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THOMAS H. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT
EASTON, Md.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS, if paid within the year, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance $15

☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

☞ Single papers five cents.

The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &C.

VOL. 14--NO. 19. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1855. WHOLE NO. 739

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

THE STAR has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Easton Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

TERMS.—One square three insertions $1.00, and 35 cents for every additional insertion.—A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

Advertisement sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before deaths and marriages, ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and Obituary notices inserted free of charge.

HOUSE CARPENTERING.

THE subscribers having associated themselves together and rented the room at Stewart & Beetle's Carriage Shop, for the purpose of conducting the CARPENTER'S BUSINESS, are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line of business at the shortest notice and with the utmost despatch. We are prepared to take jobs *in town or country*, and will warrant our work done in the best workmanlike manner. As we are *working men* and shall execute our contracts ourselves, We shall be prepared to do work as cheap as the cheapest. A share of the public patronage is respectfully requested.

☞ Work done by the day or contract.

JEREMIAH MORRIS.
WILLIAM S. COLLISON.

Easton, Feb'y 10, 1855. 6m

NEW GOODS.

Goldsborough & Dawson

HAVE just opened at their store room in Easton, another large and elegant stock of *DRY GOODS*, for their Spring and Summer trade. Their Goods have been selected with great care from the largest Importing houses in both Philadelphia and Baltimore, and have been purchased upon such terms as will enable them to be sold *very low* to persons who pay promptly. The styles of some of their Dress Goods are entirely NEW. They invite an examination of their stock from the Citizens of Talbot. In

DRESS GOODS,

They have Black Silks, some very cheap at 75 cents; Black Watered do.; very rich; Plain colored Gro de Naps, Fancy do. in stripes and plaids; handsome Bareges, Tissues, Challis, Printed Jaconets, in stripes, plaids and figured Organdies and Lawns from 6¼ to 75 cents; Gingham Lawns, plain and figured; French Brilliants, De Laines, solid colors; Ginghams, Chintzes, and English prints.

WHITE GOODS,

Embroidered Swiss and Tamboured Muslins, Dotted and plain ditto; Book, Mull, Jaconet, Tarlaton and Nainsook; Plaid Nainsook, a new article for Dresses; Bishop and Victoria Lawns and Linen Cambric, very fine.

CRAPE SHAWLS.

A most beautiful assortment from $5 to $25; also Spring and Summer Shawls of every description.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irish Linens, Linen and Cotton Sheeting, Bird Eye Diaper, Long Lawn, Robe Brilliante for Shirts; Cordered and Grass Skirts, Tissues for veils, Linen Cambric and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Black Lake Falls, Chatr Tidys, Embroidered Night Caps, Damask, Table Cloths and Napkins; Linen Bosoms for Shirts; Hosiery and Gloves in every variety; sleeve Preservers; Elastic Bands, Marseilles and Summer Quilts. Also a pretty lot of EMBROIDERIES.

may 3

Extraordinary Premiums

To Agents for procuring Subscribers for
TICKETS AT $1 EACH,
IN PERHAM'S GREAT
$100,000 Gift Enterprise!

The distribution of the Gifts being definitely fixed for July 5, 1855.

Any person sending $10 may deduct 10 per cent. or will receive 11 tickets.

Each person sending $100 before the 5th of July, will, in addition to commissions, be presented with a Mammoth Gold Pen and Case, valued at $10.

Each person sending $200 before the 5th of July, will, in addition to his commissions, be presented with a Silver Watch, valued at $25.

Each person sending $300 before the 5th of July, will, in addition to commissions, be presented with a Gold Watch, valued at $50.

Each person sending $500 before the 5th of July, will, in addition to commissions, be presented with a Gold Watch, valued at $100.

The person who shall send, before the 5th of July, the largest amount above $500, will, in addition to commissions, be presented with a Piano, valued at $200.

