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—failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857. No. 42.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted 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, mill 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.

CASH SYSTEM.

I WILL sell Lumber, Laths, Shingles, &c., at Baltimore prices for Cash, and will deliver on the creek shore free of cost, where 1000 feet or over is sent to one landing. Terms *Cash*.
R. THARP.
ma 2

LUMBER

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale for *Cash* or negotiable paper at short dates, White Pine and Hemlock Lumber of all kinds suitable for building. Fence boards, shingles, Lathes, Lime, Scantling, Joists, &c. at Balt. prices for *cash*.
R. THARP.
ma 2

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent for the settlement of the affairs of Robert Kemp, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to the said Kemp by note or otherwise, to call and settle their accounts, as indulgence cannot be given
CHAS. ROBINSON.
apr 4 tf

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having purchased the Grist and Saw Mills, known as Stevens' Mills, in the Chapel District, respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business which may be entrusted to him. He respectfully solicits the custom heretofore extended to the mills, and assures all who may thus favor him, that no pains shall be spared to render satisfaction.
HENRY M. NICOLS.
jan 3—tf

FINAL NOTICE.

THE subscriber having had his time extended by the Court, would inform all persons indebted to him for fees, that he will now proceed to collect them by execution. And if they wish to save the cost of $2.33 they had better settle immediately with the subscriber or Mr. A. P. Jump for the Easton and Chapel Districts.
CLEMENT S. CLARK,
Late Sheriff.
feb 21—tf

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.
A. P. B.
may 12—y

PURE BONE DUST.

TO FARMERS, &c.

10,000 BUSHELS of this invaluable Fertilizer, warranted pure unadulterated Ground Bones, and its perfect genuineness testified by the State Chemist, whose analysis may be seen at our office. Among other invaluable elements, it contains the large proportion of 56.3 Phosphate of Lime. For sale in three bushel bags in quantities to suit purchasers.
W. GRANGE & CO.,
119 Lombard street, Baltimore.
☞ To prevent disappointment, the earliest application ought to be made. [aug 1—2m

TENCH F. TILGHMAN. MELVILLE SHERWOOD.

LAND OFFICE.

TILGHMAN & SHERWOOD.

THE undersigned having entered into a Copartnership in the business of *LAND SURVEYING*, and having made arrangements to avail themselves of the professional services of Mr. John Henderson, Chief Eng'r Md. & Del. R. R., are prepared to execute with accuracy and despatch all business entrusted to their charge.

They can be found when not professionally engaged, at the Engineer's Office of the Md. & Del. Rail Road.
[ma 23—tf

CARPENTERING.

JEREMIAH MORRIS. WILLIAM S. COLLISON.

MORRIS & COLLISON,

BEG to return their profound obligations to the public for the liberal share of patronage extended to them since they have been associated together, and further respectfully notify them, that they are prepared to execute with neatness and dispatch all kinds of work either by the day or contract that may be committed to them. They may always be found in Easton, except when in the country at work. All orders left with Mr. A. P. Jump, at the Gazette Office, will be promptly attended to.
feb 28—tf

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

THE greatest offer in gold pens, gold pencils, gold chains, and gold watches, ever made.—Read the following:

A SPLENDID GOLD PREMIUM worth from five to one hundred dollars, positively given to any person who can spare one day in a week, or one hour in a day, getting up clubs of subscribers in his own and adjoining neighborhoods, for the best and most popular Family Newspaper now published. No expense, no outlay, no capital required of Agents. An entire new plan is proposed, by which any person can succeed in making it a paying business, who will undertake the agency. A private circular, for the inspection of agents only, with full list of premiums, will be sent to any one who desires it, on receipt of a stamp to pay return postage. Some agents have earned a hundred dollar gold Watch in one week.

Every family should read at least one newspaper from New York city, without interfering with their Local Papers, which of course cannot, and should not, be dispensed with. But New York being the great commercial and business centre of this Continent, no farmer, mechanic, professional man, or merchant, is properly prepared for the emergencies of his calling, unless he is in communication with New York City, by means of one of its first class Newspaper mediums. Such a medium is our "LEDGER," neutral in politics, but giving all the facts, items of news, and thrilling incidents worth knowing throughout the country.

