EASTON GAZETTE.

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LAW OF MARYLAND—NO. 172.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

An Act to aid in paying the interest on the public debt of Maryland.

Sect. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That from and after the passage of this Act there shall be levied a tax of one-fourth of one per cent on the public debt of the State of Maryland owned or held by non-residents of this State, assessed at the following valuations: So much of the said debt as bears an interest of six per cent shall be assessed at par so much thereof as bears an interest of five per cent shall be assessed at ninety dollars in the hundred, so much thereof as bears interest of four and a half per cent shall be assessed at eighty dollars in the hundred, and so much thereof as bears an interest of three per cent shall be assessed at sixty four dollars in the hundred dollars which said assessments shall be made by the Treasurer at the times hereinafter prescribed for the payment of the said tax.

Sect. 2. *And be it enacted*, That the amount of the said tax shall be collected by the said Treasurer's retaining it out of the payment of interest falling due on the first day of July, in each and every year on the said portion of the public debt; and that instead of authorising the Commissioner of Loans to draw upon him for the full amount of the interest falling due on the said first day of July, the Treasurer shall authorise a draft for the balance only of the interest due after deducting the said tax on the amount of which said tax shall then be carried to the credit of the State, by the said Treasurer.

Sec. 3. *And be it enacted*, That all Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sect. 4. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the passage thereof.

D. CLAUDE, Treas. Md.
April 26, 1845—3t

LAW OF MARYLAND—NO. 253.

BY AUTHORITY.

An Act to secure the payment of the Income Tax by the Officers of Incorporated Companies, and explanatory of certain Acts of Assembly therein mentioned.

Whereas doubts have arisen as to the true construction of the Act of Assembly passed at December Session eighteen hundred and forty one, chapter three hundred and twenty five, and of the act passed at December session eighteen hundred and forty-two, chapter two hundred ninety four, to remove said doubts and to render more plain and manifest the intention of said acts.

Sect. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That said Acts of Assembly shall not be deemed to except and exempt the officers of incorporated companies or institution from the payment of the income tax, and that all salaries and emoluments of any office held by or under any incoporated institution or company shall be taxed according to the provisions of the said Acts.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That according to the true construction of said Acts, said officers of incorporated companies and institutions were not exempted from the tax thereby imposed.

D. CLAUDE,
Treasurer of Maryland.
April 26, 1845.—3w

LAW OF MARYLAND—NO. 303.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

An Act entitled an act taxing certain officers.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, the Clerks of the several county Courts and of Baltimore city Court, and of Howard district, the Register in Chancery and the Register of Wills of the several counties in this State and of Howard district, shall pay annually hereafter to the Treasurer of the Western Shore, the sums hereinafter specified, and that the said payments shall be made in two equal semi-annual payments on the first day of May and the first day of November in each year, the first of said semi-annual payments to be made on the first day of November, 1845.

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That the said annual tax or sum of money to be paid as hereby provided for by the first section of this act, by the said several Clerks and Registers shall be as follows, viz: The Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the Western Shore $250; the Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the Eastern Shore the sum of $10; the Clerk of Baltimore City Court the sum of $900; the clerk of Baltimore County Court $900; the Clerk of Allegany County Court the sum of $300; the Clerk of Washington County Court the sum of $400; the Clerk of Frederick County Court the sum of $450; the Clerk of Prince George's County court the sum of $350; the Clerk of Talbot County Court the sum of $200; the Clerk of Queen Anne's County Court the sum of $200; the Clerk of Cecil County Court $250; the Clerk of St. Mary's County Court the sum of $200; the Clerk of Kent County Court the sum of $200; the Clerk of Caroline County Court the sum of $150; the Clerk of Somerset County Court the sum of $250; the Clerk of Harford County Court the sum of $250; the Clerk of Worcester County Court the sum of $150; the Clerk of Charles County Court the sum of $200; the Clerk of Carroll County Court the sum of $150; the Clerk of Montgomery County Court the sum of $250; the Clerk of Anne Arundel County Court the sum of $150; the Clerk of Howard District Court the sum of $75; the Clerk of Calvert County Court the sum of $150; & the Clerk of Dorchester County Court the sum of $250; the Register in Chancery the sum of $150; the Register of Wills of Baltimore County the sum of $900; the Register of Wills of Frederick county the sum of $300; the Register of Wills of Washington county the sum of $250; the Register of Wills of Prince George's county the sum of $150; the Register of Wills of Cecil county the sum of $125; the Register of Wills of St. Mary's county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Charles county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Somerset county the sum of $125; the Register of Wills of Caroline county the sum of $75; the Register of Wills of Kent county the sum of $75; the Register of Wills of Harford county the sum of $125; the Register of Wills of Queen Anne's county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Talbot county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Dorchester county the sum of $125; the Register of Wills of Worcester county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Calvert county the sum of $75; the Register of Wills of Allegany county the sum of $100; the Register of Wills of Anne Arundel county the sum of $75; the Register of Wills of Montgomery county the sum of $125; the Register of Wills of Carroll county the sum of $30; and the Register of Wills of Howard district the sum of $20.

