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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

THE LAST SLEEP.

I.

When the chill is coming o'er me,
And the eye is growing dim,
When the ear no longer listeth
To the old familiar hymn:
Weep not—let no shade of sadness
O'er thy sunny features come,
Should it grieve thee that a stranger
Goeth from his wanderings home?

II.

When they bear me, friends and neighbors,
Slowly through the silent street,
Weep not as you follow after
To the last and lone retreat;
Should the laugh of merry children
Reach thee on thy solemn way,
Know that in the clime of Heaven
I am happier far than they!

III.

When the violets are growing
In the turf above my head,
Sigh not that a loved one lieth
In the dark and narrow bed;
Know that where within the coffin
Arms are folded, eyelids close,
There no earthly trial dwelleth,
But a calm and deep repose.

IV.

Know, when morn and eve succeeding,
Robe in light or shade the day,
Night to me brings no complaining,
Me no weariness the day;
All alike the summer glory,
Flying cloud, or threatening sky;
Springs soft airs and wintry tempests
Pass me all unconscious by?

V.

Life's unquiet fever ended,
Checquered scenes of trouble o'er,
Dull and cold the sensless sleeper
Heeds the noisy world no more—
Vain the tones of joyous childhood
'Mid the clustering blossoms heard—
Trampling feet—or ruder curses—
Vain—the dust no more is stirred!

VI.

Yet though these affect no longer,
Nor the words of those I love
Dropping in the silent twilight
Can the pulseless bosom move—
Would thy own dear feet linger
Sometimes in that quiet spot
Where a Brother's love lies sleeping,
By the busy world forgot.

VII.

There beside the grassy pillow,
When the light of day is gone,
Think o'er all the cherished hours
Memory loves to dwell upon,
And remember—oh! remember—
Where the angels bright and fair
Crowd the golden gates of Heaven,
I AM WAITING FOR THEE THERE!

* * *

ANECDOTES OF ATHEN ALLEN.

Colonel Ethan Allen was a man destined to the world as something uncommon and in a high degree interesting. He was partially educated and obscurely brought up; yet no man was more at ease in the polished ranks than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules of etiquette, but he had observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor. His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow-men, and led them on the most daring achievements. He seems to have possessed all the elements of a hero, a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partizan officer, is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner and carried to England, where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit introduced him into the court region. A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Col. Allen, while a prisoner in London.

The commissioner amongst the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the cause of the King, he might have a fee simple in half the State of Vermont. "I am a plain man," said Col. Allen, in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print, somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship. It is of a certain character who took a certain character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this should all be his; *and the rascal,*" added he, "*didn't own a foot of them.*"

His interview with the King at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout-hearted mountaineer if they had any newspapers in America. "But very few, and those are but little read," was the answer. "How then," asked the King, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain?" "As to that," said he, "I can tell your Majesty, that, 'amongst a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air and the breezes of heaven.'" "That is too figurative an answer from a matter-of-fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the King. "Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, "among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else, 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I will add with great respect to your Majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The King made a long pause, as if strongly impressed with the truth of his remarks. At length, changing the subject, he asked Col. Allen if he knew Doctor Franklin, and being answered in the affirmative inquired concerning his experiments in electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electric shock. The British soverign seemed to take great pleasure in the conversation, which he kept up for more than an hour, and at length made Col. Allen promise to visit him with his countryman, Dr. Franklin, at his place in London. Some weeks after he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above mentioned, and an hour fixed for the home-bred philosopher of America, to explain the mysteries of the new discovery in the science to the royal family. They attendeded accordingly and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Dr. Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments for which he was so noted, and at which the royal children, even those of a larger growth were very mush delighted.

In his playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the Royal habitation was thus in a most unlucky uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The King for a moment seemed disturbed "I forgot my appointment with the minister," said he, "but no matter, I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed.—Accordingly the minister was ushered in with little ceremony, and it was soon concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the Doctor to remember how he had *shocked* us across the water, and to give him a double charge. Whether it was designed on the hint of his friend or not, was not ascertained; but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his lordship, as to make him give way in the knees, at which, all, especially the princesses, were almost convulsed with mirth

Some of Col. Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine by the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner. "You must qualify your glass with a toast." The 'Varmounter' very uneffectedly observed that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment.