A VALUABLE GIFT.

Each new subscriber will receive with the first No. of his or her paper one of the new and beautiful glass pointed indelible Pencils,* just imported from Europe, and for which we have obtained the exclusive agency for this country. This is the most ingenious and useful little improvement of the present age, and is the only pencil ever made that will write with ink, making it both a pen and a pencil of the finest quality at the same time. It will last for years, and for practical use is worth more than any gold pen in the market.

For list of premiums and full particulars, address
HALL & WEST, Publishers,
sep 5—2m New York City.
*These Pencils supplied to the trade at a profitable discount.

HATS—Just received per steamer of Thursday a supply of beautiful and new style Webster Hats, for gentlemen
G. C. MACKEY.
ju 11

FLY NETTS—Another lot of Horse Nets—assorted colors, just received at
J. RASIN'S.
aug 15

HOOPS, HOOPS.—Brass, Reed and Whalebone—a large assortment just received at
J RASIN'S.
aug 15

VIVIA, or the SECRET of POWER, just published—for sale by
CHAS. ROBINSON.
june 27

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

WHAT'S A FAIR AND NOBLE FACE!

What's a fair and noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see!
Eyes may catch from heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby light recall;
In the home of love to dwell,
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me Virtue's rose to trace
Honor's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face.
Beauty is where these are seen?
Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall!
In the home for love we know
One good feeling's worth them all!

For the Easton Gazette.

TRUSTING, BELIEVING AND BETRAYING.

"Let all thy homage be to wisdom paid,
Seek her protection and implore her aid,
That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
And turn thy footsteps from the harlots door,
Who with curs'd charms, lures the unwary ire,
And sooths with flattery their souls to dire."

