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

TERMS.

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

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857. No. 43.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES 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 lower any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

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

CASH SYSTEM.

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

LUMBER

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

NOTICE.

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

NOTICE.

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

FINAL NOTICE.

THE subscriber having had his time extended by the Court, would inform all persons indebted to him for fees, that he will now proceed to collect them by execution. And if they wish to save the cost of $2,33 they had better settle immediately with the subscriber or Mr. A. P. Jump for the Easton and Chapel Districts.
CLEMENT S. CLARK,
Late Sheriff.
feb 21-tf

A. B. PRITCHETT.
CABINET MAKER,

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

PURE BONE DUST.
TO FARMERS, &c.

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

TENCH F. TILGHMAN. MELVILLE SHERWOOD.
LAND OFFICE.
TILGHMAN & SHERWOOD.

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

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

CARPENTERING.
JEREMIAH MORRIS. WILLIAM S. COLLISON.

MORRIS & COLLISON.

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

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

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

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

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

A VALUABLE GIFT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Those of our readers whose recollections date back twenty-five years will remember with what pleasure they were accustomed to read a new poem from the pen of Mrs. HEMANS. There are few female writers in the whole range of English literature deserving a higher place. She had not the strong intellect, the lofty imagination, and power of analyzing passion possessed by Joanna Baillie—"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott was accustomed to call her—but she had the spirit of a true poet, and wrote many things that the world should not "willingly let die." The deplorable loss of the CENTRAL AMERICA, of the treasure, of the fair women and brave men, that, with the ill-fated bark, were swallowed by the "remorseless sea," reminds us of the best of her short poems. We give it below entire, with the exception of two stanzas:—*Pat.*

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the rain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou sea!

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

The following deeply interesting story was related by Dr. Gibson in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the instructive story is Vesale, one of the most eminent surgeons of the 15th century:

Andre Vesale first saw the light in the city of Brussels. His father was an apothecary attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the emperor Charles V. and Governess of the Low Countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to merit that the term of science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relative to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science; surmounting with admirable courage and constancy the disgust, the terror, even the perils inseperable from the description of labor to which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries surrounded by the festering remains of mortality or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the culture for his prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of the executed criminals, left to be devoured by the carron bird.

It was during his sojourn at Basle, after his return from Italy, Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwik, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already had obtained the summit of well directed ambition.

The family of Van Steenwik was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself entitled him to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Herlaem burgher, but, as the Emperor's first physician, was accepted as the most eligible son-in-law—The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his bride, set off for Sellville, where Charles then held his court.

Though she loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affections as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanor towards him even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome.

Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale unfortunately mistook her timidity for coolness, and resented it accordingly. This led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm indifference to the admiration that followed wherever she was seen; but at last something in her manner and countenance whenever one particular person appeared, or his name mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alvar de Solis; as he was young and handsome, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever the nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alvar was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have missed the valliant husband, had he not, on one occasion, when his back was turned toward Don Alvar, perceived him in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella, with an expression not to be mistaken, while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room. Shortly afterwards, Vesale received an anonymous note, saying:

"Look to your wife; and Don Alvar de Solis; and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the glove she dropped for him at mass."

Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was soon taken. Having established schools of anatomy at San Lucas and Cordova, he obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville for that purpose, but returning the same night, concealed himself in a tenement, belonging to himself, at some distance from his abode at Alcazar, which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his vengeance, and he listened to his own counsel.

At dark on the following evening he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantlehood, and left a note at Don Alvar's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabella's; and these words:

"I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence. Be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignment was promptly kept by Don Alvar. At an hour past midnight he left his house, alone; but he never returned to it.

Whither he had gone, none could say, nor could any trace of him be discovered. It was supposed he had missed his footing, and fallen into the Gaudalquiver, near which his abode was situated, and that his body had been swept by the waves into the ocean.

Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it had happened; and Vesale recalled in three weeks after by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alvar the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious disappearance of Don Alvar, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honor to her patron saint, as well as celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seated herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alvar gardens, she watched for his coming; but while her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing by her side.

"I have ordered the supper to be had in my study," said he; and taking her by the hand he led her away to the room in question, dismissed the attendant, and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air, yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir in a cup of Malaga wine and presented it to her.

"Drink this," he said; "it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from."

"Pledge me in the draught," she returned, filling a goblet from the same flask and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend Andre.

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"Talking of friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eye upon her, "you have not spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis.—Are all the hopes of hearing from him relinquished? He was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him."