Sect. 3. *And be it enacted*, That the official bonds of said Clerks & Registers shall be answerable for the taxes provided; & that upon failure or neglect of any of the aforesaid Clerks or Registers to pay the taxes provided by this act by the times in this act limited for the payment thereof, it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to report such neglect or refusal to the Governor who shall thereupon by letter demand of such Clerk or Register the payment of such tax, and upon the refusal or neglect shall give notice thereof to the Treasurer, who shall thereupon cause said bonds to be put in suit.

D. CLAUDE,
Treasurer of Maryland.
April 26, 1845.—3w

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW IN THE AUBURN PRISON. Green the Reformed Gambler, recently made an excursion through the Auburn State Prison. He gives the following account of his interview with a murderer:

"On my return to the prison office I was introduced to the chaplain, Rev. O. E. Morrill, which reverend gentleman informed me that a man by the name of Wyatt, then confined in one of the cells, for the murder of Gordon, on the 16th of March in the Auburn State prison, had confessed to him that he had lived a gambler several years in the South and West, and he would like I should call upon him. I accompanied him to the cell of the murderer. The door was thrown open upon its grating hinges, when the reverend gentleman introduced me as an acquaintance of his who had travelled South several years and thought that he (Wyatt) would be glad to converse with him. He said he was happy to see me, and asked me to be seated. After a short discourse relative to the different classes of men then in confinement, I asked him what he followed in his travels through the South. He told me gambling. I asked him how long he had been engaged in that nefarious business? He said twelve or thirteen years. I asked him if he knew many gamblers? He said he did.

I asked him if he ever knew one by the name of Green? He said he did. I asked his name? He answered 'John,' said he knew him in 1832, 3, 4, and 5, and saw him in 1842. in St. Louis. I asked him if he was intimate with Green? He said he knew him as one gambler knew another.—I asked if I favored him? He said if I would stand in the light he would tell me. I did so. He said I looked like the man. I told him I was the man, but that I never knew him by the name of Wyatt. He said I did not; that Wyatt was not his real name.—He then told me another, which was not his real name, and asked me if I did not hear of a man being murdered near St. Louis in the year 1841, and of two men being arrested, both tried and convicted, one having a new trial granted him, the other being hung. I told him that I thought I had. He said he was the man that had the new trial granted, and was acquitted; "and," said he, "they hung the wrong man; he was innocent; I am the guilty man; but they hung him and cleared me." "But," says I, "you were under a different name still at that time." He said, "Yes, by none of these names do you know me, but my real name you are familiar with. Your name," said he, "I knew in the year 1832; the gamblers called you John, but Jonathan is your real name" My curiosity was highly excited at the strange management of the murderer. But you may imagine the increase of it when he told me his real name.