The wisest and most able of men in his lessons of instruction to his son, dwells upon no vice or folly so emphatically as that which arises from the fatal effects of connection with a wicked woman; and above occur the lines of a poetical translation from his proverbs as a motto to the fall of a man, who was a remarkable instance of the evil consequences of being too easily led astray and too willing to give credit to the alluring speeches and charms of an abandoned woman. There are paths which beset the feet of the unwary, and enticements too strong, often shown in our large cities, to the unimitiated, which causes them to rush headlong into a scrape, from which there is often a very hard way of escaping. Remember, young 'un's, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." But to the tale:—William Vauce (but of course this was not his name) was one of those quiet, simple beings whose nature in an indolent moment formed; with just sense enough to perform the ordinary functions of life, but to move not a step farther. Stranger to wrong or dissimulation, he believed all the world of the same innocent disposition of himself, and as he neither did nor intended injury to mortal, so he had hitherto received none; he had just genius sufficient to acquire his trade, which was a tailor, to whom he had been apprenticed at the age of fourteen by his parents, whose ambition reached no further than barely to give him a trade, and then let him shift for himself. The seven years went over his head without much trouble, care, or sickness, and at the end of that time he found himself free, to himself and to the world; just one and twenty years of age, and in his own phrase "a loose clean fellow." His person was to be sure uncouth enough, and his countenance as vacant as you please, but still extremely honest, and such a simplicity of manners accompanied all his actions as told you at once that he was not the wisest man in the world; a loose clear fellow, one and twenty years of age. Free to all the world, what was to be done? Some evil genius whispered him in an unlucky moment, "Billy improve yourself;" the fool caught fire directly, and as no place is so capable of improving a young man as a large city, where merit is sure to be rewarded, and industry encouraged, my poor friend resolved to repair immediately to the city, and there improve himself in his business, and consequently in his manner and person.—We commonly reckon upon these occasions without our host, and indeed so it fell out here, for upon a cool review of his place, he found, to his great disappointment that he wanted shirts and several other necessaries, and as 'twas probable that he might not get employment directly in town, a small fund would be requisite to support him until he could get work to do. Friends, he had none—parents, out of the question, and he had not a soul to assist him in this exigency. However, after much consultation with himself upon the point he resolved, and many a sigh that resolution cost, to remain another year with his present master, and endeavor to save as much in the course of it as would be requisite to accomplish his design—the year passed tediously away—it was longer than the other seven—his goose bore faithful testimony to every gay of it, for he had faithfully scored them all upon the handle of it: however he persevered, and the last joyful night saw him in possession of twenty-five dollars, senty-five cents, after paying up all back dues. With this money he purchased the cloth for a new coat, pants and vest. Small clothes—four shirts, three pair of stockings, two handkerchiefs, and a hat. You see I am exact in his ward robe (*for he, like a great many other country people, can't keep their own secrets, much less other peoples', and lovingly delights in telling what belongs to him*) and moreover to be exact, in the arm of an old leathern glove was deposited six dollars, thirty one and a quarter cents (this was before the old currency had depreciated) as a provision against the day of adversity. [illegible] man was happier, and he returned than[illegible] thousand times to the Almighty for [illegible]ness to him, (he like countrymen generally, attended meeting regularly) and resolved to set out the very next day as on[illegible] the promised land. The evening previous to his departure he took a personal leave, it being "camp meeting time," of all his acquaintance. His heart was full to bursting, and the only way he had to refrain from shedding tears, was by taking an often repeated swallow out of a very suspicious looking long neck, dark colored bottle, which he had on the label, "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." This fluid from its starting (I speak not from experience, not knowing how that particular "Balm" tasted) kept up a dryness in the faces, and thereby required a repeated moistening from a pail of what was intended for water, and of course his feelings were considerably taken up in ministering to his wants. Not leaving him time enough to dry his eyes, he had remorse of conscience in parting with his friends, he also enjoyed some inward unaccountable forebodings that all would not go well with him. May be that was the reason, he so often, with an invitation from his acquaintances inhaled the oder from the bottle of the Balm. This or some other must have been the reason for his doing so, as I have had none to tell me that they *irrigate* simply from the love of the taste. However, regardless of all superstitious presentiment, he rose next day with the sun, and getting his clothes into a little wallet, which he had wisely made for that purpose, slung it across his shoulder, and made tracks for the schooner Fancy—Capt. —. He stopped a few moments on his way through the village to take a long farewell, and to take a parting look at every spot where he had passed so many happy hours; his resolution was beginning to stagger—but a vigorous *hem* dispersed the whole, he grasped his wallet tightly, and pushed smartly forward—the day was excessively warm, it being August, the road muddy, and the sun shining at his full height and vigor, his skin was almost parched from his face—his hat rim being so narrow. The vessel had a tedious passage, and by the time he got to the city his face was as raw as a piece of beef steak undone. About sunset on the second day, he found himself on the wharf in the city, taking his carpet bag in his hand, he started, bid all the crew goodbye, and off he goes up the main street; passing up three squares, he stopped on the corner—and had he just descended from the clouds, he would not have been more at a loss what to do, and where to go—he was far from home, and a stranger to every face he saw He wandered along, without knowing what he sought, or where he was going to until he reached B— street, a place famous for infamous women; then he stopped a few moments to take a view of the fine houses, signs, omnibusses, horses, above all of the beautiful women which he saw there; for he dreaded to be run over if he stood in any other of the populous streets through which he passed. At that moment a demirep who was upon the watch for game, from one of her windows, perceived the unfortunate wanderer, and pitched upon him as a proper object to make a prey of, so with a good natured voice and manner, accosted him with the flattering epithet of cousin. Transported at hearing the voice of a friend, a relation in such a place where he was not wanted and so little expected it, he looked for the person who addressed him in vain. Again she repeated the friendly call, and again he listened. She redoubled the strength of her voice,—

"Yet still
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth that testify'd surprise."

