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## POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

### NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! it is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair;  
Fling off the load of Doubt's cumbering letter,  
And break the day spell of tyrannical care;  
Never give up! or the burden may sink you,  
Providence kindly has supplied the cup,  
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you—  
The watchword of life must be, NEVER  
give up!

Never give up! there chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hand to the end;  
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges  
Ever success—if you'll only hope on;  
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingle the cup,  
And of all the maxims the best and the oldest  
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape shot may rattle  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,  
Stand like a rock, and the storm of the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up! if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watch-word of Never give up!

### SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far  
To rule by love, than force;  
Speak gently!—let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently, Friendship's accents flow,  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!  
It's love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear—  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,  
They may have sinned in vain;  
Perchance kindness made them so;  
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the hearth's deep well,  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

### Miscellaneous.

From Hill's New Hampshire Patriot.

#### LILY; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE GRAVE.

BY VENETIA.

"Thou'rt gone as the dew-drop is swept from  
the bough?"

HEMANS.

More like a bright May morning than  
like any thing of earth, was Lily Ross, a  
little dainty creature, just skipping out of  
seventeen, with a face of smile and sun-  
light. Not the bounding of the tame deer  
in the park was lighter than her footsteps  
—not the deep blue of the spring sky more  
clear than the heaven of her eye—not the  
delicate tinge of the blush rose more fair  
than the line of her cheek—not the voice  
of the south wind when it says, "Summer  
is born," more sweet than the girlish music  
of Lily Ross, as she came with a dance  
and a song from the hall to the garden on  
her bridal morning.

So must have thought the fond father  
who looked from the open window after  
his beautiful child; and so must have thought  
the graceful, fine-looking youth who  
sprang from his half-reclining posture by  
a clump of hawthorns to meet her.

"You are saucy, cousin Hugh! There,  
do let me go!" she exclaimed, with the  
faint pink deepening on her cheek till a  
red rose would have been its meet emblem  
—as though there was any harm in the  
kiss he stole from her lip, while he held  
her, quivering like a frightened bird in his  
arms—for he was her cousin and in an  
hour would be her husband. Tears, either  
of pleasure or vexation came fast to her  
eyes, and when she raised her head from  
the bosom where she had hidden her burn-  
ing blushes, they were glistening like a  
dew-drop in the violet's cup.

"How I shall like to have just such a  
glance beam on me all my life!" she said  
in her simple, pretty way, as she met the  
deep earnestness of the dark eyes that never  
had such meaning for any other.

"And so you shall, dear Lily—there,  
now you may go, for in an hour you will  
be all my own."

Sweet Lily! she laughed, and blushed,  
and pressed his hand to her lips, and darted  
away. No wonder she was half-wild  
with sorrow and delight—sad and sorry  
because that was the last day she would  
spend in her own old home; glad and hap-

py, because Hugh Tremmingham loved  
her so dearly that of all the fair beings in  
the world he had chosen her and given  
her a home in his heart. She had affection  
enough, one would have thought, in the  
dear father and mother and the little bro-  
thers and sisters who idolized her, but  
there was something more precious to her  
in the love which was all her own.

"How lovely she is!" exclaimed Hugh,  
peering through the parted branches of a  
peach-tree till the last flutter of her white  
dress had disappeared from view.

"And good as she is lovely," said uncle  
Ross, as he came down the steps, "she is  
my last treasure, Hugh, a grand daughter  
and she will be a good wife. We shall  
miss her, but you must cherish her as we  
have done; remember that the dear girl  
has lived all her short life the very idol of  
fond hearts, and needs love and kind  
words as much as the parched flower  
needs the dew-drop. Poor little Lily! she  
believes every being in this world as pure  
as her own pure self; she ought not to  
leave this quiet country dwelling for a  
city home; but she prefers you to all of us.  
How we shall miss her, but I'll trust her  
to you; take her, Hugh, and God bless  
you and her!" and in spite of himself the  
good father could not speak two sentences  
without a sob.

