THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ON A WEDDING.

You are to be married, Mary:
This hour, as I silent lie
In the dreamy light of the morning,
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.
Miles off, you are rising, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng,
In the same old rooms we played in,
You and I—when we were young.

Your bridemaids—they were our playmates;
Those old rooms, every wall,
Could speak of our childish frolics,
Loves, jealousies, great and small.
Do you mind how pansies changed we,
And smiled at the word "forget?"
'Twas a girl's romance—yet somewhere
I have kept my pansy yet.

Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of love—how we'd share all secrets
When that sweet mystery came?
It is no mystery now, Mary;
It was unveiled year by year;
Till—this is your marriage-morning,
And I—I am lying here.

I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day:
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have slipped away:
I see but the girlish likeness,
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair:
God knows, I did love you dearly,
And was proud that you were fair!

Many speak *my* name, Mary,
While yours in home's silence lies:
The future I read in toil's guerdon,
You will read in your children's eyes.
The past—the same past with either—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene:
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the graves that rise between.

I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would show, though you have forgotten,
I have remembered all.
And though my cup is left empty,
And yours with its joy runs o'er,
God keep you its sweetness, Mary,
Brimming for evermore!

From the "American Sentinel."

WOMAN AND WINE:

Being Mr. Darwinkle's Early Experience.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

(Concluded.)

I believe I discontinued my passionate address about that time, for I suddenly discovered that I did not appear to be talking to anybody in particular—Miss Suggs being nowhere to be seen—but to the whole company in general; for I found myself in a most unexpected and extraordinary manner on my knees before a vacant chair, with a large assembly of misty faces about me, laughing and listening attentively to what I was trying to say.

There was another sudden change of scene. The company was going; I was going; Miss suggs was going, too. How my hat and gloves were put on, I cannot say, and I have not the slightest recollection of the manner in which Miss Suggs produced her bonnet and shawl. But there she stood, with the rest, laughing and talking, as if about to take her leave.

An idea struck me. I must go home with Miss Suggs. It was expected of me, and it would afford me pleasure.

"Miss Suggs," said I, "shall I have the pleash' of escorring you to your res'd'nce?"

Miss Suggs laughed. They all laughed. And Miss Suggs said—

"I thank you. I have company."

They all laughed again I did not laugh, however, for I could not, for my life, see anything to excite my mirth. On the contrary, I thought it a very serious affair. I had been refused, and Mr. Clincher—I knew it must be Clincher—was the chosen of Miss Suggs.

I said I was "perf'k'y satisfied." And by way of showing my independence, staggered over the first chair within my reach. I believe I got up again, and remember finding myself on the stairs, using very insulting language towards the chair and Clincher, while somebody was steadying himself by taking hold of my arm, and talking to me in an incoherent way about the impropriety of abusing a man who had not done me the slightest injury. I said I didn't care. Clincher was going home with Miss Suggs. Miss Suggs was my soul-enslaver, and Mr. Clincher was my mortal enemy.

I was in the street. I was alone. The lamps were staggering through a haze, and I thought I had never known such irregular sidewalks before. For variety I tried the middle of the street, and then sat down by a lamp-post to reflect on the phenomnon. Then I was on my feet again, and walking very fast, resolved to convince the world that I was not intoxicated in the slightest degree.

I triumphed in the thought that I had finally reached my home. I had some difficulty in using my night-key, but somehow the door came open at length. There was a very dim and misty light in the hall, which I reproached in unqualified terms for not burning in a more brilliant and respectable manner. Then I was going up stairs, with my hand on the balustrade. I counted the flights, to avoid mistakes, and rejoiced in the thought that, after all, I had succeeded in finding my room.

I was undressing. Then I was getting into something which I thought was a bed. On discovering that it was a wardrobe, I left it in disgust. I thought it a most natural error, it being dark, and reflected on the folly of some people who would have unjustly inferred from the circumsance that I was drunk.

I was in bed at last, thanks to my sober state of mind. I discovered that I had my pantaloons on, but thought the fact of not the least consequence whatever. I had my boots on, too, and congratulated myself that it was nobody's business whether I chose to sleep in my boots or not.

