PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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

# The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1856. No. 3.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (12lines) inserte 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.

ALFRED P. JUMP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Easton, Md.,

WILL practice in Talbot and adjoining counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted to his care. CLAIMS of all kinds collected and payments promptly made over

☞ He may be found at the "Gazette" Office.
sep 27–tf

DENTISTRY.

DR. BAIRD, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Easton and the surrounding country, that he will be in Easton during the first weeks in *August, October and December*, and at such other times as his services may be called for.

☞ A line addressed to him at Cambridge will meet with prompt attention. [june 28–6m

A. B. PRITCHETT.

CABINET MAKER,

HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. Sam'l Patchett will receive prompt attention.

may 12–y A. B. P.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Fall and Winter Fashions.

JOHN R. MORTIMER begs leave to inform the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the latest and most approved Rules of Cutting, and having fitted up his establishment, immediately opposite Campbell's Drug Store, he is now prepared to execute, in the neatest style, all orders committed to him.

He earnestly solicits his friends and the public to give him a trial. sep 27–tf

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

THE subscriber has just returned home with a first rate assortment of *Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings* of all styles and grades, such as handsome Black & Fancy Cloths. Also, Cassimeres of all colors and quality, and Vestings to match.

My Overcoating is also of first rate quality, suitable for young and old.—Come and see for yourself at my old stand, No. 1, South's Row. JOHN SATTERFIELD.
oct 18

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

HAS this day been formed between the undersigned for the purpose of *Grave Bricking, Street-Paving, Repairing and putting up Chimneys*. They will keep constantly on hand Bricks of the best material for Graves, which they will furnish at moderate prices when called on to do. They will execute with dispatch all work in their line of business at short notice and in the best manner. When not engaged in the country they can be found at their residence in Easton.

JOS. NEWNAM.
JAS. R. WRIGHT.
August 18, 1856. [aug 23–tf

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber informs the tax payers of Talbot county that he is prepared to receive their State and County Taxes for the year 1856. I hope they will be promptly paid, as I shall aim to close my collections within the time prescribed by law. The commissions paid for collecting the taxes are not sufficient to justify me in riding the county to make repeated calls on delinquents, therefore I shall expect tax payers to call on me at once, and settle their taxes. To enable persons to save the *four per cent* discount on their State tax, which they may do by paying their taxes during this month (September,) I shall be in Easton every Tuesday, at Trappe every other Saturday, beginning with to day, and at St Michaels when not on a cruise in other parts of the county. Mr. Charles Robinson, in Easton, will receive and receipt for taxes for me during any day in the week for the Easton, Trappe and Chapel Districts.

sep 6–tf JAMES HARRISON, Jr.

WHEELWRIGHTING —AND— BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally that he still continues to carry on the above business near Skipton. He has now on hand a lot of the best materials, and is prepared to put up new work in a manner that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction, and on terms as accommodating as the times will admit of. He will warrant all new work made by him.

He has in his employ an experienced BLACKSMITH, who is prepared to execute work in the various branches of that business in the best manner and with the utmost promptness. Particular attention paid to *Horse Shoeing*, for which the cash will be required. In this line of his business he can't be beat—try him.

All orders promptly attended to in person, and a discount of 6 per cent. will be made on all cash payments. He solicits the business of farmers, and hopes by strict attention, by dispatch in the execution of all orders, and by the use of none but the best materials, to retain the public confidence and a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to him.

jan 19–1y JAMES AUSTIN.

COACH AND HARNESS MAKING.

THE subscriber (surviving partner of Anderson & Hopkins) takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has taken the shop, stock, &c., of the late firm, and will hereafter carry on the

COACH-MAKING BUSINESS

in his own name. From his long experience in the business he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction, and hopes by a prompt and faithful attention to business, to merit a continuance of that favor and patronage which have heretofore been so liberally extended toward him.

He is prepared to manufacture Carriages of all kinds to order, in a very superior manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Repairing also executed with neatness and despatch.

He has now on hand and ready for sale a fine assortment of Carriages, Harness, &c., both new and second hand, of various patterns and finish, which he would respectfully invite the public to call and examine.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and all new work warranted for 12 months.

mar 22–y SAM'L B. HOPKINS.

CIDER—A few barrels of prime Caroline Cider, for sale by the gallon, at the store of
dec 6 J RIXEY

THE YANKEE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly!
I stand like a scarecrow, alone—
Sad victim of Love's melancholy!

I feel most confoundedly blue,
Life's rose is turned into thistle,
My sweet heart has turned out untrue,
And SACKED me AS SLICK AS A WHISTLE.