Meanwhile Lily visited the little rill by  
the wall where she had played in her  
childhood, and stood there thinking of  
past days till the tears dropped one by  
one into the water; then she peeped over  
the pen to look at the pet rabbits; and  
talked to them as reasonably as though  
they could understand every word she  
spoke; finally she took a parting look at  
the flower plats which had been her care,  
and bounded through the garden door, to  
tell the young brothers and sisters for the  
fiftieth time, to water the lilies and take  
good care of them for her sake.

"How I wish there was no such thing  
as parting, mother; how dreadful it will  
be to say farewell to home and all, and know  
that I never shall be with you so much  
again, though Hugh will come often. I  
know he will. But I will not think of it  
now," so Lily brushed her hand across  
her eyes and smiled on the wondering  
group, who wept because she seemed un-  
happy.

"Now, mother, just one thing more,"  
she said as the mother's careful fingers  
looped up the sleeve of her dress with a  
pale blue ribbon, and adjusted the curls  
that had become disarranged in the run  
through the shrubbery; "I must have one  
flower—one of those blue violets that  
bloom so late, you know, in the dell by  
the brook. Don't say no, mother, for I  
haven't another wish in the world. It will  
be so lovely by the side of this bud," she  
added, touching a half-opened white rose,  
placed by the hands of Hugh in the part-  
ed folds of snowy muslin that rested on a  
neck almost rivaling its whiteness. The  
mother could not say no to the eager face  
raised inquiringly to hers, and with a kiss  
on the dimpled cheek, away sped Lily  
while that kind, maternal face looked af-  
ter her through the window, with a shade  
of sadness at the thought of parting, blend-  
ed with the flush of maternal love and pride.

"Where is Lily?" asked Tremmingham  
a short time after. Mrs. Ross mentioned  
the wish she had expressed, and he start-  
ed through the garden to go and meet her.  
"The walk was a short one and pleasant,  
very pleasant to him, for every spring  
when he and Lily were children, they had  
rambled there in quest of wild-flowers and  
strawberries that grew along the path—  
"The bright berries were peeping out now  
in great profusion from the clustering  
leaves on the knolls; for the little hands  
at the house had been so busy for a few  
days in making preparations for their wed-  
ding, that they had been permitted, though  
over-tired, to remain undisturbed on the  
vines. Every thing looked as beautiful as  
it had a thousand times before, and per-  
haps not more so; but to the eyes of the  
young lover, skies never smiled so softly  
nor green fields wore so bright a hue as  
on that day; even the gold-robins which  
yearly wore its pendant nest on a bough  
of the old elm tree by the water side, seem-  
ed to feel an unusual happiness, for he  
thrilled at his clear notes so loudly that  
Hugh paused a moment to listen.

It was not strange that Lily wished to  
see those beautiful haunts once more, and  
gather again some of the blue violets which  
bloomed in a cool, quiet place, so shaded  
by a tuft of tall flags and an over-arching  
bank, that they never reached their heads  
from the bed of grass, till long after their  
earlier sisters were faded and gone. Hugh  
had twined them in her hair many a time,  
and then preped up to see which was the  
brighter blue, the laughing eye or the flower  
that rested in the curl above it. But that  
was years ago when both were children—  
since that time he had been absent for  
months and even when he met the play-  
mate of his infancy had hardly dared to  
take the cousin liberties of former days.  
Now, he would wreath a garland of them  
just as he used to do, and place it in her  
hair—those modest blossoms were so like  
her own meek, gentle heart. With these  
thoughts when he approached the dell and  
found that Lily had already left, he stooped  
down, and hastily picked a handful of  
these violets, pulling roots and all in his  
eagerness to get them; and then started to  
seek her in another of her favorite retreats  
pausing yet a moment as he fancied he heard  
her call his name, to look in the willow

