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. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857. No. 1.

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.

NEW GOODS.

WE have just returned from the city, and are now opening at our old stand in the town of St. Michaels, a very large and beautiful stock o

FALL & WINTER GOODS

embracing every variety of Ladies', Gents', Boys, and Misses Dress Goods; also servants' wear, of every description, together with a good stock of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
CHINA, QUEENSWARE,
TIN & WOODWARE.

To an examination of which we invite our friends and the public generally.

The public's ob't servts.
MANSFIELD & HARRISON,
oct 24 St. Michaels, Md.

1857!

C. NORTH EMORY

HAS just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with an additional supply of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

which he most respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine before purchasing, as he thinks he can offer many inducements, in style, quality and prices, in Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Kerseys 3-4 and 6-4, drab and Gray Delaines, plain and figured, Calico, Ginghams, &c., &c., Hardware, Groceries and Queensware. [nov 7

FALL TRADE,
1857.

HASLET C. MACKEY

HAS just opened a large stock of Woolen and Cotton Goods, suited to the season, such as Foiled Cloths and Kerseys, Satinets, Flannels, Muslins and Sheeting, Ticking, Wool and Cotton Plaid for Servants, stripe Osnaburg, &c., also a large lot of fresh

GROCERIES,

Coffees, Rio, Laguyra and Java. Sugars—crushed, pulverized, granulated, brown. Candles, Soap, Starch, Spices of all kinds, water and soda Crackers, alway fresh.

Liquors of all kinds; fine Brandy and Wines for sickness. Hardware in great variety. Queensware and Woodware, Ropes and Cordage, all of which I will sell very cheap. My friends, customers and the public are respectfully invited to give me a call: I will endeavor to please all who may favor me with their patronage. sep 5

LATEST ARRIVAL.

NEW

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

AT THE

PEOPLE'S BARGAIN STORE.

J. RASIN has just returned from the city, and is now opening at his Store Room opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest assortment of *DRY GOODS* ever before offered by him, such as Dress Goods, for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Misses'; and heavy Goods for servants wear; also a large stock of family Groceries, Liquors of all kinds, Hardware, China, Glass, Queensware, Woodware, &c. Having had particular attention to the selection of these goods, were enabled to sell them at prices expressly suited to the present "hard times." I will be pleased to dispose of them on the most reasonable terms for cash or country produce, or on time to good paying customers. Oil cloths generally on first floor. Farming Implements, on second floor. Carpet warerooms on the third floor.
oct 24 JOSHUA RASIN.

NEW FALL AND WINTER

GOODS.

Thompson & Kersey

HAVE just returned from the city, and are now opening at their Newly Refitted Store room in Easton, a very large and beautiful stock

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

embracing almost every variety of
Ladies' Dress Goods;
Gentlemen's " "
Boys and Misses' " "
Servants' Wear;

Also a large stock of
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, China, Tin Ware Woodware, &c.;
to an examination of which they earnestly invite their friends and the public generally. oct 3

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS.

1857.

J. H. GRACE has just returned from the city with a very large stock of *FALL AND WINTER GOODS*, embracing every variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, viz:—
Silks, colored and black;
Plain and figured Delaines;
Cassimeres; Debaize, &c
Also, a large assortment of
Embroidered Collars,
Ruffling, &c
Linen Cambric and hem-stitch Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, hosiery, &c.
Also, a beautiful supply of Stella Shawls.
For GENTLEMEN & BOYS.—My assortment of Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vesting and Coating Cassimeres
are large and complete. Also, a large supply of
Tweeds,
Cassinetts,
Jeans, &c.;
together with a very large and generally assorted stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GLASS, STONE-WARE, TIN-WARE,
GROCERIES, &C.,
To an examination of which the public are most respectfully invited—feeling sure that from the care taken in the selection of these Goods that in QUANTITY, QUALITY, and PRICES, they cannot fail to give a better stock to select from
sep 35 J. H. GRACE.

SPICES, Nutmegs, Mace, Cinnamon, Cloves, Allspice, Ginger, Mustard, Cayenne and Black Pepper, ground and unground, for sale by
nov 21 DAWSON & BRO.

ETHERIAL OIL—Balton's fresh and superior Etherial Oil—just received by
nov 21 DAWSON & BRO.