I have been induced to make the above liberal offers in order to remove a settled objection in the minds of your committee, to having the distribution take place while there remain in my hands tickets unsold, and for which cause they see fit to defer the partition of the gifts, which was fixed for the 27th inst., to the 5th of July, as will be seen by reference to the proceedings published below. I assure you that the postponement is as vexatious to me as it is to those who have purchased tickets. I therefore hope that each and every one now interested, will co-operate with me in the effort to dispose of the few thousand tickets remaining unsold, and thus advance the interests of the whole body of shareholders. Respectfully, yours, J. PERHAM.

TO THE PATRONS OF PERHAM'S
Third Gift Enterprise.

At a meeting of the Committee of Shareholders of Perham's Gift Enterprise, held at the Academy Hall, Broadway, on Wednesday evening, April 18th, 1855, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted and ordered to be published:

Whereas, in view of the fact that several enterprises have been started and carried on with a seeming positive purpose therein; and such fraudulent proceedings have exerted an injurious influence in the sale of tickets in the enterprise of Mr. Perham; and whereas, it is deemed essential that all the tickets should be disposed of before the distribution takes place, be it therefore

Resolved, That in order to allow time for that purpose, the distribution be postponed until the 5th of July, at such place as may hereafter be determined on.

Resolved, That the committee have undiminished confidence in the integrity of Mr. Perham, and in his disposition to conform to all his published promises to his patrons.

ROBERT BEATTY, Jr., Chairman.

REMEMBER!

THE TICKETS ARE ONLY $1 EACH.

And each Ticket admits Four Persons to Perham's Burlesque Opera, 663 Broadway, N. Y. And that among the Gifts to be distributed, are A splendid Farm, of over 100 acres,

	worth
1 Loan of Cash,	$16,000
1 do do.	5,000
1 do do.	2,000
2 do do. $500 each	1,000
10 do do. $100 each	1,000
Trotting Mare, Lilly Dale,	1,500
5 Rosewood Pianos, $500 each	2,500
5 do do 300 each	1,500
The Great Mirror of N. E. Scenery	22,000
3 splendid Carriages, $225 each,	675
10 Gold Watches, $100 each,	1,000
40 do do 50 each,	2,000
100 Gold Pens and Cases, $5 each,	500
5,000 Pens, $3 each,	15,000
&c., &c., &c., &c.	

All orders for Tickets, by mail, and all letters for information, should be addressed to

JOSIAH PERHAM,
663 Broadway, New York.

☞ Orders will now be received for Tickets in Perham's Fourth Gift Enterprise.

May 15, 1855.

TO FISHERMEN AND OTHERS. A good article of Cork Wood for seines, nets, &c., just received by DAWSON & BRO.

Poetry.

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your shields,
And sweetly flourish on thro' summer weather;
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden wall;
And I can imagine you as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose; the Speedwell's peeping eyes;
Our own blue bell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow:
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes;
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew,
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees;
I often wished that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountains sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell!
And though the worlding, scorning, may deride—
I love ye all!

A RICH OLD UNCLE AND A BILLIOUS FEVER.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Linda Bay was scarcely seventeen,—Beautiful as an houri, of course as all heroines are. But more than this, Linda had a mind and a heart of goodness as well as personal beauty.

She was the brightest scholar of Mrs. ——'s seminary, was the joy of her father and the pride of her mother, the go between and confident of a quarter of a score of little Boys—her noisy young brood of brothers—and the friend and consoler of all the poor and distressed who came within her knowledge.

Linda was "was engaged to young Slocum, an embryo lawyer of fashion and of some talent, who had only the slender income of his profession to depend upon but which added to the modest little fortune of Linda, would enable the young couple to live "quite comfortable."

It was now the fitful month of April.—The following June was to witness the bridal of Linda and her lawyer lover, upon which event the "happy pair" were to start for "the Springs."

Linda looked magnificently on horse back, and on this April morning indulging in her favorite exercise, she was sitting like the queen of beauty, glowing with freshness and radiant with joy, upon the back of her matchless bay—the most knowing and graceful piece of horseflesh to be lighted on by a fond and indulgent parent

Young Slocum was by her side, and was descanting upon the beauty of the morning and the beauty of the morning queen," when suddenly the latter sped from his sight like the morning breeze,—Linda's "bay" had taken fright and was flying with its mistress through the air scarce touching the paving stones, at a fearful speed "She will certainly be thrown and killed!" and Slocum's heart, as he exclaimed thus—or the place where his heart should have been—beat with a feeling akin to despair.

