PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

# The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. No. 41.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

**CASH SYSTEM.**

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

**LUMBER**

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

**NOTICE.**

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

**NOTICE.**

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

**FINAL NOTICE.**

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

**A. B. PRITCHETT,**
**CABINET MAKER,**

HAS his shop on Dover street, a few steps from Washington street, where he is prepared to make up Cabinet Work of the various kinds. All orders for COFFINS promptly attended to, and Coffins sent to any part of the County required. Orders for any work in his line of business left with Mr. Saul'l Patchett will receive prompt attention.
may 12-y A. P. B.

**PURE BONE DUST.**
**TO FARMERS, &c.**

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

TENCH F. TILGHMAN. MELLVILLE SHERWOOD.

**LAND OFFICE.**
**TILGHMAN & SHERWOOD.**

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

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

**CARPENTERING.**

JEREMIAH MORRIS. WILLIAM S. COLLISON.

*MORRIS & COLLISON,*

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

**GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!**

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

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

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

A VALUABLE GIFT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the Baltimore Patriot.

IMPROMPTU.

BY ANNIE SOUTHCOMB.

"Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the mad'ning soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still."—BYRON.

O, take away the mad'ning bowl—
I cannot taste what others prize;
The sparkling wine but mocks the soul,
For calmer joys my spirit sighs.
Though "gay companions" throng around,
And jest and song go floating by,
'Tis all a vain, an empty sound,
And with the wine its pleasures die.

I've stood within the banquet hall,
Where song and dance beguiled the hours,
And seemed the gayest of them all,
Where pleasure strewed the way with flowers;
And I have felt the magic power
That music sways upon the soul,
When o'er the sea in moonlight's hour
Its heavenly notes soft murmuring roll.

But pleasures such as these must die,
And leave a void earth cannot fill;
'Mid scenes of joy I still must sigh—
"The heart—the heart is lonely still!"
Then let us look to heaven above,
Like MARY, choose the better part;
In heaven, the home of joy and love,
There's balm to heal the "lonely heart."

Baltimore, Md.

## THOSE PETTICOATS.

John Dickson stole a Bolt of flannel, in Philadelphia recently, and made the following unique confession in regard to it, when brought up before the Mayor's Court to answer for the offence:

"Sir, I confess I did take the flannin; but when you hear *why* I took it, you will say I am an unfortunate man, and ought to be pitied. My wife says to me yesterday morning, 'John, I've got a two-dollar note, bank of Harrisburg,' says she; 'I made it by washing and ironing, and I want you to go and buy me eight yards of flannin—red flannin,' says she—'to make me two petticoats, for the spring is backward (says she) and the weather keeps cool, and I havn't a rag that's fits to wear. And mind you, don't lose the money nor go near any grog-shop (says she), for you know your weakness; and don't you get into conversation with any loafers as you are going along on the errand."

"So I took the money, the two dollar one, I did, and went out, and went three squares around to keep clear of a groggery that's in the upper end of our street, and that's the way I missed it, for in t'other street I met Joe Henson. Says Joe, 'Jack, where you're bound?' Says I, 'to get eight yards of quarter dollar flannin' to make my wife two petticoats.' Says he, 'Dock the old woman half a yard, and let's have a couple glasses of toddy. It's only making the petticoats a little shorter (says he), and she's got a handsome pair of ankles; she won't mind having a scant pattern.'

"Well, I thought half a yard of flannin' wouldn't make much difference; so in we went to the hotel, changed the note, drank a glass apiece, and that put us in the notion for more, it did; and Joe drank *and* drank, and in less than an hour I'll be switched if I had twenty-five cents out of two dollars. Well, what could I do then? I ax any responsible man what *could* I do? I couldn't buy it without the money; so I hooked a bolt of it, I did, that's a fact, and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it, for nothing else could be done, and if I hadn't been nabbed, my old women should have had six flannin' petticoats instead of two she sent me after, and that's the whole story."

AN ACCIDENTAL SHOT.—"Please your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tim, "I shot the hare by accident."

"By accident?" remarked Captain O'-Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the beast ran across my aim, all of his own accord."

"The gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och! don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim Ryan, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how.—He tould me t'other day yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!"

"Ay, ay'" exclaimed Viscount Kil-iddery, "indeed, and what did you say?"

"Plaise your lord-hip, I said your lordship was."