I was lying in a feverish, nervous, dizzy, sickening state, half asleep, and half awake, with wine glasses, bed-posts, chairs, faces, street lamps, Clincher and Suggs all mixed up queerly in my mind, when I heard a noise. There were footsteps on the stairs; and I was partially sobered, when the bedroom door opened.

Somebody entered, stepping cautiously. I knew it was a robber, and forgetting that I had my pantaloons on, and that there was nothing of value in my purse, thought the villain would ruin me by rifling the pockets. I heard a grating sound, and fancied that the robber was sharpening his knife. But he was only rubbing a match on the wall. Then the room was filled with a sudden glare of light.

The room looked odd; but as everything had looked odd to me that night, I was not, as I remember, much surprised.

I was watching the robber. To my astonishment he began to divest himself of his dress. All this time I don't think I was much alarmed, for I felt that it would not make a great deal of difference with me, if I was robbed or even murdered.

It was Clincher. In spite of the fog and the dizzy whirl which encircled me, I recognized the features of Clincher.—Strongly impressed with the idea that he had wronged me in some way, and that I was bound to revenge myself, I made an effort and raised myself upon my elbow. I thought of Miss Suggs, and became desperate.

"Clincher," said I, thickly—swinging to and fro, and finally falling back powerless, upon the pillow—"Clinch'r, you're my mor'al enemy!"

I was sick. I was vomiting violently. Somebody was holding my head, and somebody else was asking what was the matter. I said there was nothing the matter, except that I suffered from the effects of riding in a coach, or being smothered by a pile of hot blankets—I didn't know which. The man who held my head, said I was drunk. That man I discovered was Clincher.

"Clinch'r," said I, "you're—ic—amis'ble li'r!"

I was deadly sick again. Clincher was holding my head. I called him my mortal enemy again, and requested him to "pur an en' t'my mis'ble exis'ence. Suddenly there was a confused vision reeling before my aching eyes, and I caught sight of Miss Suggs going down among a pile of wardrobes, looking-glasses and chairs. She came up again, and turned about in a mist close by my side.

"Mr. Darwinkle," said she, "are you sick!"

"Yes, I b'lieve I am," said I. "It's a mos' un'coun'ble 'cur'ence. But you're—ic—ver' kind to come an'see me. I thang you with a' my heart!"

Miss Suggs laughed. Clincher was holding a handkerchief to his face.

"You are mistaken," said Miss Suggs. "Instead of my going to see you; you appear have come to see us."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Aint I at home? Aint I in my own room?"

"Why, no.

You are in our house," replied Miss Suggs. "You are in Mr. Clincher's room."

"It's a strange 'cur'nce!" said I. "Will you—ic—be so good's to tell me how I—ic—came in Clincher's' room? Somebody's been moving me. I went home an' went to bed 's reg'lar as ever did 'n my life. Somebody's been movin' me."

"Suddenly a new light burst upon me. I felt a conviction that I was drunk. I had some indistinct perception of the fact that owing to my intoxicated state, I had missed my house and entered Suggs'; that I had got into Clincher's room instead of my own; that I was in the worst predicament I had ever been in in my life.

I was sobbing, cursing the wine, and calling myself the most wretched man in the world. I was begging Miss Suggs to excuse me, when I discovered that she had left the room, and that I was talking to Clincher. Then I was standing on the floor, and Clincher was assisting me to put on my coat. I was abusing him in a most incoherent, maudlin manner, and obeying him as a child obeys his father. Then I was traveling down stairs, holding the balustrade in one hand and Clincher's arm in the other. There is an interval, filled with unstable doorsteps, reeling houses and drunken lamp-posts, and I am again in a bedroom, and somebody is assisting me to undress. Again, that somebody is Clincher. I have a fit of feeling grateful, hug Clincher most unmercifully, and blubbering like a child, humbly beg his pardon. I am put to bed. I am whirling in a dizzy, dizzy dream, the bed is going round and round, and my swimming senses sink into dull forgetfulness at last.

