh, see if he is quite dead!"

Harry sprang toward the river, not even waiting to take a second glance at the lovely face, rendered doubly beautiful by the wealth of loose flowing hair. As he reached the bank, he discovered that one of the boats which he had seen, had drifted far down the river, and he could just desery some object laying on its bow.

"Remain here, lady!" he said, quickly leaping into the Mexican punga that was moored to the shore. "But stop"—and drawing a pistol from his belt, he handed it to her. "Take this," he continued; "and should either of those copper dogs wake up, don't be afraid to use it. You won't hurt 'em."

He cut the rope with his bowie-knife, as the maiden took the weapon, and, seizing the oars, sped into the river like an arrow. The boat was far in advance, but the arms of Harry Woodward were strong and sinuous, and he made the little oars quiver as shot in pursuit, with a strength that caused the punga to tremble.

Twenty minutes brought him along side the boat which revealed to him a man of forty years covered with blood, a deep wide gash across the brow, and several stilet o wounds in the breast. He was in the last agonies of death: but as Harry reached over and lashed the boat to his own, he seemed to revive with sudden energy.

"My child!" he gasped faintly. "Mary!"

"She is safe, my friend," said Harry, "thanks to a good weapon and a strong arm." And stepping into the boat, he let loose the punga, and bent over the dying man.

"Oh you have saved her!" he gasped.—"Thanks, thanks—ten thousand thanks! You—you will protect her—she has no friends now—none in the wide world!"

"I will protect her!" cried Harry, with feeling, for a glance of the wounded man was sufficient to convince him that life was at its last throbbing.

"Thanks! a dying father's tha—!" A guttering sound in the throat—a few almost imperceptible breathings—a sudden bubble of blood from the wounds as thrown out by the last throb of the heart—and then Harry Woodward looked into the face of the dead!"

He had looked on many such, slain in strife of battle or the struggle of hate, without a passing thought. But as he seated himself at the oars, and turned the bow of the boat up the stream, he could not keep from gazing upon that face, ghastly in its gore. It was a father's face, the father of a lovely girl, whom he, in dying had, consigned to his care. Who could tell what fond hopes and bright prospects for his child had been suddenly blasted in that death-chilled brain? The heart that loved was fast growing cold, and she—so young and fair—was fatherless, friendless now! Her name was Mary.

"Mary! sweetest name of woman! name of the mother of Jesus!—the spirit of music, the type of virtue, the symbol of religion!"

So wrote that great American romancer—George Lippard. And so let every poet sing to the end of time, for they should sing nothing but truth.

Henry Woodward felt it as he neared the shore and beheld her peering anxiously from the chapparel, watching his approach with oh, what tumultuous emotion!

"Is he *quite* dead?" she asked, in a trembling voice as the boat grated upon the beach.

"He is," said Harry, in choaked accents.

She did not weep—only a convulsive sob shook her frame, as she turned away from the ghastly spectacle.

"He was still alive, however, when I reached the boat," continued Harry. "He lived long enough to thank me for saving you, to tell me that you were now friendless in the world, and commend you to my care. I promised to protect you; he thanked me, and died."

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"Alas! alas!" she murmured as the tears began to flow. "I am indeed left alone to the world!"

"No lady," said Harry. "Whatever may be your station or lot in life, you shall ever have a friend in Harry Woodward—I am but a free ranger of the Texan Border, but I have an humble home and plenty in it, where you shall be cared for and respected!"

The maiden did not reply, but her soul looked through the chrysalite worlds of grief that pended from her long, dark lashes, and spoke her gratitude.

* * * * *

They buried him here in the "sad waters of the Neuces"—Mary and Henry—and then taking a last look at the resting place, and hearing the last requiem of the gliding waves, they started for the ranche, some three miles distant. On the way, Mary Osgood told the ranger her name and history, and the manner of her father's death and her own captivity.

She was a native of Philadelphia—Henry's native city—and, her mother dying a few months previous, her father became almost inconsolable at her loss and resolved to seek some place of solitude far away from the scenes which ever reminded him of the loved and lost. For this purpose they had come to the western wilds—Mary accompanying him in the hope of proving a consolation to his declining years. They were proceeding up the river in a boat when they were attacked by the guerilla Mexicans, who murdered her father, and were about to sacrifice her to a base and more terrible fate.

They soon reached the ranche—a neat board establishment, surrounded by a picket fence.—Mary was surprised to find everything so neat and in a comfortable condition; for there was indeed little wanted to perfect the home of Henry Woodward.

At Harry's summons an old negro woman came bustling in from the kitchen, and started back, with grinning teeth and dilated eyes, as she beheld Mary.

