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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858. No. 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

FARMERS' & MERCHANTS' BANK,
Greensborough, Dec. 7, 1857.

MY attention has been called to a notice in the Denton Journal of last week, in which one Charles Culbreth proposes paying "Twenty-five cents on the dollar, if presented within thirty days, for the Notes of this Bank."

The card was called forth from the fact, I infer, that this Bank was under the necessity of warranting him on a claim for the *pitiful* sum of $30,21, which he was *obliged* to supercede. The execution on this claim was issued a few days since, and our late Constable this morning informed me is still unsatisfied. In addition to this, this Bank has a suit against him and his securities for a Note of $400, which was due Sept. 1, 1856, and upon which he was sued at Oct. Term of Caroline county Circuit Court, '56, and which is still unpaid.

The recent *successful* Mercantile career of the *individual*, in this place, has imbued him with a "Nick Biddle" ambition for financing, which is fully explained by his card. I will receive the same kind of money at 100 *cents in the dollar* in payment of claims against him, and presume I might *safely* say, that 180 days from this date, the *presentation for this purpose*, will be duly honored.

HENRY R. STALEY,
dec 19—4w Cashier.

TO THE PUBLIC:

IN the Denton Journal of the 12th inst., appeared a communication from the Greensborough Bank in regard to my indebtedness to that Institution. The statements as represented by the Cashier of the Bank are not the true facts in the case. He must know that the pitiful sum of $30,21 was settled on the 26th of November, some two weeks before his communication, which he stated was not paid. I presume the paper which he received was not the kind he expected; it was the Bank's own paper, which shows that the Cashier did not consider the paper good, or he would not have said the claim was not settled.—When I called upon the deputy Constable, Mr. Wix, to pay the claim off, and presented the Greensborough paper, he refused taking it, by saying that Mr. Alexander Knotts, the late Constable had gave orders not to receive one dollar of the Bank's paper. I then remarked to Mr. Wix that the Bank was in duty bound to receive its paper from me, in which he consented to take the amount of the claim. On the 27th, which was the next day, I presented to the Cashier a $5 bill of the Greensborough Bank paper and demanded the coin, which was refused. I then asked for some good paper money; he also refused, but remarked that if I was trying to play a game with Bank, come on he was ready for anything, and seemed to be very angry as if he had a cat fit, but how long the fit lasted I cannot say; but I can say that I saw the Notary Public and stated to him the facts and ordered a protest, which was immediately done, which the bank is laboring under a protest from the 27th of November, and this was not the first bill that has been presented for redemption. A Mr. Greenly, who was not due the Bank the first cent presented the Bank with $30 for the coin or some good paper money, which was refused. He came the second time and presented the same which he refused to do, and instead of giving him money that he might be able to meet his demands, he received a good tongue dressing, which amounted I suppose to the equality of the coin. The cashier speaks in regard to a second claim against me which will be noticed as true, but nevertheless as a duty which devolves upon me to defend myself in this great contention, it will be done in the most honest and approved position. The true grounds in which I have taken shall in fact prove to the people of Caroline county and elsewhere, that my business transactions through life have been fair and honest. But this great Greensborough wild cat Bank thinks otherwise. I think it is a small kitten to cry so loud about dishonesty: the Bank had better pay its own debts and consult lawyers for dishonest charges brought against it. The great John Breslin and Saint Waggoner, who were the really larger owners of the Greensborough Bank, are in quite a critical condition; banking has appeared fatal, and S. Waggoner who is now in prison for using a portion of the Memphis money in a certain Bank that was used in Greensborough wild cat, and the State of Ohio has lost her most unsuspected enemy J. G. Breslin, who has fled to Canada for protection.—It is reasonably supposed from the late conduct of these two gentlemen, that the bank was gotten up for the purpose of fraud and not for the accommodation and interest of the people. A continued change and contention of officers have been the result; as one might say a tossing of coppers would be sufficient to elect its officers, &c., as the case when my note was presented for discount. I suppose from the above the copper was tossed and came heads, and I the fortunate one received the paper for 90 days, and when due it was not convenient to meet the note, but I insisted for 90 days longer, which was objected to by the cashier, H. R. Staley, and within a few weeks I was sued at the October term of Caroline county Circuit Court, 1855, and no judgment has been rendered for the court, as the bank would not like to have its former and present operations known; and as the cashier thinks in 180 days from this time the debt will be duly honored, I presume I might say, from the prospects of the bank that H. R. Staley will not be found in our midst. Things are judged by their taste, as the stranger's reputation from Tiffin Ohio. He speaks of a Nick Biddle ambition for financing. Is he not aware that one would suppose from his present position that he himself is standing in Nick Biddell's Boots? As for myself I would love to see a good bank that would do a legitimate business for the accommodation and interest of the people of Caroline, but when the people see and believe that fraud is practised upon the part of Stockholders and partially shown on the part of officers of the bank, in short all confidence is lost and the most shrewd and sharpest dealers are found mingling with the concern. It's who and who can make the most of it, as true to say that it has fallen to the lot of Greensborough wild cat bank to share its fate. It has made a perfect change of friends; those that were its enemies at first, are now its friends, and those that were its friends are now its foes; so the tossing of coppers are very uncertain. A continual change and contention has been the management of this most miserably conducted affair. I am sorry to say the bank has failed to redeem its paper, as its officers must feel cheap at its fall. From all probability it may stand the storms of the winter, but the coming of spring will close it up. Her coffers are empty of gold and silver money as the hive when the bees have sucked all the honey. So my good friends Staley, Hitch and Stone are left behind to suck the comb.

