THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered As a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861. No. 2.

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.

1860. **NEW GOODS.** 1861.

PATCHETT & WRIGHT,

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

Fall and Winter Goods,

OF WHICH THEY NAME IN PART AS FOLLOWS:

Plain and Fancy Delaines, Fancy Poplins, Merino Plaids, Scotch Plaids, Poil de Chevre, Lustres, fancy Cashmere, striped and plain Debege, Swiss muslins, Plain and plaid Cambric. A large lot of English and American Prints, Blue and Orange colored Prints, Ginghams, Bonnet cord, Flounce Skirting, Napkins, Marseille Quilts, Black Dress Silk, Black Cloth Mantillas, a large lot of Ladies' and Childrens' Skeleton Skirts, a nice lot of Worked Collars, Linen Handk'fs, Velvet Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Plaid Domestic Osnaburgs.—An excellent lot of Black and Fancy Cassimeres, Plain and Fancy Goods for Boys, Childrens' Worsted Capes and Coats, Ladies' opera Hoods and Clouds, Wool Comforts, Chenille Scarfs, a large stock of Full'd Kerseys, Sattinetts, White and Red Flannels, Canton Flannels and Bed Blankets.

ALSO AN EXCELLENT LOT OF JEWELRY,

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

GENTLEMENS' DEPARTMENT!

Bargains will be offered for Cash in

CLOTHING.

WE most respectfully say to our friends and the public that we can sell them CLOTHING for cash as cheap as any House on the Shore. Having just returned from the city with a large Stock of *WINTER CLOTHING*—we name in part, Black Cloth and fancy Cassimere Coats, bl'k and fancy Cassimere Pants, bl'k Sattin, bl'k Cassimere, fancy Silk and fancy Velvet Vests, Gum Coats and Pants, Oil Cloth do., Drawers and Undershirts, fine Linen and Marseille Shirts, Shirt Fronts, Hoisery, Gloves, Linen and Silk Hd'kfs., a nice lot of Neckties, Linen Collars; largest stock of Umbrellas we ever had in store. Carpet Bags, Carriage Whips, Horse Blankets. We ask our friends to drop down at the corner and examine for themselves, as we are always glad to show our goods.

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

oct 20-1y PATCHETT & WRIGHT.

NEW

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

FRESH FROM THE CITIES

PHILADELPHIA & BALTIMORE,

ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION AND FOR SALE

AT THE

EMPORIUM OF TRADE,

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS. IN QUALITY AND STYLE TO SUIT THE MOST FASTIDIOUS. IN PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

IN the crowded condition of our advertiseing columns we deem it unnecessary in this advertisement, to begin to enumerate or name the articles embraced in our selections; so numerous are they that it would be next to impossible. We therefore forbear enumerating, but beg to state that our Stock of

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS

is thorough and complete; comprising as it does almost every possible variety from the gravest to the gayest. The line of Goods for

BOYS AND MISSES

is also varied and full, as is the Stock of **HEAVY GOODS FOR SERVANTS.** In addition to the above our Stock of

GROCERIES,

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE,

WOODWARE, &c.,

is large and full; all of which have been purchased with the utmost care and attention to the wants of this market.

We have spared no pains, but have expended more than ordinary time and care in the selection of the entire Stock.

We most respectfully solicit from our friends and the public generally, an examination of our goods, feeling satisfied that they cannot fail to be pleased, with qualities, styles and prices.

sep 29 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

CARPETS, CARPETS.

THOMPSON & KERSEY,

HAVE just opened and arranged one of the finest selections of

BRUSSELS, TAP. INGRAIN,
SUPERFINE DO., TWILLED VENETIAN
AND RAG CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
RUGS, &c., &c.,

ever brought to this Town.

Please call and examine them, and the necessity for leaving home to go to the city for the purchase of such goods, will not only be obviated, but it must be clearly seen that it is to the decided advantage to close the purchase with (oct 6) THOMPSON & KERSEY.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

AT

WM. P. MACKEY'S

CHEAP CASH STORE.

I HAVE just returned from the city with a full assortment of heavy domestic

DRY GOODS,

also a large lot of
Groceries, Queensware,
Tinware, Woodware, Cordage, &c.,
Granulated, Pulverized, Crushed,
and Brown Sugar, for sale by

oct 27 WM. P. MACKEY.

NEW GOODS.

FALL & WINTER,

1860.