"Here Dinah! I've brought you a new mistress," said Harry, laughing at her discomfiture. "I want you to prepare the best room in the ranche, and obey this lady in every respect as you would me!"

"De Lor' bless de man! what am got ober him!" ejaculated Dinah, as she glanced from the beautiful Mary to her master.

"Attend to your duty, Dinah, without questioning," said Harry, turning away.

A year has rolled away, gentle reader, Mary Osgood has wept out her grief for her father, has grown used to the life of a ranche; has become acquainted with all the rough rangers, who frequent it, to gather round Harry, their leader, and who check their rude jests at her approach, call her their pet, and would fight for her to the last gasp of life.

There's a bright cheerful smile on her handsome face, and old Dinah obeys her with a willingness that shows a negro's love and devotion. How happy she looks too, when from the door step she views Henry coming in the distance, returning from a hunt that had been prolonged several days, and how gently she reproaches him for his protracted stay, and rewards his return with a kiss. How anxiously, too, she takes leave of him, when, at the head of his band, he starts upon the trail of some marauding party of Indians, or in pursuit of a robbing bandit.

There are many strange things in this world but it would have been the strangest of them all if Mary Osgood had not learned to love her deliverer and benefactor, young and handsome as he was: or that Harry could live so long under the smile of one so pure and fair as she without feeling the first attachment of the soul. And so it turned out.

They were seated alone one evening in the door way of the ranche. Harry had just returned from a long hunt, and seemed unusually fatigued.

"How weary you look to night, Harry," said Mary, resting her hand familiarly on his shoulder. "Why do you take such long hunts when it is unnecessary? You have been away for a whole week! I shall scold you if you do so again."

He looked up into her beautiful face and eyes for a moment, and then said with a smile:

"Will you?"

"I will indeed;" said she naively.

"Well, I will promise not to do so any more on one condition," said Henry, looking serious as he twined his arm about her.

"And what is that?"

"That you become my wife!"

"Harry!" Mary started suddenly and turned deathly pale; then the color came and went on her cheek, her glance raised and dropped, and she trembled.

"Why not, Mary?" continued Harry. 'Have we not spent a year together? Are not our natures—our education one? Have not our fortunes been cast in these wilds? And are we not happy here? And—

"Harry!" She fell forward and buried her face in his bosom.

"Love you, Harry! love you!" she cried as her quivering arm encircled his neck. And then Harry could not tell why Mary fell back with wild hysterical laughter, till the tears gushed from her eyes.

"Speak, Mary!—what does this mean—end this suspense!" cried Harry.

She checked her sudden joy—for such it was—and looked through her tears into his eyes.

"Love you, Harry," she said, "I know not if it is love or idolatry; but from the hour when I was robbed of my poor father, I knew that I had no friend but you in the wide world, and the very tendrils of my being clung to you. In your presence I have experienced every joy; and shared every bounty at your hands. I am unworthy of you, Harry, but I do love you with every impulse of my soul. But—

"What, Mary?"

"I never dared to dream of being your wife."

"But you will, Mary?"

"If you wish it, yes! and grasp a crowning joy."

"Thanks, Mary!" he exclaimed, kissing her. "Henceforth I shall place a double value on my prize of the Neuces!"

"And I," she answered, "shall feel a double pride in being a free RANGER'S BRIDE!"

A THRILLING ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of Old Virginia, our tale opens. Around, nature's loveliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the morning and pressed them in their rough bosoms until they melted in tears against their sides. A lovely maiden was sitting by the table combing her hair with a fine tooth comb—a manly form entered the door, and stealthily creeps up behind her—and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, John," exclaimed the beautiful heiress of that beautiful cabin, and the extensive potato patch behind it, you oughten't to do that way?"

"Lay it all on my love, gal!"

"Love! there's no such thing among folks, now!"

"The turtle dove
Only knows love,"

as the poet sings."

"Then you don't love me?"

"No!"

"No! Jane call back that word."

"No, oh, no! Come back here! 'Twon't come, John—'tis gone!"

"Then I'm gone, too."

And the impassionate youth rushed from the cabin like a maniac.

CHAPTER III.

Sally did the young man run along the road, while the girl, firm and submissive in the discharge of her duty, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner. Meanwhile the youth rushed madly on: the burning fever of his heart maddened his brain, he thought of self destruction. Jerking his pocket comb from his vest pocket, vainly did endeavor to cut his throat. Nature, however, who had blessed him with a tough skin, proved too strong for him; he rushed to a wagon rut; there was water at least two inches deep, and he flung himself into or rather upon it. There he lay full five seconds, when Henry Cleft, the father of the girl passed by.

