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, NOVEMBER 28, 1857. No. 50.

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 contracted with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

A CARD.

DR. J. R. ANDRE thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him, hopes to merit a continuance of the same. When not on professional business he may always be found at his office, at the Chapel, Chapel District. [ma 16-tf

A. P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.

WILL practice in Talbot, Queen Anne's and Caroline counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted him. Will pay particular attention to the collection of claims and the sale of property, both real and personal. [ja 4-6m

BARGAIN IN LIME.

COULTER, Annapolis, has on hand a large quantity of very superior LIME which he will sell and deliver at 7 cents per bushel, between this and the 1st of October. After the 1st of October, he will sell at Baltimore prices. [aug 15-tf

GENERAL AGENCY.

THE subscriber offers his services for the purchase or sale of Personal or Real Estate of every kind and description. He has made arrangements in Pennsylvania, New Jersey & Delaware, by which purchasers for real estate can be secured. Terms moderate, and strict attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
mar 21-tf SAML. HARPER.

TO THE FARMERS
OF TALBOT COUNTY.

WE would beg leave to announce to the Farmers and all others interested, that our stock of heavy *Full'd Cloths; Cassinetts; Tweeds; Linseys, Strip'd and Plain; Shirtings, Strip'd and Plain; Blankets, &c., &c.*, is now full and complete, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. Call and examine for yourselves.
oct 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

DENTISTRY.

DR. N. Z. SKINNER would most respectfully inform the citizens of Talbot county that he is now at his father's residence, 'Rose Cottage,' Ferry Neck, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Talbot as well as the adjacent counties. He works up artificial teeth on Gold, Silver, and Platina Plate at the lowest prices. A line addressed to him at the Royal Oak will meet with prompt attention.
ma 16-tf

TO FARMERS.

THE subscriber has just returned from the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia with a large supply of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

some very heavy, particularly adapted to Servants and field laborers, which having been bought for cash, will be sold at a small advance. Farmers may save money by calling and making their purchases. oct 3 G. C. MACKEY.

A CARD
TO THE LADIES,

WE would most respectfully announce to the Ladies that our stock of Dress Goods, Black and Fancy Silks; French and English Mazinos; Shaded and Plain Cashmeres; Plain and figured Moslin De Laines; Mexican Mohair Mixtures; Winter Challis, De Baiges, &c., are ready for exhibition, and which we shall take great pleasure in showing. Please call and examine them ladies; we feel confident you cannot fail to be pleased. oct. 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

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.
jan 3-tf HENRY M. NICOLS.

EASTON STEAM MILL
IN FULL OPERATION.

TUNIS' new Brick STEAM MILL, at the North end of Washington street, having been so far completed as to enable him to grind Wheat and Corn, and intending to give his personal attention, customers will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

All grain sent to his mill will be charged One-Eighth Toll, and no more.

Meal and Flour sold at the Mill wholesale and retail, for cash only.
oct 10-tf JOHN H. TUNIS.

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. P. B.

National Police Gazette.

THIS Grand Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Twelfth Year, and is widely circulated throughout the country. It contains all the Great Trials, Criminal Cases, and appropriate Editorials on the same, together with information on Criminal Matters, not to be found in any other newspaper.

☞ Subscriptions, $2 per annum; $1, for six Months, to be remitted by Subscribers, (who should write their names and the town, county and state where they reside plainly.)

To R. A. SEYMOUR,
Editor and Proprietor of the
ap25 tf National Police Gazette, N. Y. City.

RESUMPTION OF TRIPS.

The Schooner Bucephelus,

Capt. CHAMBERS, is now running her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore for the accommodation of Farmers, Merchants and others—leaving Easton every Wednesday and Baltimore every Saturday. Freight as before. *No Orders attended to unless accompanyed by the Cash.*

—Orders and letters left in my box, at the Drug Store of Dawson & Bro., Easton, will be attended to. Messrs. Robson & Godwin, Agents. No. 6, Bowley's Wharf, Baltimore.
apr 11-tf S N. E. NICOLS.