My eyes opened upon a painful intensity of light in my room. My head was bursting with agony. My memory was loaded and clogged with a confused mass of objects, dreamy, painful and indistinct, and my heart was open to deeper regret, and agony more acute, as remembrance brought the past night, in fragments, so to speak, again before my mind.

To describe my torture were useless.—I knew that I had been intoxicated, that I had made a most rediculous appearance, that Miss Suggs would despise me, and that Clincher must regard me with pity.—In my agony I wished that I was dead.

And in my agony, too, I made an oath; it was never again to drink wine enough to affect my head. I had never been drunk before; I had been made drunk before I was aware of it; but I resolved that it should never be so again.

I did not leave my bed until nearly night. Then I wrote a note to Miss Suggs, full of the most humble apologies and earnest pleadings for pardon.

To this note I never received a reply. I was in an agony of suspense. I still loved Miss Suggs to distraction, and would have given my life to know that Miss Suggs excused my conduct.

One day I met my friend, who had invited me to his house. I inquired about Miss Suggs.

"Mrs. Clincher, you mean," said he.

"No!"

"Why, didn't you know she married Clincher last week?"

A pang of disappointment shot through my heart like an arrow. For more than a week I was a human eel, tortured in a frying-pan of misery. At the end of that time I was able to think calmly on the subject, and to realize that my soul enslaver had exchanged the unromantic name of Suggs for the detested name of Clincher. At the close of another week I had become reconciled; and before a month had expired, Miss Suggs—now Mrs. Clincher—had walked out of my heart, and I had purged it of her presence. I was myself again.

Since that time I do not fall in love so easily as before; I keep the citadel of my affections more strongly fortified; I do not drink wine at parties; I do not enter strange houses and tumble strange beds; but I manage to keep sober and out of love, and thereby to maintain a reputation for being one of the most exemplary, respectable young men in town.

JOHN JONES' PARTY.

At the time of the first election of General Washington to the Presidency, there was a party in Virginia called "*the John Jones party.*" Now the said John Jones was a man of talent and a plotting, shrewd fellow, possessing all the requisites of a politician except personal popularity. To overcome this deficiency, in a contest with a more popular candidate for Congress, John early avowed himself as the peculiar and devoted friend of Washington, and upon this point endeavored to place his rival in opposition. To carry out his object, he called a meeting of the people of ———county, friendly to the election of Gen. Washington. On the day appointed Mr. Jones appeared, and was on motion of a friend, made chairman. He opened the proceedings by a high eulogium upon the life and services of Washington, but taking care only to speak of himself as his early patron and devoted friend and concluded by a proposition to form a *party* to be called "*The true and only sons of the Father of his Country,*" and for that object he submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That we are the friends of Geo. Washington, Esq., and will sustain him in the coming election for President, against all other candidates.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, "the chair is now about to put the question. The chair hopes that every man will deliver his sentiments for or against. All in favor of the resolution will say 'aye.' "

The response was like the shout of many voices.

"Now for the opposition," said Mr. Jones; all of the contrary mind say 'no.' "

Not a voice was heard. The dead silence seemed to confuse Mr. Jones a little and he said "Gentlemen, *do vote.* The Chair can't decide a disputed question, when nobody votes on t'other side, so that the country may know who are the true friends of Washington."

Upon this appeal one of the audience rose and said that he perceived the dilemma in which the Chair was placed, and in order to relieve him from such a quandry, he proposed to amend his resolution by adding after the name of Washington, "*and John Jones for Congress.*" "I accept the amendment," said Mr. Jones, "and the Chair will now put the question as amended.

"All who are in favor of General Washington for President, and John Jones for Congress, will please say 'aye.' "

Aye—Aye—said Jones and his brother Sam.

The chair hesitated, like—"put the contrary," said a hundred voices.

"All op—op—opposed say 'no.' "

"*No!*" thundered the congregated multitude.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, "the Chair perceives that there are folks in this meeting what don't belong to *our* party; they have come here to *agitate.* I therefore adjourn this meeting." Upon which he left the chair, amid shouts and huzzas for Washington, and curses for John Jones.