Then grasping his wife by the hand he led her up to a door at the further end of the room and throwing it wide open revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," he said, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de Solis, the object of your guilty love—contemplate him well, if the sight can render your moments happier, for you are about to die, too. The wine I gave you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence and its more dreadful illustration burst upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion; the stream that had arisen to her throat died there in a strangling murmur, and sinking fell back as one dead upon the arms of Vesale.

She was not dead; however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died; and in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who had never quitted her, beheld those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. Awaking from a torpid slumbering, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them a calm and courage she had never possessed in her life.

"Andre," said she, fixing her eyes upon her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you by thought or deed; Don Alvar pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you. I feared and honored you as much as I loved. But I dared not tell you his pursuits. Oh, Andrew, believe my words; the dying deal not in falsehoods! Should I thus be calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and, with choking sobs, abjured her to believe that he only feigned to give her poison; that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life; but the terror of death, not death itself, was upon her.—And while he yet spoke Isabella murmured—

"Thanks be to Heaven for this!" and drawing his hand toward her, laid it on her heart, and as she did so, it ceased to beat.

LADY ELECTIONEERING

Fox had a most able canvasser in the person of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Her grace freely bestowed kisses for promises of votes, and had no less than three of her own carriages constantly engaged under her immediate directions in bringing electors to the polling-booth. The lampoons upon her character seemed only further to excite her energies, and she speedily became so great an adept in electioneering tactics as to assume their principal direction on behalf of Fox. Her grace attended the meetings sometimes in male attire—spoke, cajoled, chaffed, drank, smoked, treated, promised, begged, ordered, bullied, threatened, sang, danced, prayed and cried, to further the cause of "her man." As an instance of her enthusiasm it was told that, whilst she was canvassing a butcher, by some means her shoe became so much torn that she could not keep it on. In this embarrassment she kicked the shoe away, and remarked,

"See! I go barefooted to serve my friends!"

She won the vote, which had been promised to Wray.

Upon asking a candlemaker for his vote:

"I will give your grace a plumper," said the man of grease, "and procure you five more on a certain condition."

"What is that?"

"That your grace will give me a kiss."

"Why, then," said the duchess, "take one."

These familiarties were in turn brought into use by other ladies of high rank, both for and against Fox. The committee over which the Duchess of Devonshire presided had among its members the most celebrated beauties of the day. The Duchesses of Rutland and Portland, the Countesses of Carlisle and Derby, Ladies Beruchamp and Duncannon, and, in fact, most of the ladies of rank in London, were engaged in the contest, and, in many instances to the dissatisfaction of their husbands. The hustings were constantly beset with carriages, either employed in bringing up voters or encouraging adherents by their presence. The obstinate and opposite canvassing fairly bewildered the Westminster tradesmen, and many, to ease their lives, left town for the country. One lady had a troop of milliners in a carriage, occupied in making up cockades for Lord Hood and distributing them among the spectators. Her Grace of Rutland superintended the distribution of rumgrog to Lord Hood's soldiers and sailors, so that Fox's partisans could the more easily defeat them; and she encouraged the fierce battles between the marrow-bones and cleavers and the seamen. The Devonshire ladies had a balcony erected in Henrietta street, and there they greeted friends or foes as they passed to the hustings. The secret committee was held here. An example thus set by the higher classes was not long before it reached the Westminster dames of every grade; and Sir Cecil Wray very soon found that he had more to fear from the women than from all of Fox's and Hood's roughs together.

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ENJOYMENT—FACTS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.—The beautiful semi-transparent envelope in which Nature has enclosed the wonderful mecanism of the human body, as peculiarly sensative to the subtle influences which for the lack of a more specific term, we call infection and contagion. Many eruptive diseases are communicable by the touch, and *salt rheum*, one of the most common cutaneous maladies in the country, is generally considered contagious. It is a painful and disfiguring disorder, and in its chronic form is apt to become hereditary. But in whatever shape it may appear, however exaggerated the systoms, and whether contracted by accident or derived from an inherited taint in the blood, it may be *extriped* by the application of that peerless external curative, Holloway's Ointment.—Science had been groping for ages after something that would restore to the diseased skin, its purity, freshness, smoothness and flexibility, when Professor Holloway introduced this inestimable preparation, and in no superficial disorder have its effects been more salutary than in Salt Rheum.—We have seen it applied after the Labanon waters, sulphur baths, and every prescription in the pharmacopœia had been tried without the slightest benefit, and have known a perfect cure accomplished through its agency, in six weeks. Sometimes the disease, after having passed through the earlier stages of a watery eruption and a viscous suppuration, assumes a scabious form, and is not unlike certain species of leprosy. In cases of this kind the itching is almost maddening, and as it is generally increased by warmth, the bed of the sufferer is only a bed of torment. Most physicians pronounce this phase incurable.—Holloway has no such word in his vocabulary; and it is when the scourge has reached the extreme point of virulence, that the Ointment achieved its marvelous triumphs. A reaction at once commences. The external vessels at once recover their tone and vigor, the irritated nerves that torment in the skin are soothed, the pores resume their healthful functions, and the virus of the disease is expelled from the exterior circulation and exhaled from the system.—In fact it may be said of Holloway's Ointment, as Portia said of Mercy,

"It dropeth like the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath,"

eradicating by its balmy, yet searching influence, every kind of exterior inflammation.