P. S.—Messrs. Dawson & Bro. will receive the Cash accompanying Orders in my absence.
N. E. N.

WINES—Champaigne, Claret, Port, old Madeira, Sherry, Lisbon, and Malaga Wines, warranted pure, for sale by
sep 12 H. C MACKEY.

CONCENTRATED LYE—One case of this *cheap* and *convenient* article for making hard or soft soap just received by
oct 17 DAWSON & BRO.

BLACK ENGLISH CREPE—of very superior quality, in store and for sale by
aug 15 J. RASIN

For the Easton Gazette.

AMERICA'S DEAD.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Our glorious dead! they strew the ground
Where'er our country's flag is found,
O'er Southern plains, on Northern hills,
In Western wilds, by trickling rills
They sleep in death, yet to the free
Their names are dear as liberty—
May tyrant's rage o'ercloud our head,
When we forget our glorious dead.

Their manly forms lie 'neath the sod,
Their spirits free now rest with God,
While we their children still proclaim
The glory of our father's fame;
They fought, they bled for freedom's boon,
They gained the prize, but ah, too soon
Death sought them out with right hand red,
And we now mourn our glorious dead.

Yet we their mem'ry still cherish,
And WILL tho' all else should perish;
Will sing their worth, their glory tell,
Showing the spot where firm they fell,
And dying left a legacy
The gift of priceless liberty—
And tho' they sleep in earthly bed
We'll not forget our glorious dead.

Decendants of those noble sires,
E'er cherish in your hearts the fires
Of freedom, honor, priceless fame,
Bequeathed us with our father's name,
And emulate their noble deeds,
Keeping intact the valued meeds
For which they fought, and freely bled,—
Then calmly laid them with the dead.

[From the New York Weekly Dispatch.]

ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES.

AN INCIDENT IN FREEMASONRY.

BY ROB MORRIS.

It was in August, 1818, as the shipping lists show, that the schooner Brilliant sailed from Barbadoes to Rio Janeiro, with a cargo of such products as the tropics yield for the benefit of less-favored climes. The inlets of all the West India islands at that period were infested with bands of marauders, who seized upon every opportunity to attack the traders. Their usual method was to lie prone on the sand beaches and watch a passing vessel until a calm would ensue, then to dash out in their small boats, made for such expeditions, capture the defenceless craft, murder the crew, hurry the most valuable portions of the cargoes ashore to places of concealment, and close up their work of carnage by setting the unfortunate vessel on fire. Sometimes they pursued another method. Marking the position of a coaster when she cast anchor for the night, they waited for the hours of darkness and security; then, when the crew were sleeping off the fatigues of the day, guarded by a solitary sentinel, they drew nigh with muffled oars, surrounded the doomed vessel on all sides, and, at a given signal, burst upon her with the wrath of a typhoon. Before half the crew could could tumble up for defence, they had carried all before them by boarding, and the work was done.

In almost every case the piratical axiom. "Dead men tell no tales," was an admitted rule. Nothing but an absolute enlistment in the ranks of the buccaneers saved the prisoner's life, nor was this poor privilege often vouchsafed to the captives—to the officers of vessels, never. The females were reserved for that fate worse, oh, how much worse than death!—that fate to escape which a brave British officer, a few weeks since, when overpower'd by the insurrectionaries, put his own wife to death, to preserve her from the Sepoys. So general was the dread of capture among females, that numerous instances are on record where fathers slew their daughters, husbands their wives, brothers their sisters, rather than subject them to the ordeal of bandit lust.