NOW opening at the old established stand in St. Michaels, a large and well selected Stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of

Bl'k and other colors French Cloths,
Bl'k French and other Beaver Cloths,
Bl'k Doe Skin, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Silk, Grenadine, Cashmere and other
Vestings, Plain and Plaid Cassimeres,
for Boy's Wear, also Tweeds and
Cashmerets for Boy's. Sattinetts,
Heavy Tweeds, & Full'd Cloths,
Also the best English and
American Prints, Plain and
Figured French D'Laines
and Merino's, Coberg's
Cashmeres, Poplins,

and nearly all the varied styles of Dress Goods to be found in the market. Also bleached and brown Muslin; 3-4, 6-4 and 10-4 sheetings, plaid Domestic, heavy Osnaburg Prints, Plantation Stripes, plain and twilled Osnaburgs, together with

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
TINWARE, WOODENWARE,
Plows, Plow Castings,

and many articles not mentioned, to which an examination of purchasers are invited.

oct 6 JAMES D. MANSFIELD.
St. Michaels.

Last and Latest Arrival.

J. RASIN, has just returned from the city and is now opening a very large and handsome assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

of all the latest and newest styles, too numerous to name.

MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR, &c.,

all of which I most respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

sep 29 J. RASIN.

1860. Fall and Winter. 1860.

NOW OPENING AT THE OLD STAND

ON FRONT STREET,

A large and Superior Stock of

Fashionable Ready Made

CLOTHING!

MOSES HERTZ, Agent for L. Hoffman, would most respectfully inform his patrons and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a Large and elegant assortment of FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he offers at greatly reduced prices. His stock embraces Coats, (sack and frock) of all sizes, quality and price; Pants and Vests of every description; Shirts and Collars in variety; Neck Ties and Suspenders; Hats and Caps of the latest styles; Trunks, Carpet Bags, and other articles. A well selected assortment of Boys' and Servants' Clothing.—Also, Oil Cloth Fishing Coats, &c., &c.

The above goods have all been selected with great care—purchased unusually low for cash, and will be disposed of at very small profits.

The undersigned returns his grateful acknowledgements to a generous public for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended towards him and respectfully solicits a continuance of public favor. MOSES HERTZ,

oct 20-1y Agent.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES of lime and soda. Judson's Mountain Herb Pills, Morse's Indian Root Pills, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for sale by

dec 29 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS, for Headache. Brown's Bronchial Troches.—See advertisement in this day's Gazette. For sale by

dec 29 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

ISINGLASS, for Stoves, just received by

(dec 22) CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE following poem was intended to be published in the National Intelligencer on the day set apart by the President for humiliation and prayer, but reached that paper too late. Its lateness however does not in the least detract from its pure sentiment, and prayerful advice, and we gladly give it space.

The National Fast.

BY C. C. COX.

Ho! every one from the high to the lowly!
Ho! every one from the rich to the poor!
Turn from the workshop, the farm and the counter,
Enter thy closet and shut too the door:—
Leave all frivolities, frolic and feasting,
Call up before thee the sins of the past,
Cast off the tinsel for sack cloth and ashes,
Keep every one the great national fast!

Pause from all labour, both dweller and stranger,
On mountain, in valley, on prairie and plain,
In the thronged city, as in the lone forest,
Sweetly the sabbath-rest every where reign!
Let not thy care be of business or pleasure,
Turn from the pathway thy footsteps have trod
Ponder the dangers that circle the nation,
Give all thy thoughts to thy country and God!

Pray for the North with its pines and its lichens;
Pray for the West with its river and plain;
Pray for the South with its fruitage and flowers;
Pray for the whole land from mountain to main!
Waken the echoes in each village belfry,
Peal forth the city chimes clearly to-day,
Fill the whole land with the voice of their music
Calling a nation to fast and to pray!

Pray that the counsels of good men may triumph,
Pray that the schemes of the wicked may fail,
Pray that contention and strife may be banished;
Pray that good will o'er the land may prevail;
Pray that all rights of all men be respected,
That Soul, North and South, beat responsive to soul,
That brotherly charity dwell in all bosoms,
And LOVE OF THE UNION burn bright through the whole!

Pray that the God who once guided our Fathers,
A cloud by the day and a pillar by night,
May smile upon us in this time of our peril
And cause the thick darkness to burst into light!
Pray that the patriot heart may still cherish
All that once hallowed our land in the past,
Pray that the same flag may still wave above us,
Pray that the Union forever may last!

Calhoun's Dream.