From the New Orleans Delta.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5, 1851.

In carrying out the obligations due from our Government to Spain, to arrest attempts at invasion of Cuba by our citizens, the Executive has a plain and straightforward duty to perform. There is no necessity for doubt or hesitancy. The special statute of the Federal Government empowers him with ample means to arrest every effort on the part of our citizens or Cubans sojourning among us, should such effort or intention be directed to the revolutionizing of Cuba, or for the purposes of depredation. The civil and military officers of the Government are bound to arrest and bring to trial and punishment every such offender. The law prescribes the punishment, in the forfeiture of three thousand dollars and imprisonment for three years. Where is the statute, I ask, which authorizes the Executive to send an armed force into the waters of Cuba to assist in preventing the landing of any such expedition? It would seem strange, indeed, that our Government is expected by neutral nations to aid the Spanish authorities in preventing the invasion of Cuba by our citizens, who, despite of our laws, have succeded in eluding the vigilance of our Government authorities, and entered the territory of Cuba. If the Cubans be royal, and prefer adherence to Spanish rule, are they not capable of destroying any expedition which could possibly succeed in reaching their waters? Every thinking and well balanced mind must come to this conclusion. Whilst it is our duty to prevent as far as in our power, any violation of our laws and national obligations, we have an equally high and sacred duty to perfom—viz: not to perpetuate a moral wrong to the Cubans themselves.

It is true, that no outbreak has yet taken place in Cuba, and it may be argued that none is likely to ensue. Admit it; but does this feature of the case, predicated upon no substantial proof—the mere result of interference—do away with the *possibility?* I maintain the doctrine, that, as a Republican Government, we owe it to the world to furnish the bright example of non-interference, and maintain strict conformity to the law of nations. However much we may desire the establishment of governments, similar to our own, it is our province to be neutral. Thus far, we have faithfully adhered to this policy, which has elevated the pride and glory of our institutions. When our citizens from false notions of patriotism, are bent upon a scheme, and under the cover of our flag seek to perpetrate it, then it behooves us, as a nation, to execute the laws for its prevention. We should not only instruct our government officers to be on the alert on land, but it would be properly our duty, acting in good faith, to give orders to the Commodore of the Home Squadron to see that the vessels under his command are vigilantly employed guarding our sea ports. Having done this, we have certainly performed all that should be expected of us, as a just nation. The intermingling of a question of internal policy, as to certain difficulties which might ensue in the event of an invasion proving successful in revolutionizing Cuba, should not have a feather's weight with our government as to the course which it is called upon to pursue. It is foreign to the matter, and should have no consideration in our councils.—To maintain our national character inviolate, and to adopt proper and efficient measures to effect it, is all we are, or can be called upon to do; and having done this to the best of our ability, our duty is performed. Many important questions of international interest suggest themselves. We declare that vessels embarked upon purposes of invasion of Cuba, with armed bodies of men on board, are, to all intents and purposes, piratical. Are we prepared, as a nation, to give sanction to a broad signification to this declaration? If so, the right of English and French vessels of war to search them is admitted, and if there be proof, to capture and treat them as pirates. This is the first great question demanding serious consideration, and should at once receive definite action by our government As the matter at present stands, vessels of war of any nation can claim the unquestionable right to search vessels suspected to have on board such armed expeditions, cruising in the gulf, or in the vicinity of Cuba, though the American ensign be floating at the mast head. Of course, if there be no proof, damages for an act of trespass would be demanded and enforced. But the right of search being admitted, our merchant vessels would be greatly harrassed, as our commercial intercourse with Cuba is very extensive; and all this permitted in order to guard Spain from an invasion of her island, where she has a force of upwards of thirty thousand effective military, and a large fleet guarding its coast. Suppose this right is claimed and exercised, and our vessels captured—those on board are tried by the nation whose vessels of war made the capture. For what offence must they be tried? Piracy, without question—confiscation of the vessel and punishment of those on board, should proof exist, would be the result.—Now, what proof would be necessary?—We admit such armed expedition to be piracy, and if there be proof to this effect, this alone would be sufficient, and if the English and French Governments adopted the same *liberal* construction, the property would be confiscated, and the men sentenced to death.