CHAPTER IV.

He soon unfolded his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Henry would give him a chew of his tobacco. He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got over it, though. About twenty years after, he fell from a wagon, and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope over his head.

THE END.

WHAT IS LAGER BEER?—There are thousands of people who drink lager in place of water, believing it to be nourishing and not intoxicating. The Scientific American examines its method of manufacture, to show how much foundation there is for this belief:—

Beer and ale are fermented extracts of malt, hops being added to give it an agreeable flavor. Malt is steeped and boiled in water, and the infusion or solution is then fermented by the addition of yeast. The specific difference of the various beers and ales is due to the methods of making the malt and conducting the fermentation.

The peculiarity of the lager bier process is that the fermentation is conducted at a very low temperature, and continued for a very long time.—The chemical change in the fermentation consists in the decomposition of the malt extract into carbonic acid gas and alcohol; the malt extracts disappears and alcohol takes its place. The longer the fermentation continues the less will the beer be nourishing as food, and the more intoxicating it will be as drink. By the conversion of grain into beer its nutritive substance is mostly lost, being changed into alcohol and gas.—Grain extract—even in the best shape, as gruel or porridge—is not the most fit food for a healthy man; and to claim that beer is nourishing from its homœopathic dose of malt extract is ridiculous.

Lager beer, on account of the long continued fermentation, contain less nutritive matter and more alcohol than other beer or ale. A comparison of about twenty chemical analyses of lager and other beer shows that in lager the alcohol is always in excess over the malt extract, while in other beer the excess is in favor of the malt extract. In lager the malt extract does not reach five per cent. so that one would be obliged to drink two or three gallons in order to get from this villanous food such an amount as would be required if taken in a civilized way. Ale often contains a larger percentage of alcohol than lager, but the malt extract is still in excess, unless the ale be very old.

Certain witnesses have testified and courts have decided that lager is not intoxicating; but in view of the fact that lager contains as much alcohol as an ordinary glass of brandy, it might be suspected that those witnesses and courts had been indulged in lager just at the time they needed their sober judgment. Finally, it is claimed that lager is a pleasant bitter tonic, stomachic, anti-dyspeptic, &c. But healthy men need no medicine, and a friend of ours, who prides himself on being an American, suggests that lager is *too-tonic*.

NOT AN UNCOMMON CASE.

A traveller from Virginia, as his appearance indicated, stopped at a comfortable way-side Inn in Kentucky, one night, years ago. The landlord was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainment his table and bar could afford, as well as his own merry company, to make him glad.

Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway sought Boniface, and indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality, in setting plain whiskey before him when the means of brewing nectar was so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot and pointing with his finger at the mint, he exclaimed:

'I say, landlord, will you be so good as to say what this is?'

'A bed of mint,' said the somewhat astonished landlord.

'And will you please tell me what it is used for?'

'Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with the other yarbs.'

The Virginian almost turned pale at the assertion.

'And do you mean to tell me you do not know what a mint, julep is?'

'Not 'cept it is something like unto sage tea, stranger.'

'Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar and your best liquor.'

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of flagrant dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank, and brewed and drank again; breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out only to be ordered back.

Through the livelong day they brewed and drank; one or two neighbors dropped in, who were partakers, and late in the night their orgies kept up, ere they made it bedtime, the landlord and his Virginia guest, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers, and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface exacted a pledge that he would stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back.

Riding up late in the evening he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and said:

'Well, Sam, how is your master?'

'Yonner he come,' said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

'I mean your old master, fool.'

'Old massa! him done dead for dis three months!'

'Dead! What was the matter with him?—He was in fine health when I left him.'

'Yes: you see, massa stranger, one of dem Virginny gemmans come 'long here las' year, and showed him how *to eat grass in his licker*, he like it so well he done stuck to it till it kill him,' said the darkey shaking his head.

Political.

THE WORKINGMEN'S TICKET.

During the session of the National Convention of the Constitutional Union party at Baltimore, dispatches were received by several of the members of that body from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, saying "Give us John Bell of Tennessee. He will be platform enough for us." These dispatches were from the manufacturing districts. They were the voice of American laborers seeking protection for their labor. They need no other guarantee of the character of the administratton under the auspices of John Bell, of Tennessee, than his own name. His record on the subject of a protective tariff is plain and unequivocal. Was published in the last number of "The Union Guard" an extract from Mr. Bell's powerful and eloquent speech at Philadelphia in April, 1839, in defence of the protection to American industry. His political record is full of such evidences. In his speech in the United States Senate, May 20th, 1858, he said:

"What is the true policy of this country? To encourage and protect, by all constitutional and just means, its internal trade and industry; to promote the division of labor and the diversity of industrial pursuits; to provide congenial and profitable employment, as far as practicable, for the whole population. Let all the arts of production and civilization be cherished by a discriminating patronage. Let the flame and smoke of the smelting furnace be seen rising from every hill and mountain side, and from every valley where nature has stored her mineral wealth. Let beautiful villages spring up along the line of all our railways, great and small; and dot over all the interiors; and, in or round all of them, let the stately factory appear, with its busy hum of looms and spindles, and hard by the great workshops be found in which that sort of machines are made that produce the wealth of New England.

