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. XLIII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860. No. 26.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE OR THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

NEW GOODS.

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends generally, that we have just returned from the city of Baltimore with a full supply of everything in our line of business. We have on hand a good assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a full supply of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
WOODWARE, TINWARE,
QUEENSWARE. &c.

All of which we are selling at prices to suit the times. We would advise all in want of goods in our line to give us a call.

apr 2 A. DODD & SON.

FANCY GOODS, FRUIT, &C.

THE subscriber again informs his friends and customers that he has just returned from the city with a large assortment of GOODS, as follows:

Fancy Goods, Toys, Books and Stationary,
Fine Cutlery, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Raisins by the pound or box, Figs,
Currants, Citron, Prunes, Pickles,
Almonds, Pecan Nuts,
English Walnuts, Apples.

A large assortment of Plain and Fancy Candies, and a great many articles in the Fancy line too numerous to mention.

The subscriber feels very greatful to his friends for their custom heretofore, and hopes they will continue to patronise him at the old stand, where they will find a complete assortment of goods in his line. The public's ob't servant,

dec 24 CHARLES ROBINSON.

GROCERY AND VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just received and keeps constantly on hand a superior stock of

Family Groceries,

together with a large lot of
Glass and Queensware,
Stone, Earthen,
Tin, Wooden
and Hardware.

Also a complete assortment of

Fancy Articles.

He also keeps constantly on hand a full supply of LIQUORS of various kinds, to which he invites attention.

The above Goods having been selected with great care and purchased on the most reasonable terms, will enable him to sell them at prices to suit the times. Thankful for past favors, he trusts by diligence and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him.

Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

nov 25 J. P. BLAKE.

N. B—The highest market prices allowed for Rags, Wool, Feathers, Eggs, Dried Fruit, and Country Produce generally J. P. B.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned having fitted up a large store room near his residence, at the northern end of Washington street and nearly opposite the Miles River Road, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public generally to his well selected stock of *DOMESTIC DRY GOODS*, together with a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
LIQUORS,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE,
WOODENWARE,
ROPE TRACES, &c.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call; as I sell for cash only I think I can sell them bargains.

The highest price will be given for Rags, Feathers, Wool, Dried and Green Hides, Dried Apples, Peaches, Eggs, &c.

W. T. HARDESTY.

P. S.—All kinds of **CLOTHING** cut and made at short notice in a fashionable manner and at reasonable prices.

may 14-y S M W. T. H.

SPRING 1860.

FIRST OF THE SEASON!

JAMES H. GRACE

HAS just returned from city with the largest and prettiest stock of **Ladies' Dress Goods** ever brought to this market—among which will be found a large and beautiful assortment of

Black Silks of all prices from 37½ up.
Colored Silks of newest styles and cheap,
Berage Englais,
Printed and *Plain* Grenadine,
Crinoline, Poplas Lacellas,
Hoyles, Schwabe and *Jamisons'* English Prints,
&c. &c., &c., &c.

Also a splendid assortment of
Ladies' Embroidered Collars,
of the newest styles and the largest assortment ever brought to this market and lower than *ever before sold*.

☞ Also an elegant assortment of KID GLOVES,
Gauntletts, Handk'ffs,
Rufflings, Cambric & Swiss Edgings & Intertings, Infants' Worked Bodies,
&c., &c., &c.

To an examination of which the Ladies are respectfully invited.

mar 17 JAMES H. GRACE.

LIQUID RENNET—*For making Slip and Whey, from fresh milk in a few minutes.* This is an elegant preparation of Rennet, in a convenient form for immediate use. Accompanying each vial is a recipe for making slip; also one for preparing the celebrated Devonshire Junket.—Price 25 cents per vial.

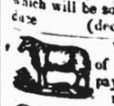
june 2 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

REMEMBER that the place to buy good materials at low prices is in Easton at the S. E. Corner Dover and Washington Streets, where every article in the Hardware line is sold cheaper than at any other store in the State.

may 12 T. C. NICOLS, JR.