The Brilliant spread her canvas to the breeze, and short and profitable was her trip to the destined port. Loaded for the return voyage, her bow was pointed northward, while the hearts of officers and men bounded with the hopes of a speedy and safe conclusion to the expedition. There is something, it must be admitted, in the idea of a well-built, well-rigged, well-conditioned craft, attractive to the eye—how much more to the eye of a seaman. He views it as the perfect working art of a plan from the laying down of the keel to the knotting the last fastening in the running gear. This is the secret of that intense affection for his ship which is so characteristic of the mariner. The consideration of speculative architecture awakens the same emotion within him that excited the Freemasons of former days in viewing the details of practical architecture. And this analogy helps to explain the fact which purblind historians have left in darkness, that the Phœnicians, first of sailors, were likewise first of builders, renowned for the strength of their fraternal links, the basis of the Solomonic Masonry. On this principle, handicraft, there is a confraternity of *labor* in all nations.

But the schooner Brilliant was destined to illustrate something more than handicraft or operative Masonry ere she reached her port; and although great perils were in her way, we shall see that a greater triumph was in store for her. *Via crusis, via lucis.*

Among the officers was a gentleman whose name we shall narrow down to the humble initial B. This young man, afterwards a member of the Masonic fraternity, and as such first among his equals, was at that time passing through a season of experience, the results of which were not only to implant useful thoughts, but eradicate conventional errors. His errors of education related chiefly to Freemasonry, in relation to which he had imbibed a strong distrust. The few instances of Masonic application which had fallen under his notice had unfortunately been of the darker shade, and Mr. B, though not perhaps ostensively an Anti-Mason was so much an opponent of the Order in the circle of his influence as to prove a serious detriment to its advancement there.

Capt. Vincent, who was in charge of the schooner, was a plain Englishman, whose highest aspirations were in the successful management of his vessel. Between him and his supercargo existed as little sympathy as a total diversity of taste, habit and experience could create.

Towards the close of a day, the wind being fair for port, the crew were strolling about the deck in that unoccupied, listless manner so customary with the class. In the midst of this vacancy of thought and employment, the captain was observed to look attentively in one direction, and then he called down the gangway, "A suspicious sail to windward, Mr. B., and looks much like a freeboter." This startling announcement cut short all day-naps and fancies, and brought the supercaego on deck. There was a vessel a few miles to windward, with all her wings spread, steering straight as the crow flies, right to the Brilliant. This left few doubts as to her evil intention, and those were soon dissipated, for the report of a gun and the sight of a cannon ball skipping but a cable's length ahead were evidences too clear for conjecture The Brilliant instantly hove to, just as another iron messenger was aimed to strike her nearer home. Then the naked gaff was furnished with a large flag which, being unrolled, displayed the awful *skull and crossbones*, fit emblems of the pirate's calling. A general paleness was diffused over every countenance in the schooner. The boldest hearts shrunk. Thoughts of friends intermingled with the horrors that appeared to await them. The old captain, with an impatient stamp and a muttered curse, turned to the crew and cautioned them: "No resistance, lads; no resistance, and no concealment.—Give the blackguards all they ask for, and possibly they may let us off with that; but it was evident he lacked the comfort of his own words, and antic pated little mercy.—The Supercargo went below to arrange his papers, and returned bringing up the manifest of the schooner's cargo just as the pirate captain and a score of his crew came up the side. A murderous band they were. Of all nations, the chosen outcasts; of all tongues, the foulest of speech; their malicious eyes and ferocious words spoke of nothing but death, the horrid symbol of their trade. Heavy cutlasses gleamed in their hands, rows of pistols bristled from their belts, poignards protruded from their breasts, while the scars visible on all the exposed portions of their bodies and limbs told of many a murderous conflict with lead and steel, where the weakest went to the wall.

The first orders of their chief was an index to their designs. While one of his subordinates went to the helm and a part broke up the hatchway and commenced hoisting out the cargo, the remainder seized the officers and crew of the schooner, bound their necks. Then they waited the signal of the captain to swing them aloft.

The time which passed while those doomed men stood thus, well-nigh strangled, intentionally jostled from time to time by their tormentors, and expecting that each moment would be their last, was the most painful in their lives. It was the very agony of death. The display of the manifest in the supercargo's hand had not preserved him from the general fate; the pirate only glanced scornfully at the paper, and unable to read English, cast it upon the deck.