"Oh," said she, "never mind the subject—anything will do, so that it has no reason in it."

"Well," says he, "this may do for a truth—not for a toast," and fixing his eyes knowingly on the far-famed court-beauty, he proceeded—"If anything could make a double traitor of a patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its fitness to the occasion and person, caused it to be long hailed in the "beau mond" as an excellent good thing; and although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Duchess often afterwards boasted of the compliment as far above all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombry of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Col. Allen in a large assembly, at which time the fashionable ladies preferred taking air. He perceived her drift and bluntly answered:

"Whenever it becomes necessary to feed the geese and turkeys."

"What," inquired the lady, "do the fine women in your country descend to so menial employments?"

Allen was always aroused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country, and with a great deal of warmth he replied:

"American women, ladies, have the art of turning even amusements to account.—Many of these could take up the subject of your Grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of eloquence to which your lady-ship is probably indebted for your distinguished name of which, it is likely, would be as new to you as the art of raising poultry."

The sarcasm produced a deep blush in the face of the fair scoffer, but it produced for the captive and his countrymen an indemnity against court ridicule for the future.—*Express.*

BASHFUL MEN.—We never yet saw a genuine bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their character that time will mellow and bring out perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint is to the untaught rose: and their thoughts are nonetheless refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated, that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

Ladies a word in your ear. Have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers at your approach, consider them as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex.—If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life would be happier with poverty than with many others surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Olive Branch.*

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked a dandy bookseller of a home-dressed Quaker; who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," replied the Quaker, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear a watch seal the size of a brick.

The grand jury at Chicago have indicted Jas. O. Brayman for robbing the post-office.

THE OLDEN TIME.

Something like a year ago we published some reminiscences of steamboat navigation on the Delaware, giving an account of Fitch's first boat, its trip to Trenton, and the astonishment of the people who lined the shores of the river as the uncouth contrivance slowly worked its upward way to Trenton. But we did not then know that John Fitch had ever been a citizen of Trenton. Born in Connecticut, Fitch became apprentice to a clock maker, with whom he served his time. He married unhappily, parted from his wife, and took up his residence in Trenton, where he pursued the business of a silversmith and clock maker, until the commencement of the revolution, when he undertook gunsmithing. When the British occupied this city, they destroyed all his tools and furniture, and Fitch escaped into Bucks county, where he settled at Attleborough, and found that his four thousand dollars in Continental money had dwindled in current value to a single hundred. Thence he went to Hatborough, in the adjoining county of Montgomery. The records of the library there show that he was a member, and that his course of reading embraced history, biography, and travels. His autograph in a fine bold hand, is still preserved in the library.

While residing in Trenton, Fitch formed the acquaintance of Stacy Potts, and a decided friendship sprang up between them. Mr. Potts afterwards became a stockholder in his steamboat, and many letters passed between the two. Some of these we published on a former occasion, and understand that others are still preserved in the Potts family. The curious enquirer into the history of the first American steamboat will no doubt find much to interest him in the contents of these letters. One citizen of Trenton still survives who saw Fitch's steamboat pass up the river at Bordentown in 1785—Mr. William Kerwood. In the Columbian Magazine for 1789, there is a plate and description of his boat. James Thackara, of Philadelphia, once janitor of the Academy of Fine Arts, engraved a plate of the boat once for Fitch, Robert Fulton being at the time an apprentice at the business with Thackera. It is barely possible that this circumstance may have given to Fulton the first idea in relation to steamboats.