"Let the draught stocks of the country diversify the scene, and the stroke of the big forge-hammer, reducing the crude metal to the desired forms, be heard; nor let the decent schoolhouse be forgotten, and, first above all, let the tall church-spire ascend—pointing to heaven. In a word, let domestic industry and the manufacturing arts be encouraged and sustained, so that agriculture may find its surest market at home, and be relieved of the foreign dependence and fluctuations to which it is now subjected.

"Thus the producers and consumers of agricultural products will be brought together. The producers of the raw material, and the manufacturer who fashions it into a thousand forms, for use or ornament, will be placed side by side.—So Jefferson, with all his original prejudices, at last advised. Washington and Hamilton, and the Adamses, also favored this policy. So did Madison and Monroe, and so did Lowndes and Calhoun in 1816, both of them advocating and voting for the tariff of that year, which was strongly protective in all its features.

"Even General Jackson, with all his wild notions about credit and commerce, was still too practical a statesman not to see and acknowledge that all such manufactures as are necessary to make a nation independent of foreign supplies in time of war, ought to be encouraged. In fact, all those who, in their day, have made their names illustrious in the annals of this country by their civil or military services, have at some period of their lives favored this policy. The illustrious names of Clay and Webster will occur to every one, without mention from me, as champions of this great American policy."

No protective tariff man, no friend of the protection of American industry can ask a more plain, unequivocal, and outspoken sentiment than this.

STANDING OUT.

The seceders put up a ticket in opposition to the regular Democracy, and then have the modesty to ask Douglas and his friends to *fuse* with them to beat *themselves*. Henry L. Hopkins, a Democratic elector, appointed by the Virginia Democratic State Convention, in February last, thus settles the question of regularity. He declines to join the rebels. He says:

"But which was the regular Convention, the *original National Convention* that nominated Mr. Douglas, or the "*Secession Convention*" that nominated Mr. Breckinridge? With me this never has been a *debatable* question. It is not a subject for *argument* at all. It is a plain, palpable, stubborn *matter of fact*. It can be settled by an illustration in the insect kingdom, as well as in a civil and political society of intelligent men. The bees are said to be more governed by law and order than any other creatures. During summer, autumn and winter, they live in close union and communion, but in the spring, or early summer, they find their family so *increased* that they cannot all live together, in peace and comfort. The young ones *swarm*—and if not promptly hived, they seek their homes in the hollow tree of some distant or contiguous forest. The old ones *remain* in the hive from which the young ones *seceded*. Now, would it not be *strange—passing strange*—to hear a discussion between two intelligent men, as to which of these divisions in the *Lee family* constituted the *original*, and which the *seceding* stock? And yet, when the same theory happens on a convention of men, assembled for consultation and decision, as to matters common to all—that is to say, for the nomination of candidates for their suffrages—the *credulity* of the people is taxed with ingenious arguments to prove that *a seceding minority* retiring from *the majority*, and organizing *elsewhere*, is still the *original* and *regular* convention. Nay, more, that the *first secession convention* that ever assembled, in all the history of our national conventions, was based on *usage*, and vindicated by the *precedents* of our party. I repeat, it is a matter of *fact*—of *patent public fact*. And, as I was never appointed an elector to support the nominees of a "*Secession Convention*," but to support those of a *regular National Convention*, I have no difficulty in answering, explicitly, that I am *for* Douglas and Johnson, and *against* Breckinridge and Lane.—But I shall place my appointment in the hands of *the Douglas party* to dispose of as they please."

For the Easton Gazette.