When, however, Slocum arrived some three or four miles farther toward the edge of the city, a scene met his view which called up other emotions than those of pleasure at the safety of his beloved.

Linda was seated upon the turf, reclining against the trunk of a tree. A tall handsome stranger was bending over her, laving her brow with water, and pouring the magnetism of his warm life into her fainting energies.

The look the strange mysterous look—that of soul recognising soul, which passed between them when Linda opened her eyes full upon him, haunted young Slocum like a disagreeable nightmare for months after.

The next day the tall handsome stranger called upon the lovely girl he had rescued from certain death, to inquire after her health.

Somehow or other, it was full three hours before the call was concluded.—Time had passed so pleasantly in that easy flow of thought and sentiment, where soul met its kindred, that both were surprised at its rapid flight.

Again and again they met, always talking as though they had been friends forever; so unconstrained and easy was the interchange of thought between them. It generally happened too, by some strange chance that Slocum was either out on some fishing excursion or something of the sort whenever the tall handsome stranger called on the bride elect.

The middle of May arrived. The wedding day was drawing more and more near. In a maze of bewilderment the young betrothed awaked as from a sudden dream.

"Do I love him well enough to become his wife?" asked she of her own heart.

Alas! a deeper depth than the shallow line of the groom elect could hope to sound.

But the spirit that had taught her—her own heart—that had taught her the meaning of the word love—the tall and handsome stranger—he had gone as suddenly as he came, business had called him to a distant country and clime.

True he had never spoken of love, but when he was gone, Linda found to her dismay, that he had taken her heart with him and that Slocum seemed to her now nothing more than a sort of automaton man, brainless and heartless.

"But I will be true to my honor and my promise," said the courageous Linda I will marry him and make him a true wife; I will bury my own heart and its love, and perform my duty faithfully."

Alas! alas! "there is many a slip betwxt the cup and the lip."

A rich old uncle of the portionless Slocum suddenly arrived from the "golden East," sought his nephew, made his will, and Slocum, the almost penniless lawyer awoke in the morning a rich man.

His uncle scouted at the idea of his weding the fair Linda with her very moderate fortune, telling him that such a handsome accomplished and wealthy fellow as he (Slocum,) could pick a millionaire heiress off from almost every bush. His kind uncle bid him travel and choose from any of the aristocratic and wealthy beauties of Europe.

Elated with his sudden fortune puffed up with personal vanity, Slocum followed his uncle's advice, setting sail with a high heart to cross the ocean for Europe and success.

He dropped a careless note to his beloved telling her of his determination to travel and—to leave her.

Somehow or other, Slocum's remittance from his uncle did not arrive as he had reason to expect, and he had no sooner crossed the Atlantic than he recrossed it.

What was his dismay upon arriving home, when he found his quondam bride elect had married his rich old uncle! that the 'will' had been remade, that he (Slocum) was cut off without even a shilling;—the will being made in favor of Linda, and her successors.

This discovery was maddening, but worse than all, the rich old uncle had thrown away his ugly wig, and the hump on his back and his wooden leg, and he stood up as Linda's youthful bridegroom,—the *tall handsome stranger!* He who once rescued her from death.

It was a pleasant ruse—to those who enjoyed the sport,—but it threw poor Slocum into a billious fever which nearly terminated in his life; which also put me in posession of the above episode, I being the physician who carried him over the bridge sickness to the terra-firma of health.

THE GLASS RAIL-ROAD.

The "Milford Bard," during one of his fits of *mania a potu* said:

"It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber, I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar gentle motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars, which was gliding along over a railway and it seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars.—Every car open, at the top, was filled with men and women, all gaily dressed, all happy, all laughing and talking and singing. The peculiar gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating such as we have on a rail-road. They moved on without the least jar or sound. This I say, interested me. I looked over the side and to my astonishment found the rail-road and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the slightest noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within me—was full of peace.