Fitch's enterprise failed solely because the country then possessed no machinists able to build an engine. He never attempted a trip without some of the machinery giving way. This discouraged the stockholders and drove Fitch into melancholy. Oh that he could have found a Trenton Locomotive Company, to embody in their magnificent style the equally magnificent conceptions of his capacious but untutored mind.—*Trenton Gaz. and Rep.*

THE CHINESE AND THE RATS.—A letter from China to the London Times contains the following:

"I have already spoken of the fatness and fertility of the Hong Kong rats. When Minutius, the dictator, was swearing Fiaminius in as his master of the horse, we are told by Plutarch that a rat chanced to squeak, and the superstitious people compelled both officers to resign their posts.—Office would be held under great uncertainty in Hong Kong if a similar superstition prevailed. Sir John Bowling has just been swearing in Gen. Ashburnham as a member of the Colonial Council, and if the rats were silent, they showed unusual modesty. They have forced themselves, however, into a State paper. Two hundred rats are destroyed every night in the goal. Each morning the Chinese prisoners see with tearful eyes and watering mouths a pile of these delicacies cast out in waste. It is as if Christian prisoners were to see scores of white sucking pigs tossed forth to the dogs by Mahommedan gaolers. At last they could refrain no longer. During the punishment of tail cutting, which follows any infraction of prison discipline, they first attempted to abstract the delicacies. Foiled in this, they took the more manly course. They indited a petition in good Chinese, proving from Confucius that it is sinful to cast away the food of man, and praying that the meat might be handed over to them to cook and eat. This is a fact, and if Gen. Thompson doubts it, I recommend him to move for a copy of the correspondence."

THE WORD CREOLE.

Col. Williams, a gallant officer from New Orleans, tells the following capital story of himself: The Colonel was on a visit to the North, and at a large dinner party in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was almost a stranger to the party, both ladies and gentlemen, but his agreeable manners secured him a home reception, and he was quite at ease among his new acqaintance. "At dinner," says the Colonel, "I was seated opposite a young and very accomplished lady, who remarked, in the conversation, 'Surely, sir, you cannot have resided long at the South, your complexion is so very fair?' "Yes," I replied, I am a creole of Louisiana.' Instantly every one around me was startled, conversation flagged, and all eyes were turned upon poor me: utterly unconscious of having said or done anything to attract so much attention. I knew not what to make of it, till the lady remarked again, with a long breath, "Well I declare—I beg your pardon, sir, but I would certainly have taken you for a white man!' My face burnt like fire, and for a while I was silent in my confusion; but recovering myself, I asked the young lady what she supposed the word *creole* meant? "Why, black or yellow, sir, I don't know which, and it don't make much difference.' I then explained to her and the company, greatly to their relief, that *creole* means *native*, and has no reference to color or race; that creole horses and creole cows are as commonly spoken of as creole men, and that I was quite 'to the manor born.'"

Six ship carpenters were drowned at Milwaukee, on the 7th ult., by a boat upsetting.

POLITICAL.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.—It has been for some years past the boast of the sham democracy that it takes no step backward—that it is ever onward and progressive in the accomplishment of its grand destiny. This is arrant deception. There is not a particle of truth contained in the assertion. It is downright, boldfaced, impudent humbuggery. To set up a claim to the sentiment uttered by Mr. Webster—"We take no step backward"—is an absurdity. The democratic party has been always trying the back track. Like a ship lost in the fog, without chart or compass, for a lifetime it has been engaged in the work of "advancing backwards." We do not make this assertion lightly It is true. We are prepared to prove it, and the truth will establish another fact, though collateral, of some importance, namely, that this "backing and filling" was and is still intended to aid them in the retension of that power in the Federal and State administrations which they have rendered subservient to partizan purposes without the slightest consideration for the public good.

The truth of history will sustain us and to it we shall appeal. In 1820 a democratic Congress adopted the Missouri Compromise, and a democratic President by the advice of a democratic Senate approved the measure. After thirty-four years, during all which time it was regarded as the pet act of the democratic party, the sham democratic party pronounced the democratic measure unconstitutional, without regard to their boasted progression, took a long stride backward and repealed it.