AXES! AXES!!—Stewart's celebrated cutting Axes, on hand and for sale by
nov 21 J. H. GRACE.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

BY KATE NEVILLE.

How often we think when reading the news,
An editor could always please if he choose—
But such a paper as this, why, all must agree,
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, Sir, Critic, reflect, ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison:
And least you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

First a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand, waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She thrusts it aside with a muttered "Pshaw!"
No marriage here—
I think it is queer,
When there are ever so many,
They don't publish any.
Here's poetry, And battles,
Sketches, And seiges,
And tales, And law suits
Without ending, A-pending;
But no picnics or concerts, or parties for me;
Such trash upon paper I never did see."

Then a nice young man with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and sieroes,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please;
In theatres, In races,
Circuses, And chases,
Operas, In banquets,
Balls, And calls,
And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper,
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonder if lines addressed to Miss Bello
Were not written to her by a clever fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise:
But she stops in alarm at the "dark hazel eyes;"
For hers are blue—
What a pity 'tis true!
And now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis all blamed on you.
What speeches, And lawing,
What sermons, And jawing,
And news, And clawing
By dispatch, To match;
But no sketches or tales, that I can see,
What kind of a man must that editor be?

Next a grave politician, with dignity gloves,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads
Of breeches, Of Senate,
And speeches, Of House,
And foreign, Of railways
Reports, And courts,
And says as he reads the last column of war,
What strange kind of people these editors are,
These rymes and these love stories to print:
If 'twould do any good, I would give them a hint.

Now a prime old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la" and "do tell!"
She manages some way to read very well
The marriages, The robberies,
Accidents, And murders,
Suicides, All in
Deaths A breath,
And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole of the community is under,
To suppose a paper whose print is so small,
She wonders! some people read it at all.

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
Rushes into the sanctum, to loudly complain—
"I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir is o'er;
So many mistakes were ne'er heard of before;
Look here at this "Sonnet addressed to my Lady;"
You've made it "A Bonnet and Dress for a Baby!"
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that,
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—that is flat."

The farmer complains that his crop is neglected,
So much time is spent in guessing who'll be elected;
The minister says should be more solute,
And not so much wasted in matters of State
And thousand of other complaints made known,
Which the editors back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is that they all join in saying
Such a paper as this he can print without paying!

PERSEVERE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"There," said Seth Milford, as he brought his heavy hand forcibly upon the plough handle as he spoke. "There," he continued, in a tone of bitter derision; "these five years have I toiled for you, 'Squire Williams, but this is the last furrow I ever will plough in your field. These five years, with nothing but my coarse clothing and miserable fare; treated more as a brute than a human being; trodden down, drove and beaten like a beast. I have borne it all very patiently; I have labored from the dawn of day till night; I have been faithful to all trust you have ever reposed in me; I have given back mild for harsh and bitter words, but I will bear it no longer. Do you remember my father 'Squire? He was a noble man; and it was he who raised you from penury by his generosity once; but when misfortune came to him, you reached forth no helping hand to save him; and he, in his dying moments, asked you to be a father to his orphan boy; and while you saw him die, you promised you would provide for me, and educate me as a son.—Has this been done 'Squire Williams?—Have I darkened a school house door, or obtained one moment for study since I lived with you although you know my craving thirst for knowledge. Have I ever sat at your table, or spent an evening at your parlor fire? Answer me, sir; have you been as you promised you would, as a father to me?"

There was a fire in the youth's dark eye as he spoke, and a world of bitter scorn in his tone. The old man's brow grew black with passion, and his lip trembled with rage.

"Go," he muttered between his closed teeth, and a fearful oath followed the young man as he turned away.

And so Seth Milford wandered away in the dim old forest; that night he lay down to sleep. The calm moon, from her azure throne, looking kindly down upon the weary and dispirited boy, and the stars kept watch over him.

It was a blessed sleep. The old happy days of long ago came before; kind words cheered him, loving smiles beamed upon him, and in the future bright honors awaited him; numberless hands beckoned him forward; the old mansion where he had spent so many weary hours, was his own—he was a victor—he had conquered all difficulties, and honor and riches were his reward.