In order to present this matter in its proper and true light, we will cite a case for adjudication, which will cover every ground which could be possibly raised.—A vessel or vessels sail from the United States, with the original intent of invading Cuba—having on board a thoroughly equipped, armed body. Having succeeded in evading our government officers, and whilst crossing the highway of nations, are encountered and examined by our vessels of war, and proof being found upon them, a capture is made. It would be the duty of the commander of such vessel of war to put a force on board and send her to a port in the United States, there to be tried. Piracy must constitute the offence, according to our notions; and what is piracy? In its broadest signification it is the intent to commit depredation upon the commerce of nations upon the high seas. Would any court in possession of proof that no act of piracy had been perpetrated, or an intent so to do, but there was abundant proof to show that the invasion of Cuba alone actuated the parties brought before it for trial, give its decision that this constitute piracy, and sentence accordingly? My word for it, there would be great doubt upon the subject, and I question very much whether the verdict would be in the affirmative.

With such a doubt suspended over us, should we sanction neutral governments to make seizure and punish with death such persons? No overt act of piracy could here be proven—no injury to commerce inflicted; intended injury to Cuba would alone constitute the offence, which, being in violation of our laws and national obligations, the punishment should be forfeiture of $3000 and imprisonment.—To effect injury to Cuba, renders it necessary for such vessels to cross the highway of nations, and the piratical intent (if it be one) cannot commence until the armed bodies have entered the waters of Cuba.—Then the offence is one purely against Spain, and she has the unquestionable right to search and capture all such offenders and punish them as her laws direct. She is not expected to wait until the overt act of invasion is effected.

To Spain, deeply interested as she is, the right to search our merchant vessels, beyond the waters of Cuba, should not be permitted or tolerated. Suppose Spain, in the exercise of such a right, instruct her cruisers to capture, upon the high seas, such armed vessels, would she be permitted no matter how strong the proof, to treat them as pirates? It appears that no such right should be recognized; and why? Because, whatever the intention might be, it failed to be effective against the interests of Spain, but constituted an offence upon the high seas. What would be the nature of such offence—viz., of an armed expedition upon the ocean, embarked upon a special project, and captured by vessels of that nation whose territories it was intended to invade? What are we prepared, as a republican government, to submit as punishment in such cases? It seems rather absurd to regard a few lawless adventurers (as they are styled) as pirates, until, at least, they have committed outrage upon Spanish property, by direct invasion of Cuba. No sensible man can for a moment believe that the men bent upon an invasion of Cuba, contemplate injury to other than Cuba; and it is enough to give to the Spanish authorities there the power to treat them as pirates. We should reflect a little before we set a precedent of such international character.

The second point for consideration:—Suppose a force should enter the waters of Cuba, and in the act of landing should be fired into by English or French men-of-war, and a capture made. Would our Government sanction such a procedure?—If they be *pirates*, the right thus exercised would be a clear one,—for pirates by the law of nations, are the enemies of commerce, and hence, liable to capture any where. In such a case—like the one I have stated—the French and English would be responsible to Spain for making such capture within her waters. The United States having declared all such expeditions as piratical, could have nothing to say in the matter.

The third point to be considered is this: Suppose a landing should be effected at Cuba, and the Spanish authorities should call into their aid the assistance of the French and English forces present, and such assistance should be rendered, are we prepared to submit to such an interference?—These are questions worthy of solemn deliberation, and should invite the special attention of our Government to a definite decision. It is maintained that the Creoles of Cuba are loyal to Spain—that if left to the guidance of their own feelings, cherish no desire at revolution—that our citizens are causing all the trouble, &c.