DAN RICE HAS A FIGHT.—During the visit of Dan Rice's Circus to Upper Canada, an English bully allowed that he could "lick any two Yankees that ever was born" Dan doubted this, and informed the Englishman that in ths absence of "a pair of Yankees," he might try his hand on him.—The Englishman off coat and pitched in.—Dan countered and hit the Englishman under his left ear. Englishman went up about five feet, leaving his boots behind. Englishman came down again and fell like a log. Dan got a physician, bled the Englishman, and brought him to. Having done this, he sent him home on a shutter. The affair occurred about twenty miles from Niagara. The licking was so well deserved, and so handsomely finished off that it added to Dan's popularity. The day after this, he performed to $1200; the day afterwards to $1700. We got this from a person who witnessed the whole affair.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

SCHOOL LEARNINGS.—A female teacher of a school, that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration she exclaimed—

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, even without your seeing it yourselves?"

"Well, that is faith," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer shouted from all parts of the schoolroom.

## A LADY FREEMASON.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mystery of freemasonary. How she obtained this honor we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were the masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentlemen to the first steps of masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony through the first two steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and with light but trembling steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood a grimlooking tyler, with a drawn sword. A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage, her death was resolved on; but from the moving supplication of her younger brother, her life was saved, on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through the whole those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of masonry. The lady was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Legar stakes. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the freemasons with her apron and other insignia of freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*English Paper.*

DOWN ON MECHANICS.—The sham democracy throughout the district, in the absence of something in the Hon. Henry W. Hoffman's career to denounce and malign, have attacked his private character. They ridicule him; because of the fact of his being a *mechanic.* One of the speakers at the Democratic Congressional Convention thus sought to lower him by designating him as "*a tinner and a horn-maker.*" This is the first time we have ever heard that a trade detracts from a man's respectability. The *heart* and the *head make the man*, not his profession. But if Mr. Hoffman was a *tinner* his *head* and his *heart* demonstrate his *fitness* for eminent position, while these assaults, savoring of so much contemptible meanness and betraying the littleness of the aristocratic pack that bark at his heels, show the weakness of his opponents, betray their apprehensions, and will eventually cover them with discomfiture, and force them to shrink away from the sight of all honest, right thinking mechanics like whipped curs. Benjamin Franklin was a mechanic, Fillmore was a mechanic, and many other distinguished statesmen of the day were mechanics. Their fame will live forever. Mr. Hoffman was a *tinner* and by his own merits *risen to eminence.* His example is a rebuke to these scorpions who seek to sting him. Children of opportunity and affluence, priding themselves upon the possession of wealth, and estimating it as the standard of human excellence, they regard the mechanic, whatever may be his intrinsic merits, as the master regards his dog—only to be kicked and cuffed. Shame on a party that would tolerate such a thing —*Cumberland Telegraph.*

STARTLING TRUTH.—In De Bows Review (democratic authority by the way) for July last, among a number of tables, are some showing crime among natives and foreigners, in the United States, according to the census of 1850. The following for itself:

| Native Pop. | Foreign Pop. |
|---|---|
| 17,737,505 | 2,210,828 |
| Convicts. | Convicts. |
| 12,000 | 14,000. |

This makes a fraction over 73 native convicts in 100,000, and 633 foreign convicts in the same number. No comment is necessary.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—On Wednesday morning last, between midnight and daybreak, the Steam Saw Mill at New Town belonging to the Messrs. Youung, was discovered to be on fire and notwithstanding the efforts of the citizens, the mill, storehouse ond contents and a large lot of plank and lumber were entirely consumed. The loss is estimated at about $12,000. There was no insurance, we learn, on any of the property. The origin of the fire cannot be accounted for, and it is thought to be the work of an incendiary.—*Worcester Shield.*

To make pantaloons LAST—make the coat and vest FIRST.

One's dishonesty spoils many.

Under familiority breeds contempt.

## POLITICAL.

BUCHANAN—WALKER KANSAS IMBROGLIO.—The sham democracy are congratulating themselves upon having a majority in the next Congress They are not out of the woods yet, and will find possibly that they have hallooed too soon.—There is a bone of contention between the hitherto harmonious democracy. They are already furiously fighting over it. Quarter is neither given or taken. It is imphatically a war of the Roses and will be prosecuted with vigor to the extermination of one party or the other of the contentionists.