It was only a dream, yet Seth Milford arose from his dewy bed encouraged; he would look forward; he would be a man; he would rise above every trial, and become one of whom the world might be proud. What difference if he toiled and suffered to obtain it if the prize was his at last.

Seth Milford was about seventeen years of age, tall, dark, and awkward appearance; his clothes were of the coarest homespun, and very much soiled and torn, and an old palm leaf hat, and coarse brogans completed his toilet.

Weary and hungry, we can imagine his appearance, as he climbed over the fence, the next afternoon into a field where a number of men were at work harvesting; a good-natured, hale-looking farmer stood near by, with a large basket in one hand and a jug of water in the other.

Seth imagined him to be the employer; so approaching him, he asked him if he wished another hand? Instead of answering the question, seeing that the boy was fatigued, he motioned him to a shady seat, and commenced spreading the "lunch" on the newly cut wheat.

"I think you'll feel better for a bite, my lad; so sit up with my men and help yourself while I get you a rake, as I see you have none."

"Thank you." Seth's whole soul was in the words; how that young heart leaped with gladness as the first words of kindness, for many a long year, fell like music upon the ear.

"I guess I'll want you as long as you want to stay, if you do well; but you must not work too hard, and try and feel at home at my house."

And Seth did; harvest passed and autumn came, and still he remained an inmate of Mr. Wilson's family; and one could scarcely recognise in the cheerful-faced, and neatly clad boy, the Seth Milford of other days.

Seth was very happy there; Mr. Wilson was so kind and fatherly, and his wife could not have treated her own child better; and little Mattie with her laughing brown eyes full of merriment, was always at his side as he sat after the day's work was done, in the vine-colored porch, or neatly-scoured kitchen, or large white-washed parlor, with its fantastic pictures and little ornamented pin cushions, needle-cases, and braided rugs, and rows of white dishes on the snowy shelves; it was indeed home there, for one who had been so long homeless.

But one hazy, October morning, Seth stood in the vine-covered porch, in the garb of a traveller. The good farmer and his wife, and little Mattie stood before him all talking together earnestly.

"Seth, my lad," said Mr. Wilson, "you have been a good boy, and done well by me. I should like to keep you, but as your great desire, it seems, is to become a scholar, and you choose to go alone in the great city, and go through many trials and difficulties to be but one, but Seth, my boy I have lived longer in this world than you; you will find some things that will seem almost impossible, but remember, take an old man's advice, PERSEVERE. This has long been my motto: I have never known it to fail."

"You must write to us just as soon as you learn how," said Mrs. Wilson, kindly.—"A prosperous journey to you: good bye"

"You must come back very soon, Seth I will be very lonesome when you are gone," said little Mattie, as the tears dimmed her brown eyes. "I will wait for you at the gate every night." And so Seth left his home and hurried away.

* * * * * *

Weary, indeed, Seth found himself walking the crowded pavements of a large city. The numberless drays, coaches, expresses, omnibusses and vehicles of every description, the crowd of people hurrying to and fro—the handsome buildings and magnificent shows of merchandize of every kind, completely bewildered him.

We need not follow Seth minutely, repulsed, scorned, and laughed at for his greenness; he wandered on. His proud spirit was wounded, but not broken. Farmer Wilson's motto was constantly before him. He at last found a situation in a livery stable, where he was to devote all his time before and after school, and thus pay his way.

We might follow Seth to the Academy, unknown, poor, and ignorant—laughed at and taunted by his school-mates, and placed in the lowest room among the little children: slighted and scorned even by them. It was a lonely and sad time, yet it passed away.

Five years from the time he entered the Academy he graduated and entered one of the first medical colleges in the city; writing or working, as he had done before, and thus meeting his expenses.

At the age of twenty-seven, Seth Milford left the University with the highest honors, loved and respected by all; honest and upright in all his dealings, educated, with talents of a high order, no wonder the wealthy and honored sought his society, and forgot that his education was all that he possessed.

Ten years—they had passed, with their storms and sunshine, over the old farm of Mr. Wilson. And the snows had whitened his locks, and Time's rough fingers had left their traces upon his brow; yet the smile was still there, and the warm heart, with its kindly beating was still the same. And his good wife. Time had written no sad tales upon her open brow, though her snowy cap shaded her silver brown hair, and her step was slower and her voice of less music in its tone.