"While I was wondering over this sight a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins, one on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at my agony, and we swept on, gliding with the glass wheels over the glass rail-road, every moment coming nearer to the head of the road, far, far, in the distance.

"Who are these?" I cried at last pointing to the dead in their coffins.

"These are persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"Why the trip we are now making—the trip on the glass rail-way," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered in a whisper that froze my blood.

"They are dashed to death at the end of the rail-road," said the person whom I addressed."

"You know he continued, "that the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers in the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are sent here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one heeds it, we are so happy on the glass railway!"

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

"What is the name of the glass railroad I asked.

The person whom I addressed replied in the same strain:

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out; for once in these cars everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move so gently. Yes this is a railroad of HABIT; and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass rail-road, toward a fathomable abyss. In a few moments we will be there, and they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was choked with very horror. I struggled to breathe—made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream, and yet, when I think of it, I can see the long train of cars far ahead as they are turning the bend of the road. While the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their ghastly eyes uplifted and their frozen hands, upon their white shroud.

"It was a horrible dream!"

And Bard's changing feature and bright, beaming eye attested the emotion that was aroused by the memory of the dream."

There is a moral in that dream."

"Reader, are you addicted so any sinful habit break it ere you dash against the rock."

LARGEST STEAMBOAT IN THE WORLD.—A new steamboat named the *Metropolis* has been launched from the ship-yard of S. Sneden, Greenpoint, near this city. She is three hundred and fifty feet in length, forty five ft. beam, and fifteen ft. depth of hold. Her floor timbers are of white oak twenty inches thick; she has deep, double frames, sided eight inches—making her frames sixteen by twenty inches, and four inches apart. Besides being heavily timbered, she is diagonally braced from kelson up to the top of timbers with iron braces five inches wide, three quarters of an inch thick, and thirty feet long, crossing each other transversly about three feet apart. These braces are secured to the frames with iron bolts riveted to the timbers, and also riveted where they cross between the timbers. She has seven kelsons made of white-oak timber fourteen inches wide and three-and-a half feet high. The bed timbers of her engine are of white-oak four or five feet wide, and six feet high. Over fifty tons of the best Ulster iron are used in her bracing.

This steamer is intended for the Fall River route, and will run in connection with the *Bay State* and *Empire State*. Her engine, which is to be put in by the Novelty Iron Works, is of nearly double the power of any steam-engine now is use. The cylinder is one hundred and five inches diameter by twelve feet stroke.—*Mer. Mag.*

SPEECH OF. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

Extracts from the speech of the Hon. John C Breckinridge at Cynthiana, Kentucky, as reported in the Paris (Ky.) State Flag. The Flag says of the speech which was delivered on the 7th of April last:

Mr. Woolley was followed by Major Breckinridge. The peculiar relations our late representative now holds to the public no longer oblige him to canvass the political tenets of the times; but the position he holds in the admiration of the people makes it desirable that whatever addresses he may be induced to deliver shall be as widely circulated as possible. We will, therefore, attempt to give from memory a meagre sort of outline of his remarks on this occasion; but we do not pretend to report *the speech*, but only our recollection of its general bearing. There were many points in it which we prefer to leave unattempted rather than to spoil them; and, while we do expect to preserve the force and order of his arguments, we shall not attempt to produce the terse and nervous style of his periods, or the vivid imagery of his diction—we would as soon attempt the reproduction of Raphaels master-piece with the brush and pallet of a strolling sign painter.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH.