Though lively and keen as a rat,
And playful as any young kitten,
She has got the sharp claws of a cat, [ten.
And has SHOWED 'em to me tarough the mit-

Of our village girls she is the belle—
As plump as a partridge she grows—
Her lips for two cherries would sell—
Her cheeks are as red as a rose.

Like two bran new dollars her eyes—
Her figure was neater than wax;
In beauty, with venus she vies—
Her hair—it is finer than flax!

I courted her day after day,
Expecting a wedding to follow;
Alas! for my love thrown away—
Her heart, like a pumpkin, was hollow!

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly;
I stand like a scare crow, alone,
A victim to Love's melancholy!

## THE HERO WOMAN.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

In the shades of the Wissahocken woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisade wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn, perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores, as a block-house, intended as a defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate; it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees enclosing its veteran outlines on every side.

From the western window you could obtain a glance of the schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the Southern front commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion

Here from the southern casement, on one of those balmy days which look in upon the dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south and listen intensely for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red coat invaders in many a desperate encounter, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of some brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom.—Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense to the shouts of the combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her and that round face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture—a young girl leaning from an old mansion, with her hair waving in glossy masses around her face.

Suddenly the shouts of the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running, at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire his rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by ten or more British soldiers who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer to the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window. He reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded—their muskets are leveled at his head—he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again. He dashes his foe aside; with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall with logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as he beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands the old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave each from his wrinkled and blood-dabbed face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight—a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle.

Death struggle? Yes, for the old man Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, and cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

'We must bluff off those rascols,' said he, with a grim smile, turning to his child.—'Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do hand me another and so on, until the whole shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few minutes at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest.'

Look down there, and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man leveled his piece—that British soldier falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads.

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, the young girl passed a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below. The British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall when a stout old 'Rebel,' rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window!—There is a pause—low deep murmurs, they are holding a council!

A moment is gone and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots—there are three men groveling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

'Quick, Bess, the rifles.'

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots, one after the other—three more soldiers fall back, like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eyes fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired: the old man stands there in that second story-window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of twenty refugees, who clad in their robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leapiug from the summit of the wall!

'Quick, Bess, my rifle?'

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes—the brave girl, for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a 'Hero Woman'—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another. Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers.

Now look down on the wall again! The refugees are climbing over its summit, again a horrible cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his head and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there, a fire blazing up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial. While his brave daughter loads, he continued to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh, horror!—he falls with a musket ball driven into his breast. The daughter's outstretched arms received the father, as with the blood spouting from his wound he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture.

That old man writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her father's gray hair while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back ground to the scene.

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses.

'We have the old rebel at last.'

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls again, his eyes glaring as the fierce pain of that wound quivered through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests the barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers came thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block house, they are rushing towards the old chamber with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes. Had the old man had a thousand lives, they were not a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl, grown suddenly white as the 'kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube lain against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces stained with blood, glare into the chamber

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye gleaming with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

'Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!'

No oath quivered from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold.

At last one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast:

'Stand back,' or by ——— I will fire!'

Still the girl is firm. The brave advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp 'click' of that rifle falls with an unplesant emphasis upon his ear.

'Bess, I am dying, gasps the old man faintly extending his arms. 'Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come, daughter kneel, kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am cold——O, dark and cold!'

Look!—As these trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, these fingers unloose their hold of the rifle; already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least a young and beautiful girl, for affection for the father is mastering the heroism of the moment! Look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! Again she clutches the rifle; again, although her father's accents are in her ears, stands there, prepared to scatter the house in ruins, if a single rough hand assail that form.

There are a few brief, terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echoes of a rifle shot, and the light of rifle blaze, then these ruffians in the door fall crushed before the strong arms of the Continetal soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that 'Hero Woman'—with one bound springs forward into her brothers arms, and nestles there, while her dead father, his form yet warm, lays with fixed eye-balls upon the floor.

## HUMOROUS.

SATAN A FIRHERMAN.—I was sometime since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repasing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him and standing beside his boat, said:

'Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fish are those?'

'They are codfish,' replied he.

'How long are you usually out, in order to obtain your load?'

'Two or three weeks,' he answered.

'At what price do you sell them?'

He informed me.

'Well, have you hard work to obtain a living in this way.

'Yes hard work,' said he.

'With what do you bait these fish?'

'With clams.'

'Did you ever catch mackerel?'

'Yes.'

'Well now did you ever catch a fish without bate?'