And Mattie—the daughter—loving, brown-eyed Mattie—those ten years had passed like sunshine over her young head, and the pretty girl blossomed into the beautiful woman.

And one bright spring morning, when the daisies and buttercups bloomed, there was a bridal in the old parlor at Farmer Wilson's, and Dr. Milford bore away the lovely Mattie, his bride, and in the village of N——, not many miles from 'Squire Williams' mansion, a neat, white cottage bore the sign of "S. M. Milford, M. D."

"A new doctor to town, 'Squire."

The old man raised his head slightly, then sank back wearily.

"Where from?" he asked at last.

"From C.; his name is Dr. Milford; performing wonders, I tell you; better let me get him."

"Milford," he said at last; "and that name haunts my sleeping and waking hours.—Why can I not crush it from my memory? No, no; 'tis hard for one like me to die, hard, with all my guilt, to go, hard to die, die"—and a cold shiver shook his frame.

"And I drove him away: Seth, Seth, come back; I drove him away into the forest and he is dead; I am going to meet him! No! no! I cannot!" So raved the old man in his delirium; poor 'Squire Williams' conscience had done the work.

'Squire Williams recovered. There was no malice in the noble soul of Seth. Long days he watched by his bedside, and not until the old man had fully regained his health did he make himself known.

"You are a noble man; I could trust you with my life," said the aged 'Squire, while the warm tears rained over his pale cheeks. "I know you have forgiven the harsh old man. Tell me, Seth, that you have forgiven me."

"Indeed I have."

"Heaven bless you, my boy."

Years have passed away since then; 'Squire Williams and his wife are sleeping beneath the willows in the village church yard, and the elegant mansion on the farm is the home of Dr. Milford and his lovely Mattie. It was a gift from the 'Squire.—So much for a determination. Who will take Seth's motto and persevere?—*Waverly Magazine.*

REARING BOYS.

We submit the following, in four chapters, as it has such a capital local application just now, and may be read with profit by many:

CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one! Catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on a promenade. One and another bowed, and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well known firm.

"Ah! out again, Deliah," he said earnestly.

"Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him," she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy.—"No," he returned, with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh! well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work, and flitted on.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make yourself a slave, as I should be obliged to?—Oh, no; can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children; let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the old lady casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had bent over all the day; "they'll find out things that ruin them unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"Oh, you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father; well, I can't say I do. I don't like these faultless men.—See—now—isn't the contrast beautiful?—Come here, Charley lovely; he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city."

CHAPTER III.

"A segar! bless me, what a boy, and only twelve! Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well I dare say it made him sick enough: boys will be boys, you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me? why what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God! husband—not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail, *for stealing!*

"Not *our* boy! not *our* Charley! no, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but don't tell me our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylem.—*Cin. Gazette.*

REMARKABLE PETRIFICATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent residing at Forest City, California, engaged in the mining business, writes us as follows:

"I am located in a mining district where the mining is mostly done by the 'bed rock tunnels.' Many of them are from three to four thousand feet under mountains, and they have to be worked through the bed rock from ten to fifteen hundred feet before they get through, when they come to and work the channel of an ancient river. I have been in them three thousand feet under ground. In them I saw any quantity of flood-wood and some large, hogs and trees, many of them several feet in diameter, and a portion of them petrified and become like stone. Some of the wood remains almest in a state of preservation. I found a petrified lizard in one of them, some of the wood adhering to him. It is a splendid thing. It had become very much like sulphuret of iron, a mineral resembling gold. It is about six inches long, and a great curiosity. It is very heavy, or I would send it to you. I will enclose some speeimens of the same nature, so you can see them."

TOO INQUISITIVE.—Children are inquisitive bodies—for instance:

"What does *cleave* mean father?"

"It means to unite together."

"Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?"

"Hem, well it means to separate."

"Well, father, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?"

"Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

THE REMOVAL OF THE U.S. ATTORNEY McKEON.

There has nothing transpired in connection with the administration of national affairs by James Buchanan, more calculated to fill the mind with disgust, than the fact ascertained by a telegraph despatch that Jon McKeon, of New York, United States Attorney for the Southern District, has been decapitated. While we have been disposed to do the President justice since he has occupied the Chair of State, and have been willing to accord him the merit of a sincere disposition and a determined resolution to conduct the affairs of the country with impartiality and a just regard to the relative interests of each section of our common land, there are always grim doubts in connection with the past events as to his freedom from the little, mean foibles which are more or less inherent in human nature. This event demonstrates the foundation for our doubts.