He here spoke of the difficulty of ascertainining what the distructive projects of the know-nothings were. Some principles of which they claimed to be the sole advocates he also was in favor of. He was in favor of repelling foreign influence in our affairs. He would not allow any one to have a hand in the direction of our political machinery who had not a community of interest with ourselves. In common with the democratic party, and all the patriots in the land, he agreed with the know-nothings, upon certain propositions, which he enumerated, which they arrogate to themselves as exclusive tests. But he was afraid to intrust the control of our affairs to a party whose faith and whose aims are both secret—at least so far as the management of the federal government is concerned. Corruption would prey upon the old parties sometimes, though they were kept aired and exposed to the action of the sun, and we may well fear the rottenness of one which is hid under the ground. Then, too, the new order had become a house of refuge, an asylum, for all the let-down wind-galled, and string-halt political hacks of the country—a perfect lazar house, in the secret recesses of which all the political invalids of the land might hide their ulcerous sores from the public gaze. What would Clay say if he were to rise form his honored tomb and find his party swept from the face of the earth, vamosed, *subterraneanized*, burrowing under the ground in such company? What would be the feelings of Clay, the open, frank, imperial Clay, if he should rise and call for the banner he so long held aloft with his own staunch arm through victory and defeat—*how would he feel to find that it had been rolled up, carried after midnight down a dirty, dark alley, up the back stairs, and their deposited in secret with the now dishonored arms of his once proud party?* And if the tall shade of old Hickory would appear among the democrats in a know-nothing lodge some night, with "*by the Eternal, what are you doing here?*" there would be a disappearance of hatless heads through the doors and windows amusing to behold.

There were in this State, according to the census of 1850, Baptist churches to the number of 803, which afforded accommoderation, to an aggregate of 291,053 persons; 530 Methodist churches, accommoderating 167,485 persons; 224 Presbyterian churches, accommodating 99,106 persons; and, belonging to all sects, there were 1,845 churches, capable of accommodating an aggregate of 671,053 persons; there were only 48 Catholic churches in this State, and they were capable of accommodating an aggregate of 24,240 persons. This proportion, with a slight variation one or the other way, holds good for the whole United States.

John Milton had said that no one ever knew truth to be worsted in a fair encounter. And shall we Protestants, with numerical strength, with truth and with the Lord, too, as we claim, all on our side, shrink from an open encounter with this ridiculous minority of Catholics, and fortify ourselves behind a partial and unjust legislature? He was himself a Protestant, and not there to gloss over the errors which he believed to be imbodied in the Catholic creed, but he was the friend of equal rights and enemy to all ecclesiastical influence in politics. Know-nothingism seemed to have originated with the Protestant preachers of the North, and sixty-two of the famous "Three Thousands" had been elevated by it to the Massachusetts legislature. He did not object to clergymen exercising their rights as freemen with the masses, but to their segregating themselves, and in a body advocating or opposing a political measure in the name of their high and holy office.

The Catholic Church had persecuted, but so had Protestant churches, and the slight pretexts which had always given rise to persecution should show us how small a seed will produce this dreaded upas. The history of persecution is such that, for the cause Protestanism its friends should prefer rather to see persecution set against it than flow from it. At all events, if we are to have a Pope, we would rather have a catholic Pope at Rome than a Protestant pope at Washington city.

It is sometimes said that the know nothing will not legislate against Catholics, but are simply banded together to exclude them from office by voting. This was a distinction without a difference, and every worthy of the subtle refiners in Hudibras, who could

"distinguish and divide
A hair 'twxt north and northeast side."

It was natural for a man to prefer those of his own religious faith in voting, and he himself would vote for one of his way of thinking in religion rather than for another, all other things being equal, just as he would vote for a native in preference to a foreign-born citizen, other things being equal, or for a neighbor in preference to a a comparative stranger, other things being equal. But the plan of the know-nothings ignores the spirit of the constitution and establish to all intents and purposes a religious test—one which would deprive our Congress of some of its ablest and staunt Union men, and our Supreme Court of its brightest ornament—Chief Justice Taney.