But it so happened that amongst other boxes brought from the hold was a large chest. This being wrenched open was found to contain in addition to men's clothing and other matters, a Mason's apron, a diploma or traveling certificate, and other paraphernalia of the Order. The pirate's eye fell on these, and he inquired in Spanish, with a loud voice:

"Whose box is this?"

No one on board save Mr. B. understood that tongue; he replied as well as his strangled condition would permit that it was the captain's private chest. A signal from the pirate, and both the captain and Mr. B. were cut down and sent below, where the former soon joined them.

In the dim twilight of the cabin Mr. B. could only see that the pirate chief threw himself into an unusual position, and that the captain of the schooner imitated it. To his surprise then the former, with a yell more like that of a brute than the voice of a man, threw his arms passionately around the captain's neck, embraced and kissed him. After a moment he disengaged himself, stepped a pace back, and turning to the supercargo demanded:

"Why didn't he let me know at first?"

To this Captain Vincent could make no other reply than to say, with stammering tongue and shamefacedness:

"That it did not occur to him. He forgot all about it. He was so confused that he didn't think of it."

To this the pirate responded, with flashing eyes and his mouth churning foam and fury, by stepping up furiously to him, and, with a blow on his head, felling him to the floor.

The mood passed off as suddenly. He raised him kindly and kissed him; after which he ordered Mr. B., with the most furious curses in the Spanish language, so prolific in blasphemous and obscene expressions, to say to him "That he well nigh caused me to break my obligations; and that never, no never, so long as he lived, should he lead a brother Mason so nearly into evil again!" All this time the fondest words and embraces were lavished and blended with such fierce threats and awful imprecations, as well nigh cause the terrified bearers to lose their senses on the spot.

All this time the half-strangled mate and sailors were left in expectation of death.—But now the pilate went on deck, followed by the others, and ordered them to be cast loose. He also commanded further pillage to cease; and, not satisfied with that, directed that the boats which were lying alongside, filled with specie and choicest portions of the cargo, should be unloaded. Nay, one of the boats, which had got half way to the freeboter's vessel, was recalled for the same purpose. The pirates were called up from below, and the hatches replaced, chests and boxes were covered, and all things reinstated, though in great haste, as at first.

This being accomplished, the pirate chief approached Captain Vincent, and taking his hand with the most touching affection, his eyes filled with tears, assured him through the interpreter, "that he loved him as a brother; that it was not his fault the mischief had gone so far, for had he been aware of the Masonic relationship he would have forfeited his life rather than harm his brother." He then declared that he would willingly depart without another word, only that his crew were short of provisions, and he must ask the favor of a few barrels of meat and some vegetables, for which he would give an order on a Havana house in payment.—It is needless to say that the ship's stores were freely opened, and that the offer of payment was indignantly spurned. Then a parting glass was drunk by the brothers, and, with a last embrace, and many a fraternal word, the ferocious visitor, softened to the meekness of the lamb, departed with his crew.

But then so anxious was this strange mortal to prove his friendship, that after reaching his own vessel he hailed the schooner and ordered her to lie to until he could write her a protection. This document was sent back to Capt. Vincent, and then the two vessels separated with mutual cheers.

This paper expressed in brief terms "that the schooner Brilliant, Capt. Vincent, had been overhauled by him at such a date, in such a latitude and longitude, and that she was exempt from further enquiry by the Free Rovers." The paper was marked with some mystic devices in the margin, and the signature was embellished with a display of those ornaments of penmanship with which Spanish writers adorn their names.

No further accident attended the Brilliant's voyage. But sitting together in the cabin at their evening meal, the supercargo, whose curiosity was, of course, greatly excited, asked his companion what the thing ment, and what had changed the pirate's mind so greatly?

"It was Freemasonry," responded the captain; "the pirate was a Freemason, that's all; and he dared not harm me or steal my property."