GROCERIES.—Just received from the city, a choice lot of *LIQUORS and Groceries*, which will be sold cheap for cash or country Produce (dec 24) W. T. HARDESTY



WOOL! WOOL!!—5,000 lbs. of Wool wanted, for which I will pay cash or merchandise.

may 19 J. D. MANSFIELD.

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

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow!
House, herds and gold have they;
Yet life's best joys, they never know,
But fret their hours away,
The more they have, they seek increase;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair;
It countless pleasures hath for all
And none denied a share.
The little birds on new-fledged wing,
And insects revel in the spring.

For love of us hills, woods and plains
In beauteous hues are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains
Caught up by echoes glad;
"Rise," sings the lark, "your task to ply"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glories that I see,
My kind Creator made for me.

Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say in joyful mood,
His love indeed is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live.
Enjoying all he deigns to give.

Miscellaneous.

STEPHEN GIRARD,
THE MONEY MAKER.

About the year seventeen hundred and fifty, in the environs of Bordeaux, in France, there lived an old sea-captain, named Pierre Girard, with Madame Lafargue his wife. They had already four children—no matter whether male or female, for they lived and died in the obscurity in which they were born. But in the year seventeen hundred and fifty, on the twenty-first of May, another child came into the world—a boy named Stephen Girard.

Up to the age of ten or twlve there is no record of the life and progress of this boy. At that time he was found, with one eye, embarked as a cabin boy, with no other acquirements than imperfect knowledge of the elements of reading and writing, on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. His one eye was made the subject of ridicule among his companions, and his temper was thus early soured for life. With his physical deformity, without friends, patronage, or money, he was thrown upon the world.

He did not remain long in the West Indies, but bound himself apprentice to a ship-master, in whose service he first set foot in the port of New York, about the year 1761. Morose as Stephen Girard was, he gained the confidence of his employer, he was made mate of the vessel in which he sailed, and afterwards captain when his master left the sea. He voyaged several times successfully to and from New Orleans.—In this position he first began to accumulate means, and to trade on his own account, and he soon became part owner of the ship and cargo, which he commanded. A large gap in the minute progress of his history here occurs, but in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, we find an obscure plodding, quiet, thrifty trader in Water street, Philadelphia.

At this period he took a liking to one Mary or Polly Lum, the daughter of an old ship caulker, who lived in a water-side house down among the vessels that traded to that city. The girl was plain, but comely, and employed as a domestic servant in a neighboring family.—Stephen Girard does not appear to have been looked upon with much favor by the parents of the girl, for they forbade him the house for some time. They were eventually married, but the union was not a happy one. She was neglectful of her duty; he was morose and austere.—One child was born, which died. At length he applied to the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania for a divorce, and obtained it.

He still continued to rent the small house in Water street, to which he had taken his wife when they were married, and he industriously pursued the combined occupations of sea-captain, ship-owner, and merchant. About this time he entered into partnership with one Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, and purchased two vessels in which to trade to the island of St. Domingo. The brigs were captured by British men-of-war and sent to St. Jamaica; a misfortune which dissolved the short partnership.—There is another short gap in the history of Stephen Girard, extending to seventeen hundred and seventy-six. It is probable that during this time he continued his old business, trading as ship-master and merchant to New Orleans and St. Domingo.

The war put an end to the sea enterprises of Stephen Girard, and he was compelled to turn his attention to the land.