thicket where she might have hid herself  
when she saw him coming. Lily was not  
there, and with a smile at his own fancy  
in associating every sight and sound with  
her, he turned into the oak grove which  
had been a dear haunt in their childhood.  
It was dearer now; for on an autumn day  
in the last year, he had sat with the young  
girl under the fallen trunk of a tree, and  
whispered in her ear for the first time, the  
wish that she would be nearer than cousin  
to him; and Lily had answered with her  
blushing cheek, what no one but Hugh ever  
heard her lips confess. There was the old  
oak with the muslin-dancing through the  
leaves; there was the seat, and a tiny foot-  
print in the yielding moss below showed  
that Lily had been there; there too was a  
squirrel, perhaps the same saucy one that  
listened to the tale of love. Hugh looked  
at the little fishy thing as it scampered  
over the rustling leaves and up the trunk,  
nor stopped till it had reached the fattest  
branch where it had been bent down with  
a knowing look and seemed to tell him it  
was beyond his reach. Then came remem-  
brances of the little Lily, who had so often  
dissatisfied him from baring the bright  
eyed creature, though with true school-  
boy taste, he was wishing much to try his  
hand at a shot. Perhaps these were sim-  
ple thoughts, but trivial as they were they  
came knocking at the heart of the young  
man as he retraced his steps to the house.

"Ask Lily to come into the arbor a mo-  
ment," he said to a little sister of hers  
whom he met in the garden, and seating  
himself there he commenced braiding the  
violet with a myrtle vine, in which taste-  
ful employment he was surprised by Mrs.  
Ross, who came with anxious face to ask  
if he had not seen Lily. She had al-  
ready been absent half an hour, and it was  
hardly five minutes' walk to the brook.  
Hugh was alarmed, but observing that the  
girl might have entered the house unnoti-  
ced, accompanied by her mother he sought her  
chamber. The trunks really packed for  
the journey and boxes containing the books  
and harp were placed by the door. There  
was the little straw bonnet with its delicate  
ribbon and bridal wreath; there were the  
veil and scarf of silvery gauze; the white  
kid gloves and a bouquet of forget-me-nots  
and rose buds; and by their side the trav-  
elling basket open, displaying its neatly  
arranged contents; but though all about  
here traces of her hand, the fair tenant of  
the apartment was not there. Mrs. Ross  
was considerably agitated, but unwilling to  
alarm any one by apprehensions which  
might be groundless, kept herself calm as  
possible, and went about enquiring anx-  
iously for Lily.

No one had seen her since she passed  
alone through the garden gate. Trem-  
mingham, half frantic, mentioned the brook  
and thither accompanied by the whole fam-  
ily, he speedily went. They called aloud  
up and down the stream, but called in vain.  
The thickets of the silver willows that  
fringed the margin, and looked carefully  
far down the water. Finally Hugh sprang  
under the rude bridge, where Lily by  
skipping from rock to rock, had sometimes  
gone to reach a small sandy island where  
the scarlet cardinal flowers grew. But all  
in vain, till suddenly one of the party saw  
farther down the brook something white  
drifting around the rocks and among the  
green brake leaves that drooped into the  
water. It might be foam—or it might be  
the white dress of Lily. Swift as thought,  
Hugh dashed into the stream and a few  
moments after appeared in the midst of the  
anxious group, bearing in his arms a slight  
form with its mass of snowy drapery cling-  
ing about him; the straw hat with its blue  
ribbons floating in the air, and the fair,  
sweet face of his beautiful Lily resting  
chilly, as death against his cheek. She  
had probably leaned over the bank,  
and losing her foot-hold, fallen into the  
water, and been borne down by the current  
and while Hugh was standing near the same  
spot, had called faintly on his name, as she  
rose an instant to the surface. There had  
indeed been no parting words—no farewell  
for that sweet girl. Poor Lily! but sadder  
still, poor Hugh! Those who saw him  
bearing to the home she had just left with  
a merry smile and a bounding step, the  
drooping being that he pressed so close to  
his heart—those who saw the fearful stare  
of his cold, strange eyes, knew that from  
that moment the intellect of that noble  
youth was darkened, and that in all his af-  
ter life there would be no smile of light to  
brighten it.