'Yes,' said he,' 'I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line the bare hook fell into the water and the d—d fool took hold of it, and I drew him in.'

'Now sir,' said I, 'I have thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman.—He always baits his hook with that kind of bait, which different sorts of sinners like best, but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for a fool will always bite at the bare hook.

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him—

'I guess that's a minister.'—*Peoples Organ.*

THE TURN OF LIFE.—Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His natural strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Have gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct, called the "Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers, at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force its strength; whilst a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Scene of Life by a Physician.*

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day. gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street, through the clothes quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style.—The cheapest in the street, sir.'

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

THE QUALITIES OF A GENTLEMAN.—To constitute a perfect gentleman, the best attributes of the heart and head must be combined. He who would indeed deserve that proud epithet, must be devout, courteous, and accomplished; gentle, generous, and brave; pure in word and deed, disinterested, philanthropic, and, above all, incessant and intrepid in charitably succoring the weak, the lowly, and the poor. It was once affirmed with a pious terror almost bordering on profanation, that our Saviour was the first true gentleman that ever lived.

THE TELEGRAPH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC seems to meet with much favor in England, and the merchants there interesting themselves in the matter. Mr. Field, in a recent interview with the Manchester Commercial Association, said the actual cost of manufacturing and laying the wire would be less than £250,000, if the British government placed at the company's disposal two vessels for laying it. With the present system of telegraphing, they could transmit through a single line of wires 14,404 words every twenty-four hours; but with the code which was being prepared, they would be enabled to transmit at least 30,000 words within that time between Europe and America. The shareholders would themselves have to consider what would be a reasonable charge for transmitting a message across the Atlantic, bearing in mind that they could not at present write a letter and receive an answer from New York in less than twenty days, and from New Orleans in less than twice that period.

When once the cable was laid down they would incur no expenses beyond the support of the establishment at either end: and it was, therefore desirable that they should keep the wire employed during the whole of the twenty-four hours. If they could not get a sufficent number of messages at £2, he would receive them at £1, or even at 10s, and rather than have the wire unemployed, he would come down to the penny postage system. Prof. Morse, Docter Whitehouse and others, in London had established, by experiment, that the electric current could be conveyed through 2000 miles of submarine wires, a conclusion founded upon experiments made with subterranean wires. The time taken to convey the fluid through 2000 miles of wire was less than a quarter of a second. The difference of time between England and America is four hours and forty-eight minutes.—For one portion of the day the wire would be worked from America, and during the other portion from England. The belief was expressed by the vice president of the meeting that the enterprise would prove remunerative.

WIDOWS.—"Do you think moire antique becoming on a widow?" said a young widow to Mrs. Partington, as she exhibited a mourning dress, elaborately trimmed, and a bonnet of the latest mode. The old lady scanned her attentively through her glasses, before she answered—"More antic!" she said at length, and her finger raised up like a note of exclamation. "I should think less antic would be becoming in a widow. Widows more antic must be them spoken of by Paul to Timothy, who will marry.—Well, well, let 'em though; where a woman has once married with a congealing and warm heart"—looking straight at the rigid profile of the corporal on the wall—"and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again." There was a tremulous tear in her eye, like a dew-drop on a morning glory, the finger fell to her side, and she turned to look out of the window after Ike, who was sailing a shingle boat in a rain-water tub, with a garden toad as a passenger.—The young widow withdrew to read what Paul had said, evidently disgusted with the dam's misapprehension of her question, though there was a lesson to her in the blunder.—*Gazette.*

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—When the farming is conducted on scientific principles. the increase of crops would amply compensate for the labor and capital expended in its production: but when it is, as too often happens, regarded as of one of those callings that only require strong arms and industrious habits to ensure success, it is very likely to prove anything but successful so long as the true principles of cultivating and maintaining the fertility of the soil remain unlearned. Strong hands and pathetic industry might suffice while population continued thin and scattered, and while the land was subject to a very small amount of impost, but in these days, when population has become dense, when the land is subject to right rent and heavy taxes, strong arms and industrious habits will not alone suffice to enable the farmer to meet and overcome his difficulties. In these days "the battle is not with the strong,' but with the intelligent; and if the farmer expects to succeed in his profession. he must begin by acquiring a knowledge of the nature of the materials he has to operate upon—the nature of the productions he is to raise from them—and how best his great machine, the soil, shall be best maintained in efficient order.—*Mr. Quinn, of the Dromiskeen Model Agricultural School, County Louth, Ireland.*

GOOD AS WHALING.—An old woman in Louisville, Ky., pays $50 rent for a portion of the ground over which Bear Grass Creek flows, merely to have the privilege of collecting the grease floating on the surface of the creek from the hog slaughtering houses on the stream. She has been engaged in that traffic for a number of years, says the Courier, and realized the first season, the handsome sum of $400. At that time, however, she had the gleamings or skimmings all to herself, but since then a good deal of rivalry has sprung up in the trade.