For what was it repealed? Why this step backward? Is not the answer apparent? The democratic party was descending rapidly in the scale of public estimation. Its mission had been performed, and the measure which gave it vitality and dominion had been settled. New issues must be raised. The negro question must be resorted to, and all the dangers involved in it to the peace and fraternal regard of the States must be introduced into the field of political agitation. This was done not without a motive. Power was to be retained at all hazards; and as this was a question, vitally interesting to both sections of the Union, other measures of public policy of grave importance, upon which the democratic party had unwittingly taken the unpopular side, were forced out of sight during the last campaign by the cries of alarm raised in both the North and the South by the democratic party, in the one for "Buchanan and Breckinridge and free Kansas," and in the other for "Buchanan and Breckenridge and slave Kansas." We all now see in the storm brewing in that party the consequences of this double dealing.

For years the democratic party planted itself upon the State's Rights doctrine enunciated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1797 and 1798. This it has now wholly abandoned. In 1854 it took a step backward, and adopted as a main plank in the democratic platform the "Squatter Sovereignty" principle in the Kansas Nebraska bill, which, it will not be denied, is diametrically opposed to the doctrine of States Rights.

From the date of its organization the same party was consistently opposed to internal improvements by the General Government, vehemently denouncing it as an unconstitutional measure. Now the administration, regardless of the former position of the party maintained with stubborn inflexibility for years, has openly and unequivocally declared itself in favor of constructing a railroad to the Pacific by the Federal Government.

The democratic party proclaimed its adhesion to the principle of non-intervention as contained in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, during the last campaign. Walker has been guilty of a flagrant violation of that principle; and yet, the Maryland democracy, in the teeth of the solemn protestations of the South, have taken another "step backward," and unhesitatingly sanction Walker's acts.

Thus speaks the record. Thus acts the democratic party. "It takes no step backward," say its mouth-pieces. The history of its acts contradicts the assertion.

It marches always with its face to the rear, and what it did a year ago, it is forced, in order to retain power, to undo now.

Professing great friendship for Southern institutions, it has proved itself the greatest enemy of the South. "It," says a contemporary, "has continually furnished the weapons with which the North has most successfully assailed the South. It introduced the State's rights doctrine as a Southern Democratic measure, and thus provided for the North a principle by which it might nullify the fugitive slave laws. It inaugurated squatter sovereignty as a Southern Democratic measure, and the Freesoilers of the North, have adopted it as better, by far, for their purposes than the Wilmot proviso or any other freesoil measure that anti-slavery fanaticism has ever devised. The Democratic party has now planted itself upon the doctrine of alien suffrage, as a Democratic doctrine, and the Northern Abolitionists are exulting over the introduction of this doctrine which will give them control not only of all the territories and enable them to exclude slavery therefrom, but will furnish them with a powerful lever by which they hope to root out slavery even from the States in which it exists."

"We take no step backward." "Our principles are progressive—our party is progressive." This can only be said ironically. No party ever lived that has so often been forced to the humiliating task of "backing down" from its position. Its progress has been an "advance backwards."—It asserts a dogma to-day and repudiates it to-morrow. Like the Irishman's flea, when you put your finger on it, it is not there.—It is a party of contradictions. If a democrat of the times of Jefferson could rise from his grave and look around him, he would pronounce the so-called democratic party of the present a mockery and a farce brought upon the stage merely to excite ridicule and scorn against the disciples of old time democracy. Like Joseph's coat, it is made up of many patches; and these patches have been laid on so thick and fast, that every shred of the original garment has been hid from public observation. So much for the progressive democracy, that "takes no step backward."—*Cumberland Telegraph*

NATURALIZATION.

We copy the following article from the National Intelligencer, as a matter of considerable importance to the public at large, and particularly to those foreigners who contemplate being naturalized:

"*Decision as to Naturalized Voters.*—Judge Goodloe, of the Kentucky Circuit Court, has rendered a decision as to the rights of persons naturalized in State courts in respect to the elective franchise. This decision was given in the case of Hegan against Dudley. Dudley, while acting as Deputy Sheriff at the late election in the city of Lexington, refused to receive the vote of Hegan because he was naturalized in a State Court. Hegan instituted a suit for damages. The case was fully argued on both sides before Judge Goodloe, who in his decision embraced the following points:

1. A voter may maintain a civil action against the judges of election for unlawfully, willingly, and knowingly denying him the right to vote.