Observing a look of distrust on Mr. B.'s face, he exhibited to him the paraphernalia in the chest, and comparing the emblematic devices upon them with those on the pirate's "protection" convinced him that the statement was true, and that the preservation of the schooner and her crew was due solely to this masonic recognition. It is unnecessary to add that this one practical instance of Masonic faith removed many doubts from Mr. B.'s mind, and led him, ere twice the morn had waxed and waned, to commence the mystic journey traveled by so many generations of the wise and good before him.

No intelligence was ever received by our friends of the Pirate Chief with whom they had so strangely been brought in contact; but in his ferocious and demonical career, unmasonic and inhuman it was, there existed, nevertheless, one green spot which, in his gloomy pauses, might have yielded him a ray of comfort, if, peradventure, it excited a gleam of penitence—the memory of Freemasonry. And the thought that by its prompting he was induced to spare so many lives, could but be a pleasing reflection to one who had so little to cheer or gratify his mind.

In relating an incident where Masonry is represented in the possession of pirates, it may be expected that we should explain to the moral readers by what right that abandoned class enter our sacred precincts.—The wonder does not lie in the fact that pirates acknowledge a Masonic appeal when made in their view, but in the circumstance of their understanding such an appeal at all.

Novelists, like Marryatt in his "Peter Simple," may describe one of the most abandoned jail-birds in England as *the Master of a lodge*, for they are not expected to know more of such matters than they can consume in manufacturing "thrilling tales" and "sketches from real life." Others, whose opinion of Masonry is expressed in the word "claptrap" (see Ainsworth's 'Mysteries of London,') or "tomfoolery," (a late Saturday paper in Philadelphia,) may deride what they do not understand, and the reading world will price their opinion at their real worth. But he who undertakes to explain the relations of Freemasonry to society, must be prepared to be catechised on every question bearing upon the subject.

That many pirates and freebooters, especially among the Spaniards and Moors, were, and perhaps are Freemasons, is undeniable. That this class of Masons are quick to answer the appeals of suffering humanity, when conveyed through the medium of Masonic signs, &c., has been proved in many well-established instances. That in the matter of charity to their Masonic brethren they are more than ordinarily liberal, we have reason to believe; it only remains to explain how they became Freemasons at all.

Freemasonry, though universal and unchangeable in form and ceremony, is susceptible of various applications, when worked in different hands. Thus, in European countries, it has been made at times a conservator of aristocracy; in England, a bulwark of royalty; in Mexico, a shield of patriotism. It has served as the friends of sociability and the teacher of temperance, a relief association, a stern dispenser of justice, a trial of fortitude, and a test of prudence. This Multiform character it has been made to sustain by *mutilation*. Divested of its equalizing, democratic character—for Masonry in truth, is a perfect mode of democracy—it becomes, as in Prussia, a convenient tool of despotism.—Divested of its grand religious features, it subserves, as in case of Voltaire and the French clique of the last century, the ends of deism. Worked up with elegancies, and fripperies, and modern philosophy, it becomes, as in many of the French lodges, a gewgaw to catch the multitude. Divested of its morality, it may even suit the convenience of a pirate, as in the incident related.

It is asked, if Masonry possesses this Protean character, who will guarantee its stability? *Plaid* that it will not accomplish more evil than [illegible] The answer is ready No system [illegible] judged by its abuse, but by its use. [illegible] has been more abused than re[illegible] can offer [illegible] grandest system of all; yet none [illegible] skeptic, and an ignorant skeptic; [illegible] variety, [illegible] the evils of bigotry and misdirected [illegible] enthusiasm upon religion.—Freemasonry [illegible] been, is, and will be misdirected and [illegible] in many ways, but it is, as with religion, by *mutilation*. It is by divesting it [illegible] grandest principles, and leaving only the relief, the social feature and the universality.

This evil is to be obviated by teaching, through lecture and in print, *what Masonry is*. By dispelling the murky clouds of ignorance that enshroud not only the enemies of Masonry but Masons themselves, not only the cowan but the affiliated—not only the camp of the foe, but the tabernacle of the priest; by proving that Masonry dismembered is no more Masonry, than a dismembered man is a man, in a Masonic sense; but that Masonry is a grand whole, and as such must be taught and practised.