SENATORIAL WIT.—Judge Butler said in the Senate: "When South Carolina makes up her mind, let me inform the Senator you will hear very little fuss from her." Whereupon Mr. Wade replied: "Then she has not made up her mind lately."

The new marriage law which has just been published in Austria, recognizes the marriage of a boy of fourteen with a girl of twelve as valid, "but the parties are to be separated until they are of age."

The weight of the head of a sperm whale taken into New Bedford, a few weeks since was 6,170 lbs.

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE.—The loco foco party is dreadfully worried because the result of the late election has not killed the American party, as they predicted it would. On the contrary, they find that it has now even more vitality than before, and is firmer in its purposes, and more energetic in its actions than ever. Defeat has only awakened it to a sense of its duty, and opened its eyes to dangers heretofore unseen. Defeat has but aroused its dormant energies, and nerved it for another battle. Defeat has demonstrated the lamentable fact that the balance of power is in the hands of the foreigners, and that the voice of Americans does not now rule America—therefore the necessity of our continued organization. Whilst patriotism lives, the American party will live; whilst liberty remains a precious boon, the American party will exist, and whilst foreigners continue to exert such an undue influence at the ballot-box, just so long will that party battle for the enforcement of the principle that Americans should rule America.

The death of the American party will only be with the sentilement of all the questions which they have placed in issue. If, then, our opponents desire to destroy this new party, they have but to extend the time required to secure naturalization; exclude foreign paupers and criminals from our shores; disfranchise every man who holds the slightest allegiance to any power above that of our Constitution, and elect or appoint none to offices of either profit or trust but those who are to the manor born. These objects accomplished the mission of the American party would be fulfilled. As it now battles for principles, and not for the spoils of office and public plunder, those principles once definitely settled, it would then have nothing for which to contend, save the maintenance of them. But until those principles are settled—until Americans rule America in every sense of the word—the American party will live, and although its objects should not be attained until the Angel Gabriel sounds the last trumpet, until then will it continue to contend for its lofty and patriotic principles.—*Amer. Chronicle.*

IS THE SOUTH DEPENDENT UPON THE NORTH?—The Daily Creole, of N. Orleans, replies to this query in the following lamentation:

"The Southern gentleman cultivates his cotton or sugar with agricultural implements made in the work-hops of the North, and sends his crop to market in hogsheads or bales manufactured abroad. His carriage is of Northern build—his horses of Northern birth—their harness comes from Pennsylvania or New Jersey, and often their food from the valley of the Wabash. He himself is sourrounded in his beautiful home with furniture from the looms and shops of New Hampshire and Massachusetts—uses Northern knives, forks, and even tooth-picks—is clothed from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head with Eastern fabrics; and, when he dies, a New England shroud envelopes his inanimate form and a New England coffin preserves his lifeless remains.

BELIEVETH.—Mr. James Ruthven. of New York, not long before his death recited slowly, emphatically, and with great weakness of voice, "'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.'—What a contrast!" said he. "there is none in the universe like it. What vast consequences hinge on the question!—BELIEVETH—I would like to see that word printed in capitals. How simple and easy is it; and yet how many refuse to believe, and perish. Unbelief is the only sin which the gospel does not meet. For this, it has no cure.—'Ye will not come to me that ye might live.'"

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.—I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things and love them as such; but I now converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love.—*Baxter.*

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.—Just at the close of the Revolutionary war, the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, of New York, having written General Washington as to supplying the soldiers about to be disbanded with the Bible, the General in his reply uses these memorable words: "I accept with much pleasure your kind congratulation on the happy event of peace, with the establishment of our liberties and independence.—Glorious if we consider the prize for which we have contended, and glorious its issue. But in the midst of our joys. I hope we shall not forget that to divine Providence is to be ascribed the glory and the praise."

Every virtue gives man a degree of felicity in some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind not to be moved by any adversity.—*Walsinghom.*

CAUTIOUS PAT.—A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was prepared to renounce the devil and his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

THE NEWSPAPERS OF VIRGINIA.—At present (says the South Side, Va., Democrat,) there are one hundred and fifty newspapers published in the State of Virginia, the working expenses of which amount to $400,000 per annum.