The following remarkable relation will commend itself to the attention of our readers, without comment. It is now cut from the Baltimore Clipper of about four years ago, which then re-published it, as appears from its heading:

A Wonderful Story.

The following wonderful story appeared several years ago.

The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man with a hard, stern, Scotch Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile which wins the hearts of all who converse with him.—His hair is snow white. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; but he has sacrificed to his fatalism his brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried and nervous manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name, I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked of Mr. C.

To this, Mr. Calhoun replied, in a hurried manner.

"Pshaw! It's nothing only a dream I had last night, and which makes me perpetually see a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical illusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly:

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a great deal of truth in them."

But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream, said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand; however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In this singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered and without a word took a seat opposite me at a table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as it my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation.—As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapt in a thin cloak which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. As I raised my head he spoke:

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?"

I did not think of his impertinence at first but answered him involuntarily."

I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand—your right hand?"

He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of the face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life. The features were those of Gen. George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see in the Patent Office.

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently agitated. His agitation I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause:

"Well, well, what was the issue of the scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed.

"The intruder, as I have said rose, and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine each feature. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly dead alive look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, he looked at me steadily and said in a quiet way."

"And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?"

I answered in the affirmative: "Yes," I said, 'if certain contingencies arise, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution. But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand.

"That," said he, dropping my hand, "is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world."

He said no more gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid on the table—laid it upon the paper on which I was writing. The object gentlemen was a skeleton!

'There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian, and so are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.'

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and awoke. Overworn by labor I had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative and Toombs muttered, singular, very singular, and at the same time looked curiously at the back of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his hands and seemed lost in thought.

No doubt a genuine Picture.—The following letter should open the eyes of all who are in favor of going in the track of South Carolina. Doubtless this is a good picture of affairs about Charleston, and may become much worse:

[Extracts from correspondence of Phila. Inquirer.]

CHARLESTON, Dec., 31, 1860.

If the same anxiety prevails at the North as here, I am sure my letter will be welcome, even if it should not contain any facts of which you are uninformed. The effect of this madness of secession is fearfully apparent in the aspect of the city. Trade is almost entirely stopped, and money scarce enough to alarm the most sanguine. The market is badly provided, and already serious fears are entertained as to the possibility of a famine. As I pass from my hotel down Meeting street, and thence to King, as far as the Battery, I am struck with the woe-begon appearance of the city.

The same is observable at the wharves. Broad street has no longer that sterling look about it, although the Palmetto flag waves so boastfully over it. The post office looks more rickety than ever, and the only one bright prospect is to be had out on the Bay from the southeast corner of the Battery. Anxiety is depicted on the faces of those whose interests are so seriously involved and there is no longer that brisk dapper air for which many of the inhabitants were wont to be distinguished. All the bars are doing a brisk business; bad rum and inflammatory talk seem to go well together. The railroads suffer less than other industrial speculations, as there is a good deal of freight necessarily in transitu over the Wilmington and Manchester and the South Carolina roads. How long this frightful condition of things will last is more than the wisest of us know.

Some grumbling has already been heard from those who have the hard work, and more still from those taxed for the expenses of this political game. The upper classes are so dignified and secret that it is only on an occasion like the present that one discovers that they ever feel the money pressure. The most seriously compromised parties are the merchants and those whose relations are with places and persons outside.—They see only bankruptcy and ruin before them, and it will require more than Southern oratory to put their balances on the credit side for them. They and all who now suffer must be prepared to discover that to crazed and selfish politicians, struggling for the votes of the poorer people, is attributable nearly the whole evil. Blindly rushing into a contest ruinous from the first, they have, by flattery and cajolery, raised the wildest excitement, and now a furious and maddened mob will be their ruin.

A gentlman informed me the other day that he was in despair at the prospect ahead, unless the whole action of the State would bring speedy relief to commerce and to private means—a hope at once vague and useless. I have no doubt that if the real sentiments of the wealthy could be obtained, which is almost an impossibility, that they would be that the precipitancy and want of judgment of the leaders have destroyed the State. The hope of the other States following the same course is dashed at the very outset, though strongly urged; and this is another cause of trouble. They have sown the wind and are about to reap the whirlwind. There is a great deal of talk about the support expected from outside; but it is yet all talk. The excitement has been considerably augmented by the want of success of the Commissioners, which was received with all impatience. It was surely hoping against hope to anticipate victory. The whole hope and struggle of the powers here is to create a Confederacy of the Southern States, strenghtening that Confederacy by the acquisition of Federal arms. Every effort, both by the press and the people, is to reason this to a successful issue.