I looked at the murderer and could scarcely believe my own eyes; yet he stood before me a living marvel. I have pledged secresy as to his real name until after his execution. I interrogated him on his first steps in vice, and how he became so hardened. He told me to remember the treat he had received from the Lynchers' lash at Vicksburg. I did, but my eyes could scarcely credit reality. I had known him in 1832, 3, 4, and the early part of '35, as a bar-keeper in Vicksburg. He was never a shrewd card-player, but at that time considered an inoffensive youth. The coffee house he kept was owned by North, who with four others were executed on the 5th of July, 1835, by Lynch law. Wyatt and three others were taken on the morning of the 7th, stripped and one thousand lashes given to the four, tarred and feathered, and put into a canoe and set adrift on the Mississippi River. It makes my blood curdle and my flesh quiver to think of the suffering condition of these unfortunate men, set adrift on the morning of the 7th of July, with the broiling sun upon their mangled bodies. Two died in about two hours after they were set afloat. Wyatt and another remained with their hands and feet bound forty hours, suffering more than tongue can tell or pen describe, when they were picked up by some slave negroes, who started with the two survivors to their quarters. His companion died before they arrived. Wyatt survives to tell the horrors of the Lynchers' lash. He told me seven murders had been occasioned by their unmerciful treatment to him, and one innocent man hung. I know his statements to be true, for I had known him before 1835 and his truth in other particulars cannot be doubted. He murdered his seventh man, for which crime he will be executed. I have another communication for your paper concerning the murderer and his prospects in the world to come.

Yours truly
J. H. GREEN.

Auburn; April 10, 1845.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

MRS CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mrs. Caudle suggests that her dear Mother should "come and live with them."

"Is your cold better to night, Caudle?—Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no I can't bear to think of that. Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

"Wasn't dear mother, so happy with us to night? Now, you need'nt go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy! *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth it is so easy, and so soft.—Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times, over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now do answer. *How can you tell?* Nonsense, Caudle: you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

"Don't you remember Thursday night the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle; do listen to me, for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak goodness knows.

"And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers arn't put to the fire for you. *She's very good?* Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months working a watch pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at her time of life!

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her: but I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it, the children you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love: and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep Caudle: at least not for five minutes. You must hear me.

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough love!—I've been thinking, darling if we could only persuade dear mother to come & live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot.—And you want it; Caudle. *You don't want it?* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're, not.

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in house-keeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift.

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? *You don't recollect 'em?* Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn't make em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now love, if she was only living with us—come you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could have marrow puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But its born with some-people. What do you say? *Why wasn't it born with me?* Now Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. People can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it?* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer! And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'n't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs in a blanket?* Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now, *you have tasted her Irish stew*, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it made to please you! Now what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles and how we sometimes tiff about 'em?—Now, if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I should'nt care a fig for measles, or any thing of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

"And at her time of life, what a needle-woman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets beyond me now Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then when you're out late Caudle—for I know you must be out late sometimes; I can,t expect you, of course to be always at home why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling don't you think she'd better come? You say *No*? You say *No* again? *You wont have her*, you say; *You wont, that's flat?* Caudle—Cau-Cau-dle—Cau—dle—"

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS., "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

The American Anti-Slavery Society.—This body of firebrands and disunionists continued their meeting at the Tabernacle yesterday until about two o'clock, The best speaker by far of the whole corps was a colored man. But he uttered sentiments such as no American audience—because Americans are Christians, Mr. Wendell Philip's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding—ought to have listened to, viz: that if the north would only withdraw from the south the slaves would soon finish the business with their masters. There was no mistaking the man's meaning for it was abundantly illustrated by other remarks and significant gestures. And yet this opened avowal of the assassin's purpose was smiled upon by those who pulled the wires and put him forward. As a speaker this colored man was quite a master of oratory. The scene in the afternoon was disgraceful in the extreme—an outrage upon all decency. A notorious member of the party, in language too gross for repetition, attacked ministers and professors of religion until several ladies were obliged to retire, and nearly the whole assembly—willing as many of them were to go almost any length—hissed the speaker. There is one consolation—the present course of the society is suicidal.—*N. Y. York Com. Advertiser.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE.

VERY IMPORTANT—*Another War Speech from the British Premier—Passage of the Maynooth Grant Bill.*

By the attention of our newspaper agents in Liverpool, Messrs. Wilmer and Smith, says the New York Sun, we have London papers of the 19th ult., expressed through on our account in time for the steamer, and which came to hand last night from Boston.