dec 26-3t CHAS. CULBRETH.

FRANGIPANNI—
AN ETERNAL PERFUME.
FRANGIPANNI—
FROM THE HOLY CITY.
FRANGIPANNI—
SACHET.
FRANGIPANNI—
POMADE.
FRANGIPANNI—at
dec 19 DAWSON & BRO'S.

SALT—by the sack or bushel in store and for sale by (dec 19) J. RAUK.

For the Easton Gazette.

A PARTING TRIBUTE TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY VIOLET.

Old Year, thou hast gone, and the new now takes
The place thou once had'st filled,
Thy pulses, which beat but a day ago,
Are now forever stilled.

Another leaf in the book of Time
Is turned for us to trace,
While the page, which we have just perused,
But in memory holds a place.

Thou hast gone, and with thee many have flown
On whom thou opened too
With as many visions of hope and light,
As the new spreads before our view.

For many human blossoms fair,
That bloomed in the light of love,
Have been borne away on angel wings
To unfading bowers above.

Perhaps thou hast taken a smiling babe,
And left in its place a tear,
Whose little life on earth began
And ended with thee, Old Year.

Perchance thou hast borne away on thy wing
The laughing look and tone
Of some little Sprite, who had, Old Year,
But few of thy bretheren known.

Perhaps some maiden fair, who looked
On thy coming, with love-lit eyes,
Has withered like a sweet flower of Spring,
As it droops its head and dies.

It may be, that in manhoods strength and prime,
The brave have been laid low,
O'er whose graves thou hast thrown, with a parting sigh,
Thine ermine mantle of snow.

But not alone the young and fair
Thy departing train attend,
Eyes dimmed by age, that saw thee begin,
Are not here to watch thine end.

As we gather around the fireside bright
To welcome in the news,
Be sure we shall whisper in tones of love,
Adieu, Old Year, adieu.

For thou to some hast been very kind,
And it is with a tender sigh,
That our voices join with the wintry wind,
As it murmurs, Old Year, good-bye!

"SUNNY SIDE," January 1st, 1858.

For the Easton Gazette.

MY DEAR M.

You will no doubt infer, upon seeing this address, that the "spirit" has "moved" me to the performance of what I gave you in my last, reason to expect. But it is hardly so. In fact, I think on the contrary. I have moved the *spirit*, for it seemed rather inclined towards the perusal of a couple of Home Journals, received last night from a friend who very kindly compassionates me, in my retirement from the world of newspaperdom. But I considered my word in a measure passed, so resolutely threw aside the tempting columns of the Idlewild correspondence, and the Bayard Taylor wedding-dinner, read by you weeks ago, and half forgotten, I suppose, and resumed the pen, which was pledged to write out for you some of my "pencillings by the way." We'll give the weather, and all such convenient topics the go by, this time, else my pen, pledged though it is, will fly off "at a tangent" again, and I shall find my allotted space occupied before I have commenced.