[BY REQUEST.]

Spirit of the Methodist Press.

An editorial, in *Zion's Herald*, on the late Baltimore Convention, reviewing the action of that body, contains the following:

"We shall see how many of the Maryland and Virginia Methodists adhere to the principle of the Fathers, and will consent to live under a Discipline which pronounces 'the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, contrary to the laws of God and nature inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that rule in our Discipline which requires all who remain among us to do no harm, and avoid evil of every kind.' That is a part of the Discipline.—To call it advice is nonsense, and what is more all the people know it is nonsense. The Discipline is the Discipline, and every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church accept at least the morality and doctrines inculcated by the Discipline of the Church with which he unites. God grant that a large majority of Maryland and Virginia may prove faithful to the Church."

The *Northwestern*, in commenting upon the acts of the Laymen's Convention, says:

"The new Chapter condemns slaveholding, they say, in every possible sense that the words will bear. They are right. That is just what the Chapter was designed to do, and it does it.

"The old Chapter they say was a dead letter, and of no possible use, and it would be folly to restore it. They are right too, in that. The old Chapter had no more force than blank paper; because it mentioned itself certain conditions on which its provisions should be null and void.—Those conditions exist. Yet we are sorry that these persons withdraw from the M. E. Church. Can they not be persuaded to remain in the anti-slavery Church under protest, and abide the time when Slavery shall disappear from their section of country, after which it will be useless to quarrel about an abstraction?"

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Stop that Cradle!

Young mother, stop that cradle, and let your baby cry a few minutes, if it must, while you think about it. A little exercise of its lungs will do good for it any how, and there is no physical difference, of any account, whether that exercise be in *crying* or *singing*. But stop that abominable machine a moment, at any rate, as I said before, and think about it.

Well, what now, do you say? Well, in the first place, the machine was invented by our ancestors, when babies were scarce, comparatively, and time was precious absolutely, and there were no carpets. So it was designed as a baby-saving and a time-saving machine. The practical mother thought she did some great things (God bless her!) when she rocked the cradle with one foot and drove the distaff with the other, and spun the wool and the flax for her household. And so she did; but it never occurred to her that, while art made the cradle, nature made the baby, and made it upon purely natural principles, and to be a purely natural being, at least until it should grow up and "come out in society."

She never thought it was just as natural for the "earling" to go to sleep when it was tired of keeping awake, as it was for it to cry for food or scream with the colic. So she didn't think to lay her baby away on the bed or crib in the quiet, or on two chairs, or on the floor, or any where, so it should be warm and comfortable, to let it take a natural nap, and wake up in a natural way when it had slept enough. No, and if her nursery was her sitting-room, and her sitting-room was her kitchen, (and there was great simplicity in olden times,) she didn't think how annoying it was for her poor husband to knock his devoted shins against the confounded "rockers," and how he swore in his sleeve, and wished babies had never been invented, almost. No, and she dtdn't once think that the effect of the cradle is to addle the tender brain of the infant, and so make a fool of her baby, and a slave of herself at the same time.

But you can afford to think of these things, young mother, and to practice a little philosophy in the business. When *you* sleep, your brain requires perfect rest or quiet, just as much as your body, so that your mind may rest, and recover its vigor; don't your baby's the same? When you are weary and disposed to sleep, *you* don't require to be rocked; you want only quiet, and you are more artificial, too, than your baby, because you're "come out." Does your baby want any more?

But, perhaps you have a cradle with modern improvements. I mean one of those that "wind up" like a clock, and so rock themselves. So much the worse, for then your baby must submit to the brain-addling process whether it will or not. Once in the cradle and "wound up," it *must* go. This is "the most unkindest rock" of all, and will do more to impair the intellectual faculties, and sour the temper of your child, than all other causes combined, except indulgence in every thing it cries for. And then these cradles have another improvement in the shape of an object suspended over the baby's face, and contrived so as to move back and forth, from side to side, as the cradle rocks. Though this is professedly to scare away the *flies*, it is really to cause the tender eyes of the baby to turn in towards the nose; and thus produce strabismus; and it is done in *sheer malice*.

Now think of your baby grown up to manhood or womanhood, with a weak or imperfectly developed brain, and cross-eyed to boot, and all done by that infernal machine the cradle!—And you at the same time the cause of it, and a slave to the operation for months and years while it was going on. Think of it, and make kindling wood of your cradle.