When, during the course of the difficulties between the two wings of the Democratic party in New York, Judge Bronson was appointed for the purpose of conciliating one portion and healing the mutual dissentions, under the Pierce administration, and he in his sound discretion and with the knowledge of his power and his duty, rewarded national Democrats—those unaffected with sectional opinions—by appointments, there was a universal burst of indignation throughout the land at the course pursued by the Government disapproving his course. Descending from the high position which they held, stooping from their conservative stations as the directors of the affairs of a great nation, forgetting the example of Washington and his cotemporaries, Pierce and his subordinates disgraced the dignity of their several positions and the letter now on record, addressed to Judge Bronson, while Collector of the port New York, displaying a direct and public interference in the petty appointments to office by the National Administration, stamped it with infamy, its authors with disgrace, and established from subsequent events a precedent alike disgraceful to all connected with it, and calculated, in the eyes of other nations, to bring down contempt and well merited contumely upon the United States. Judge Bronson was forced to succomb to the tide and vacate the position which he dignified. Notwithstanding the surprise which affected us at that time, events which afterward characterized Pierce's rule satisfied us that it was but in keeping with the expectations generally indulged at the time of his nomination.

It might well have been supposed that the expulsion of the above named officer by a National Administration, and for the reason stated would have formed an exception to the general rule, and would not have been repeated, much less by James Buchanan. But the country has been grievously disappointed. It is known that a week ago the municipal election in New York took place, and resulted in the inglorious defeat of the heretotore invincible Fernando Wood. With a Democratic majority of 15,000 or 20,000 in the city, it was well known that no other but a Democrat could be elected. The opposition with Democrats occupying an exalted position in the party, nominated a man who had never been known to swerve from his attachment to the party. It is also known that nothing but the most insufferable oppression, the most outrageous corruption, and the dictorial position assumed upon the part of Wood, had given rise to the opposition. It would scarcely be supposed, after the direct charges made against him, after the accusations which, had he been less than he was, would have placed him in Sing Sing, that the National Administration would have endorsed Wood. John McKeon, against whose political reputation, after having occupied office for a number of years, even his enemies have been unable to say aught, together with many other of his party supported Daniel F. Tieman for Mayor, and at a public meeting stated some of his reasons for so doing. During the course of his remarks, he cited instances, evidently referring to Wood, of rascality and peculation, which should have consigned their perpetrator to a prison cell, and stated that it was upon these grounds he was forced to support a better Democrat. The Washington Star states that Tieman was an orthodox Democrat, and indirectly endorses his support by the party in New York.

Would it have been believed then, unless the event had actually occurred, that John McKeon has received official notice, with the reason assigned viz: that he opposed Wood! Yet such is the case. The President of the United States descending to the petty conduct of expelling him from office an individual, for conscientious reasons refused to support a man notorious for his corruption, and gave his influence to one who stands equally well as a party man, but characterized for his purity in connection with politics! Comment would be useless. The attempted rebuke to the exercises of the rights of conscience, will rebound with fearful force upon the heads of those engaged in it, and we predict that the administration has by this injudicious act a spirit among its supporters which will tell with fearful consequences upon the prospects of the Democratic party throughout the country.—*Balt. Patriot.*

A SPLENDID MANURE.—In illustration of what is really the most important of all applications, and equally applicable to all soils, we copy the following anecdote which appears under the above head in an English newspaper. This kind of "manuring" includes many other processes, besides the one here particularly specified:—At the Woodbury plowing match, a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote: Once having drained a field where nothing ever had grown before, I was standing near it looking at a crop I had there, when a neighboring farmer came up. We have one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them in fact, came from Woodbury—(laughter)—but this is not the man I am speaking of—who came up and said to me, "That is a bootiful crop: how did ee get it, Sur?" I replied, "Brains." (Laughter.) "Wat manure the field wi brains?" (More laughter.) The fact was, I had drained the field, so I said "Yes." (Renewed laughter.) He replied, "Lord, yer honor, where did ee get um?" (Roars of laughter.)—*Country Gentleman.*

THE PUBLIC PRINTING.