A majority of the Southern democratic journals condemn in unmeasured terms the course of policy adopted by Walker, while the leaders of the party, now in and out of Congress, profess a determination to resist to the utmost the confirmation of his appointment by the Senate. But in the event that he should be confirmed, they will demand his recall by the President, and if it is refused, they will instantly withdraw their support from his administration, and appeal to the Southern people to denounce him as a traitor to the South, and as an ally of Hale, Seward, Sumner, and other leading spirits in the Northern abolition holy alliance, to wage war upon the institution of slavy.

They maintain very justly, the principle of non-intervention, upon which Buchanan was elected, has been violated, and that "the whole tenor, spirit and intention of the Kansas-Nebraska bill" has been wilfully and deliberately trampled under foot with a view of bringing Kanras within the foul embrace of the free-soilers.

Mr. Buchanan has unqualifiedly sanctioned Walker's acts, and according to democratic showing, has betrayed the South and directly trampled upon her rights. He, therefore, stands between Walker and all harm, and makes himself, by his own deliberate act, a shining mark for Southern javelins.

Does he expect to come out of the contest unscathed? Does he suppose that, with no strength in the North, and with the South—angry, excited and burning with revenge for rights which they allege have been unscrupulously infringed—divided in his support, he can maintain himself? He is leaning on a broken reed, and the first act of that Congress, which is now said to be democratic, may teach him that there is Southern chivalry enough still left to resist aggression upon one of her cherished rights.

The hypocrisy of the democratic party, as exhibited during the last campaign, is recoiling with stunning effect upon their heads. In the North they emblazoned on their banner-folds, 'Buchanan and Breckenridge and free Kansas," and in the South "Buckanan and Breckenridge and slave Kansas." It was a gross deception, unworthy of a party making pretentions to honesty. One section or the other had to be cheated. There could be no other alternative. The South being the weaker, has received the blow, and the Hales, the Sumners and the Sewards, constituting the back-bone of the abolition alliance, are now exulting over her stunned, crushed and mangled body. Will not the retributive hand of justice speedily punish the flagrant outrage.

Looking at the matter in this light, and knowing the feeling pervading the Southern mind, we think we are justified in the opinion that the next Congress will not only repudiate Buchanan for his instructions to Walker and the violation of the principle of non-intervention contained in the Nebraska bill, upon which he received the Southern vote, but that split between the States' Rights and the so-called national democracy is inevitable. Kansas will be the rock upon which they will split. Then good-bye to all their greatness. Will some of our readers stick a pin here?—*Cumberland Telegraph.*

## FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

In the Walker Kansas imbroglio, pretty much all the leading men and journals of the South are on the side of the Southern view of that question, and boldly denounce Walker and Buchanan for their treachery.

The Hon. R. T. Archer a distinguished democrat, of Mississippi, has published a long letter addressed to the Richmond South, (democratic) condemnatory of Walker's course. Quite recently another letter on the same subject appears, in which he says:

"Could I approve Mr. Walker's conduct, it would have afforded me pleasure to defend him; and though constrained to condemn, I preferred to hold Mr. Buchanan responsible for his violated pledges and treachery to the Southern people who elected him, to making Mr. Walker, who had given no pledges unless to Mr. Buchanan, a scape-goat for Mr. Buchanan's bad faith.

Mr. Buchanan is charged with "treachery to the South," with having "violated his pledges,' and with making Walker a 'scapegoat for his bad faith.' Strong language that, but warranted by the facts. The South has been sold. The Maryland democracy glory in the act.

Mr. Sheppard, a leading politician of the democratic school in Alabama, declares boldly:

"The President is guilty with Walker.—He sent him to Kansas knowing his sentiments. He keeps him there, and intends to hold on to him until their schemes are accomplished, thus proving two departments of the Government, its executive and its legislative, in their dealing with the South and Slavery, to be the most irresponsible and meanest autocracy that disfigured a page in history."

That's coming up to the mark bravely.—It indicates the feeling South, and demonstrates beyond cavil that the Southern democracy has been most shamefully abandoned by the Maryland democracy, and that while the former still maintains the principle of non-intervention contained in the Kansas bill, and of State's rights also, the latter abandons both, and sells itself body and breeches to the Black Republicans.—Their position is humiliating in the extreme. "It is in direct conflict," according to the Jackson Mississippian, a strong democratic paper, "with the whole tenor, spirit and intention of the Kansas-Nebraska bill."

