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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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THE FARMER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the Golden Corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine:—

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time came with flowers and bud
And grasses green and young,
And merry bob'links, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sung.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the Sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber-crows away.

ROBBER OF THE WABASH.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health and partly to accommodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever: and as the physician said he would not be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and, having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route that I was going and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found I had nothing by waiting for my companions which were agreeable and entertaining. They were going to St. Joseph, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river intending to get out lumber the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River—having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for ere we were fairly under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still I had to be thankful for my horse began to show lameness in one of his hind legs: I leaped from the saddle, and I found that his foot pained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable quarters for that country at that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs directly under my window. As the noise continued I arose, threw on my close, and went down. "What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry way.

"Ah! don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning, "You've not heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps.

Who, in the west, at that time, had not heard of him!—the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him but he's gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him.

"And you've come back horseless," I said.

"Yies," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer:—The country is in arms, and he'll either have to leave these huntins or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus. Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six: with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oho! he's the very devil himself, I do believe.

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drank the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed: and this time I slept on uninterrupted until morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die, said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks life long enough to see you.

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and fond relations in his far off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set out on my return as quick as possible. He ate some breakfast and resumed his journey, being bound as far as the Pottawattomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step upon it. Had the road been good I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he would lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money.—I returned to the stable and led my horse but he could not walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair

"Look'e" said mine host, as I began to despond, "can't you manage a canoe."

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's the best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it again at Logansport for as much." I caught the proposition instantly, for I saw it was a good one.

"If you daren't shoot the rapid's," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe, and pack it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned 'dugout,' large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at the boldest of the varmints, but I had no time, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion, but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current: but, in doing so, I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a footfall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty, and seem to be a hunter. He wore a wolf skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle, and keeping you company."

"I should like it," I told him frankly: "I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than those worn out legs through the deep forest."

"Come on," I said; and as I spoke, he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and that his father lived at Columbus. He was out on a hunting and exploring expedition with some companions, who had gone to Logan-port by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse into the bargain. He said that he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business, and by a most unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots

Finally the conversatron lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships, and facing me—His hair was of a light, flaxen, hue, and hung in long curls about his neck: his features were regular and handsome; and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber.—For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Ay," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable.—I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh, you'll meet him never fear," said my companion.

Ah! he spoke that with a meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone, and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before.—I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon mine as he spoke, and then he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional, but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did.—At first I thought of objecting, but a few minutes reflection told me that I had better behave as though he were an honest man: so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cleak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and under the cover of a cough, I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me, but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long, regularly-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark. Aha—there was before me one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man, but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"O-ho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus. Karl was your companion.—But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and take your traps to pay your passage to heaven."

I think these were the very words. At any rate, they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a huge bowie-knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge and then feel the point. My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch proceeded to approach me.—Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side, and measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart still as death. Of course my snoring ceased, and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not.—There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same time the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle.—As soon as the boat's head was once more right I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and then I saw it quiver—only a slight spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it struck near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I had told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water—water! In God's name give me water," he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me that it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke, the skin was moist, and the fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

A runaway couple, "true lovyers" of the most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at the small inn near Boston, and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to "splice em," and be quick about it."

The landlord complied, and the 'licenced minister' came.

'Be you the minister?' asked the bridegroom.

'I am,' replied he.

'Oh! you *be*, eh? What's your name?'

'Stiggins.'

'Wal, neow, Stiggins,' said the Yankee, 'du et up brown, and your money is ready;' and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced:

'You will please to join hands.'

The Yankee stood up with his lady love and seized her fervently by the hand.

'You promise, Mr. A——,' said the parson, 'to take this woman'——

'Yaas!' said the bridegroom.

'To be your lawful and wedded wife?'

'Yaas—*yaas!*'

'That you will love and honor her in all things?'

'Sartin—*yaas*, I tell yer.'

'That you will cling to her; and her only, as long as both shall live?'

'Yaas *indeed*—nothin' *else!*' continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted; much to the surprise of all present, and to the especial annoyance and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

'One moment, my friend,' responded the minister, slowly: for it occurred to him that the laws of his State did not permit this performance without the 'publishment' of the bans for a certain length of time.

'What—what—what in time is the *matter?* Don't stop here! Put her thru! What's split, parson? Anything gin out?'

'Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you can't be married in Massachusetts, as the law'——

'*Can't!* What in nature's the reason?—I like *her*—she likes *me*—what's to hender?'

'You have not been published, sir. I suspect.'

'That's a fact—ain't goin' to be, nuther—that's the reason we crossed over into your 'little Rhody' (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island) on the sly, you see parson.'

'I—really—sir—' said the minister.

'*R-e-a-l-l-y!*—wal, never mind go ahead. 'Taint far—don't you see 'taint! You've married *me*, and haint tetchhd *her!* Now, *don't stop here!* 'Taint the fair thing—by gracious '*taint*, now, and yeou *know* it.'