The principles of the democratic party embrace every subject within the scope of national legislation. While the power is in its hands, we have only to look to the past and find ample security for the future. The track of its history is studded with monuments of the wisdom and efficacy of its measures. Our destinies have been guided by its principles, a few short interregnums excepted, ever since we became a sovereign nation, and to the operation of those principles alone, under God can be attributed our power and prosperity the blessing which makes us a free and happy people. With its measures still operating successfully, and their former triumphs a matter of history, he could not see why any member should leave it, especially for a party without a single national measure promulged, and whose fruits at the North should render every friend of the Union dubious of its secrecy. If ever a generous zeal for the welfare of his country required at any one time more imperatively than at another that the democrat should be true to his party, that time was the present.—He had never approved the principles of the whig party, and had fought them all his life; yet he must say that our former opponents were a frank and manly party, one which offered an open field and a fair encounter, and, better still, it was a national party. The new party is not of that kind. The chief aims it avows can only be brought within the range of national legislation by a change of the constitution. Put the government in their hands, and how will they use it with respect to the many subjects of national legislation?—They leave us to conjecture. Composed as it is of jarring and discordant elements, this party may be held together by the cohesive power of a common interest in the spoils they struggle for; but the crown of victory will be the seal of its doom. As soon as the common enemy is overcome the cohesion is gone; it will fall to pieces; the fragments of parties and factions of which it is composed will make war on one another, and this warfare will be fatal. But the dire work it bids fair to do in the meantime may well give us foreboding.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that flects so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

[From the Providence Journal.]

THE PRESIDENCY—THE CANAL CANDIDATE.

Spread Eagleville, April 13, 1855.

To Capt PERO TUBBOCKS, Commander of Canal Boat Uncle John:—

DEAR SIR—It gives us pleasure, as a committee of a large and enthusiastic number of our fellow citizens, to address you on a subject which is near to every American heart. It must be evident to you, sir, as you cast your eyes around the horizon of our country and survey the past and the future, up and down and east and west that a crisis is even now high in the heavens and ready to sweep down upon our destines with broad and exulting wing. We refer to the great question of the Presidency. This question has, without doubt, often occured to your patriotic mind, and we are ready to believe that in the silent watches of the night, as you paced the lonely deck of the Uncle John you have often indulged the fond hope that when, in the progress of events the people of this country should again look for a strong head and a stout arm to preside in their councils and bear aloft the "Star Spangled Banner," some man might be selected whose democratic impulses and indomitable energies would speed the cause of human republicanism.

From Greeland Icy mountains
to the dark blue shores of benighted Africa, and the dark green archipelagoes of the celebrated Tonga Islands. Need we say, sir, that the citizens of Spread Eagleville look to you as a man able and worthy to raise from the dust the ark of our political safety, to erect again the prostrate standards of an enlighten public opinion, to rear the downtrodden liberty poles of an enthusiastic nation, and to illustrate those great principles which have always been inculcated in our District Academy. Need we say that we ask the privilege of elevating you, sir, to the office which Washington once held, that mahogany chair which is first in the hearts of so many of his countrymen.

We trust not, and we venture to add that if agreeable to your feelings we should like to have a record expression of your sentiments on such matters as may suggest themselves to your mind in connection with the subjects of our letter. We ask this in no improper spirit, but as members of this flourishing community and sons of those who died at Bunker Hill. We believe that you are right. We believe in the expressive language of those who buy and sell that noble animal—the horse—that you are "all over sound." We solicit a reply merely for the sake of form, and to gratify the editor of the *Trombone of Freedom*, who has already placed your name at the head of his columns in large type, and who is desirous to publish your letter as a political clincher.

Will you take an early opportunity to favor us with your answer? Awaiting which, we are, with sentiments of the highest esteem and deepest consideration, your most obedient servants,

PRESERVED COON,
TOBIAS WATCHES,
MONONGAHELA SWEET.
Forked Radisn Bend,
Erie Canal, April 14, 1855.