2. The power to establish uniform rules of naturalization is *exclusively* vested in Congress, and cannot be exercised by the States.

3. The process of naturalization under the act of 1802 is *judicial* and not *ministerial.*

4. Congress has no power under the Constitution to confer jurisdiction or impose judicial duties upon the State Courts; but the State courts must look to the constitution and laws of their own States for grants or jurisdiction; and as there is nothing in the constitution and laws of Kentucky conferring jurisdiction upon any of her courts to hear and determine naturalization cases, their judgments and certificates are void and confer upon their holders no right to vote.

Judge Goodloe had previously decided that the papers of a person naturalized in another State required the certificate of the court there to make them valid."

If these decisions be correct and the constitution of the State do not expressly authorize the State Courts to naturalize foreigners, the votes of many persons who have been naturalized in the courts of Maryland, may be justly rejected by the judges of election—or; if it be established as a sound principle of law that those who have been naturalized in other States, must have the certificate of the court to legalize their voting here, we suspect that many persons will be disappointed. Some of the States have expressly denied jurisdiction to their courts, to act in the matter of naturalization, and it would be well to confine it in all cases, to the federal courts, as the general government has the exclusive control over the subject of naturalization.

A State has a right to regulate the right of suffrage; and may require of a person naturalized before a Court of the United States, a residence within the State for one or more years, before being admitted to vote—and we hope that the Legislature of Maryland will pass an act to this effect at its next meeting—for the way in which foreigners have been manufactured into citizens by misrepresentations and false swearing, to meet a special demand for such voters, has been most shameful and degrading. We have known at least one hundred foreigners converted into voters, by the oath of one man, who when questioned, could not swear that he knew them personally. He is supposed to have been engaged in this wholesale swearing at so much per man. So notorious had he become in this business of naturalizing foreigners, that he was generally discredited, even by persons from his own country. If persons could not vote for some years after being naturalized, this false swearing would cease, and parties would no longer hire men to perjure themselves.

A large portion of the foreigners who now come in to our country, are men of loose principles and worse morals. They are the outcasts of society in Europe—and the moment they land upon our shores, they commence a lawless course, and seek to mould our institutions to suit their own corrupt views—hence their eagerness to become voters, and to mingle in our political controversies. Rowdies in principle, they usually espouse the cause of that party they believe to be most favorable to the rule of such persons; and learn to pronounce the word *Democrat* before they understand another syllable of the English language—These, and others of similar stamp, are the men who are seeking to overpower the votes of the native citizens of the country—and they have the aid and assistance of men who ought to have some attachment for their native land, but who are willing to sell their birth-right to obtain office. Maryland has so far held her head erect in this matter, and proclaimed to the world that she will not be ruled by foreigners—and during the present fall she will give additional evidence of her determination to resist all efforts to subject her control of the foreign population, and their corrupt allies.

We wish our judges of election to examine the above decision of Judge Goodloe, as also the Constitution of the State—so as to reject every vote which may be offered which is not legal in every respect. By so doing numbers of votes may be thrown out which have heretofore passed as genuine. The ballot boxe should be kept clear of every improper ballot, that the true voice of the people may be heard.—*Balt. Clipper.*

AGRICULTURE, &c.

From the American Farmer.

SURFACE MANURING—LIME EXPERIMENT.

Gentlemen: In your July No. I see an article upon surface manuring, a practice which I have been pursuing for many years, especially with my stable manures, on account of the grass seeds from my hay, with which manures I cover the poorer spots in my grass fields, and have found the most profitable use I can make of this kind of manure, as there is not a spot which cannot be made to produce well in grass, thus liberally dealt with. I have now a plat of orchard grass thus treated seven or eight years ago, from which I have last, and this year cut as heavy a crop of hay as I ever saw grow upon any high land, and as good as I ever saw grow in Virginia on any lands.—This was my favorite mode of applying all my home made manures, until the chinch bug drove me from it, and as soon as they leave us entirely, I shall return to that mode of applying all of my manures.