The first sight of any particular interest, that I remember, after parting in a stupified sort of a way, with the last home face, was that of a sleeping fellow passenger who sat a few seats before me. His appearance was so striking, and withal so ludicrous that I pulled out my pencil, and on the fly leaf of my memorandum-book, transfixed him. There he is yet, with his slouched hat down over his eyes, his mouth shut so tight, that probably for want of teeth, it seems to have gone up under his nose, and his nose to have come down over his mouth, somewhat after the manner of the nose and moustache of that precious villain with the white hands, in "Little Dorrit." He roused himself once during the process, and looked around him, as if conscious that something unusual was going on I was obliged to suspend my sketch for the time, but he soon sank back into the old position, and in a few minutes more, I had him "done" to my great satisfaction. But I must be a little more general in my description, or my letter will prove as voluminous as those of a certain wise governor of a neighboring State.

In Gotham, I made a stay of only a day or two. Times were terribly hard, money awfully scarce, and everybody carried such a deplorably long face, that I was not sorry to bid adieu to such lugubrious scenes. The second morning after my arrival, having seen little but the statue of Washington, in Union Park, not for the first time, however, the gems of art at Williams & Stevens', and the kaleidoscopic display of Broadway, I found myself among the eager, rushing crowd, at the Jersey City Ferry. Last words were spoken, the last glance given at a kindred face, and I was borne on "southward in a roar of steam." Some delays occurred, and it was near morning before Baltimore was reached.—The express train for Wheeling was missed, and I was obliged to wait four mortal hours, in the most uncomfortable place, it was ever my lot to spend an hour in. I was glad for the credit of Baltimore, to hear that it was but a temporary affair. It was unendurable, from neglect and dirt, and for the sake of fresh air, I went out for a stroll, though the morning was cool and damp. The streets were deserted; only here and there a shopman, more enterprising than his neighbors, was throwing open his shutters, or a servant sweeping off the pavement. A sprinkle of rain came on, and I made my way back to the dirty depot. By this time, preparations were commencing for the starting of the train. A large company of German emigrants, arrived but the day before, from the "fader land," were being made ready for their passage West, and in watching them, with their queer looking dress and baggage, the time passed away rather less weary. Other passengers soon began to arrive, the hotel carriages brought down the city sojourners, the car which I had entered was rapidly filled with well-to-do looking people, carpet-bags, bandboxes, shawls, and packages were disposed of, parting charges given, farewells spoken, the signal sounded, and off the train started.

Had I time and the inclination, I could hardly give you any very detailed description, of a country passed over so rapidly.—You must imagine a day of sunshine, forests and hills putting on their autumn robes, rivers and lakes, reflecting the varied coloring, with the blue of the sky, and all the various elements that go to make up car panorama. This between Baltimore and Harpers's Ferry. The latter place which every body knows Jefferson said was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see, and which has been often described, had not for me the charm of novelty. Moreover, I had stood upon "Jefferson's Rock" and from that elevated point, I had viewed the scenery in all its grandeur and magnificence. I had wandered through the cemetery on the summit of the hill which overlooks the town, and from that lofty abode of the quiet dead, had looked upon the busy scenes beneath. With these memories so vividly brought back—knowing what a glorious picture awaited me, could I but climb again the stony steps of the streets which lead to the Cemetery and the Rock—it was no wonder that the circumscribed view, I could gain from the car-window, gave me little pleasure. Many persons have been disappointed in Harper's Ferry—have thought descriptions exaggerated from Jefferson down; or have deemed late describers but imitators of Jefferson, I am sure those persons could never have viewed it from the rock which is called by his name, and which still bears his initials; or if they have, that they had no soul for the appreciation of nature in her wildness and Yet it must be somewhat different now, grandeur, from the day Jefferson beheld it. The dirty, unhealthy little city, built upon the point of land, which is washed on either side by the waters of the Potomac and Shenandoah, just before their meeting, detracts much from the romantic interest, one would otherwise feel in the spot. The sublimity of the scenery, unless report belies the character of the town, has had very little influence in elevating and ennobling the tastes and habits of its inhabitants. But to go on with the train; for it stopped not as long as I've been writing this.