He opened a small grocery store in Water street, joined with a bottling establishment, where he worked hard with his own hands at the occupation of bottling claret and elder. About the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, upon the alleged approach of the British to Philadelphia, he purchased a small tract of land from his former partner, Isaac Hazlehurst, on which there was a house to which he removed his business; employing his time, early and late, in preparing claret and cider for the market, and selling them to the American army encamped near his residence. Here he remained until seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, sometimes making a voyage in a boat as a water peddler to Philadelphia to dispose of his wares. His appearance was not much in his favor. His skin was dark and dingy; his form was short and thick; he was coarse, rough, vulgar, and ungainly; and his one eye glared ominously upon his customers. He met with jeers and taunts from every side, which he bore with great taciturnity and composure.—He had but one object in view, which he followed with all the steady energy of an iron will.—That object was to make money.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, Stephen Girard was found in Water street, this time occupying a range of frame stores upon the east side. He was no more than twenty-nine years of age, but was so repulsive in appearance, that he was known as "Old Girard." His business could not have been very prosperous at this period, considering the disturbed and depressed state of the country. He was quietly filling his time. His store was well filled with old blocks, sails, pieces of cordage, and other materials useful for ship-building.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, Stephen Girard again commenced the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade. In two years he had progressed so far as to be able to purchase a ten years lease, with renewal, of a range of brick and frame stores one of which he occupied himself. The rents were low at the time; and the purchase very advantageous—perhaps the turning point in his fortunes.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, his wife, Mary Girard, from whom he had been divorced, was admitted an insane patient into the Pennsylvania Hospital. Here she remained shut up twenty-five years and one month, while her husband was busily pursuing his one object in the world at last she died in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. On being told of her death, Stephen Girard selected her burial place, and requested that he should be called as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral were completed. She was buried in the manner of the Friends.—Her husband was there glaring with his one tearless eye, and unmoved. After taking one short look at the remains of the departed, saying, "All is well." He returned home, and began to give largely to the local charities and hospitals from this day to his death.

A circumstance occurred at this period which materially aided Stephen Girard in his cherished determination. He was engaged in the East India trade—particularly in the island of St. Domingo—and at the moment of the well-known out-break of the slaves, he had two vessels lying off the port. The affrighted planters rushed to the docks, and deposited their most valuable treasures in those ships for safety, returning to secure more. They were nearly all with their families massacred. Stephen Girard advertised liberally for the owners of the property, but very few claimants ever appeared; and it was transported to Philadelphia to swell the store, and increase the power of the one eyed capitalist, who commenced the building of those large ships engaged in the trade with China and Calcutta, which were at that time the pride of America.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three a fearful pestilence broke out in the city of Philadelphia. The yellow fever left whole streets tenantless; the hearse was the vehicle most frequently seen in the streets; those who wore the badge of mourning on their arms were avoided even by their friends; and the fumes of tobacco and camphor filled every house in the city. While the pestilence was at its height, a square repulsive man boldly entered one of the most crowded hospitals, and bore out in his arms a victim, in the last, saffron-colored stage of the disease.—For days and weeks this man continued to perform the same terrible office of attending to the sick and dying, discharging the most painful and dangerous duties of the lowest servant in the place. This repulsive-looking Samaritan was Stephen Girard, with his strong will, his bodily energy, his stout heart and his one eye. The hard, griping trader was not so selfish after all. When all the paid attendants, all the visitors of the poor, were either dead, dying, or had fled; when no offer of money would purchase that labor which was required for the reorganization of the pest house hospital at Bush Hill, two men nobly volunteered for the forlorn task—Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. On the afternoon of the same day on which he offered his services, Stephen Girard, a merchant of growing wealth and influence—a foreigner, with no ties of country between him and the afflicted city—entered upon his dangerous task with all the perseverance and decision of his character. He soon established order and cleanliness; provided accommodations and procured supplies; and for sixty days continued to discharge his duties at the hospital.

In eighteen hundred and twelve, Girard, the one-eyed cabin-boy of Bordeaux, purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States, (whose charter was not renewed,) and started the Girard Bank—a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantages upon the community greater than the State institution upon which it was founded, but while the public credit was shaken, and the government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard Bank could command large subscriptions of loans, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country. In eighteen hundred and fourteen Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan from patriotic motives; and in eighteen hundred and seventeen, he contributed, by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the resumption of specie payments. In eighteen hundred and thirty one his operations were so extensive, that when the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause specie to flow into the United States.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career with one object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting with the small profits of the retail trader, willing to labor in any capacity to make those profits secure. He practised the most rigid economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due to him; and he paid the last farthing that he owed. He took every advantage which the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just so far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market; when a faithful cashier died, he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provisions for his family, and uttering no sentiment or regret for his loss. He would higgle for a penny with a huckster in the streets; he would deny the watchman at his Bank the customary Christmas present of a great coat. To add to his singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, and could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old rickety chair, remarkable for its age, and marked with the initials "S. G." drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no senses of hospitality, no friend to share his house or his table. He was deferential in appearance, to rank and family. Violent and passionate—only to one man, an old and faithful clerk named Robergot. His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvements of his adopted city and country; he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.