The Charleston Courier says:

"We see in Governor Walker's course and in that of the Administration in endorsing and sustaining him, and especially in denouncing those who arraign the propriety of his course, infidelity and treachery to the South of the most signal character, combining ingratitude with bad faith."

Ray's Yazoo Sun remarks:

"That if to sustain the course of Gov. Walker is the necessary requisite to be a *national* Democrat, "we frankly admit that we are not of them, but avow ourself openly, manfully and candidly a Southern Democrat."

This change of front of the so-called "national democracy," has caused the Republicans to throw up their hats in perfect ecstacy of delight. They see in it a gladdening prognostication. From the similarity of views entertained by them and the "national democracy", they derive hopes of union and consolidation, harmony and active co-operation in the future; and consequently the utter dispersion and final demolition of the national, conservative and union elements upon which the American party bases its claims to popular support. But this shifting of the planks in the sham democratic programme, in Maryland, will not win. Its objects, though intended to sustain Buchanan in his arrant freesoil proclivities, is totally destitute of anything to recommend it to popular favor, while it contains everything warranting its unqualified repudiation by an indignant and outraged people.

*From the Cumberland Telegraph.*

## IMMIGRATION.

Foreign immigration to the United States is again very large. From the official report of the New York Superintendent of Immigration, we learn that during the current year, up to the 26th of August, there have arrived at the port of New York 122,888 foreign immigrants, against a total of 88.085 to the parallel date last year. This is an increase of fifty per cent.

The tide of immigration, as will be seen by the above, is really on the increase. It is estimated that before the close of the year not less than seven hundred thousand will have entered the various American ports By far the larger half of this vast number are settling in the Western States. Its fruitful plains are being settled by foreigners, and under the operation of the miserable locofoco "squatter sovereignty" doctrine, each one of these emigrants, many of them having about them still the stench of prison houses of the old world, can set himself down on the public lands and all the native born and naturalized citizens of the country combined cannot dispossess him, although by all the laws of right and justice these lands belong to us. Is this right? Our fathers fought for these lands They conquered them, and being imbued with the love of fathers for their offspring, they bequeathed the glorious heritage to us, to be held in trust by the general government for our benefit and behoof. And yet, to-day we behold them gradually gliding from our grasp, and becoming the possessions of aliens, to whose brogans the dust of another hemisphere still clings. At the same time, those who were born and bred upon the soil, whose eyes here first beheld the light of heaven, and whose infant lips here first uttered that deep and abiding love for the republic and its institutions which is part and parcel of the very nature of an American, are compelled by a party, dominant in the councils of the nation from the succor received from the foreign legions invading our shores, to maintain a "masterly inactivity," and, though chagrinned and mortified at our fellow-countrymen who can wink at tkese things, behold "our inheritance" pass rapidly from our hands without the power to arrest the iniquity.

But, say our opponents, there is enough for all. To-day there may be. But what of a hundred years hence? At the present rate of increase in the population of the country, at that time scarcely an uninhabited acre will remain. The descendants of the men of the present generation will scarcely have a place upon which to lay their dead bodies. We must not live altogether for the present. A wise man provides for the future—a fool only for to-day. When our ancestors conquered these provinces, present good was not thought of.—They struggled for the good of those who were to succeed them. We must not be more selfish than they. There would be dishonor in that. We must be provident of what they bequeathed to us, and hand down the inheritance to those who shall succeed us as we succeeded them. This would be wise policy. Politicians appreciate it, but they have not the independence and manliness to acknowledge it. Their love of power over-rides every consideration for the public welfare. Office is the god of their devotion. To obtain it, they would dispose of their birthright, sell the whole for a mess of pottage. Hence their encouragement of every description for foreign emigration. They do not dream of discrimination. They take the *bad* with the *good*, and estimate each by the number of votes he can control at the ballot-box.—In the sight of a so-called democrat, a foreign criminal is as good as an honest man. By reason of this equality, an inducement is held out to the former to emigrate, and yearly hundreds of thousands of loose and abandoned characters are cast upon our shores to corrupt and degrade the good we have.

The country begins to appreciate the importance of a reform in our naturalization laws. They must sooner or later be subjected to the pruning knife. The pauper and criminal must be excluded, and the honest foreigner, who comes with the *bonafide* intention of making his home beneath the shade of our boundless forests, should be greeted with a warm hospitality, and have thrown around him the shield of our laws.

