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LOYAL AND EXACT SUBJECT TO LAW.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

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OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Subject to the decision of Democratic National Convention.

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STATE PRISON FOR A HOME.—In the fall of 1853, a young man about 22 years of age, named Grady, says the Hartford *Times*, was sentenced by the New London County Court to hard labor in the Connecticut State prison, for the crime of stealing. The term of his imprisonment expired last fall, but he begged the priviledge of remaining till spring. The warden kindly permitted him to stay and found enough for him to do to pay his way. On Monday of this week, the severity of the winter being over, and the spring work about to commence, it was agreed that he should leave the prison and take care of himself, and he was furnished with $3. He came up to this city, but the world seemed dark to him. He felt that he was an outcast, and shrank from intercourse with the world. In the evening he returned to the prison, and begged that he might be kept there the remainder of his days. The warden had taken the matter in hand, and is attempting to find a suitable place for him, where he can gain an honest living.

DISAPPOINTED AT LAST.—A rich old spinster who died at Newton, N. H., lately, left $38,419. She was all her life getting ready to be married, and had stored up 182 sheets, 63 coverlids, 50 blankets, 27 beds, with 1120 pounds of feathers, 54 towels, 24 table covers, and 43 handkerchiefs, while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

For the Democratic Watchman.

Opposition to Foreign Influence.

Opposition to foreign influence seems, at present, to be the favorite theme of the dark-lantern gentry; but, upon this, as upon all the great political questions of the past, our benighted Know-Nothing enemies are taking a wrong view, and are, in reality, floating upon an anti-American current. Opposition to foreign influence is taught us by Washington and many of his illustrious companions; but that opposition was not plainly understood as framing a system of persecution against the hardy, industrious and liberty-loving emigrant who seeks our beautiful shores, to share in the abundance with which the vindicator of *all* nations has blessed free America. He defies the restless and turbulent billows of the mighty deep, willingly endures the trials and privations of a dangerous voyage across the Atlantic—and for what? For the purpose of subverting our free institutions, as the Know-Nothings would be pleased to have us believe? No, certainly not. They come here because the early founders of this government invitingly extended to them the hand of welcome, beckoning them to depart from under the rule of despotism, and make the "asylum of the oppressed of all nations" their home. A foreigner leaves his kindred and the land of his birth, traverses the briny deep with his family of little ones, for the sake of undermining our free government! How absurd the idea. It can originate in the brain of none but of him to whom the unenviable appellation of Know-Nothing or ignoramus is justly due.

With the same propriety can it be said that the citizen of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania who emigrates to the western States, does so, for the purpose of upsetting the government of Illinois, Wisconsin or some other of the western States. The attraction that the west has for the inhabitants of our eastern States, America has for the oppressed of Europe.

But, to return more directly to the subject—opposition to foreign influence. What American is not opposed to foreign influence? And if there ever existed a party in the United States that was not willing to oppose foreign interference in our own domestic relations, that party certainly was not the Democracy. It is known to the world that the Democratic party is the *only* party that in reality, strictly carried out this principle.

It was a Democratic administration that gallantly sustained Capt. Ingraham, when he so nobly resisted the inteference of a foreign power, when that power attempted to encroach upon one who wore the garb of American citizenship. It was a Democratic administration that interfered when Great Britain encroached upon the rights of our seamen, and claimed the right to search American vessels, which led to the war of 1812. The Monroe doctrine, which is opposed to all interference on the American continent, by any European power, is an article of the Democratic creed. With what a stern rebuke have all the Spanish outrages, heaped upon American citizens but very recently, been met by the Democracy of the country.

When fifty Americans were inhumanly butchered upon the isle of Cuba, without even the shadow of a trial, and contrary to all treaty stipulations, the late Fillmore administration remained silent, and permitted so gross an insult to pass unrebuked. That's Know-Nothing Americanism.

Who was it that encouraged the notorious Englishman, Geo. Thompson, when he canvassed some of the New England States, making speeches for the purpose of creating a prejudice in one section of the Union against the other? Who was it that gave aid and comfort to such "foreign influence" but the very persons who now pretend to be so immensely patriotic, and seem to be horror stricken when an adopted citizen desires to exercise the right of suffrage, and who has sworn off all allegiance to other powers and solemnly declares his willingness to defend and uphold the laws and Constitution of this his adopted country, that man is proscribed by the Hindoos; but members of the British Parliament, like Thompson, are received with open arms when they come here for the purpose of breeding dissensions among our people. The Duchess of Sutherland may flood the Union with her anti-slavery epistles, and loud-mouthed Hindooism says it is all right. Such foreign influence is very acceptable to their palates.

That is the kind of foreign influence we are cautioned against by Washington and Jackson.

The men who formed the Hartford Convention, which was convened for the purpose of entering into a treaty with England in opposition to the United States government, are the very persons who now profess so much love for Americanism, and who control the midnight councils of the Know-Nothings.