'I will consult,' said the minister, hesitatingly.'

'No you won't—no you don't! You don't consult nothing ner nobody until this here business is concluded!' And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the titterings of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of the trembling bride, he said:

'Go on now, straight from where you left off—put us through, and no dodging. It'll be all right—'if it ain't right, we'll make it right in the morning,' as the saying is.'

After reflecting a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality—so he continued:

'You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?'

'Yaas,' said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

'That you will love, honor and obey him?'

'Them's em,' said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

'And that you will cling to him so long as you both live.'

'*That's* the talk'—*stick* to one another *allers*'—and the lady said 'yes' again.

'Then, in the presence of these witnesses I pronounce you man and wife.'

'Hoora!' continued Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

'And what God has joined together let no man put asunder.'

'Hoora!' continued Jonathan. "What's the price?' (The parson seemed to hesitate.) 'How *much?* spit it out. Don't be afeared. You did it like a book. Here's a V: never mind the change. Send for a hack, landlord. Give us your bill, I've got her! Hail Columby.

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy: and ten minutes afterward he was on his way to the railroad depot with his wife, "the happiest man out of jail," said the eye-witnesses who described the scene.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

This Society exists that it may publish the glad tidings of *Redemption* to the millions of our own country and the world.

It was organized more than thirty years ago in the city of New York, by such noble spirits as the venerable Dr. Milnor, of the Episcopal Church, Rev. John Summerfield of the Methodist Church, and others of kindred spirit of the various evangelical denominations. Its object was, and is to publish the great evangelical truth in which they are agreed, or in the language of the constitution, "to diffuse a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer of Sinners, and to promote the interest of the vital godliness and sound morality by the circulation of religious publications *calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical christians.*" It thus excludes all controversial, political and local subjects.

There is *no denomination* connected with it *as such*, though carrying out the spirit of its organization, its officers, directors, agents and colporteurs are connected with twelve or fifteen evangelical denominations—Episcapal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Reformed Dutch, Lutheran, German Reformed, Cumberland Presbyterians, &c. The publishing, distributing and finance committees together constitute the *Executive Committee*, consisting of members of six different denominations.

The issues of the Society exceed fifty thousand publications per day, and more than four thousand of these are books! It has usually employed twenty-six large steam power presses (about one-half of these are stopped at this time!) The number of printers, binders and others employed at the Tract house are usually three hundred! About one hundred of these have been dismissed since the "crisis!"

The expense of the Society are from eleven to twelve hundred dollars per day!—It has no vested funds and seeks none!—It would rely upon God and the voluntary donations of his people.

It has had in its employ the past year nearly six hundred colporteurs—humble, devoted, good men, who go from house to house in the spirit of the Gospel, bearing the messages of Salvation to the homes of the needy and neglected, testifying in the mansion and in the hotel, by the fireside and by the highway, *"repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."*—They have thus visited the past year 674,128 families. They had personal conversation on the subject of religion with, and prayed with and for, 205,425 of those families. Often his words of warning and entreaty are the first heard in households where the voice of prayer was never raised and whose members could truly say, *"No man has cared for our souls!"*

During the year they held or addressed 14,059 public or prayer meetings, organized hundreds of Sabbath schools, and distributed 10,000 Bibles, which they receive from the Bible Society for sale or gratuitous distribution. The number of families reported as being destitute of all religious books, except the Bible, was 41,739, and of those who had not the word of God, 32,175.

The number of books sold by the colporteurs the past year was 538,818, and the number given to the poor and destitute was 152,822 volumes! Thus thousands of souls have been reached and blest with salvation that could not, and would not have been reached by any other instrumentality. This system of colportage is wonderfully adapted to reach the masses of the people, and it is the object of this Society to carry the 'leaven' of the Gospel to every family, and to leave there such *preachers* as Baxter, Bunyan, Flavel, Dodridge, Alleine, Hall, James and Chalmers.

And who shall follow up the footprints of these six hundred humble men and tell the amount of good they have effected?—Who shall gather up and write out the history of the *two hundred and fifty millions* of publications that have gone out from the Tract house the past thirty yeas? *Eternity alone can tell the amount of good they have accomplished!* And now who is not ambitious to co-operate in a cause so good, so noble! Who will not pray for its continued prosperity and usefulness? Who will not contribute "as the Lord has promised him," especially in the time of pecuniary embarrassment? Many Christians and Philanthropists pay cash annually $150, the usual salary of a colporteur. Such persons receives the quarterly correspondence of the colporteur he sustains. Others constitute themselves and their children and friends *life members* by the payment of $20, or life directors by $50. (Are there no such Christians in Talbot County?

In these and kindred ways may every American and every Christian aid in making known the unsearchable riches of Christ to perishing men in our own country and throughout the world!

