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For the Easton Gazette.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Careless rover, far, far away,
Thou canst not know what pain is ours,
Our Father's hair is streaked with grey,
And sorrowing pass the lengthy hours.

Full seven summers' suns have pass'd
Since thou our home didst leave behind,
And seven winters' snowy blasts
Have fled before the stormy wind.

Oh, brother, why dost not return
To bless our hearts and spirits cheer,
Our souls within our bosoms yearn
To greet again our fov'd one dear.

Our Father mourns an absent son,
Our Mother drooping bows her head,
Come Robert, oh my brother come,
Or dost thou sleep among the dead?—

For we know not whether thou still
Dost wender on this earthly scene,
Or safe secure from ev'ry ill
Restest beneath the sod so green.

My heart for years have mourn'd for thee
My boyhood's playmate, brother dear,
Oh wilt thou not return to me
And cheer my sadden'd heart MON FRERE.

St. Michaels, August 22d.

MARY MOORE.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER 1.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a little boy, in a red frock aud morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chaise up to the door, that Mary might ride home.—Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt even in her pinafores. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name! how gaily rang out that merry laugh—that fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips!—I followed that laugh from the day of my childhood, till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee, and call me "Father," I find that memories of youth are strong, and that, even in my gray hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school and obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things, after all.

I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more.—I was a sad coxcomb, I know; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit had left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and proposed going to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding-school at some distance. and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door, "in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years.—I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the scented and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but, as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have, perhaps, found I was mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had concentrated the evil in my nature, and made me a better man.—When, at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was then." I murmured in myself, "and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the light of the little toy thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the top of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, of its elegance—of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it! A loving smile on a beautiful face—her words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet, smiling face—all these delights were hidden within the ring of gold.

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laugh, showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no: a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind; I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw a half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family.—And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peeped out a small golden head, a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, as the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester!" lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright and dreamy hopes of manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often vied, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying—

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange, and passing sweet is such a greeting to a wayworn wanderer!—And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt all was not yet lost, and although another had secured a life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated, when my name was spoken, stood a tall, slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that, your heart is in the right place, I know.

"How can you say that he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still.

"Ay, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face:

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh.

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silence still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used?"

"Very much!" I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I, for once, want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation.

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out, before I thought—

"Not Mary!"

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out from the window.

"Mary—Moore," I said, in a low eager voice, "have you no welcome to give to the wanderer?"

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! for there was the happy home group, and the dear home fires, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night, were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see was there before me—more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long and happy, and, I hope, a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day; for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, or change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then—for love still lives above.

MR. CALHOUN ON ALIEN SUFFRAGE.

A few days ago we spread before our readers a report of the speech recently delivered by the Hon. John Bell at Nashville, Tennessee, in which among other topics discussed by the distinguished speaker on that occasion the question of alien suffrage was briefly considered. In another part of to-day's Intelligencer the reader will find an unpublished speech of Mr. Calhoun, delivered in the Senate of the United States on the 2d of April, 1836, in which the same subject is treated at length with a cogency and condensation of argument which mark all that proceeded from the logical mind of the great South Carolina statesman. This speech, it appears, was not, at the time of its delivery, included in the Congressional debates, but, being retained for revision by Mr. Calhoun, first became accessible to the public in his Works, as edited by Mr. Cralle. The speech, therefore, may be considered, in its present shape only the more authentic and authoritative as an exposition of Mr. Calhoun's views upon the question whether a State, a Territory, or Congress itself has the power to make an alien a citizen to the extent of endowing him with the right of suffrage. Mr. Calhoun denies the existence of such a power on the part of any of these authorities, and enters into an elaborate argument for the purpose of showing the anomalies which would result from the admission of such a principle. "To suppose," he remarks, "that a State can make an alien a citizen of the State—*or, to present the question more specially, can confer on him the right of voting*—would involve the absurdity of giving him a direct and immediate control over the action of the General Government, from which he has no right to claim protection, and to which he has no right to present a petition." That is, Mr. Calhoun considers the right of suffrage as not only an incident, but as a test of citizenship; and if it is not competent for a State to confer this right upon the alien, still less, he argues, can a Territory endow him with a franchise which is characteristic of the citizen, since a Territory can possess "no power except such as is conferred by Congress," and Congress "has no authority over the subject, and the Constitution, except to pass uniform laws of naturalization."