The great debate in the Maynooth Grant terminated in the British Parliament on the morning of the 19th, with an exciting speech from Sir Robert Peel, the mere abstract of which, occupies three columns and a half in the Morning Chronicle.

It would seem that Ministers had some doubts as to the passage of the bill, when the Premier, summoning all his energies, commenced, a powerful appeal to the House in favor of the measure, in which he defended the policy of Ministers, showed the necessity of conciliating Ireland, and alluded to a probable war with the United States as one of the reasons why Great Britain should "concentrate all her energies to maintain unimpaired the power and dignity of the United Kingdom."

If war should come he desired that "Ireland should stand ranked with England, & the energies of a united people would insure a glorious triumph in a just cause."

[The premier resumed his seat about three o'clock in the morning, amid thunders of applause which lasted several minutes.]

After this exciting speech, the House divided, and there appeared for the Maynooth Grant Bill, 323, against it 176—majority for it 147. The ministers, were, of course overjoyed at the result. It is probably the first time on record, that a religious grant has been carried by appealing to the belligerent propensities of the English Commons. The Premier has evidently accepted O'Connell's offer of Ireland's services to fight America for Oregon and Texas.—It remains to be seen how the bargain will be carried out.

TEXAS AND OREGON.

(From Wilmer & Smith's Liverpool Times.)

The last accounts from the Western shores of the Atlantic, bring the unexpected tidings that the young Republic of Texas is not so enamoured of annexation, as the friends of that project in Congress and throughout the Union, expected or desired. This intelligence has not proved unpalatable to the popular taste on this side of the water. It has excited some surprise, because it was unlooked for. Every one regarded the question as virtually settled when Congress adopted the annexation and people had resigned themselves calmly to what they could not prevent. This hiatus has awakened fresh hope in the public mind that Texas will continue independent, and that, by repudiating the alliance with the leviathan Republic, it may afford, irrespective of the United States, a supply of cotton for the English manufacturer. The cotton-spinner and abolitionist look alike with hope to Texas, and they fix their faith in President Jones. "Don't hollo, gentlemen before you are out of the wood," is a piece of advice which people, blinded by interest or inclination, are seldom disposed to regard, albeit the present is an occasion which seems to call for it.

Family quarrels, when slight, are not irreconcileable; and there seems nothing in the misunderstanding between the young Republic and her elder sister, that promises to be other than temporary. The next advices, which are looked for with much interest, will probably throw some additional light on the subject. The subject is one which seems to have puzzled the quidnuncs on the other, as much as it has done on this, side of the water.

Another American topic—the Oregon—has attracted much attention since it was mooted in Parliament by Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Aberdeen. The language of President Polk has, of course, been unsparingly condemned, and, in the same breath, the merits of the English, in contradistinction to the American claims, have been duly set forth and insisted upon.—But this is not all—the dernier resort—war—has been pointed at unmistakeably in some of the most prominent and respectable journals, as a thing that is to be—that *must be*, unless the Americans lower their pretensions. When the public mind begins to dwell upon the hostile alternative for a length of time, war loses its horrors in the excitement which such a frame of mind produces, and thus is created a restless, morbid desire for the "fray," in anticipation of the tortuous negotiations of diplomacy.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

The contemplated visit of the Queen to Ireland, has set the volatile people of that country on the *qui vive*. That her Majesty is anxious to go, there is no doubt. She would have gone last year had it not been for the events arising out of the Repeal movement; but the Irish mind is so exclusively *Repealised* (if we may coin a word for the occasion,) that fears appear to be entertained in high quarters that the royal lady might possibly be embarrassed in consequence. Indeed, so strong does this objection weigh in certain quarters, that an organ of the Palace stated, no later than last week, that the visit had not yet been determined upon. In the mean time, by way of taking the initiative, Mr. O'Connell has formed a committee of the Dublin Corporation for the purpose of ascertaining the best mode of "raising the wind" to entertain the Queen in suitable style on her visit. To make matters perfectly unanimous, the committe consists of six Repealers and six Conservatives, the object being that all bickerings should be fused into harmony on the occasion. This seems likely to attain the purpose; and the way in which the matter has been taken up, by all parties, will probably accelerate the visit.