* * * * I know my own to be the very best crop I have ever made, which I attribute in a very great degree to the very small application of lime made in January or February, by hand as I would plaster, which plan I learned from a communication made in the *Southern Planter* some years ago, by a Mr. Cockran, of Augusta county, Va., who sowed a bushel of lime per acre upon alternate beds of his growing crop of wheat; upon those beds thus sparingly treated he cut a fine crop of wheat; upon those not so treated he got little or no wheat, owing to the fly, joint worm and chich bug—now I have been thus treating my wheat crop for three years, and have made three of the best crops of my life.—Upon the present crop of 12½ bushels of wheat, I used 180 bushels of sifted lime, and it has been pronounced by many gentlemen who have been to look at it, to be the best crop in the county, and by the Loudon farmer equal to any he ever saw. Last year I made upon this farm 16½ bushels for every one seeded; this is a better crop, and yet strange to say, none of my neighbors will try it—they come and look at and admire it, but say it can't be the lime, for the dose is too small; it's too cheap and too easily done—it must be something else. 'Tis true, I use guano, and so do they, and I used guano years before I thus used lime, but these three crops upon which I have thus used lime, are three of the best crops of my life; so I am well convinced lime has something to do with it. My wheat crops are not only greatly improved since I adopted the plan of this small application of lime, and I have far less chich bug, fly, or joint worm, than any of my neighbors, but my grasses have also equally improved; and all agree, that in the last three years my farm has improved equally if not faster than any other in our rapidly improving county—now I firmly believe it is greatly owing to the lime, though applied even in these very small doses. I am well convinced from a close observation this is the best mode of applying lime, for I have used it in doses from 20 to 40 bushels, scattered from the wagon, and my neighbor, who has more means, and can't be beat as to untiring efforts in all good things, and is one of the very best farmers in all things, for his age, I have ever seen, has applied his lime in large and heavy doses, without the expected results, whereas, I have beat him in the last two crops of wheat per bushel seeded; from these facts, I am well convinced the small dose application is the best; in this way more surface can be gone over, and the per acre application is so small a matter that any farmer, however small his means, or great a distance he may be from the lime kiln, can safely try the experiment, and if it does little or no good, it can't injure him much. I believe there are lands upon which lime will do but little or no good, and there is lime which is not so good for agricultural purposes as others. By a slight application of this kind it can be fairly tested at so slight a cost, that a failure can't hurt much. My neighbor and friend Mr. D. G. Smith, a close observing and practical farmer, from the wheat growing district of Loudon county, Va., made an experiment upon his last crop of wheat, with the lime from my quarry, and the beautiful lime from western Virginia, and says the difference was greatly in favor of this, the Eastern vein of Va. I don't make this statement from any interested motives, for I don't burn lime for sale, nor do I expect to do it, having refused to furnish my neighbors, who wanted thousands of bushels; but merely burnt a kiln or two for my friends to test it for their satisfaction and my own use. Upon some experiments made in the last twelve months I am also well convinced, the plan of improving lands given by Com. A. P. C. Jones, is the one we all should pursue—I mean a thorough and heavy improvement at once per acre—it has paid me well. * * * This was written for your August No.; it is now the 10th of August so if any good can come out of it, let it come out in the September No.

Rains to an injurious effect on wheat, oats and tobacco and hay, all of which are greatly injured, a heavy loss. Chinch bug in abundance—corn a month behind hand—a dry September or an early frost, may cut us short. GEO. C. GILMER.

[The suggestions made by Mr. Gilmer will, we have no doubt, attract the special attention of our readers—the experiment of his lime application should be tried generally.]

MEADOWS.—If your meadows are old and turf bound, you may greatly improve them, by giving them a good harrowing, sowing thereon 5 bushels of bone dust 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of salt and 1 bushel of plaster per acre, and by sowing 1 gallon of timothy seed per acre. This done, roll and harrow the whole in.

SHEEP.—Keep a supply of salt under cover, accessible to your sheep at all times.