Pirates cannot be Freemasons in a high or a complete sense. They may acquire its signs and recognise them, and acknowledge the duty of answering and obeying them; they may learn Masonic language, and be the better for learning it; but a true Mason is *free*. He is prepared first in heart; restrained in all his passions; takes unlawfully from no man; labors in an honest vocation; and continually sustains the word of God between the palms of his hands.—Such men cannot be pirates; pirates cannot be such Masons.

But how do freebooters and buccaneers gain admission into lodges to learn the Masonic mysteries? Into chartered (or regular) lodges they never do enter. No person made clandestinely, that is, without the fold of a just and legally constituted lodge, can be admitted into one, even as a visitor. No person whose character, age, calling, &c., are not avouched by Masons known to the lodge, can legally be made a Mason. But in various parts of the world, and especially in the loosely-organized society of Northern Africa and the Spanish West Indies, and in countries generally under the secular power of the Pope, where all secret affiliations are interdicted, there are many extraordinary and clandestine (because irregular) lodges, in which men are made Masons for special and restricted purposes, without that thorough enquiry into character and qualifications which the true system of Masonry demands. There the pirate and the highwayman may find entrance. Nay, such men may even be the principal agents in organising the clandestine lodge, as best knowing how advantageous the relief principle may be to him and his in the hour of difficulty. This is a fair explanation of this subject—one to which the most rabid opponents of Masonry cannot object As well blame chaste, wedded love for the evils of licentiousness; as well accuse honest traffic and industry for the sin of theft; as well attribute to legal self-preservation the horrors of murder, as to accuse honest, lawful Masonry, for the sins of its abuse. The better a subject, the worse its abuse.

LETTER TO M——,

From our ever welcome correspondent, ADELE G., now in the "wilds" of old Kentucky.

For the Easton Gazette.

Who would have thought, my dear M—, when I wrote my last espistle on the bosom of that calm little lake in dear old New England, that my next would be indited in the wilds of Kentucky? Ah! how different the scene! And how different the scenes through which I have passed, from those my fancy was almost unconsciously picturing, even then, of the coming departure and sojourn. How well it is that we cannot lift that shadowy veil which shrouds the future from our eager

"Hearts that are now with joy elate,
Would then be sad and desolate,
And filled with gloom!

Not that these new scenes have made me "sad and desolate;" uncongenial, and unpromising, though they may be, in one point of view, they possess novelty and variety enough for one who is too busy to indulge in sombre thoughts, and almost any thing is endurable for a season. How I should regard the prospect of a *lifetime* in the backwoods, is another thing entirely.

But shall I, mindful of those lines of the Prince of poets:

"When thou hapdy seest
Some rare, noteworthy object in thy travels,
Make me partake of the happiness?"

and make *you* said partaker? Or, in other words give you some of my journey's dottings, that you may picture me here and there in travil over these interesting states. I have ever before realized so fully the distance which has separated us—and in truth never has it been so great. How fleeting were these summer days! How brief the passing moments of our last interviews!—A little fragment of Irving's which I copied long ago, recurs so frequently to my mind, when thinking of absent friends:—"The most intimate friendships, of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist? We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments, and then days, months, *years* intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other."

Excuse the frequency of my quotations. From my own want of originality, I suppose, my thoughts very naturally flew out from the point of my pen, in other people's *words*. So give another instance, appropriating' Pope, I prefer sometimes to write—"What of't was thought before, but ne'er so well expressed"—giving credit where credit is due. They surely can't accuse me of plagarism.