The country, for miles beyond along the track, is nothing but barrenness and rocks. Now we plunge headlong into a tunnel of Egyptian darkness, and emerge only to behold barrenness and rocks again. Rugged walls of native stone rise now on this side, now on that, and now on both at once.—But by and by the aspect of the country improves. Fertile fields, comfortable looking dwellings, forests and rivers, valleys and hills seem gliding by us, and at sunset we reach Cumberland. Here, some very pleasant people, with whom in a day's travel, I had become somewhat acquainted, left the cars. I saw the glad welcome they met from friends, and it almost made me sad. The train was bearing me farther and farther away from loved ones. What sort of greeting should I receive? Not that of kindred and familiar faces surely. But such thoughts were not allowable. I banished them as unwelcome intruders, and betook myself, since night had come on, and the landscape was loosing itself in darkness, to the perusal of my reading matter, observation of my fellow travelers, or rather, just at that time, to the deliberation of the question, how I should dispose of myself for the night. We were coming to the wild magnificence of the Cheat River scenery. Should I keep on to Wheeling and lose it all in the darkness, or stop at one of these little wayside "hotels" until another train? Two or three considerations decided me to take the latter course. Besides my desire not to love an opportunity so seldom enjoyed, I was weary and travel worn, having spent the preceding night in the cars. More than this it was Saturday night. Farther than Wheeling I could not go, and might not arrive there until four or five in the morning. It was settled then; and at Oakland, a little cluster of houses, huddled close upon the track, I was set down to remain until Monday morn. Oakland it seemed was a place of summer resort, for the purity of its mountain air. The hotel was quite a large, imposing building, comparatively speaking, entered from the railway platform. The host was a pompous looking, middle aged man, and as I afterwards inferred, a broken down Virginia planter. He entertained me for an hour or two, on Sunday morning, with a sort of monologue on Slavery. I was quite interested at first, but it grew rather wearisome, and I was glad when his daughter came in, and a conversation upon other matters ensued. There were no religious services in the place, though a Methodist church stood on an adjoining hill, where I was told preaching was occasionally heard. In the afternoon the sisters proposed a walk, and in the warm autumn sunshine, through fields and woods, whose rich coloring seemed to pervade the very atmosphere, we wound our way up the mountain, by an almost imperceptible ascent, to the log-cabin of a backwoodsman, two miles from Oakland. The cabin seemed inhabited only by dogs, however, and they barked themselves out of breath at us, shut up in their kennel. We knocked, and and tried the door to gain admittance, for one of the young ladies expressed herself ready to drop down with fatigue, but the inmates had probably availed themselves of the Sunday's cessation from labor, and gone visiting. We were obliged to seat ourselves without, on an old wagon body half full of Irish potatoes.

The walk home was accomplished in the declining light of that glorious Autumn day. Surely our time had not been misspent. We had had a sermon preached to us, in those mountain woods—our hearts had been lifted in the contemplation of so much beauty and glory, from Nature, up to Nature's God.

But I find, as the most interesting part of my journey yet remains, I must await another time for its description, and conclude this hastily written epistle, as the tale-writers do, with a

To be continued. ADELE G.

For the Easton Gazette.

MR. EDITOR:—Judging from the bundles of Gazettes that come to our office, it has a very general circulation here. Allow me, through its columns, to bring before the farmers of this neighborhood a subject that has been sometime spoken of, but no definite action had. If any thing is to be accomplished, there must be a beginning.—I hope, therefore, I shall not be deemed over officious in thus bringing the subject up, that we may have some move in the matter.