GENTS AND SIRS—Your gratifying and inspiring letter was handed to me this morning just as I was casting off my fasts at Spread Eagleville. I hardly need say that I was about as much astonished as if a thunder-clap had struck me, and I felt entirely unprepared to answer it at once in a manner befitting the great and glorious theme. As I've concluded to haul up here for the night, I've taken my pen and ink out of the locker, and have also taken my seat on my chest—my blue sea-chest I mean—to reply to your inquiries, and to give you a few of the sentiments that weigh so heavily upon my stomach. I must confess that I am not much of a scholar myself, but my cook is pretty good at reading, and I have the benefit of his advice and assistance. I'm one of the people, and my heart is where it ought to be, under this tough old oil-skin, and there when duty calls you'll always find it. I have nothing to keep back, and I am ready to show hands with any man in the country. "You know me all gents." I might say in the touching language of Patrick Henry to Napoleon Bonapart—You know me all, and it is hardly necessary for me to observe that I was raised in part, and that I grew up among the virtues and vegetables of your fathers. In my early years, ere sin could blight, I was placed on the deck of a canal boat, and ever since I have followed the vocation to which I was called by an indulgent parent, and have lived for the most part on this sheet of water, making my home as it were, "in the trough of the sea." This life has most assuredly extended my sphere of observation and sharpened my wits. There is a good deal to see betwixt here and Albany, and a good deal to learn in freighting pork and onions, together with members of Congress and some missionaries. My frequent dealings too, with the New York merchants, however much they may have been calculated to strain my morals, have tended to give me broader and higher views of human nature. Yes, I have enjoyed privileges in my chequered existence, and I have been enabled by the blessings of Providence and some fortunate speculation in butter and cheese to lay up a trifle against a winday day, and to erect for my affectionate wife and beloved children a family residence, which, I am proud to say, stands twenty by thirty on my own land, and combines under its hospitable roof all the modern improvements, including a wash boiler and pump in the kitchen. Still, gentlemen, notwithstanding all these advantages and my position in society, I had no dreams of political ambition. It never occurred to me until I received your letter that I had those peculiar qualifications eminently fitting me to grace the capitol and adorn the constitution. But it has been impossible for me to conceal myself from penetrating eyes. You have found me out, and in soliciting the honor of using my name on the ticket for President, you ask my views on the various questions of the day.

Now, it is useless for me to attempt to state all my opinions in full. I know they would be eagerly read, but with my careful way of writing—slow and sure—down strokes heavy and up strokes light, I shouldn't get through them in a week.—Besides, there would hardly be room in this canal boat to express my feelings without knocking away bulkheads, and, moreover, if 'tis all the same to you, gents, I prefer not to commit myself by any unguarded words. There are some points, however, that must not be omitted.

And, first, with regard to my political sentiments, I believe I am entirely unembarrassed, and free to accept a nomination from any party. I am not exclusive and particular in my views. My main politics are of the E Pluribus Unum school, peaceable enough to friends, but knock down and drag out when it comes to foes and marauders. I'm plain spoken, all my sentiments straight-built and square-toed, up and down, right and left, and never surrender. I've always voted for Jackson, and expect to do so just as long as he is a candidate. As to newspapers, I never read them. I want no theories and speculations, as long as I know what I'm about. I ask nobody to tell me. I never had but three months schooling in my life, and I'm glad of it. I'm a self-made man and practice is my motto. Talk about statesmen and lawyers, the country wants self-made practical men. Give me Daball's arithmetic and a fair start, and I'll agree to cypher the constitution out of the way of snags and sand bars, and to keep the old craft snug and true—blow high or blow low. To sum up all, I'm for the star splangled banner, now and forever, one and inseparable; and when at last, in the language of a fallen patriot, 'I'm a gone-ner,' I trust that our proud bird, as it brushes over river and mountain on its errands of mercy, without regard to railroad or turnpike, will be enabled to point with extended wing to my humble resting place, and to say in unaffected accents, "Here lies a true American."

I am not quite settled in my views in relation to the bank and the tariff. Sometimes I think a bank is well enough, and then again I think it is not. As to the tariff, I have never noticed its effect on the "Uncle John," but I am willing to be guided by the precepts of our Puritan fathers.

I have no hesitation in saying that on the subject of temperance I am all right. I am opposed to New England rum, and I speak it boldly. I have battled this monster of iniquity for more than thirty years and have confined myself on principle to plain and unadulterated whiskey.

"There's a barrel of whiskey at Tammany Hall, and it has always been my custom to have a free spigot in my cellar for the various mechanical and artistical purposes of household economy. Pure Monongahela I believe to be the simple beverage of nature. Vegetable in its origin—the nutricious life blood of rye, as cider is the essential juice of apples—it corrects the frigidities of cold water, kills the elemental tadpole which often lurks in the crystal spring, and extirpates those assiduities of the system which will sometimes creep into "the best regulated families."