I shall certainly find it now, thought he, beginning with his eyes at the lower windows, and traversing carefully from right to left with the nicest caution, until he perceived his fair friend leaning towards him from the second story window—he could not possibly believe that so fine a lady should be his relation, till another friendly call, accompanied with a kind enquiry for his health, convinced him that it was but too true. Very hearty, madam, at your service, returned Billy, making one of his lowest bows; in the performance of which he pulled off his hat; bless me, quoth she, though I knew you the moment I saw you I did not expect to find you looking so well, you have grown almost out of my knowledge: upon my word you are a likely young fellow, but indeed I can't call your name exactly, you so favor my other relations. He was so badly burnt by the sun that it was impossible for his face to show a blush, but still, if possible, it grew a shade redder, and he blundered out Billy Vauce, with submission madam. Oh, my God; and so it is; said she, but I am the most forgetful creature breathing—upon my life I sometimes forget my husbands name; but my dear cousin Billy I am so glad to see you, and you look so well, won't you walk in and rest a moment? That I will do and welcome, replied the calf, who was hungry, dry, and tired. Down mistress ran directly, and with a word of haste the door flew upon to receive the unfortunate wanderer. Mercy upon the tailor, for he is on the brink of destruction, oh, for some pity, and to turn him aside, or some charitable heart to warn him of his fate! It is all over, he has got in, and the sink of iniquity has closed upon him.

CHAPTER II.

"Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of the impending blow.
Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,
That skillful fowlers for his life prepare."

Better for thee, thou poor luckless devil, that thou hads't entered the inquisition; perchance thy simple harmless countenance had recommended these to compassion there; but it is to that simple vacuity of face which thou art indebted for the evils which are now preparing to light upon thee this movement. O thou wise and merciful creator, has it for some good purpose,—(but why should we entertain a doubt of thy intentions)—that thou hast found those destructive abandoned beings without some mark of distinction whereby they might be known and avoided, or why, like law, did'st thou not furnish them with a badge, too visible to be mistaken; how many then would escape a world of disgust, danger and mercy; but, it is in vain now to wish it had been so, had it seemed good to thee, thou had'st undoubtedly ordained it so.

Poor Billy lays down his wallet and stick, and is resting his weary body, while his affectionate friend is preparing a morsel of refreshment for *her cousin*. While it was getting ready, with a world of cunning she drew from him the names of every person in the village and surrounding country, with the names of many she had some acquaintance Lord! she would cry, how does my gossip, (a most unusual thing) pshaw I forget her name,—may be it is such a one Billy would answer, never reflecting he was betraying himself all the time,—the very one quoth she, dear and is he very well!—pure and hearty was sure to be the reply? Thus she went on until she had discovered not only his present business to town, but the names of all of his acquaintances with whom she had no acquaintance, insomuch that he believed verily she was his cousin, and persuaded himself that he had seen her somewhere, for now was it possible she could know him out of his mother, if she was not acquainted formerly with them both; in fact he settled the point so effectually, that he set himself down perfectly satisfied that it was so, and that it was providence itself that conducted him to her so seasonably.

His meal having been finished, a fine glass of lemon punch made remarkably strong with the "Balm" made its appearance, Billy all the while blessing his stars for his good luck, little dreaming what was to follow. However, night or rather darkness drew on apace, and there was no provision made for a bed, his favorite maxim was: "It is good to be bold but not too bold,"—of course he could not think of troubling his cousin so far upon his first visit; so taking up his wallett and stick, told her that he found himself getting sleepy, and that he was going out to look for a lodging, as it might not be convenient to her to supply him with a bed;—why, troth cousin Billy, said she, casting her eye at the bed, which was in the far corner of the room, I have but one bed but make yourself easy, for you shan't leave this night. Billy was naturally modest, but of all things could not bear the thought of sleeping with his cousin, and endeavored to excuse himself as well as he could, but to no purpose.