The men who gave aid and comfort to the enemy during the Mexican war, and prayed that our gallant little band of patriots might be "received with bloody hands and open graves," are the body and soul of Know-Nothingism—the members of an order whose hands are stained with the blood of harmless American citizens and of innocent and defenceless women and children.

The gallant Shields whose blood flowed so freely in the late war, and which saturated almost every battle-field in Mexico, has been proscribed by this would be patriotic order, and in his stead, a crazy "Union-sliding," Banks Abolitionist, Trumbull, has been sent to the U. S. Senate. And why? Because it is the misfortune of the brave Shields to have been born in Ireland. Gen. Shields, although a foreigner, possesses more genuine patriotism, than the whole horde of this miserable order.

Gen. Arnold, although to the manor born, betrayed his country—while Lafayette, a foreigner, with a large foreign army, equipped by means of foreign money, came to our shores, and battled for the cause of Freedom. The men who opposed the cause of the Revolution, were called Tories. The causes which led the Old Thirteen to offer resistance to the mother country, are set forth in the Declaration of Independence. One charge is, that King George "had endeavored to prevent the population of these United States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither;" are not the Know-Nothings doing now what King George and the tories were attempting in 1776? The people who in '76 opposed the principles laid down in the Declaration, were called tories, those who oppose these same principles now, are called Know-Nothings.

Arnold offered as excuse for his betraying the country, that he had the salvation of his country in view,—the midnighters make the same the same professions in the advocacy of their absurd doctrines. Arnold by his treason became a follower of Geo. III, and a proscriber of the adopted citizen. The Know-Nothings are doing the same, and all for the country. F.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

We are assuming, reader, that you have had children: that one day DEATH, the pale messenger, beckoned one of them away. If this be indeed so, then will "*The Child's Prayer*," from a recent English journal, reach your "heart of hearts:"

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day;
And by a chair she knelt
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus! my eyes I close,
Thy form I can not see;
If thou art near me Lord,
I pray Thee speak to me."
A still small voice
She heard within her soul:
"What is it, child?—I hear;
I hear thee—tell me all!"

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart.
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark—
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have thy hand,
To lead me in the way!"
"Fear not, I will not leave
Thee, poor child' alone."
And then she *thought* she felt
A soft hand press her own

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away.
The aged *soon* must die,
And even children *may*
Oh! let my parents live
Till I a woman grow,
For if *they* die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee o'er,
Until I bring thee home!"

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of Heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord—
His hand in mine I felt,
And, oh! I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt:
'Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee o'er,
Until I bring thee home!'"

And she was received into His arms, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

GEN. MORGAN.

Among the incidents connected with the closing years of this rude but patriotic soldier, the following, originally published in the Winchester *Republican* of 1844, may be regarded as evincing in the narrator a singular combination of frankness, simplicity and pathos:—

"The thunderbolt of war," this "brave Morgan who never knew fear," was in camp often wicked and profane, but never a disbeliever in religion. He testified that himself. In his latter years, Gen. Morgan professed religion and united himself with the Presbyterian Church in this place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Hill, who preached in this house some forty years, and may now be heard occasionally on London street. His last days were passed in this town; and while sinking to his grave he related to his minister the experience of his soul:

"People thought," said he, "that DANIEL MORGAN never prayed; people said old Mr. Morgan never was afraid—people did not know." He then proceeded to relate in his blunt manner, among many other things, that the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm with his men paraded, for the word *to advance* he felt unhappy; the enterprise appeared more than perilous; it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such an amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside and kneeled by the side of a munition of war, and then most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence—for nothing less than an Almighty arm could protect him. He continued on his knees until the word passed along the lines. He fully believed that his safety during that night of peril was from the interposition of God.

"Again he said about the battle of the Cowpens, which covered him with so much glory as a leader and [illegible], he had not afraid to fight Tarleton [illegible] his numerous army, flushed with [illegible], and that he retreated as he could [illegible] further. Drawing up his army in [illegible] on the hill-side, contemplating [illegible]—in the distance the glitter of the advancing enemy, he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear he kneeled in an old tree-top and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself and for his country. With relieved spirits he returned to the lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed the deadly aim of his lines decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled. "Ah," said he, "people said old Morgan never feared; they thought old Morgan never prayed; they did not know, old Morgan was often miserably afraid." And if it had not been, in the circumstances of the amazing responsibility in which he was placed, how could he have been brave?

"The last of his riflemen are gone; the brave and hardy gallants of this valley that waded to Canada and stormed Quebec are all gone; gone, too, are Morgan's sharp-shooters of Saratoga. For a long time, two, that shared his his captivity in Canada were in this village, wasting away to shadows, their youth, celebrating with [illegible] the night of the battle, as the years rolled round—Peter Lauck and John Schultz. But they have answered the roll-call of death, and have joined their leader; the hardy Lauck wondering that Schultz, the feeblest of the band, whom he had so often carried through the snows of Canada, should outlive him. There is interest around the last of such a corps."