Thus he attained his eighty-second year. In eighteen hundred and thirty he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his Bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphia roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon, his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye which before opened slightly, was now entirely closed. He gradually wasted away, and his health declined. On the twenty-sixth of December, Stephen Girard expired in a back room on the third floor of his house in Water street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his large fortune—upward of a million sterling—to found charities and to benefit the city and country in which he had acquired it.

He left his monument in the "Girard College"—that marbled-roofed palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands, the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. Every detail of the external arrangement of this Orphan College was set forth clearly and carefully in his will; showing that the design upon which he lavished the mass of his wealth was not a hastily developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life.

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Should the following record interest our readers as it has us, it will fully repay the space it occupies in our columns.—*Porter's Spirit.*

Madder came from the East.
Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The nettle is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
The poppy originated in the East.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The mulburry originated in Persia.
The gourd is probably an eastern plant.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from the East Indies.
The quince came from the Island of Crete.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.
The garden beans came from the East Indies.
The garden cress came from Egypt and the East.
Horse-radish came from south of Europe.
The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name.
The coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.
The dyer's weed is peculiar to Southern Germany.
The Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazillian product.
Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.
The cronberry is a native of Europe and America.
The parsnip is supposed to be a native of Arabia.
The potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico.
The currant and gooseberry came from Southern Europe.
Grape seed and cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples.
Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.
Barley was found in the mountains of Himalaya.
Millet was first known in India and Abysinia.

Writers of undeniable respectability state that the cereals and others of these edible productions grow spontaneously in that portion of Tartary east of the Belar Tagh and north of the Himalaya mountains.

Mary Moss, a Green-Mountain girl, given to rhyme, tells us that

"Up here in Vermont, we think it no harm
To climb all the fences and walls on the farm,
In search of ripe berries to make a fruit-pie,
Or into the orchard, where nice apples lie.
Then when we return with face all aglow,
We can shell peas to rest us, or play the piano;
We can crochett a collar, if time will allow,
Make butter and cheese, and if need, milk a cow,
Perhaps you think us as green as our hills—
As rough as the rocks by the side of our mills,
Our hearts they are green; and if manners are rough,
You'll find, when polished, we are made of good stuff."

A SCENE.—Dry Goods Stores are sometimes the scene of ludicrous conversations. The other day a young lady stepped into a well-known establishment in town and inquired of a fine-looking clerk:

Sir, have you any mouse-colored ladies kid gloves?

Mouse-colored glores, Miss?

Yes—a sort of gray—just the color of your drawers here, meaning the store drawers of course, which were painted gray.

My drawers, ejaculated the young man glancing downwards to see if everything was right and tight—My drawers, Miss! why I don't wear any! The young lady was carried home on a shutter.

A Hoosier girl stepped on board a steamboat lying at a certain town on the Ohio River, and bawled out—

"Is the captain on board?

The captain, who was standing among the crowd, responded, "Yes; what do you want with him?"

"Oh, nothing particular; he's a distant relative of mine, and I'd like to see him."

"A relation of your's?" inquired he, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, a slight relation—he's the father of my first child!"

You had better believe the captain sloped in quick time, while the crowd enjoyed the sport to their heart's content.

A merchant entered his office in the morning and found his boy, attempting to turn all sorts of summersaults and kicking up a big rumpus.

What are you about, asked the merchant, looking astonished at the wild evolutions of the boy?

Obliging my gal, sir, replied the almost exhausted youth. She wrote me a beautiful letter, and at the bottom of the page, says, turn over and oblige, and I've been going for mor'n half an hour.

Quoth Mary to John:
"How wicked are men!
"To Abrahaham's bosom
"Scarce one goes in ten."

Quoth John to Mary:
"Why should they, my dear?
"Since daily they find
"Far sweeter ones here."