There is, perhaps, no department of the government where greater extravagance, waste of public money and wrong is done than in the public printing. So enormous are the emoluments arising from this that it has become a prominent bone of contention by aspirants for wealth and position. The party in power hold it up as a prize in the great lottery of politics for the purpose of accomplishing ulterior ends, entirely extrenuous and foreign from the original intent. A printer is chosen of peculiar mould and pliancy, upon whom money is lavished by millions under pretext of compensation for work or services performed. It is well known, however, that the person so fortunate to be elected printer even to the House, can make a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars per annum, if not more—an amount four times greater than is paid the President of the United States.—It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the position is one so eagerly sought. But why a printer—always worthy, we admit, of a fair compensation—should be thus stationed amid showers of gold, is difficult of solution? Congress is perfectly justifiable in giving a liberal price to the employees of the government. We approve heartily of this, but must enter our protest against such wholesale squandering of the public's money, as is made apparent in the case here referred to. It is gratifying to know that the whole matter is about to undergo investigation with a view towards economising, and of remedying defects—frauds doubtless—heretofore existing.

There are an abundance of printers who would gladly undertake the public printing, asking nothing more than plenty of work and a fair, liberal remuneration; and in thus accepting they would agree, we feel confident, to turn out jobs of which themselves; as mechanics, might feel proud, and not such miserable botching as has heretofore been produced—a disgrace to the typographic art and the nation.

It has been charged, and with considerable show of truth, that public printers have heretofore secured their election by agreement to give a certain amount of the fraudulent profits to those thus bestowing upon them the position. At all events it is but fair, that whilst so large an amount of the public revenue is squandered upon the printer, some respectable show, in the way of equivalent, should be made by him, which is not now the case. Let the government look into this subject at once. As Mr. Steadman has succeeded in securing the position of printer to the House, who, in company with Mr. Banks, will hereafter conduct its private business, we may hope the investigating committee will make such discoveries as to work out greater economy, holding these contractors to strict accountability.—*Balt. Pat.*

EXPERIMENTS.

A subscriber in Mobile, Ala., sends us the following statement, from a late copy of the Daily Register of that city—and promises to send us the result on the future crops of the same experiment:

I send you the result of an experiment commenced last spring to ascertain the relative value of three of the most commonly used fertilizers.

I selected a lot of two acres, of uniform texture and character, which had been used for several weeks as a cow-pen; and which had been limed the year previously with one hogshead of refuse lime.

The lot was deeply subsoiled, the plough being drawn by two yoke of oxen. On one half of it (one acre) were sowed one barrel of ground plaster and one sack of salt: this last to furnish soda in the place of potash, in which our silicious soils seem to be deficient. The idea was that the lime previously put on the land, had become a carbonate, and this in connection with the muriate of soda, (common salt) would furnish carbonate of soda and muriate of lime, both very soluble salts, and well adopted to promote the growth of the next crop.

The acre thus prepared by lime, plaster and salt, was divided into three parts; on one of which was sowed broadcast 100 lbs. Peruvian guano: on another, 130 lbs. Mapes' improved Superphosphate of Lime; on the third, 300 lbs. Mexican guano; these amounts representing equal value of the three articles, delivered at my place, and costing eleven dollars.

The whole lot was then carefully and deeply ploughed with the same team, harrowed and laid off in rows four feet apart each way; the manured acre so planted as to keep two stalks to a hill; the unmanured left with but one. The cultivation was the same throughout; the corn planted was Ridgaway's, kindly furnished me by Messrs. Pomeroy and Marshall, for the experiment.

Now for the result. The corn has been carefully gathered and measured within a few days. The unmanured acre produced 25 bushels; the manured 36: of this, the portion to which was applied Peruvian guano, gave 14 bushels, that on which was put Mapes' improved Superphosphate of Lime, 13 bushels, that where the Mexican guano was used, 9 bushels. Difference, 11 bushels; cost, eleven dollars.

As the valuable element in both Mexican guano and Superphosphate of Lime, is the phosphate of lime; and this is not exhausted for many crops, I suppose that the experiment can be fairly estimated only by observing the next and succeeding crops, under similar treatment and culture, and this I mean to do.—*American Farmer.*