The Excursion to Cambridge.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Thinking it might be some relief to you, (as this has been a week of noise and bustle to the citizens of Easton,) I determined to drop you a word in reference to the excursion on Tuesday last. The safe and commodious Steamer Hugh Jenkins, as you are well aware, which made the excursion to Cambridge, was chartered by the Easton Band. The steamer arrived at Easton Point about 1 o'clock, where there was a goodly number awaiting her arrival. After she was relieved of her freight and the excursionists had got on board she moved off from her moorings with grace and ease, though laden with a much more *lively* freight than that which she had just delivered. Owing to the dryness of the roads every one was almost whitened with dust, consequently a general brushing and washing was the next thing in order, (especially among the military, as they were most exposed to the rays of the sun and the clouds of dust on their march to the boat.)—Our steamer glided along steadily and pleasantly when we soon reached Oxford. Here our party was enlarged by a number of ladies and gentlemen mostly, I think, from the vicinity of the Royal Oak and St. Michaels. I was sorry to see Oxford not represented. There were a number of the fair sex grouped about under the shade trees, apparently ready to welcome our arrival, but there were none who appeared willing to participate with us. Even the smiles and waving plume of our commander—who is proverbial for his politeness to the ladies—could not break the *ranks* of the left hand group on the *hill*. All once more on board, the line was cast and off we sped, leaving those on shore, who had *attractions* on board, to watch until we were lost in the distance. Every one appeared to be in a joyful mood and determined to find the recreation they were seeking. In a short time a cotilion was arranged and by the music of Floyd's cotillion band a number were soon enjoying themselves in the mazy dance. When they commenced to clear the deck for the "sport," I wondered to myself why it was that so much space was required for one cotillion—knowing that one could be formed on nearly half the space when I was a young man, and equally as fond of such pleasure—but it soon occurred to me that, then provision was made only for the parties engaged, but now the extended crinoline comes in for at least three shares of room. Things thus continued in peacefulness and good feeling, when it was soon announced that we had arrived at our destined place—Cambridge.

As soon as the civilians had landed the "Home Guards," under the command of Capt. H. J. Strandberg, formed into line, and headed by the Easton Cornet Band, marched to the green, opposite Mr. James Bradshaw's hotel, when after going through a number of evolutions in military tactics, the Guards were dismissed for a short time, thus giving the soldiers a chance to take a view of the town, and the fair faces which, surrounded by vines and evergreens, ornamented almost every doorway. I should take Cambridge to be a very pleasant town to live in during the summer season, to any one that is fond of quietness and ease, but judging from its appearance, I should think that the business man, the man that requires excitement as part of his daily food, could find but a poor foothold there. Every one appears as though they have made their *pile* and are now laying back to enjoy it. Cambridge embraces some fine buildings and neat residences, and her citizens—as far as I am able to ascertain, polite, courteous, and free-hearted. I cannot wander about longer among the shrubbery nor gaze upon the beauty of the fair sex with calmness. The sound of the roll which calls us together has reached me. The Guards being once more assembled they were formed into line and reviewed by Maj. H. C. Mackey.—An invitation being extended by Judge Stewart, the military, headed by the Band, then marched to his residence where was provided something to refresh the "inner man," such as liquors of various kinds and ice water. From thence we again marched to Bradshaw's green, when after manœuvering a while, we were dismissed for one hour, the expiration of which, brought the hour for the starting of the boat. This hour was spent in various ways. By some in calling on friends and acquaintances, by others in perambulating, while a number of those who are of the age to think the last girl they see is the prettiest—thought the hour should be classed as a "short metre." At length the hour arrived when we started for the boat, all highly pleased with their visit.

The most wearying part was yet to come.—Owing to the shallowness of the water and the lowness of the tide the steamer was unable to move only a short distance before she was *stuck*, and had thus to remain until after ten o'clock, awaiting the "rising of the waters," but so many appearing to enjoy themselves the most weary could not grumble. We reached the Point between 1 and 2 o'clock, where conveyances were awaiting to take us to our homes.

I have said nothing yet of the manner in which affairs were conducted on board the boat—but for which I thought I would leave an especial corner, in my communication.

The Band, and especially Messrs. Dodd, Mackey and Benny, who composed the committee of arrangements, is deserving much credit for their untiring efforts to have everything in proper order and their constant attention to passengers. The refreshments were provided by Mr. Geo. W. W. Haddaway and lady—whose skill and proficiency in that particular is hard to surpass. The supper was furnished by Mr. T. P. Wollaston, of the Union Hotel, and never to my recollection, have I seen a better excursion supper. There was a rush for the first table, which is generally the case, as though it was a grab game they were playing, but the confusion soon quieted down, and all were filled to their uttermost capacity, and plenty left. Indeed take everything into consideration, I don't think a more pleasant excursion ever went from Easton.

Easton, July 19, 1860. A "HOME GUARD."

MOTHER.—Young man, thy mother is thy best friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never, the world may wilfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never, the world may prosecute you while living, and when dead plant the ivy and nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep.—Love thy mother!

"Father," said a rough boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."

"Why not?"

"Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."

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