It was ten o'clock, and Billy humbly moved for permission to go to rest,—which was as readily granted, and madam getting behind the shelter of the far curtain, began to strip as quick as possible, and desired him to do the same. In five minutes he was in *fresco*, and on the point of stepping into bed, when his fair bed-fellow, removing her screen, began a long string of economy, relative to the expense attending wasting in the city, concluding it with requesting him to throw off his shirts, that it might serve him for some days longer clean; as he should now appear decent, and learn to be frugal. This was the most difficult task of all, but it was in vain to argue, he was over-ruled,—he was just lying down when a violent knocking was heard below stairs. Lord defend me! exclaimed madam, seemingly terrified to death, what shall become of me? here is my husband—(while she was getting Billy something to eat, she had argued with her gallant to surprise them in this manner at a certain signal) what shall become of us both, he will sacrifice me, and there will be murder committed; as I live and breathe, we shall both be destroyed,—what was to be done! he was already at the stairfoot, and the door of the chamber open fronting the stairs directly. There was no escaping, conceive, reader, for without it I can never describe the situation of the novice, who lay trembling, in more misery than he had ever been by being burnt with his goose, and the perspiration breaking out from every pore of his body, expecting instant death every moment. He trembled over his prayers, and said them false through fear, kept continually repeating "now I lay me down to sleep," this moment he thought on heaven, and the next on his dear county. He called upon God, his father and mother, in the same breath; fully resolving never to go to bed with his cousin or any other relation while he lived, if he escaped this time, to set foot in so cursed a place. The woman at last, with a great deal of joy told him she had but one plan for saving both their lives: My husband is, said she, a statuary, and deals in Plaster of Paris, so that do you fix yourself behind that chair, and move not a limb; nor wink an eye, and he will take you for a piece that he left me to do when he was going out. Transported at the thought of saving his life, poor Billy was all obedience, and planted himself as directed, behind a chair just opposite the door, where he was scarcely fixed, until a great swaggering bully bolted into the room, and with a surly voice enquired of his wife what she had been doing during his absence. Why, indeed, my love said she, I believe you will say this time that I have not been idle when you look at what I have done. I have finished that piece you set me about since you went out (pointing to poor unfortunate Billy who did not so much as dare to draw his breath, nor move his eye balls, for fear of discovery.) Why, yes, you have been very expeditious, replied the husband, and faith you have done it very well too. He walked to the right, ey'd the supposed piece narrowly; then to the left, hummed a tune (Jordan am a hard road), eyed it then *en gaze* next *en profile* shut one eye, drew out a rule, looked first at it, then at the statue and hummed again. What was thy situation, oh unfortunate tailor! or how shall I attempt to describe it. No simile will give a description of it. It exceeds all description. I have seen a man in every position of fear, I have seen a mouse in the same predicament, but never did I see nor hear of anything, rational or irrational, so situated as you were. In this situation we leave you for the

CHAPTER III.