We think it will be denied by none that the bestowal of the right of suffrage upon aliens, whether by authority of State, Territory, or Congress, is an exercise of power not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and one which cannot be reconciled with the genius and spirit of that instrument. It may be remarked, however, that the Constitution nowhere undertakes to define in express and uniform terms the qualification of votes in the several States; but in the only clause which alludes to this subject—that relating to the election of members of the House of Representatives—it provides that "the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature;" thus leaving each State to determine those qualifications according to its own discretion. But as, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, the right of suffrage was deemed an incident of citizenship only, and as the Constitution, in express terms, reserves to Congress the power of establishing "an uniform rule of naturalization," and thereby removing the disabilities of alienage with regard to eligibility to certain offices, it is clear that the spirit, if not the letter, of that instrument is violated by extending the elective franchise to other than citizens of the United States, either natural born or adopted. And if it would seem improper for a State to assume the exercise of such a power, still more anomalous is the action of Congress in its legislation for the Territories of the country, when, in contravention of the prerogative reserved to it by the Constitution with respect to the removal of alienage, it proceeds to invest unnaturalized aliens with one of the most distinctive features of a citizen of the United States, by conferring upon them in such Territories the right of suffrage. When the framers of the Constitution provided for the enacment of a uniform rule of naturalization throughout the united States, they evidently supposed that Congress, as well as the respective States, would abstain from endowing unnatuarlized aliens with this right of citizenship, though it must be admitted that the Constitution, in express terms, applies no restrictions whatever to alien suffrage, and contains, we believe, no other provisions with respect to foreigners than that which relates to their naturalization, and those which define the periods within which naturalized citizens shall be eligible to certan offices—*National Intelligencer.*

THE TRUE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN PARTY UPON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

It has been one of the leading objects of the sham democracy to crush the American party South of Mason and Dixon's line; by charges of abolitionism and affiliation with the Black Republican party. This charge has been pertinaciously adhered to and reiterated time and again, notwithstanding all the incontestable proof of its falsity, that has been adduced by the defenders of slandered Americanism. Few men believe that the American party has either become abolitionized or affiliated with Republicanism, but the constant clamor that has been kept up upon the subject by the designing demagogues who aspire to the leadership of the democracy of '57, has misled a very few honest and intelligent men in the South, who encourage the leaders to continue the unjust and unholy imputation, by their acceptance of the disgraceful falsehood. In the hope of reaching some of those who have been misled, and have adopted erroneous views concerning the American party upon the subject of slavery, we shall note down briefly a few thoughts that suggest themselves to us in connection with the subject spoken of. In the first place then, we are charged with having become at the North the allies of Republicanism. Let us see how far this charge will hold good. In the contest of '56 the Americans in the North acted independently of the Republicans, running Fillmore electoral tickets in nearly all the States that were supported by the pure Americans, those who constitute our party. In the State elections as a general thing the Americans have refused to affiliate with the Republicans, and have supported a ticket nominated by none but simon pure Americans. The Americans of Pennsylvania, whose action has given the most ground for the charges alluded to, supported a straight out Fillmore ticket in 1856, and are now running Isaac Hazelhurst, for Governor, against David Wilmott and Gen. Packer, the Republican and Locotoco nominees. This does not look like affiliatien. In looking over our Pennsylvania exchanges we find that the American press, is as warmly opposed to Republicanism as to foreignism, and seems to be the peculiar enemy of both, as they have generally ceased fighting against each other and have turned their guns upon the brave little army, that though sometimes beaten, like Gen. Taylor, never surrenders. The American party, North and South, is entirely independent of every other political organization; is opposed to the organization of the slavery question, which is the very life and soul of both the other parties, and is content to leave the question with the people of the respective States.—The American party regards the subject of slavery as entirely domestic and local, over which Congress has neither the power to extend or contract its limits, or to prevent such extension or contraction. The fight which has been going on between the Locofoco and Republican parties upon this subject is strangely out of place. The Locofoco party proclaims that slavery is not a National question, yet is continually making it such by its controversy with Black Republicanism. Any State of the South would in our opinion be justifiable in resisting the General Government, were it to attempt to interfere with its domestic institutions. Yet the South is continually making the subject of slavery National by introducing it into Congress. Our position is to let the subject alone. Let the interests of the people of the several States decide whether it shall or shall not exist; and let the people of the several States decide whether they will have it or not. If slavery cannot be made profitable North of 36° 30', the people will hardly adopt it; on the other hand if it can be made profitable South of the line, the people will certainly discover it and act accordingly. Such are our views of the subject, and we believe they are generally the views of the American party.