But there is still a higher and more national view to take of this matter. Many of our great men—I mean by great men, those troublesome, mischievous, quarrelsome, vulgar, profane and worthless ones, we dare not keep about us, and for peace sake send to the legislature and to Congress—many of these great men have sprung from very honorable parentage, and, no doubt, some of them had mothers who owned a self-rocking cradle, and who were in the habit of winding up the baby in the morning and spending the day or a part of it, at the meetings of the "Philo-Zaneans," I believe that is the name.

Now I beg you will think of these things and think of our political troubles at the present moment, which no doubt are all the off-spring of this silly mania for rocking, and put away the cradle as the most dangerous of our 'institutions.'

KESWICK.

From the Cambridge Democrat.

A convention of Delegates of the lay members of the M. E. Church of this county, representing Cambridge Station and the several Circuits of the county was held on Monday last in the basement of the M. E. Church in this place, to adopt action in relation to the new chapter on slavery incorporated in the Discipline of the church by the Gen. Conference at its session in May last.

The convention was called to order by Dr. A. C. Thompson, who nominated Dr. R. W. Williams as Chairman. W. W. Ballard was appointed Secretary to the convention. The convention thus organized was opened with prayer by Rev. J. B. Merritt, of Dorchester Circuit.—The President in a few brief but pertinent remarks stated the object for which the convention was called, after which Dr. A. C. Thompson offered a motion that a committee of four be appointed by chairman to examine the credentials of the Delegates and report a list of same to the convention. The chair—appointed Dr. A. C. Thompson, Thos. H. Twilley, Saml. Pattison and Dewitt C. Handley.

On motion a committee of seven was appointed to prepare business for the action of the Convention. Committee—Jas. N. Sherman, Thos. Hubbard, Nathan Vickers, Jas. Mills, Dr. J. F. Kurtz, N. J. Rawleigh, and Jas. Gore. The committee reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were by motion taken up *seiratim* and after being freely discussed, were adopted:

Whereas the General Conference has again distracted the peace and harmony of the Church, by its unwaranted legislation on the subject of slavery—altering the Discipline so as to declare slaveholding to be a sin of the highest grade, and making it the duty of all, who continue in the connection, to seek its abolition, and whereas the churches which we represent are not willing to adopt such doctrine and practice, nor to submit to the odium of a connection with abolitionism in their church relations; and whereas the views and purposes set forth by the male members of the Cambridge Station, in their address and Resolutions, in reference thereto, are in accordance with the prevailing sentiment of the Church in this section, therefore

Resolved, That we endorse said address and Resolution, and concur in the measures proposed for the maintenance of the integrity and union of the conservative portion of the Church.

Resolved, That we express our sincere desire that the entire Peninsula promptly respond to the call for a convention in Balt., on the 5th of March, for the purpose of securing general co-operation in whatever means may be best calculated to promote the prosperity of our Zion and prevent discord in the present crisis.

Resolved, That we suggest as the speedies and most satisfactory mode of obtaining a true expression of the sentiment of the church on the Peninsula, that a meeting of the male members over 21 years of age, in each circuit, that has not yet acted, be called with as little delay as possible, for the purpose of electing delegates to the proposed convention.

Resolved, That, if the Churches generally on the Peninsula should refuse to respond to the proposition for consultation, we recommend, to all Stations and Circuits, concurring in the sentiments of the Cambridge Resolutions, that they make timely application to be taken under the jurisdiction of the Baltimore Conference, on condition of its renouncing allegiance to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, and that such of the Preachers of the Philadelphia Conference, as may be willing to serve us still, be requested to identify themselves with the Baltimore Conference.

Resolved, That we now elect delegates to the Convention proposed to be held in Baltimore on the 5th and 6th of March, three from each of the Circuits represented in this meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

JAS. N. SHERMAN,
Chairman.

Hits at Human Weakness.

The following, from the new work of "Recreations of a Country Parson," will be read with a relish:

Who is there who desires to appear to fellow-creatures precisely what he is? I have known such people and admired them, for they are comparatively few. Why does Mr. Smith, when some hundreds of miles from home, talk of his place in the country? In the etymological sense of the word, it certainly is a place in the country, for it is a seedy one-storied cottage, without a tree near it, standing bleakly on a hill-side. But a place in the country suggests to the mind long avenues, great shrubberies, extensive green-houses, fine conservatories, lots of horses, abundance of servants; and that is the picture which Mr. Smith desires to call up before the mind's eye of those whom he addresses.