It only remains for me to speak of my religious views. I suppose it makes but little difference about these—for although religion is a very good thing to have in a family—there seems to be but little call for it down in Washington. I may as well state, however, that I am not at all bigoted—and I do not confine myself to any particular sect. When I am at home Sundays, I occasionally go mornings to Parson Gallup's meeting, and I did subscribe my 'widow's mite'—towards the new bass voil—but my views are not bounded by the Saybrook platform, nor the Buffalo platform nor any other platform. I am neither a Mormon, nor a Shaker, nor a Jew, nor a Gentile. I have never been accustomed to worship idols like the Hindoos and Brahmapootras—nor am I opposed to pork and beans like the ignorant Mahomedans. Still I have nothing to say against ministers. I always keep a Testament on board for the use of passengers, and if I've told Tom, my cabin boy once, I've told him a dozen times, never to swear before the ladies. As I said before, I am in favor of religion as a general thing—and on this point I presume we shall have no difficulty. I am disposed to be easy, and I trust that you will not be hard.

I have thus, gents, in a succinct and plain manner, alluded to such matters as were suggested by your flattering letter. I have no more to add at this time, I would like to hear from you in relation to the salary, the prices of living in Washington, and whether it would be as cheap to keep house as to board. I am rather in favor of boarding—if washing is only reasonable.

If you conclude to elect me, you'll always know where to find me—hit or miss—neck or no neck I believe I have all the qualifications for carrying out the constitution in a comprehensive and work manlike manner. I am sixty two years old—health good, system sound, decided complexion, double teeth all round—spry and active as a cat—stand six foot three in boots, and weighed last week two hundred and forty three pounds. My morals are good, although I have been in the habit of using tobacco, rather more than less, since the carliest dawn of youth. I think I'll suit, but of course it is not for me to say. Gents, I am in your hands. All I ask is, as the great Julius Cæsar said, "fair play, and no gouging. Your respective and humble servant to command,

PERO TUBBOCKS,
Master of the Uncle Jon.

SAD REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—Col Sutter of California, is stated to have lost by the duplicity of those he placed confidence in, all his immense property in that State. It is said that he was a man of unbounded generosity and kindness of heart, and had extended to all the emigrants over the mountains hospitalities which will never be forgotton. Capt Wilkes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, Col. Fremont, and Lieut. Reave, of the navy, each were at different times recipients of his hospitality. In addition it may be said that he opened to the eyes of the world untold millions of wealth in the discovery of the gold on his premises. Col. S. is most unfortunately in his adversity, is a very old man, and although in his day he had energy enough to retrieve his lost affluence, he will never be able to do so now. Lieut. Ringgold gives the following account of Col. S. which he received from his own lips.

He was a lieutenant in the Swiss Guards at Grenoble, under Charles the X. who, was expelled from France in July, 1830. The Swiss troops were soon after disbanded, and he came to Missouri. In 1838 he went to California. He obtained from the Mexican Government a conditional grant of land 30 leagues square on the east side of the Sacremento, extending north as far as the Buttes.

"The Russian Fur Company at Bodega (established there in 1812, by permission of the Governor of Montery to catch seal) had in 1841, by order of the Russian government, sold out their property, and withdrawn to Sitka. Col. Sutter was the purchaser for about $30,000, payable annually in grain. While Lieut. Ringgold was at the Fort, the Russian Governor of Bodego came up the river in a small schooner built at Stika, to deliver up the property to Col. Sutter. He had large fields of wheat and other grain, and many Indians employed on his farm. His stock then consisted of 1,000 horses, 2,5000 cattle, and 10,000 sheep. During the Mexican war he rendered important aid to the American troops, and since then has relieved many weary emigrants going by land over the Sierra Nevada to California.

☞ The editress of the Ladies' Repository, talking about kissing, says:

Kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses they are not liked at all.

A STOLEN kiss is the most agreeable. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more.