Instead of the bridal group in the room  
tastefully arranged and ornamented with  
flowers, there leaned wearily as though  
smitten by some fearful blow, the guests  
who had come with smiles, and found need,  
sad need of tears. Instead of the bride,  
with glance of love and pride, there lay  
on the marble table—still, cold and white as  
the marble itself, a graceful figure, lovely  
in death. The bridal robe still damp from  
the water was the drapery, the white rose-  
bud lay withered on the calm breast; the  
faded violets firm in the hand that clutched  
them in the death-struggle, rested on the  
young heart whose beatings were forever  
hushed—"There was an angel smile on the  
round lips, and a beautiful repose on the  
closed eyelids, and something so life-like  
on the white brow with its clustering ring-  
lets of moist hair, that it was hard to be-  
lieve that the spirit had fled.

Instead of cheerful words, there were  
stilled groans and now and then a sob as  
if some heart would break with its weight

of agony. The children's bright faces  
were all dimmed with tears; their eager  
voices hushed; their merry footsteps sad-  
dened into a measured pace. And silently  
and reverently approached that room, all  
who had moved about with such careless  
freedom on the morning of that day.

"Mourn for the mourner, and not for  
the dead," says an ancient dirge. Ah,  
"mourn for the mourner," these by their  
dead form, his hand, pressed on the icy  
fingers which held the withered violets,  
sat on his breast, his head seemed to have  
cooled to ice, his heart seemed to have  
gone to the bottom of the grave years—  
On that fine countenance, more pale as that  
on which he gazed, were stamped traces  
of grief that gnaws away the very strength  
of life—and the only words he was heard  
to utter were, "Dear Lily! how lonely this  
world will seem when you are gone."

And though years have rolled by, and  
from many a heart has passed the memory  
of that bright bride of the grave, there is  
one care-worn man who cherishes in his  
breast as a holy thing, the remembrance of  
her gentleness and beauty, and who, as he  
sits in his gloomy room, murmurs from  
morning till night only these sad words:  
"Dear Lily! how lonely this world will  
seem when you are gone."

How strangely do joy and sorrow meet  
in this world of ours! A smile—a tear:  
Life—Death: only a step between!

### ANOTHER DOG STORY.

In olden times, when the small pox  
was considered an unavailing evil, and the  
house was regarded as indispensable to the  
safety of the community, the following  
circumstances occurred.

The Rev. J. C. \_\_\_\_\_, of E. \_\_\_\_\_,  
Mass., had decided on going to the pest  
house with his entire family, for the pur-  
pose of having the small pox. The day  
before they were to leave home, a kind  
neighbor came in to inquire if he could be  
of any service to them. The minister told  
him that all their arrangements were com-  
plete except that they had made no dispo-  
sition of their dog, that they were very  
unwilling to have him killed, for he was a  
great favorite in the family, but it would  
never do to suffer Bose to follow them to  
the pest house, for he would be sure to get  
out and carry the contagious disease thro'  
the neighborhood.

"I should hate to kill so good a dog,"  
said the neighbor; "don't you think he  
would stay with me?" "I fear not," said  
person C. "for he is very much attach-  
ed to our family, and there is no way I fear but  
to find an owner there is no way I fear but  
to kill the poor creature. Well, said the  
neighbor, I was going down to M. \_\_\_\_\_,  
and on my way back I will call and kill the  
dog for you. So he left them. After a  
while, the neighbor returned to fulfil his  
promise, but nothing could be found of  
Bose. They then remembered that while  
they were talking over the business, the  
dog, which had been lying under the table  
in the room, got up and went out. A gen-  
eral call was made, but no dog came; so  
the neighbor was compelled to go home  
without fulfilling his purpose of killing  
Bose.

When neighbor Clark reached his house  
what was his surprise to find C's dog ready  
to receive him. And there the dog re-  
mained during the whole time that the fam-  
ily visited their old home, but never offered  
to go near the hospital; he followed his  
new master wherever else he went, making  
his house his home. Thus he continued  
to do until the day that his old master and  
family left the pest-house, when he return-  
ed to the old house, and welcomed the  
family with ecstasies of joy, and never  
more left them except for an occasional  
visit to his temporary master.