We understand too that Col. Groome, the Locofoco *recommendee* for Governor has vindicated the American party against the foul aspersions of being abolitionized.—This ought to be good authority for them. The American party of Maryland have repudiated the charge, so far as they are concerned, by taking a candidate from one of the counties whose interests are most closely connected with slavery, thus giving the balance of the State a guarantee that her peculiar interests will be in good hands.—We need not say more. The base assertion that the American party has become abolitionized is unfounded, and we leave the matter in the hands of an intelligent people, who, we doubt not, will vindicate the American name.—*Frederick Herald.*

A CHALLENGE.—The editor of the Charleston *Courier* having ridiculed certain statements which have been made regarding the Chinese Sugar Cane, a Mr. Kroh, of Wabash county, Ill., offers to bet the editor $500, that he will manufacture from one acre "planted with the Chinese weed," 500 gallons of molasses, a superior article to any manufacture in the South, or sold by the merchants in Coles county, S. C., in 1857, for 75 cents per gallon; and further, that he will manufacture it at the cost of 10 cents per gallon.—*Watchman.*

☞ KEEP the legs of your horses clean—dirt is productive of disease.

It is said that Beverly Tucker, Esq, has declined the consulship to Liverpool.

AN EPISODE IN HIGH LIFE—*Two Men Charged with Conspiracy to seduce a Young Lady.*—A case has just come to light in Philadelphia, Pa., which will, when the matter is investigated before a legal tribunal, make several parties in that city, now holding respectable positions, blush for their iniquities. A complaint has already been entered before an Alderman by a beautiful young lady, respectably connected, against two Market-street merchants, one of whom is known as Capt. A., and the other as Gibson that these worthies, under the guise of a false certificate of marriage, had accomplished her ruin and then abandoned her.

The young lady states in her affidavit that she was met in Franklin square a few months since by two gentlemen, one of whom under some pretence, addressed her. After conversing with her for some time he obtained her address, and visited her at the residence of her parents. Subsequently he proposed a visit to Red Bank, a delightful spot for lovers, located on the Delaware, on the Jersey shore, and while there the young lady was seduced, as she alleges, under promise of marriage.

Her seducer visited the house of her parents, and in the course of a few weeks produced a marriage certificate signed by the Rev John Kennard, which the young woman exhibited to her parents. As it was filled with the names of the parties and appeared to be regular, no objections were made to the young lady's removal to a boarding house in Poplar street, provided by Gibson. Soon after the removal of the young lady to her boarding-house, Gibson announced his intention of going South on business, and under this pretence left the young lady, but did not leave the city.—The landlady of the house in which she boarded shortly afterward received a note containing information which caused her to turn the young lady off. She was compelled to go back to her mother. Developments were then made, showing that Gibson and Captain A. had been working for each other's interest, G. was to leave, and the Captain was to show up the false certificate business, and take *G.'s* place, but certain revelations made by the daughter to her mother, caused the arrest of these two worthies, one of whom, being a married man, was rather loth to appear in the matter. They have been held to bail to answer the charge at Court.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—All citizens of Baltimore who are old enough to call to remembrance most of the events that have occurred among us during the last twenty years, must be filled with indignation as well as disgust, when they take up a certain sheet that is published among us, and see the particular pains it takes to give prominence to every little fracas that may occur in the city. Pray how long has it been since there were regular pitched battles fought between "uptowners" and "down towners," and between rival fire companies up town, that were under democratic influences? How long has it been since democratic violence was being expended in every quarter of the city, and Democrats heard of our falling killed or wounded by the hands of their fellow Democrats, every week or so? These were common occurrences five, ten, and fifteen years ago, but there was no newspaper among us base enough to charge such things upon any particular party, or to take especial pains to' represent them much worse than they really were, with the view of giving Baltimore a bad name all over the country. The presses then opposed to the party whose members were chiefly concerned in these outrages, raised no outcry about Democratic lawlessness, as they might have done with perfect truth, nor gave any particular prominence to such things when recording them, but let them all pass by simply and briefly publishing the plain facts in each case.—*Balt. Clip.*

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always, in these days, trying to separate the two, we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentlemen and the other an operative; whereas *the workman ought always to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working: and both should be gentlemen* in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievment.—*Ruskin.*

A NEW BAROMETER.—The Crockett (Texas) Printer describes a barometer in that office made by Major V. T. Dalton of Galveston. The active power is an ordinary violin string, one end of which is attached to the roof, inside of a small toy house, easily made of cigar boxes, the other end being fixed in centre of a bit of board, upon either end of which is a toy figure, in fancy of the maker. The house has two doors, so cut that each of the figures will stand before a door. Thus prepared, one of the figures will move outside its door, when the damp atmosphere relaxes the string, and vice versa when dry weather causes the string to twist tightly. Thus, one figure outside the door indicates rain, the other no rain, and most occurately so: ours has twelve hours previous foretold every rain that has fallen since our return from Galveston."