It is said, that in Japan old maids are unheard of—do not exist. When the girls do not get married voluntarily in any reasonable time, the authorities hunt up husbands, and make them marry, willing or not willing. An exchange thinks that the Japanese know a thing or two, even if they have been walled up for four centuries.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

The Petersburg *Intelligencer* has hoisted the Union flag. Virginia will cast her vote for Bell and Everett.

The St. Louis News says:—"Every mail from Illinois surprises us with some new evidence of the smoldering fires of patriotism in that State.—The Union—the Union—is paramount in the breasts of patriotic men everywhere; and the smothered embers will soon flame out in every county of the noble Prairie State."

Political.

THE BELL KEEPS RINGING.

In all parts of the country, the peals of our Union Bell are ringing with increasing enthusiasm When it is remembered that only ten days have elapsed since all the nominations were made, and men began, either quietly or publicly, to form and express preferences for the various candidates, the reader may well wonder at the reaction in favor of Bell and Everett, going on within his own observation and brought from other States by every mail; and be enabled to estimate the reason of the opinion, which is gaining ground daily, that Bell and Everett will be elected by the people. We enumerate a few of these evidences as furnished by our exchanges:

PENNSYLVANIA:—The "Key-Stone State," hitherto conceded to Lincoln, gives token of a most unsettled opinion, which strongly sets in favor of the Union party. In addition to the Clubs and distinguished individual's heretofore mentioned, as having declared for Bell and Everett, we notice the truly important accession of the "Grand Council of the United Sons of America." The Grand Council have ratified the nomination of Fell and Everett; and as the Order controls sixty thousand votes in the State, which at the last election moved in solid phalanx with the "people's party," the effect of their action cannot be over-estimated. It is in fact a withdrawal of their massive support from the Republican party, which is thus left in a hopeless minority in the State; and the loss of Pennsylvania secures the defeat of Lincoln.

The Philadelphia *Evening Monitor*, an old and able Democratic Journal, has come out for the Constitutional Union nominees, and will battle nobly for their election.

There was a large and spirited Union Mass Meeting at Lancaster on Wednesday last; Hon. Daniel H. Leech, in the chair. Hon. H. M. Fuller, Col. Seymour and E. C. Pechin, Esq., addressed the meeting. During the evening "delegations were continually pouring in from the country towns, with bells ringing, banners flying, and transparencies," &c. The Union Club of that City claims the honor of being the first organized in that State.

The Pittsburg *Press*, of Wednesday last, speaks of the large increase of "the Alleghany Bell and Everett Club;" and the Harrisburg *Patriot and Union* (dem.) says: "Bell and Everett clubs are forming all over the State, in a quiet, unostentatious, but every decided manner. * * * It is becoming very evident that Bell and Everett will poll quite as large a vote as Fillmore did in this State in 1856."

The Washington Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* (Douglas Dem.) writes:

"The Bell and Everett men are organizing with very considerable enthusiasm in the free States, in consequence of the hopes entertained by their friends in the Southern State. * * * Do not be surprised if the "old gentlemen's" ticket, as Mr. Greeley calls it, should play an important, if not a decisive, part in this Presidential campaign."

In another letter, the same correspondent says: "Bets were freely offered on the Avenue this morning, that Bell and Everett would certainly carry Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Maryland."

NEW YORK.—The *Fredonia Advertiser* asserts that there are one thousand true men in Chatanqua County, who do not seek office and who form the basis of the Bell and Everett party here.

The "Union Guard," a Campaign paper advocating the election of Bell and Everett, will commence its career in the City of New York to-day.

The *Journal of Commerce* opens the door for accessions to the Union party, by asserting that there is no *regular* democratic nomination for President and Vice President, binding on democrats, but that they are at liberty to vote as they please.

The Union papers in the State, give long accounts of the formation of Union Clubs, and of Union meetings, which we have not space to re publish.