What singular weather! I awoke this morning before day, with a sort of half consciousness of something unusual and strange Whether it arose from a wild dream, of which I still retained some vague impression, or from something peculiar in the atmosphere, I could not at first, well make out. The window at the other end of my room was wide open, and the curtain swaying to and fro. I arose, drew it aside, and looked out. Just then came a flash of lightning—a lurid glare all over the eastern sky, followed by a low muttering of thunder. "Thunder in the morning—shepherd's warning," thought I. We shall have little sunshine to-day, and my contemplated exploring expedition must be postponed. But I love a rainy day, and was not disposed to complain. The wind was sighing and mourning through the trees, and the heavy clouds seemed trying to shut out the morning light, which nevertheless, with the help of an occasional glare of lightnig, rendered visible the swaying trunks, with their half naked branches, and a neglected, unfinished building with black yawning windows, gloomy-looking as an old dismantled tower. Such a reviered, ghostly morning dawn, I have not seen for many a day. I shut the window, lit my candle, and banished the thought it had suggested, in the preparation for breakfast—eaten, my dear M—, "while you were snoring in bed, uncle." There is another specimen of the proneness of my pen to write other people's thoughts. It came as naturally as if this identical bit of steel had been employed in writing that very "Scene from "The poor gentleman," which we used to be so fond of reading at school, and which I have never seen except in that Preceptor. I do not even know the name of the author of the play, and these words, which are put in the mouth of a madcap youngster, who had been chasing the deer in his uncle's park, have not before occurred to my mind, for years, that I remember.

Well, to go on about the weather. The day has fulfilled the morning's promise.—We have had a few gleams of sunshine, but we have also had heavy showers. The rain has come down, straight and strong, as if its object was to beat the very leaves from the trees, while the wind also, at intervals, has exerted its power upon them, and sent them whirling unwillingly to the ground, already thickly strown with their faded fellow-leaves. Between them both, the wind and the rain, our trees, so lately joyous in their Autum coloring, will soon be brown and bare. Ah! these must be sad days, to them who have hearts for sadness, or time for melancholy murmuring!—Do you shrink from the coming winter? I do sometimes, though here in a milder clime. But I have a pleasanter prospect in view than last, and unless something unforeseen occurs, shall pass it nicely, in my little room with its corner-shelves filled with choice books, my ever-changing pile of newspapers—(not very large as yet—it takes seven days for them to get here,) my writing stand, and my odd shaped stove, perched upon four long legs, with a pipe that in its joints and rings, reminds me of an agonized fennel-worm. Would that you could come in and spend an hour or two occasionally. G—— is a forlorn little place, as far as society is concerned, and though we have a "musical sorrie" once a month, and an occasional caller, as last night, for instance, two half petrified bachelors, happy they who have resources within themselves and their "sanctum-sanctorums." With regard to the bachelors, however, I should somewhat qualify that adjective, for our "Priscilla" says, that though one of them is confirmed in his love of single-blessedness, and therefore wholly petrified, the other would really like to induce some lady to share his fortunes through this "vale of tears," could he do so. With this latter, I had been conversing nearly the whole evening in a very confidential manner, supposing him to be one of the Trustees of the Institution, and a sober old Benedick. After their departure, we set pulling them to pieces, as ladies sometimes will, you know, and an allusion was made to his bachelorhood. "What," said I, very innocently, isn't he married?" My single inquiry drew forth a perfect scream of amusement from the ladies upon whom the petrifaction had been wasting his small shot, and though I did not recollect having committed myself in any way, and had the consolation of remembering that I listened more than I talked, I could not help recalling to mind Charlotte Bronte, in one of the letters to her sister. "I know that if woman wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, is alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their consciences to comfort them after all. Do not therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you show too much animation, some pregnatical thing in breeches, might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to inanity, still a composed, decent, equable deportment is a capital treasure to a woman, and that you possess. And with this last quotation, I will close my rambling leiter. I believe I promised in the beginning to give you some account of my journey hither, but this wayward pen of mine has taken me so far out of my contemplated course, that I fear to commence upon them now, and will await another time. If the "spirit moves," then, you may expect to hear from me some future day.

Yours in the backwoods,
ADELE G.

A printer in setting up "we are but parts of a stupendous whole," by mistake of a letter made it read, "we are but parts of a stupendous whale."