We have dwelt more particularly upon its operation in Salt Rheum, because the complaint is so general and we are cognizant of the fact here stated. The Ointment, and evaporant ordinarily prescribed for it, are at the best mere palliatives, and in many instances they throw back the external fire upon the vital organization producing serious affections of the lungs or brain. Holloway's Ointment, on the other hand, *extinguishes* instead of *transfers*.—Like his equally celebrated internal remedy, it has a reputation founded on twenty years of uninterrupted success.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

POLITICAL.

For want of time and space we could not publish the account of the democratic meeting, in last week's paper, which was held at Cambridge on Monday week, the 28th ult. To show their *strength*, *influence*, and the *morality* of a portion of them, we subjoin the following account, from the Cambridge Eagle:

DEMOCRATIC MEETING OF THE FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—According to notice some time since heralded throughout the District, the Democracy of Queen Anns, Talbot, Caroline, Dorchester, Somerset and Worcester, held their great demonstration for the District in this place, on Monday last. It should be borne in mind, that this was not only a meeting of the Democrats in Dorchester, but of the five counties composing Mr. Steward's district. It was a respectable meeting, for a county meeting, of that party in this county, and that is about all.

Col. Groome, their candidate for Governor, was introduced, and entertained them for a short time. The old gentleman was so very feeble and nervous he was unable to make himself understood at any distance; we therefore missed many a nut, which doubtless, when cracked would have exposed the rapidly decaying prospects of a kernel, (Colonel.) There were many things said which sounded rather singular at a Democratic meeting; but modern democracy has so many dodges, no one was surprised. He said he was yet a whig, that he had not gone to the democratic party, therefore the democratic party must have gone to him. He *scorned* to go to Baltimore during the meeting of the Democratic State Nominating Convention, to secure the nomination at their hands; he therefore must scorn the party which is running him, but of course has no objection to their votes. He said he voted for Buchanan and endorsed every act of his administration, icluding of course, squatter sovereignty, &c. He has evidently not been well drilled in making speeches for the democratic party, and if they don't get a better Groome they had better take him off the track. He broke down before he got half around the course and had to retire. The fact is the old gentleman is too impetuous for his debilitated constitution, and is not physically able to make a speech of any length.

Mr. Johnson, of Frederick, spoke next. He is one of the editors of the Frederick *Union*, and is rather an exquisite gentleman, looking as though he bestowed more attention to the exterior than to the interior portion of his head. He of course abused the American party, &c., all of which has long since become sterreotyped. Col. Groome said he had always been a Whig and had not gone to the Democrats; Mr. Johnson said he had never voted for any but a Democrat, and never intended to.—He certainly would like to vote for the Colonel but how he will extricate himself from this unpleasant dilemma it is difficult to divine. He is a tolerable good speaker, but we certainly would like to see him canvassing the State with his competitor for the office of Comptroller.

Mr. Townsend was in town and the central committee waited on him with the request to address the meeting under their arrangements, which was for Stewart to follow Johnson, Townsend to follow Stewart and then for Stewart to reply which, of course, he declined. The Judge delivered a long speech, (of course) and went into Mr. Townsend in a not very generous manner, it was thought, as he was not to reply. But it is said that the last named gentleman so completely used the Judge up in the lower counties, a few days since, that he made him plead *limitation*, and the Judge, it is supposed, thought this a good time, as he intended to occupy the stand until night.

There were some *eighty-four* down from Baltimore, who behaved much better than was expected. We heard of but one fight and saw but one black eye. These Baltimore political excursionists appear to have a natural propensity to enter our jail; we learn from the jailor that two attempts were made to enter the jail, but he expecting something of the kind and had fully prepared himself and was able to resist them.

AMERICA.—A few weeks since, during one of those reforming processes which have been going on at our Navy Yard, under the supervisory care of Jesuit influence—one of the mechanics learned that he was to be dismissed; upon which he waited upon the Secretary of the Navy, who gave him every assurance that he should be retained. With this assurance he returned to his work and his home, with a heart relieved. But to his astonishment, a short time only elapsed before his positive dismissal came. He waited again on the Secretary, and to his earnest appeals his honor turned a deaf ear; he could not or would not save him. After all entreaties had failed, this American mechanic informed the Secretary he had but one recourse left, and that was to go to America.