The above is a perfectly true story. It  
was often related by the late Dr. C. \_\_\_\_\_,  
who was an eye and ear witness of the cir-  
cumstances, and was confirmed by the fam-  
ily of Mr. Clark. Others may adopt what  
theories they please to account for these  
singular facts, but we must believe that the  
dogs understand something more of human  
signs and sounds than is generally sup-  
posed.—Boston Journal.

### THE ARROGANCE OF THE MEXI- CANS.

The following anecdote is furnished to  
us, by an intelligent citizen of the United  
States, who has visited Mexico, and de-  
clares the authenticity of the extraordinary  
conversation which he relates. If the  
boasts of Ampudia are no better re-  
deemed than were those of Santa Ana; or if  
the invaders of Texas, who now threaten to  
cross the Rio Grande into our newly ac-  
quired territory, be not more successful  
than the soldiers of San Jacinto, we shall  
have another of the most remarkable chap-  
ters added to the history of bold promises  
and empty performances, which the age of  
rhodomontade has ever produced:

"The army that invaded Texas in 1835  
was followed by General Santa Ana, in his  
chariot, from the city of Mexico, in three  
weeks after the army had marched  
forward. On the day previous to the de-  
parture of Santa Ana, he was waited upon  
by the foreign ministers, and the most dis-  
tinguished citizens in the city of Mexico,  
to wish him God speed, &c. The general  
was in high spirits, and entertained his  
guests with an animated relation of his  
plans of invading and subjugating Texas.  
He said that he would be at this place on  
such a day, and at that place on such an-  
other day, and keep driving the Texian re-

bels, until he expelled them from that  
country; and then, at the cannon's mouth,  
he would establish the boundary line be-  
tween Texas and the United States of the  
Sabine; and if the President of the United  
States (General Jackson) did not like it,  
he would then march on with his army to  
the city of Washington; and, referring to  
the English minister then present, he de-  
clared that he would bury it in ashes, as it  
once before had been. Such were the  
views and boastsings of the great Mexican  
chief in 1835, and the same is now the  
view of the populace."

### THE SEVERITY OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

We have recently read a larrowing in-  
stance of the effect of a blow on the head,  
inflicted with a ruler. Dr. Wiganan whose  
work on the Durability of the Mind the ac-  
count is found, states that he knew the parties  
and can vouch for the general accuracy of  
the narrative. We give merely a brief  
summary as a warning against severity, and  
especially against blows on the head.

Two children of a respectable family,  
one five and the other ten years old, show-  
ed for years a remarkable attachment for  
each other, such, that after several trials it  
was decided to be dangerous to separate  
them, and they were sent away to school  
together.

At first all went well; the ardent affection  
continued and their education promised to  
be attended with the happy results.

In the midst of this happiness, news ar-  
rived from the schoolmaster, that from  
some unexplained cause, the elder boy had  
begun to exercise a very unreasonable and  
tyrannical authority over the younger, that  
he had been repeatedly punished for it, but  
that although he always promised amend-  
ment, and could assign no cause, reason-  
able or unreasonable, for his conduct, he  
soon relapsed into his usual habits, and  
the schoolmaster requested to know what  
was to be done. The father immediately  
sent for both boys, and entered upon a long  
investigation. The little one was almost  
heart-broken, and exclaimed, "I might  
beat me every day if he would but love me,  
but he hates me, and I shall never be hap-  
py again."

The father now resorted to severe mea-  
sures, chastisement, long incarceration, and  
days together with only bread and water  
for his diet, but all to no purpose. The  
boy promised amendment, but upon the  
first occasion resorted to his former vio-  
lence, and finally attempted the child's life  
with all the fury of a maniac.

The family next called in medical advice  
and years passed in hopeless endeavors to  
remove a disposition obviously depending  
on a diseased brain. Had they taken this  
step earlier, these floggings and imprison-  
ments would have been spared, as well as  
the father's heart rending remorse.