DELAWARE.—A decisive fact has transpired in little Delaware. The "Peoples Party" held a State Convention at Dover on Thursday last, and declared for Bell and Everett with great enthusiasm. The Wilmington *Commonwealth*, giving an account of the meeting says: "Everybody everywhere have gone over to the Bell and Everett party. We heard nothing but Bell and Everett wherever we went. The President of the Convention announced himself as a Bell and Everett man, and declined to serve on the executive committee. He further stated, after the adjournment of the Convention, that nearly every prominent man of the Opposition in the vicinity of his home were Bell and Everett men. Dr. Jump, who was also named as a member of the same committee, announced that he was also a Bell and Everett man, and should vote that ticket. Ex-Governor Temple stated that he was a Union man and should support the Bell and Everett ticket throughout. All this was said publicly in the Convention, and was loudly applauded; and when Bell and Everett were named there were unequivocal signs of enthusiastic applause. * * * These are probably not more than five hundred Republican votes in the State, and this number will diminish as the election draws near."

TENNESSEE.—This State may be set down for Bell and Everett beyond peradventure; we therefore omit the cheating tidings that come thence daily.

FLORIDA.—The Tallehassee Sentinel, the Lake City Independent Press, the Pensacola Gazette, the Milton Courier and the West Florida Enterprize are Journals in Florida, that have hoisted the names of Bell and Everett, and will fight under the Union Banner in the present Campaign.

ALABAMA.—The Mobile *Advertiser* says, that "Responses, cordial and inspiring, continue to come up from all parts of the State, to the call of the State Convention;" which, was held at Selma on Wednesday last, to complete the organization of the Union party and nominated an electoral ticket.

INDIANA.—There will be a Bell and Everett electorial ticket in Indiana. A Union paper is about to be established at Terre Haute; and the party finds great favor in the Southern part of the State.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gen. Starke, recently a Commissioner from Mississippi to Virginia, on behalf of a Southern Conference; has declared for Bell and Everett; and the Union men are beginning to bestir themselves.

ILLINOIS.—A letter from Pitman, Ill., dated June 9th, remarks that, there is dissatisfacion among the old whigs, at the nomination of Lincoln, and that Bell and Everett will run better than Fillmore did.

VIRGINIA.—There was an overwhelming Bell and Everett Ratification meeting at Richmond on last Saturday night.

Washington, D. C.—The *Battery*, a Bell and Everett Campaign paper, will be started in the Federal city this week.

Religious.

From the Methodist Protestant.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

"The Lord God rested from all his work which he had made on the seventh day, and blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." Rested, not as man rests from toil, for with man work and toil are synonymous; he must not only cease to labor, but lie down and sleep to renew his exhausted energies. Not so did God rest. "The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary." What though he had formed light and created darkness—though he had spoken the sun, that mighty orb—the moon, in all her beauty and brightness—the stars, unnumbered though they be—into being, and sent them forth into space to travel, each his appointed round? What though he had spread the north over empty space, and hung the world upon nothing!—though he had separated the waters below from those above, restraining one by a sandy barrier, and suspending the other mid-way in the firmament by his power—though he had clothed the earth with trees, flowers, and grass of every variety of size, form, color and beauty, from the water-promising palm in the desert, to the tiny violet at our feet—though he had peopled the mighty seas with innumerable fish, from the terrible leviathan to the little minnow; had filled the air with fowl, from the proudly soaring eagle to the beautiful humming-bird; though at his mandate the earth brought forth innumerable living creatures, beasts, insects, and creeping things, from the noble elephant to the playful kitten—from the huge boa-constrictor to the smallest worm—from the beautiful dragon fly to the gnat, scarce seen by the eye.

What though he had created man, a being possessing a body, mind and soul; a body, where the most complicated machinery within combines with the most perfect symmetry without; a mind, capable of reviewing the past, seizing the present, penetrating the future—a mind that can soar from star to star, tell their distances, mark their courses, point out their changes—yea, almost count their numbers; which can enter even the dwelling place of the Most High, and hold converse with angels and archangels—yea, with Deity himself. A soul—a breath of his Maker, destined to live as long as he shall exist—capable of loving, admiring and enjoying the good and lovely—a soul possessed of powers which will take eternity fully to develop.