It has been suggested (and so far as my knowledge extends very favorably received) to form an Agricultural Association for this part of the county. The members to meet occasionally at St. Michaels, say once a month, to interchange ideas on subjects pertaining to agriculture. For instance: Their experience with the different fertilizers, as to quantity, when and how applied; domestic manures, how raised, the difference between the well rotted and coarse or long, how applied, the application of lime, the method of preparing ground, putting in crops, and cultivation; the products of different varieties of wheat, corn, oats, vegitables, fruits, &c., &c. There are many subjects that might be brought up for consideration, that would be both interesting and profitable to the farmer. A place could be procured in St. Michaels, to deposit specimens of grain, vegitables, fruits &c., in their season, and premiums awarded to those who may merit them. To create a fund to do this, and to meet the incidental expenses of the Society, a sufficient amount (which would be small) to constitute membership, should be paid. This would create a spirit of emulation, stimulate us to greater care, and, a more minute observance of results.

I have paid enough to bring the subject up, and now propose that all who feel an interest in the subject, meet at St. Michaels on Saturday, 30th inst, at 2 o'clock, P. M., as before said, that we may have some move in the matter. A BAYSIDE FARMER.

For the Easton Gazette.

A POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

HOW A MAN'S WATCH CAUSED HIM TO VOTE FOR HOLLIDAY HICKS.

It was the custom of John Smith (there are many of them) when going to bed at night, to place his watch under his pillow. During the political campaign last fall, when there was much excitement, and a good deal said about the two candidates for the Gubernatorial chair, viz: Holliday Hicks and Col. Groome, our friend Smith awoke one night and heard his watch ticking, but not as usual. Next morning just as he arose from the breakfast table he said, "wife, *I intend to vote for Holliday Hicks.*" "Vote for Holliday Hicks?" said she in great surprise. "Why it was only last night, in this very room, you and neighbor Jones were talking, when you spoke rather disparagingly of Mr. Hicks and most favorably of Col. Groom." "Yes, but wife, you know I have always been a democrat, and I didn't like to vote against my party. To own the truth, I haven't been exactly satisfied with that party for some time, and I am not the only one by many." "I am glad to hear you say that," said she, "you know you could never make a democrat of *me;* none of the *ladies* are democrats, and they are not *knownothings* either," (at the same time giving a mischievous wink and smile seemingly to herself.) But husband, what on earth has put this into your head, all at once? I'll tell you, said he, "last night I woke up and heard my watch going, Holliday Hix, Holliday Hix, Holliday Hix, Hix, Hix, Hix, and so she kept on first Holliday Hix until she would loose her breath it seemed, then as it by way of catching it again she would go Hix, Hix, Hix, then again Holliday Hix, Holliday Hix just as plain as I say it, and she kept it up so, I had to raise the corner of the bedtick, and put her under it to keep from hearing her, before I could go to sleep again." "Po," said his wife, "it was all imagination, you had a fever." "Not a bit of it," said he, "I tried it this morning and its the same thing—just listen," putting his watch to her ear. After listening intently for some time, raising both her hands, she exclaimed, "well I declare! why it says it exactly." "Fact," said he, "and no mistake." "Now, wife, I tell you, this means something, you know my watch is one of the best in the country, she runs day in and day out, and never varies a minute, so I want to know what this everlasting to do about Holliday Hicks is for, if it means nothing. You couldn't make her say Groom nohow you could fix it. The fact is, my watch not only knows how to keep time, but I believe she knows something about the *times*, and I shall vote for Hicks, "sartin." And sure enough he did.

STOCK OF FLOUR IN NEW YORK.—The Journal of Commerce estimates the stock of flour on hand in New York, on the 29th instant, at 868,500 bbls., which is worth, for superfine, about $4.25 per bbl. The stock of wheat is not so large, as most of the receipts were taken for milling purposes, and may be put down at about 400,000 bushels. There is an accumulating stock of corn.

FINANCIAL.—The Syracuse Journal says, the following dispatch was sent to New York by the wires on Sunday evening:

"I lent you one year ago to-night four dollars and eighty-seven cents If you have not had it long enough please keep it one year longer."