The youth now advanced toward man-  
hood. When about the age of 15 he was  
taken with a violent, but Platonic passion,  
for a lady more than forty years of age,  
and the mother of five children, the eldest  
older than himself. His paroxysms of fury  
now became frightful; he made several at-  
tempts to destroy himself, but in the very  
torment and whirlwind of his rage, if this  
lady would allow him to sit at her feet and  
to wear in the hospital. He would burst  
his head on her knee, he would burst  
into tears and go off into a sound sleep,  
wake up perfectly calm and composed, and  
looking up into her face with a look-lustre  
eye, would say, "Pity me; I can't help it."

Soon after this period he began to squint,  
and was rapidly passing into hopeless idio-  
cy, when it was proposed by Mr. Clime to  
apply the trephine, and take away a piece  
of bone from the skull in a place where  
there appeared to be a slight depression.  
"This indication is very vague," said he,  
"and we should not be justified in perform-  
ing the operation but in a case in which  
we cannot do any harm; he must other-  
wise fall a sacrifice."

It was done, and from the under surface  
grew a long spicula of bone piercing the  
brain! He recovered, resumed his attach-  
ment to his brother, and became indiffer-  
ent to the lady.

The disease which led to these terrible  
results had its origin in a blow on the head  
with the end of a round ruler—one of the  
gentle reprimands then so common with  
schoolmasters.—N. Y. Mirror.

SOPHA AND THE "FELLERS."—The N.  
Orleans Picayune says: We have laughed  
not a little, while reading the following  
letter from Sopha, "Out West," to Clarin-  
da, "Down East," detailing the facilities  
the former section offers to such girls as  
find the "fellers" scarce in the latter. If  
Sopha's account be true, the female mar-  
riageable stand a chance of being "snapped  
up" like winking in the western country.  
But hear the girl talk:

Holdenbecks Grove, (Ill.) 1800 & 40.  
Dear Clarinda—I got here two weeks  
ago and here I shall certainly end my  
days. Mr. Garrison that came out with me  
left me at Sheringo, and I was glad on it,  
for I never did see a feller sick to a gal  
as he did to me, and it wain't for nothin,  
neither—but he didn't talk of marryin me,  
but was just hangin round me, but I told  
him to keep his distance—that's the way  
to use such fellers. Pve a notion that he's  
in a fix with a gal down in Kentuck—any  
how, I would'n't look at him now, for I  
have had five fellers to speak to me since I  
cum here and another wants to cum, but I  
gave him the bag. One of my sparks has  
got three quarter sections and a house, is  
six foot tall, and four yoke of oxen, and is

a widdor, and wants to marry me next  
week, but I shall wait a little and see if I  
can do enny better, for between us, widd-  
dors are so queer and talk up so, they  
alwis frition me—but howsnnever I s'pose  
they don't mean more than other men—  
This country is very large and so is men  
and the pravyrs they say is tollin but I  
don't see but they are as saill as enny ut-  
ter-plate. Meettin is scarce here and wheet  
don't fetch but 2 and 6—hay and potatoes  
—they almost give away, and sich lots of  
children—the unfeelin mothers feed their  
babys on pork and potatoes on account of  
the milk sickness in the country, a poony  
way to grow babys I gess you'll think.