Three half-breeds who killed a German near Gullake, on the upper Mississippi, last week, were forcibly taken from the Sheriff at Platte river, near Little Falls, and hanged to a tree.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHEEP-WASHING.

The "philosophy" of a thing is the reason why it is so. One who understands why a thing is so, will be likely to do the work connected with it better than if he were ignorant of its theory. Now, in regard to washing sheep, many persons doubtless suppose that the water acts simply to dissolve the dirt in the fleece, and by its mechanical action to separate it from the fibre. This it does, to be sure, and this would be a sufficient reason for washing the sheep, if the water did nothing else.—But this is really the smallest part of what good sheep-washing does. You have perhaps noticed, on the finer-wooled sheep especially, a yellow exudation near the skin. You will see it nearly all over good sheep, but most on the breast and shoulners. Now this is a secretion from the glands of the skin, and serves, it is supposed, an important purpose in refining the fiber and protecting the animal. But the fact about it which has most to do with it is the following:—

This yellow gum called "yolk," from its resemblance to the yolk of an egg, is largely composed of potash and oil. It is, in short, a sort of naturally formed soap, which, when the sheep is plunged in the water, is dissolved, and acts as a powerful cleanser of the whole fleece. It is as if fine soft soap had been intimately mixed with the fleece down to the very skin, just before washing the sheep. The owner of sheep, who keeps this fact in mind, will see the importance of several things, which we will mention. 1. He will do well to wet the sheep and let them stand a little while before he washes them thoroughly. This will allow the soap or the yolk to act freely. 2. If he can wash his sheep in clear soft water, this will be better than hard water. 3. He will find it good for this, as well as for other reasons, to wait till the weather and water are mild, for the soap acts better thus than if the water is very cold. 4. He will see the importance of sheltering the flock from long and severe rains.—These dissolve the yolk, and lower the quality of the wool, besides chilling and weakening the sheep themselves.—*Mark Lane Express.*

SEPTEMBER.—If grain crops be not already sown they should be attended to early in the month. Wheat and winter rye cannot be sown too early, as the roots must have time to penetrate the soil to a sufficient depth to prevent their being thrown out during winter. Corn should now be gathered, and proper preparations made for fattening of stock for sale. Root crops require strict attention, and if planted in rows, as they should be, the cultivator may be frequently run between them this month with profit.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as their skins refuse to slide when hardly pressed upon by the thumb; this is a better guide for ascertaining when a potato is ripe than to judge by the fading of the vines. Budding may now be done with advantage.—Stiff, hard lands should now be plowed and sub-soiled, leaving the land ridged for disintegration by frost during winter. The farmer has now more time for plowing than in the spring; his cattle are stronger, and a little work will not hurt them before fattening. Timber may be cut this month.—Look to barn-yards, and see them properly arranged for saving their drainage during winter.

Light sandy soils should not be plowed in the fall. Select your ears of corn from thrifty stalks while standing, for next year's seed, being careful to take from such stalks only as bear more than one ear. Save your corn-stalks well, as by proper treatment they make good winter fodder. Use cooked feed for hogs; and remember that weeds in the hog-pen will save time and produce better results than if left standing during winter. Large quantities of headlands, peat, &c., &c., should be placed near the stables, barn-yards, &c., for full composting; and proper quantities of bone-dust, salt, and other materials intended to be added to the compost should be in readiness.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Collect onion-pips intended for re-planting in early spring.—Manure grounds intended for spring gardening, plowing and sub-soiling deeply.—Use the manures, this month, long and deeply buried, or, at least, not merely placed beneath the surface, so that in the spring plowing, by using the same plow, the manure will be thoroughly mixed throughout the soil, instead of merely occupying the surface, or being then all turned under, as would be the case with shallow fall manuring.

A FISH IN A HUMAN SKULL.—Two sons of Mr. John H. Iscett, of Greensburg, Pa., were in the habit of setting "night lines" in the Allegany river, in order to become possessed of the finny tribe. One morning a very mysterious looking thing was observed from the shore as being attached to one of the lines out some distance. On drawing in the line a fish was fast on the hook, with its head protruding from the orifice of a human skull, which rests upon the vertebral column, its body being in the skull and too large to allow its escape therefrom. The theory is that the fish became domiciled in the skull some time since, grew until it became imprisoned therein beyond its power to escape unaided. The skull is sound and has yet four teeth in it, the remainder having dropped out. Its shape indicates that it possibly belonged to a negro and was perhaps that of a female.

At the Bangor Trotting Park, Monday afternoon, a foot race of ten miles came off between John Stetson and Thomas Woods—America vs. England. The ten miles were run in one hour and six minutes—Woods being the winner by a short distance.

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