We give the answer:

"Had forgotten it, and hoped you had.—Let her run another year."

MOBILE, Jan. 2.—A great indignation meeting was held here to-night in regard to the capture of Walker and his army.—Resolutions condemning the administration and demanding Walker's restoration, the repeal of the neautrality laws, &c., were passed. Prominent democrats participated in the meeting.

GEN'L WALKER'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

Gen. Walker addressed a long letter to the President of the United States, a few days since, as a suppliant for justice. After a recapitulation of his movements, and the conduct of our naval commanders toward him, he winds up as follows:

It would be supererogatory, sir, for me to say that the act of Capt. Paulding was without warrant of law. Much, too, as we felt the wrong, it was not the act itself as much as the manner in which it was done that cut us to the quick. We knew that the act was in violation of the sacred charter—the Constitution of the United States. We knew that an authority higher than that of any Commodore—higher even than the President of the United States—would vindicate the sanctity of violated law, and punish the offenders against the American Constitution. We felt, too, that the august and most potent sovereign—the people of the United States—would render justice for the injuries we sustained. But far more grievous than the surrender—far more galling than to see our own flag lowered on our own soil—was it to be told that we were there to the dishonor of the United States. There were men on that sandy beach, Mr. President, who had carried your flag aloft amidst the thickest of the foe, and one had been promoted by a predecessor in your office for first planting your colors upon the heights of Cerro Gordo. Others among them had led our soldiers across the continent, and always in the path of duty and honor. For such men to be told that they disgraced the flag they once had served so nobly and so well was a pang sharper than that of death, and might have wrung a tear from men harder and more callous than he who inflicted the irreparable injury.

I need not tell you that I was unable to anticipate the act of Capt. Paulding. Military necessity required me to hold Punta Arenas, and the idea never entered my mind that an American officer, professing to execute the law, would so forget his duty as to infringe not only well established international law, but also the requirements of that instrument with which are involved the best hopes of mankind, the Constitution of the United States. Even could I have foreseen the action of Capt. Paulding, military reasons would have prevented me from leaving the Point. But it was impossible to imagine that so violent a step—marked as it was in its details by conduct worthy of soldiers in the sack of a town—would have been taken by an officer of the United States navy. And Mr. President, in the name of the official oath which you *have taken in the presence of Almighty God, I call upon you to punish the offender and to right the wrong. I presume not to* direct your wisdom in the course it shall pursue; but in the name of the men whose rights your officers have infringed, and whose honor has been most harshly and heedlessly trampled in the dust, I call for the justice it is your high prerogative to bestow.

But permit me to conclude by adding that, in all events and under all circumstances, there are duties and responsibilities from which I and the officers and men I represent will not dare to shrink. No extreme of illegal interference, no amount of hard words or unjust epithets can deter us from following the path which is before us. The functionaries of the Government may exhaust upon us the expletives of the language; they may insult the public conscience, and degrade their own character by applying to us all the epithets their morbid imagination suggest, but, conscious of the right and justice of our cause, we shall not relax our efforts, nor be driven into a violation of the law. As long as there is a Central American exiled from his native land, and deprived of his property and civil rights for the services he rendered us, in evil as well as good report, so long shall our time and our energies be devoted to the work of their restoration. As long as the bones of our companions in arms, murdered under a barbarious decree of the Costa Rican Government, lie bleaching and unburied on the hillsides of Nicaragua, so long shall our brains contrive and our hands labor for the justice which one day we will surely obtain. Permit your officers, if you can, to trample under foot the constitution and the laws; pass unnoticed, if you will, the most violent invasions of individual rights and public duties; treat with scorn and contempt if you choose the demands for justice which we humbly and deferentially place at your feet, we will not be cast down or dismayed. We fight for the rights of our race which have been denied us by an ungrateful and degraded aristocracy. We strive to retain unsullied the device some of our ancestors have borne on many a field, "none shall wound us with impunity." And as long as our faith in rights endures: and our confidence in the God of our fathers remains unshaken, so long shall we use all just and proper means to regain what has been wrongfully wrested from us.