Now, you must come out, I know you'll  
make your fortin here. Jim sez there's  
only one gal on the hill of big pravyr  
with golden hair like yours, and she got  
an offer every day in the week after she  
got there. Now she's got a husband, a  
nice house and a pare of twins. You can't  
help likin the country. Tell Any if she'll  
come here she won't have to keep a wash-  
ing and a lucking for the fellers as we  
used to in Westbrook—out here they're rit-  
erter you before you think of it. Tell mo-  
ther I hope she'll come to see me as soon  
as I get to housekeepin, and if she thinks  
on it she may bring them little red socks  
in the till of my chest. When you cum be  
sure and go with the steam boat Chees-  
peck, Captain Dilys, at Bullerlow—ie is  
the nice man on the water, was so good  
to us all. I almost luv him if he is a mar-  
ried man. Give my luv to Jane, and ask  
her how she and William gets on, and if  
hees popped the question yet. She may  
have him all for me—I can do better. I  
can pick up my likins among the fellers  
here. Nobody can help them this coun-  
try. No more from your luvvin Cousin  
teeth. SOPHA.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.  
The Southern Christian Advocate publish-  
es a letter from Bishop Soule, in which he  
proposes, if he can arrange with Bishop  
Morris, to attend the Rock River, Iowa  
and Illinois Conferences, to go to the  
Kentucky, and thence to the Missouri, In-  
dian Mission, Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas  
and Eastern Texas Conferences—a very  
large share of official duty for our so ad-  
vanced in years. From Bishop Soule's let-  
ter we quote the following information as  
to the course he proposes to pursue in re-  
ference to the recent action of his co-epi-  
scopates at their Conference in New York,  
which action was announced a few days  
ago:—

There is one contingency which may  
prevent my attending the Kentucky Con-  
ference. It arises out of the following offi-  
cial notice sent me by the Bishops—"The  
meeting took no action relative to your  
appointments. But thinking, perhaps, in  
view of the decisions of the meeting above  
stated, you might choose to change your  
field of labor, it was agreed that Bishop  
Morris should be present at the Rock Riv-  
er, Iowa and Illinois Conferences, to pre-  
side in them, in case you should decline  
attending them." Now, the truth is, I  
wished to change my field of labor,  
nor decline attending the Conference as-  
signed me by the college of Bishops at  
New York in 1844. To choose to change  
my field of labor, or decline to attend the  
work assigned me by the constitutional  
authorities of the church, (and by such  
authority the presidency of these Confer-  
ences) would form a new era in the history  
of my life as a Methodist preacher.

"I informed the Bishops by letter, (as I  
could not attend the meeting in person, at  
the time and place appointed,) that if a  
majority of them should decide to change  
the plan of episcopal visitation for the  
present year, I should most cordially submit  
to their decision. But I am not advised  
that they have made any change what-  
ever in the plan. But they advise me that  
they have taken no action relative to my ap-  
pointments; and fully recognize me as  
having authority to preside in the Rock  
River, Iowa and Illinois Conferences.—  
Consequently my colleagues are not of  
opinion that I have withdrawn from the  
M. E. Church; or that ordination of ministers  
performed by me would be invalid." But  
the point of difficulty is this: unless I can  
see Bishop Morris, or have correspond-  
ence with him, and he will agree to attend  
those three Conferences for me, I shall  
hold myself bound in good faith to attend  
those Conferences, they being a part of the  
work assigned me in the plan of episcopal  
visitation; and the Bishops, who only have  
jurisdiction in the premises, at their recent  
meeting in New York have decided not to  
touch that plan; so far as my appointments  
are concerned.

To Get Rid of Dead Logs in a Field.  
—Mr. Williams, of Florida, writes us:—  
With the Eagle plough I am making  
treaches by running it two or three times  
back and forward alongside of the logs in  
my fields, and then roll them in and turn  
upon them the dirt thrown out by the  
plough. In this way the log is not only  
got rid of, but the labor of cutting, lifting,  
piling, and burning is saved. When de-  
composed it furnishes a rich bed of veg-  
etable matter to the land. You would be  
surprised at the rapidly with which a log  
is consigned to its narrow house. Proct-  
ing the land from washing is another great  
advantage of the process of log burying.  
Am. Agriculturist.

THE FARMER'S SONG.  
I digs, I hoos,  
I gets up wood for winter;  
I reaps, I mows,  
I inters grows,  
And for all I know  
I'm 'debted to the Printer.

I do suppose  
All knowledge flows  
Right from the Printing Press;  
So off I goes,  
In these 'ere clo's,  
And settles up—I gues.

How truly praise-worthy and anno-  
ying it is to hear loafers and bar-room loung-  
ers indulging in vulgar and abusive epi-  
grams towards certain religious sects. Very