## AGRICULTURE, &c.

*From the American Farmer's Magazine.*

SAVING SEED CORN.

Friends Nash & Parsh: Your *Plough* is an excellent implement, and works well in turning over the *sod*, and on old ground that has been worked for years. But good tools are not all that the thrifty husbandman wants to insure him good crops—those that will pay him for his expense and labor.—He may have the best of *Ploughs, hoes*, etc., and put his ground in the best of order, but unless he has good seed he can not expect a good crop.

During the spring of 1856, the seed corn in this part of the country proved almost a perfect failure, especially the first planting, as most who planted early had to replant. This, with early frosts, made a large quantity of poor or soft corn. No one could give the reason for it. At the time I talked with many of my neighbors upon the subject, and I found that nearly all of them planted the corn that they had cut up into stouts. The corn crop proved a poor one. Hardly a farmer had enough for his own use. This caused the price of corn to rise from the usual price (thirty cents) to $2 per bushel, and it could not be had at that, for it was not in the country.

Last spring came around, and many of the farmers did the same as on the previous one. Corn that stood out all winter in the hill came up finely, while that which was cut and stouted up or put into bins proved a universal failure. Therefore, the crop of corn will be nothing like a full one this season. This season was cold and very late; and where the seed failed the first planting, if frost comes as early as common, the second planting will be cut off.—My reasons for corn not growing that is cut and stouted up or put in large bins, are the same as friend Bacon's, *given in the July number of the Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

As the seed had proven such a failure in the spring of 1856, I thought that I would try a new mode of saving my *seed corn*, if any grew; as my seed was old corn sent to me by a friend from Ohio, it nearly all grew, the first planting. In the latter part of September, when my corn was fairly out of the milk, and was glazed, I went and selected the best of it, picked it and strung it up under my shed upon poles, so that the air had free circulation. It hung there until it was nearly dry, I then put it up in the chamber where a stove pipe went through, and it remained there until spring.

When it got dry, it shriveled up and looked as if it had no substance in it. I thought it was uncertain whether it would grow.—Before planting I put some into the ground to see if it would germinate and it came up. I planted it into the field; and while planting one of my neighbors was there, and he looked at it and laughed at me for being so foolish as to plant such corn this late season. "Why," say he, "if that corn grows mine will grow, surely." His corn had been cut up and stood in the stout until cold weather came, then it was picked and put into a crib. But did his all grow? He planted it, and about one half of it came, while the corn that I had in the chamber grew to a kernel. Even if the kernel was shrunk, the germination principle was not killed. This proves to me that corn for seed should be gathered as soon as the milk is out of it and it is fairly glazed over. An old farmer, who has seen seventy summers, said to me once: "If you want to have your seed corn come up well, save your seed before your corn is fairly ripe." My advice to all farmers that have had bad luck in having corn fail is, save your corn before it is fairly ripe, and put it where it would cure, and keep it dry until you went to plant it. Millions of dollars have been lost during the last crop of corn, and there will be dollars lost this fall, for no other reason than by planting poor seed. Messrs. Editors, I hope that you will give your opinion upon this subject, for it is of vast importance. I hope your correspondents will write, and if they have not tried it, may they do so and give their experience through the *Plough, Loom, and Anvil*

Respectfully yours, L. S. SPENCER.
LYNN, Warren Co., Iowa.

We would prefer to select seed as soon as fairly ripe, but would be careful not to do it sooner; and would then keep it in a dry and cool place, though it would not be seriously injured by wintering in a heated room, as all experience shows, many farmers always keeping it suspended over the kitchen fire.—[ED.'s *Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

Buffalo has what it supposes, a murder case. Two men named Fletcher, cousins, have lately lived together in Elk street, with one woman whom they quareled about. On Sunday they had another quarrel, but finally walked peacefully away together. The next seen of them named William was returning home with a bundle containing the identical clothes worn away in the morning by his cousin. His statement is that they were bathing, when, the cousin had a cramp and was drowned. He is under arrest. The body of the missing man had not been recovered, either dead or alive at last accounts.

STUFFED HORSES.—The proprietors of the famous horses "Vermont Black Hawk" and "Lady Suffolk," both deceased, have had their skins stuffed at an expense of about $1000, and have applied to the managers of the coming horse exhibition at Springfield, Massachusetts, for room to exhibit them within the enclosure.

Gen Pillow has announced himself a candidate for the U. S. Senate from Tennessee.