The Queen will be delighted, there is little doubt, with her Irish dominions, and amused with the wit and buoyancy of her Irish subjects. She may safely calculate on, and will receive, a cheerful probably, an ethusiastic, reception. Mr. O'Connell has consented to toast her Ministers in compliment to the Sovereign, without any deprecatory remarks, and matters will proceed as merry as a marriage bell. Even the Ministers—nay Peel himself, now in favor with the Irish by his battle in behalf of Maynooth—will come in for a portion of the general greeting. The visit will demonstrate to the Soverign and her advisers, the beauty of the country, and the wretchedness of the people. They will witness with their eyes facts, the recital of which in times gone by, have failed to impress; and if Victoria has the ambition to "read her history in a natiou's eyes," she could not possibly, throughout her wide dominions, upon which, as they tell her, the sun never sets, select a spot better adapted than the "green isle of the ocean" on which to commence experiment.—Liverpool Times.

FROM SWITZERLAND we have a few days later. Modern councils prevail in the general Diet; conciliation and good feeling appear in the ascendant, but there are apprehensions for the future, notwithstanding the apparent calm.

A firebrand has been thrown among the belles of Paris, in the shape of a royal decree, that the twelve new statues, ordered to complete the embellishments of the gardens of the Luxenbourg, be modelled from twelve most beautiful women now reigning as belles in Paris! It was thought by the King, that marble enough had been devoted to the heathen gods and goddesses. But his Majesty, with all his knowledge of the world, had little foreseen the frenzied emulation he was about arousing! The applications—the certificates of beauties undisclosable except in marble—the heaped up influence for one beauty and another—the revelations made to the sculptors likely to be employed—and the plotting and counterplotting to be recommended by influential persons—have exceeded all the competitions by which the court was ever before made busy and bitter. The selection was at last delegated to the Duchess of Decazes, and her recent ball presented a most unexpected character. Her invitations had been for a modern assembly in plain dress—but it turned out to be a fancy ball of the most extraordinary varieties of the statusque and classic! Scarce a woman under fifty came without some symptom of one of the heathen goddesses. Minervas of all ages, Venuses, Dianas, Junos, Graces, and Muses—it was like a *soiree* at Jupiter's! Towards the close of the evening, the excitement became so great that there was a general demand for an immediate decision by votes thrown into an urn. The goddesses were attitudinizing about the room, their eyes flashing fire, and their most sculpture-able proportions swelling into the lines of beauty—but the Duchess feared the reaction. It was wisely, and firmly resisted, and the celestials went home to their nominal gods. It has since been decided, that the rivalry is too exasperating, and the project of modern goddesses has been abandoned.

N. Y. Eve. Mirror.

Emigration from Europe to America.—The late arrivals from Liverpool have brought large numbers of immigrants, and many of them will prove useful citizens to their adopted country. One ship arrived at Boston, week before last, with seventy families who were sent out, bound for Wisconsin, by a society in England, which has been formed in this way. Every man having a family and paying to the society one shilling a week is entitled to membership. An agent resides in Wisconsin, who receives from time to time the funds, and as often as they amount to 100 dollars he buys 80 acres of land—builds thereon a log house and fences five acres, which are planted.

The society are sending out families to take possession as fast as the funds enable the agents to prepare the houses and lands. When the families arrive each finds his house and 80 acres in readiness for his reception. The agent furnishes him in addition with 50 dollars for the purchase of stock, tools, &c., for all of which the society receives a yearly rent of 25 dollars, for ten years, at the end of which time the tenant is entitled to the fee of the land with all the improvements, stock, &c.—making himself and family independent for life. This society have made arrangements with Harnden & Co. to take their emigrants in Europe and land them at their own doors in Wisconsin—which protects them from all delay and imposition, and relieves them from all care and trouble about Custom House arrangements. These are merely the pioneers of those who have made arrangements to come hereafter.—

N. Y. Com. Adv.

Anger is a sort of moral epidemic springing from vanity and selfishness.

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