Poor Billy seated vis a vis with him you dreaded more than all the world beside, to suppress all your feelings, and to put a momentary period to the very motions of nature,—hard task to personate a lifeless statue, at a time when so many passions tore your unfortunate frame; to meet his eyes full, yet shew no signs of sensibility of life How did'st thou suppress the palpitation of the heart, or command thy countenance, which was every moment ready to betray thee by an involuntary convulsion. Well, after much examination and some connoisseur jargon he declared it to be extremely well done, but, my dear, said he, looking side ways at it, don't you think that the nose is rather too much swolen. however, I can remedy that. Did you see my large painting knife since I got it ground, said he, stopping as it were to look for it.—Billy now indeed gave himself up for lost, but seeing the door just opposite him lie open, he determined to make one desperate effort and save his life. So summoning all his strength and resolution up, as the artist stooped in search of his instrument, and making one vigorous spring over chair and all, flung himself head foremost from the top to the bottom of the stairs, battered and bruised from head to foot, two strides from thence brought him into the street, through which he ran, like a naked savage, without minding who he met, for he took all the world at that moment for his enemy, and expecting every moment to be pursued, nor did he abate his speed until he fell from pure exhaustion, where he remained all night, and in the morning found himself naked as he was born, with all his long-earned provision lost for ever: upon the whole, however, he could not forbear giving the Almighty thanks for enabling him to escape with life and limb, though there were few steps of the stairs down which he had rolled but had left a memento on his ribs, which were battered dreadfully and black and blue. He looked in vain for a cottage to shelter himself in, or the face of a christian to whom he might look for succor, and he was fain to sit down under a hedge until the day was now advanced. He had sat about two hours in his new asylum, when a drover, looking up some stray cattle, perceived poor Billy, our unfortunate countryman, like a wild Indian, with his head leaning on his hands, and then on his knees, and he all of a heap. With cautions steps the drover approached him, but scarce had he got within a dozen yards of him, when Billy, whose mind was still full of pursuit, bounded up, alarmed by the rustling of the leaves, and with the vigor of a deer ran across the field, full sure that he was undone forever, for his imagination had, upon first sight, converted the drover into a constable, and his long pole into a gun, with which he expected every moment to be shot down. From the field he betook himself to the wood, and from the wood to a thick hedge of willows, into which he pushed regardless of the briars which at every step brought the blood.—From the briars and willows he got into the highway, and thence into a pile of corn, over which he dashed pell mell, until quite spent and breathless; he reached a little cottage the dogs of which would have probably torn him to pieces, had not an old man who belonged to it rescued the unfortunate tailor; the old man was moved with compassion towards him, and concluded immediately that he was a deserter from the fort, who had been newly flogged, and was making his escape. And well he might, for the bushes through which he had run had left his body in gore; he therefore requested him to go in with him, and that he would shelter him until the danger was over, concluding with a benediction or rather malediction, on all unmerciful officers who could find in their hearts to use their fellow creatures so cruelly The unfortunate tailor understood directly what it was he ment, so without more to do, told his whole story, from his leaving the shore to the present moment, recounting his misfortunes so feelingly, that he wrought upon the old man to bestow an old set of garments to cover his nakedness, which he keeps as an heir loom in the family of his father. The same day he sought a visit in which to return, and after arriving safely, he firmly protested never while he lived again to set foot in a place where he had been so badly treated. Let this be a lesson to all heedless, giddy youths, how they credit the words of a deceiving creature in female apparel, lest like Billy Vauce, they repent of their credulity when it is too late—may his misfortunes teach them to be more circumspect, and may they

Guard their hearts
Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts:
With care direct their steps, nor turn astray,
To tread the paths of her deceitful way;
Lest they, too late, of her full power complain,
And fall when many mightier have been slain.

Bay Side. P.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (Kansas,) 9 mo. 17th, 1857.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—On my return here on the 3d, after an absence on the Kickapoo lands, I found an intense excitement existing in this place from the arrest of parties for a supposed murder. A vigilance committee was formed to investigate the case, but there not being sufficient evidence to commit the parties they were discharged. On the evening of the first day's examination they were returned to prison, which was immediately attacked by an excited and infuriated mob for the purpose of lynching them, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers, assisted by the law and order-loving portion of the citizens, could restrain them and save the city another lynching affair.

On the 7th the election for Mayor and city council took place, and was warmly contested, but resulted in the election of the Free State ticket by 277 majority. It showes a great change in this place in the last twelve months.

Lots that were offered and could have been bought twelve months ago for $300, now sell for four and five thousand dollars. Business here is at present rather dull—The fall emigration is coming in slowly, and the all absorbing question is the fall election; the result of which is not only anxiously looked for by the citizens of the Territory, but by the citizens of our whole Union. This election will be warmly contested and the campaign is now freely open. The national democracy and their candidate, Ex-Gov. Runson, says that slavery is not now the issue, and they appeal to the Free State democrats, to the Old Line whigs (that much abused party) and to all opposed to the Republican party to rally under their banner.

The Free State party and their candidate, Marcus J. Parrot, say that the only issue now in Kansas is, shall she be a free or slave State.

The constitutional convention organized at Lecompton on the eighth—by the election of John Calhoun for President. Calhoun is an advocate for submitting the constitution when framed to a vote of the people, and if elected may be taken as a criterion as to the feelings of a majority of that convention.