And does not every motive of patriotism, piety and benevolence impel to the cordial *liberal* support of instrumentalities so potent for the evangelization of the people of the existing generation? Are our civil institutions secure with the prevalence of ignorance and error, and the elements of all evil in the midst of us? Shall public morals and private virtue be left to the desolating influence of a vicious and unprincipled press? Shall the tide of emigration roll upon our shores with no healing for its bitter waters? Shall Rome establish its empire here with no increase of efforts to counteract its plottings and to enlighten and save its adherents?

Shall millions of our own countrymen live and die without the blessings of a sanctified press in a Christian land and in a printing and reading age? or shall not the well-being of our country, the precious interests of civil and religious freedom throughout the world, compassion for the perishing, and above all, the love of Christ, and the glory of the Redeemer constrain to unwonted effort for the advancement of this and every other enterprise for the evengelization and salvation of America and the world?

G. W. KENNEDY,
General Agent A. T. Society.

[*Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.*]

HOPTON, Feb. 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: There was a singular Medal found on this farm, point field, near the site of the old Talbot County Court House, Nov. 17th, 1857, (by laborer Phill, while geathing corn)—*silver*, about the size of a ¼ dollar, and of an oval form. After its being in Easton for several weeks, with a hope that some of the learned gentlemen would favor me with a translation of the inscription, it was returned without one.—Since, I sent it to a friend in Baltimore, as a small offering to the Historical Society, with an injunction he would return me a translation of the inscription which proves to be Italian, which I enclose you for publication, to preserve a record of it. The inscription is as follows:

"C. IESU E. MARIE VI DONO IL CUORE L-L ANIMA MIA."

The translation reads thus:—"To Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary I give my heart and soul."

Dr. Unger, the gentleman who translated the inscription, thinks the medal is one of the Redemptionists'—probably that of the Society of the "Heart of Jesus."

Under the inscription was a Heart, and on the opposite a person, seated on a throne with an image in his lap and a crown above the head of each—and a cross on eitheir side. It was almost black, as if having gone through a fiery ordeal (and may have belonged to a prisoner of the Revolution) who was confined in a dungeon, where manacles have been found by Mr. Phil. F. Hemsley, the present proprietor, before filling up the cavities in the field, in which were found a human skull, pipes and ashes, and probably the old buildings were all burned, with those in confinement.

I am pleased to see that some of my suggestions are about to be taken up and I hope will be carried out by our legislators. What a comment is Gov. Hick's return, to the call of the Legislature, the doings of Ex-Gov. Ligon. Laws however judicious, became a dead letter under such government. I must tell you I have found a man in my Baltimore correspondent who has if it were possible, less love for our President, old Buck, politically) than myself. In reply to part of my letter he says: "I think old Buck and his party are in a tight place—and the beautiful fight which is going on to-day in Congress (3d inst.,) on the Kansas Constitution, is going to end *in a complete disruption of the party*, and according to my ideas of things, the doctrine of the punishment of mankind in this world, independent of that meted to him in the world to come, for their sins and iniquities committed here, will be realized in the case of Mr. Buchanan. His connexion with the bargain and corruption slander against Mr. Clay, he is to suffer for, and before he goes out of office, he will have the whole pack upon him—the Douglasites now, and afterwards the fireaters will be upon him for his Walker fillibuster course." To all I will say, *Amen*, in which I think you will unite with me. Very respectfully your friend,

WM. H. TILGHMAN.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1858.

The first winter weather of the season has visited us this week to the great joy of the ice gatherers who will reap a good harvest while the cold snap lasts. One man has employed a hundred hands turning out ice every day. All the fish ponds of Jersey are being cut up into sections.

Business is gradually looking up under the influence of favorable news from abroad. The rise in cotton has stimulated trade not a little. It has given greater spirit to Southern merchants, who are here making their Spring purchases, and it has caused a little advance in cotton goods, which will tell favorably upon the resumption of manufacture in New England. Cotton goods are ¼ higher than last week. This being confirmed by heavy sales for China, is one of the hopeful items of the day It will be long however before manufacturers will recover from the prostrating influence of the pressure. Many Eastern manufacturers are insolvent and their factory property is being sold under the hammer at prices which hardly pay the value of the building materials. This, however, will ultimately benefit the manufacturing districts, as capitalists will come in, buy up the mill property at low rates, and so be able to resume production at a less profit than their predecessor.

Money is plenty enough here, too plenty, but it is not in the place where it can do most good. Those who would apply it to the various branches of trade and manufacture have not credit sufficient to command what they need. Even the houses which have gone through without trouble are more or less disturbed because they must have sacrificed a great deal to carry them through! But this is wrong.

We have no murders of interest on hand, except the brutal assassination of a well known citizen of Brooklyn in a porter house by one of a band of organized rowdies.—The deceased has many friends in office and justice in this case will be sure to overtake the murderer

RIVINGTON

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