Let us look at the subject with calm and dispassionate feeling, and judge accordingly. Since the unsuccessful invasion of Cuba, by Gen. Lopez, Spain has deemed it prudent to increase the military some thirteen thousand, and in addition, doubled her naval force, and strange to say, with the boasted confidence in the loyalty of the Cubans, takes the precaution of preventing them from making, buying and carrying arms, &c. It is useless to enumerate the many petty restrictions imposed. They are heavily taxed—more so now than before the invasion by Gen. Lopez.—Almost all of her public officers are appointed from Spain. The tariff is so framed as to force the Cubans to deal largely with the mother country, or to pay heavy tax. High duties are imposed upon foreign produce and manufactures. Look over the whole world, and point out a single dependency of any power where such odious extractions are imposed. The two great powers, England and France do not venture to deal thus with their dependencies. A discreet and liberal policy, suitable with the time and spirit of the age, dictate a more liberal course. What is it which attaches one portion of a country to the rest, but a due and just observance of rights? Deprive it of these, and what is sure to follow but estrangement? This disposition may exist to a fearful degree, yet the fear of failure and the consequences attendant upon it, might smother the spark for a season. Go on with the extortion, and that spark, thus smothered, will assuredly be kindled into a flame, which will lay waste every impediment. Suppose, for instance, the United States, were, if she dared, to pursue towards any one of the States, a system like that adopted by Spain towards Cuba,—take the smallest and most insignificant State of this glorious Union,—guard its ports by a fleet,—station a military force within its territorial precincts,—tax heavily its produce—compel it to pay the expenses of such fleet and military force, and what would be the natural result?—certain and sure revolution would follow. Now, it may be contended, that there is no analogy in the cases—admit this to be true, because every State in our Union has tasted of the rich fruit of Independence, and hence the greater disposition to resist any invasion of it. The proximity of Cuba to the United States,—The free and frequent intercourse subsisting between the citizens of the two, the gradual and improved condition of Cubans in intellectual development,—all strongly tend to direct their attention to the vastly superior condition of the American people. Is ti not by comparison that we are enabled to arrive at the true value of things, and does not such comparison, when weighed in the balance of calm judgment, determine a preference?

AMICUS JUSTITIÆ.

BEAUTIES OF FREE TRADE.—It is said to be a fact, ascertained with almost mathematical certainty, that a sufficient quantity of native iron ore will be displaced in the construction of the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Rail Road, to manufacture rails for the entire track from city to city; and yet humiliating as it is, it is nevertheless true, that the rails for the whole distance are transported from Great Britain, and that our own artizans and handy craftsmen are compelled by the operation of the low tariff doctrine of locofocoism, to stand by with their hands folded and see this foreign article unloaded before their eyes, while their children are crying for bread! And what is stranger still, these very men will huzza for "democracy!" low tariff, free trade, and various other locofoco dogmas, while their very shouts mingle with the clank of the foreign iron thrown off under their "democratic" noses! Such is modern democracy!

THE MASSACHUSETTS COALITIONISTS.—One hundred and seventy members of the late Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts have published an address to the people, exposing and denouncing the bargain of the democrats and Free Soilers for the election of Governor, U. S. Senator, &c. The address says:

"We think it due to the fair fame of our State that such transactions should not go forth to the world in a silence which might be construed into an admission that they are in conformity with the usual principles and conduct of those who are trusted by the people of Massachusetts to make its laws. We think it due to the public morals that the true character of such acts should not be obscured in any minds by the miserable sophistry which has been thrown over them." The address is quite lengthy and exceedingly severe upon the Coalitionists.

EXTRAORDINARY JUVENILE FREAK.—At St. Louis lately, a boy 7 years old, who had been to witness a magician's performances, including the pretended cutting off and restoration of the nose of one of the audience, prevailed upon his younger sister to allow him to try the same operation with her, and in their mutual ignorance the cutting off was actually done with a large carving knife. The poor child of course gave vent to her excrutiating agony in loud screams, which soon brought aid; but it was not until she had fainted a number of times from the loss of blood, that the nose was again placed in its proper position. It was thought at first she could not live, but there are hopes now of final adhesion of the organ and her ultimate recovery, but with a frightful scar, of course.

RENCOUNTER.—A most unfortunate rencounter occurred in Lexington, on Sunday last, in which Mr. Castleman shot Mr. Carpenter dead, and wounded a Mr. Owen in the arm, who was attempting to separate them. Mr. Castleman has been arrested.

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