When Mr. Robinson talks with dignity about the political discussions which take place in his servant's hall, the impression conveyed is that Robinson has a vast establishment of domestics. A vision rises of ancient retainers, of a dignified housekeeper, of a bishop-like butler, of Jeameses without number, of unstinted October. A man of strong imagination may even think of huntsmen, falconers, couriers—of a grand baronial *menage*, in fact. You would not think that Robinson's establishment consists of a cook, a housemaid, and a stable-boy. Very well for the fellow, too; but why will he vapor?

When Mr. Jones told me the other day that something or other happened to him when he was going out "to the stables to look at the horses;" I naturally thought as one fond of horseflsh, that it would be a fine sight to see Jones' stables, as he called them. I thought of three handsome carriage horses sixteen hands high, a pair of pretty ponies for his wife to drive, some hunters, beauties to look at and tremendous fellows to go. The words used might even have justified the supposition of two or three race-horses, and several lads with remarkably long jackets, walking about the yard. I was filled with fury when I learned that Jones' horses consisted of a large brougham horse, broken-winded, and a spavined pony.

I have known a man who had a couple of moorland farms habitually talk of his estate.—One of the commonest and weakest ways of vaporing is by introducing into your conversation, very familiarly, the names of people of rank whom you know nothing earthly about. "How sad it is," said Mrs. Jenkins to me the other day, "about the duches being so ill! Poor dear thing! We are all in such great distress about her!" "We all" meant, of course, the landed aristocracy of the district, of which Mrs. Jenkins had lately become a member, Jenkins having retired from the hardware line and bought a small tract of quagmire.

Some time ago a man told me that he had been down to Oatmealshire to see his tenantry. Of course he was not aware that I knew that he was the owner of just one farm. "This is my parish we have entered," said a youth of clerical appearance to me in a railway carriage. In one sense it was: but he would not have said so had he been aware that I knew he was the curate, not the rector. "How can Brown and his wife get on?" a certain perash observed to me, "they cannot possibly live; they will starve.—Think of people getting married with not more than eight or nine hundred a year!" How dignified the man thought he looked as he made the remark! It was a fine thing to represent that he could not understand how human beings could do what he was well aware was done by multutudes of wiser people than himself.

"It is a cheap horse that of Wiggins'," remarked Mr. Figgins; "it did not cost more than seventy or eighty pounds." Poor silly Figgins fancies that all who hear him will conclude that his own broken-kneed hack (bought for £25) cost at least £150. Oh, silly folk who talk big, and then think you are adding to your importance, don't you know that you are merely making fools of yourselves? In nine cases out of ten the person to whom you are relating your exaggerated story knows what the precise fact is. He is too polite to contradict you and tell you the truth, but rely on it he knows it.

No one believes the vaporing story told by another man; no, not even the man who fancies that his own vaporing story is believed. Every one who knows anything of the world knows how, by an accompanying process of mental arithmetic, to make the deductions from the big story told, which will bring it down to something near the truth. Frequently has my friend Mr. Snooks told me of the crushing retort by which he shut up Mr. Jeffrey upon a memorable occasion. I can honestly declare that I never gave credence to a syllable of what he said. Repeatedly has my friend Mr. Longbow told me of his remarkable adventure in the Bay of Biscay, when a whale nearly swallowed him. Never once did I fail to listen with every mark of implicit belief to my friend's narrative, but do you think I believed it? And more than once has Mrs. O'Callaghan assured me that the hot-houses on her "fawther's esteet" were three miles in length, and that each cluster of grapes grown on that favored spot weigned above a hundred weight. With profound respect I gave ear to all she said; but, gentle daughter of Erin, did you think I was as soft as I seemed? You may just as well tell the truth at once, ye big talkers, for everybody will know it at any rate.

We have seen some awful typographical errors in our day and generation, but seldom any more absurd than the following: An editor wanting a line to fill the column, gave:

"Shoot Folly as she flies."—*Pope.*

In setting up the above, the devil had it thus:

"Shoot Polly as she flies, pop!"

A western editor who has been to Washington, writes home: "As we drove home from the depot, a lady in the omnibus espied the great unfashioned dome of the Capitol—which don't look like a dome at present—and innocently said, "I suppose those are the gas works." "Yes madam—for the nation," replied a passenger.

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