"What," said the Secretary, "are you not now in America?"

"No sir: this is the United States."

"Where then, is America?"

"The State of MARYLAND sir—THAT alone is now America."—*Washington American.*

A NEW PHASE OF DEMOCRACY.—The Territorial Legislature of Kansas passed a law confining the right of suffrage there to citizens of the United States. We see, however, that Judge Cato, a Democratic Judge appointed by Pierce, has decided that it is contrary to the organic law of the Territory for the people thereof to fix any qualifications to the right of suffrage other than those prescribed in the Kansas Nebraska bill. The law confining the privilege of voting to CITIZENS of the United States is denounced as Know Nothingism, and *an attempt to rob the foreigner of his elective franchise.*" This is a new phase of Democracy. A Democratic Judge in Kansas decided that ALIENS are entitled to exercise the elective franchise, and another Democratic Judge, in the District of Columbia, declares that *foreigners* ought to be allowed to vote in preference to native-born citizens. Democracy has now but one step more to take, and that is to incorporate it into the creed, that none but foreigners shall hold office.—*Daily News.*

Taking a retrospect, with a view to recount the various catastrophes which have befalen ocean steamships owned in or trading with the United States, we find that the following have been entirely lost:

Name.	Fate.	Valuation.
President,	Never heard of.	$350,000
Columbia,	All hands saved,	300,000
Humboldt,	All hands saved,	500,000
City of Glasgow	Never heard of,	200,000
City of Philad.	All hands saved,	300,000
Franklin	All hands saved.	480,000
San Francisco,	A few saved,	300,000
Arctic,	A few saved,	700,000
Pacific,	Never heard of,	680,000
Tempest,	Never heard of,	300,000
Cen'l Amer'a	A few saved,	*140,000
		$4,250,000

Exclusive of about $1,600,000 in specie.

If the cargo was included, these figures would be more than doubled. The President was lost in the year 1841; no one knows how or where. The Columbia, in nautical phrase, "broke her back" on the rocks on the American shore of the Atlantic. The City of Philadelphia went to pieces on the rocks near Cape Race. The City of Glasgow sailed from Liverpool March 1st, 1854, and was not heard of. The Great Britain came near being included in the list, having lain ashore for some months at Dundrum Bay, coast of Ireland, but is now engaged as a transport to India. The Franklin and Humboldt went ashore and broke in pieces—the former on Long Island, and the latter near Halifax. The Arctic and Pacific were lost as already recorded. The iron steamer Tempest, measuring 1,500 tons, sailed from New York February 12, 1857, with a crew of from thirty-five to forty men, and was never heard from. On the Pacific, several fine steamers have been lost, generally of a smaller class. The Independence, for instance, was totally lost, with 120 lives; and the Tennesse, St. Louis and Yankee Blade, Winfield Scott and others, became total wrecks.

English steamers, in waters contiguous to the United States, have fared little better. Within a short time, we have had to record the loss of the fine steamship Canadian, on the St. Lawrence; also the steamship Clyde, and several steamers in the West India Islands.

A calculation as to the number of lives lost in these steamers, makes a total of about *seventeen hundred.* This loss being irreparable, no consolation can be derived from the fact that a large proportion of it might have been prevented by a division of these ships into compartment by water-tight bulkheads; but there is opportunity to make the adoption of a means of safety compulsory upon the owners of all sea-going steamers, and thereby doing much to prevent the recurrence of catastrophes such as we too often have occasion to deplore.—*Jour. Com.*

GIVE HIM A TRADE.—If Education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed Industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing resource through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions, and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or never—if its possessor choose to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest laborcrafts are honorable and noble. The men of traces—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with; they above all others, in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the car of human progress or all is lost. Put few brown handed trade-workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent.

Most animals can be cowed by looking them steadily in the eye. If attacked by a dog, bear, or any other beast of prey; seize him by the root of the tongue—if by an alligator, gouge out his eyes—a mad bull may be held by one horn, and grasping with the thumb and finger the middle gristle of his nostril—or he may be held fast to a post or sapling, by his tail, if you can take a turn and belay.

"Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship," says an exchange, to which the New Orleans Times adds, "If you haven't got any sister of your own, take some other feller's sister, and love her." The effect is just as good—sometimes better."

"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."

"The first cut," said the son, as he assisted the old man to roll over a log, "is always a slab."

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