Though he had made all this in six days, yet did he not pause from weariness, but only stopped in the midst of these acts of his creative power to examine, to admire the work of his hands, and pausing thus, in general surrey of the whole, considering its beauty, its grandeur, its adaptation to the end for which he had made it, he, in divine wisdom, pronounced it "very good;" and as these approving words fell from the lips of Deity, the witnessing angels, who till then had looked on in wondering admiration, responded in one simultaneous burst of adoring love, "very good." And earth, new made, with her ten thousand tongues, re-echoed, 'very good!' while all the sons of God shouted for joy. And God blessed the seventh day; as that blessing fell from the lips of God, a holy quiet fell, softly as dew, on man, new made, filling his soul with peace and rest.

And oh! methinks as each successive week rolled on, and brought the Sabbath back, he would delight to lay aside his light, unwearying work, that soul and body might enjoy a sweeter rest in converse with their Maker. Surely, if Adam in Eden could so much enjoy the Sabbath rest ere "sin brought death into the world and all our woe," the weary toiler beneath the sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shall eat thy bread," at the close of the long wearying labor of the week can rejoice still more in the prospect that the morrow will bring to his aching limbs and worn-out frame the rest they need. And if the rest this day affords to the weary body be so sweet, with what glad anticipations does the christian laborer look forward in the hope of the sweet rest that day will bring to his soul and body together.

Amid the perplexing cares and distracting employments of life, how little he can enjoy of that communion with his God which his soul so much desires; but on the Sabbath he lays aside these cares and employments, and in holy fellowship with God and with his brethern, he feasts on the fat things of His house, and thus renews his strength to battle with the trials, temptations and discouragements of life. In holy pleasures, thus the day glides impereceptibly away, but leaves behind on his soul a holy, happy influence.

Sweet Sabbaths below, types are ye of that blessed one above; and if your returns be hailed with such joy for the rest ye bring to the worn body and fainting soul here, though encompassed by sorrow and sighing, oh, with what joy in the evening of life will the christian toiler "wrap the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down" to sleep in the full assurance that he shall open his eyes upon the glorious dawn of an eternal Sabbath. LIZZIE PATTERSON.

Baltimore, Md., May 18, 1860.

WHO OWNS THE CORN-FIELD?

You saw the beautiful corn-field. Its tall stalks like the rank and file of a noble army had been nodding and waving their plumes in the sunshine all the summer through; and in autumn they were bending under the weight of the golden grain. How many batches of bread were hid there! How many hungry mouths will be fed from it!

Every day Farmer Jones looked over the stone wall, and talked and thought about "*my corn*," as he called it. How much of it was yours, Farmer Jones? "*I* planted it," he would say; "I hoed it; I—" But where did you get the first little kernel? God made it. In whose earth did you bury it? God's earth. He is the great land-owner. Who cracked the hard kernel and brought out the living sprout? God. Who fed it? God. Who watered it? God. Who watched it? God. Whose sunshine warmed it? God's. Who sprinkled it with nightly dews? God. Who pumped up its juices, and taught them to manufacture leaves in one place and cobs in another, and set the corn in the cob, and wove soft silk to wrap around the tender fruit and strong swaths to protect it from blighting frosts and scorching heat? God. Who saved it from mildew, and rust, and worm? God.—Who then is the rightful owner? God. He will indeed pay you your wages; but how small a part is your *due*.

"And I have harvested and used it as *mine*," said Farmer Jones. "I never thanked God for it, or took it as from his hand. I never used it for his service. I never thought of his having anything to do with it. I have robbed God of his due." Farmer Jones never thought of himself in the light of a robber before. Had his neighbors called him so, how angry would he have been. He passed as an honest and just man; but now he asked himself, "Am I not a robber?" and pricked in his conscience, he fell upon his knees, confessed his sin, and prayed for forgiveness. The great landowner allowed him to keep what he had given him: but every day afterwards the farmer thanked God for his daily bread; and many a bushel was wheeled away to feed God's poor; and evermore as he looked over the stone wall, and his heart said humbly, "Thine, not mine, O God."