I have the honor to remain, with high respect, your obedient servant, WM. WALKER.

To his Excellency the President of the United States.

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men speak well of a man's virtues when he is dead, and the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt Death summons the debtor to down the dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks a man is a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself. What a big rascal Diogenes must have been at that rate.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in this world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary to be down right mad.

I have noticed that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed and call dame fortune blind; but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has the most capable eyesight, and is no old granny with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tombstones say, "Here he lies," which no doubt is often true; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the wrong grave.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL AND NATIONAL TABLES FOR 1858.

States.	*Governors.*
Alabama,	Andrew B. Moore.
Arkansas,	Elias N. Conway.
California,	John B. Weller.
Connecticut,	Alexander H. Holley.
Delaware,	Peter F. Clausey.
Florida,	M. S. Perry.
Georgia,	Joseph E. Brown.
Illinois,	William H. Bissel.
Indiana,	A. P. Willard.
Iowa,	R. P. Lowe.
Kentucky,	Charles S. Morehead.
Louisiana,	R. C. Wickliffe.
Maine,	Joseph H. Williams.
Maryland,	Thomas H. Hicks.
Massachusetts	Nathaniel P. Banks.
Michigan,	K. S. Bingham.
Mississippi,	William McWillie.
Missouri,	R M. Stewart.
New Hampshire,	William Haile.
New Jersey,	William A. Newell.
New York.	John A. King.
North Carolina,	Thomas Bragg.
Ohio,	Salmon P. Chase.
Pennsylvania,	William F. Packer.
Rhode Island.	Elisha Dyer.
South Carolina,	R. F. W. Alston.
Tennessee,	Isham G. Harris.
Texas,	Hardin R. Runnels‡
Vermont,	Ryland Fletcher.
Virginia,	Henry A. Wise.
Wisconsin,	Alexander W. Randell.
Territories.	
Oregon,	George L. Curry.
Minnesota,	Samuel S. Medary.
New Mexico,	*Abraham Bencher.*
Utah,	*Alfred Cumming.*
Washington,	*Fayette McMullen.*
Nebraska,	Wm. A. Richardson.
Kansas,	James W. Denver.

*Acting Governor:
†Secretary and Acting Governor.
‡Gov. Runnels died at Houston, Texas, on the 17th ult.

LEGISLATURE OF THE STATES—TIMES AND PLACES OF MEETING.

By the following table it will be seen that the Legislature of twelve of the States commence their sessions in January:

Alabama*, second Monday in November, Montgomery.

Arkansas*, first Monday in November, Little Rock.

California*, first Monday in January, Sacramento.

Connecticut*, first Wednesday in May, Hartford.

Delaware*, first Tuesday in January, Dover.

Florida*, first Monday in November, Tallahasse.

Georgia*, first Monday in November, Milledgeville.

Illinois*, first Tuesday in January, Springfield.

Indiana, first Thursday after 1st M'y in January, Indianopolis.

Iowa*, first Monday in December, Iowa City.

Kentucky, last Monday in December, Frankfort.

Louisiana*, third Monday in January, Baton Rouge.

Maine, first Wednesday in January, Augusta.

Maryland, first Wednesday in January, Annapolis.

Massachusetts, first Wednesday in January, Boston.

Michigan, first Monday in January, Lansing.

Mississippi*, first Monday in January, Jackson.

Missouri*, first Monday in November, Jefferson.

New Hampshire, first Wednesday in June, Concord.

New Jersey, second Tuesday in January, Trenton.

New York, first Tuesday in January, Albany.

North Carolina, third Monday in November, Raleigh.

Ohio*, first Monday in November, Columbus.

Pennsylvania, first Tuesday in January, Harrisburg.

Rhode Island, at various times and places.

South Carolina, fourth Monday in November, Columbia.

Tennessee*, first Monday in October, Nashville.

Texas*, first Monday in November, Austin.

Vermont, second Thursday in October, Montpelier

Virginia*, first Monday in December, Richmond.

Wisconsin, second Wednesday in January, Madison.

*In the States marked with an asterisk the Legislature meets biennially.

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