A resolution was adopted that the members of the convention should take an oath or affirmation to support the constitution of the United States and the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

The following prayer was delivered by the Chaplain, on the assembling of the convention, and is probably more brief than ever delivered on a similar occasion:

"May the Lord in his infinite wisdom, imbue this convention and each of its members with the same spirit which he imbued Washington, Jefferson, Adams and the immortal Patrick Henry."

After the appointment of seventeen standing committees of five each, to report to the convention upon the several heads of the constitution, the convention adjourned until after the election, the result of which will have an effect upon their future actions.

Gov. Cummings and the troops for Utah, leave Fort Leavenworth this morning.
K.

For the Gazette.

SOLD.

In the city of Baltimore, on the 30th of July, 1857, the fossil remains of the old Democratic party of Maryland. Purchaser—John C. Groome, (Old Line Whig) of Cecil county.

The terms of this sale, though signed and sealed, are kept in as much secrecy as possible. They are, however, understood to be to the effect that the said John C. Groome, for and in consideration of the services of the Democracy, agrees to give to said Democracy, in case of his election, a liberal share of the Governor's patronage. In case there are not enough Old Line Whigs voting for said Groome to fill a moiety of the offices, (which is considered extremely doubtful) then the Democracy will fare better than the terms of sale prescribed.

This sale was in contemplation some time time before it actually took place; and, as the bidders were few, the bargain was finally consummated upon terms not altogether satisfactory to some of the "faithful." The fact is, the Democratic party, once so powerful in Maryland has become so suddenly and so overwhelmingly defunct, that a large number of its members can scarcely realize their position. Accustomed to victory and to a monopoly of the spoils, it goes hard with them to be compelled to share only a portion of the crumbs falling from the public crib. But the managers of the party reason in this wise: "We are in a hopeless minority in the State—*certain legal gentlemen* who have recently joined our party having ruined it. To be candid, the 'concern' don't pay; and, as our object is office—a plank to that effect being understood in all our platforms—we had better sell out to the best advantage. It is a forlorn hope any way, and therefore should be led by an Old Line Whig. *It would be a pity to sacrifice a good Democrat in such a contest.*"

But there are many Democrats who do not relish this kind of logic. They don't like the idea of being *sold*; neither do they like the purchaser. It is bad enough, *to a Democrat*, to be compelled to give up a portion of the spoils of office—but to be sold out to an "unretracting, unrecanting" Federal Whig, is a humiliation that some of them cannot and will not bear. As a consequence, there are already signs of kicking in the traces.

This is now the position of the once dominant party of Maryland. "What a falling off is there."

Two years ago the same party reared its proud front in our State, and defied all opposition. Elated with its former successes, it cared not for Whig support, and it looked upon the "dark lantern party" as an association not worthy of its prowess. Its members had faltered on the public offices of Maryland for so long a period that they thought themselves invincible. Then it was that we heard the cry that the American movement was "a Whig trick." Democrats were warned not to join the American party on this ground. Nay, they were begged and persuaded, and when these means would not answer, they were threatened with anathemas if they dared to enter a Know Nothing Lodge. But now the time is changed. "Othello's vocation" is gone." Democracy now lauds the name of Henry Clay, and actually sells itself to a few men, whom, years ago, it denounced as "Federal Whigs."

Will the people of Maryland ratify the terms of this sale? We answer emphatically—NO! The spirit of 1856 is abroad, and it will sweep our State as an avalanche. It will bear Thomas Holliday Hicks—aye "Constable Hicks"—into the White House on the Bay Shore, by a majority unparalled in the annals of good old Maryland!

St. Michaels, Sep. 22, 1856. M.

BURNT ALIVE.—Copen's brick kiln, of Parkersburg, Va., was the scene of a most distressing casualty on Friday last, when one of the props giving way, a portion of the kiln fell down, striking a German laborer and almost burying him beneath the fiery mats. His comrades came promptly to his rescue, but so deep and tightly was he imbedded in the glowing pile that they were unable to extricate him until some of the bricks had been removed from about his lower extremities. He was literally roasted alive.

A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady a few days since: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots'" The lady recovered immediately.

GLORY.—The red fire that lights up the theatre of war.