THE LOST BOY.

The editor of the Sandusky *Mirror* was formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary. He gives the following as one of the incidents which occurred while he had the control of that Institution:—

I had been a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention was attracted to, and a deep interest felt in the numerous boys and young men who are confined therein, and permitted to work in the same shops with old and hardened convicts. This interest was increased on every evening, as I saw them congregate in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and then to their gloomy bed-rooms, which are more like living sepulchres with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies as they march to the terrible "lock step," and, consequently, more easily attracted attention. To see many youthful forms and bright countenances mingled with the old hardened scoundrels, whose visages betoken vice, malice and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys, a lad of about seventeen years of age, who attracted my attention; not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow, and the silent uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of both by officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rules of propriety, yet he seldom had any apology or excuse—and, never denying a charge he took the reprimand and once the punishment without a tear or murmur, almost as a matter of course seeming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out—his health was poor, his face pale, his frame fragile, and no fire beamed in his dark grey eye. I thought every night, as I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I would go to and learn his history—but there were so many duties to perform, so much to learn and do, that day after day passed and I would neglect him—having merely learned that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young. He had already been there a year and had two more to serve. He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated that he felt it. He worked at stone-cutting on the State House, hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he had worked in the prison yard; still his face haunted me day and night, and I resolved on the next Sabbath, as he came from the Sabbath school, I would send for him and learn his history.

It happened, however, that I was one day in a store waiting the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old newspaper, I had read and re-read, while delayed, until at last my eyes fell upon an advertisement of "A Lost Boy!" Information wanted of a boy named Arthur ——, (I will not give his real name, for perhaps he is still living,) and then followed a description of the boy, exactly corresponding with that of the young convict—Arthur Lamb. Then there was somebody who cared for the poor boy, if indeed it was him; perhaps a mother, his father, his brothers and sisters who were searching for him. The advertisement was more than a year old, yet I doubted not; as soon as the convicts were looked up, I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came as a matter of course, with the same pale, uncomplaining face and hopeless gait, thinking, no doubt, that something had gone wrong and been laid to his charge.

I was examining the convict's register. When I looked up, there he stood—a perfect image of despair. I asked him his name. He replied, "Arthur." "Arthur what?" said I sternly. "Arthur —— Lamb!" [illegible]

"Have you a father or mother living?"

His eyes brightened, his voice quivered as he exclaimed:

"Oh, have you heard from mother? Is she alive? Is she well?" and tears, which I had never seen him shed before, ran like great rain-drops down his cheeks. As he became calm from suspense, I told him I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read. He took the advertisement which I had cut from the paper, and as he read it he exclaimed:

"That is me! that is me!" and again sobs and tears choked his utterance.

I assured him that the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents—and that, as it requested information I desired to know what I should write in reply.

The advertisement directed information to be sent to the *Christian Chronicle*, New York.

I told him I must write, and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know where he was, than the dreadful uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night. So he consented—and taking him to my room, I drew from him, in [illegible] the following story:

[illegible] father was a respectable and wealthy [illegible] in an interior town in the State of New York. That at the holding of the State Agricultural Fair in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home and go to the West. He foolishly consented, with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune. They came as far as Cleveland, where he remained several days. One morning the other boys came to his room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelry, &c., which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it for means to pay his landlord. But, before he had disposed of it they were all three arrested for burglary; and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed, was found in his possession, he too, was tried, convicted and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dare not write home; so hope sank within him—he resigned himself to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of the two young convicts who had come with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history as I obtained it from him—painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed there, even if guilty, and the probability of his never living out his sentence, and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the direction in the advertisement. But week after week passed and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother, until at last hope long deferred seemed to make his heart sick, and again he drooped and pined.

At length a letter came—such a letter! He had been absent to a distant city, but the moment he read the letter the good man responded. The father of the boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long and mysterious absence; he had left his former place of residence—had moved from city to city, from town to town, and travelled up and down the country, seeking the loved and lost. He had spent the most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, pining for her first-born and would not be comforted. They then lived in a western city, whither they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy, or that a change of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to secure the convict's pardon. The news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained yet pleased; hope and fear, joy and grief filled his heart alternately; but from thence his eyes beamed brighter, his step was lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed, and at last a man came to the prison, and rushing frantically into the office demanded to see his boy. "My boy! my boy! Oh, let me see him!" The clerk who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son.

"Arthur ——" "No such name on our books—your son cannot be here." "He is here—show him to me. Here is your own letter! Why do you mock me?" The clerk looked over the letter—saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the boy wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger. "There is the Warden, sir; it was his letter you showed." The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife heaped blessings upon my head. But the rattling of the great iron door and the grating sound of its hinges, indicated the approach of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent into a parlor. I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half-shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave when he beheld the altered countenance of his boy, as he stood clad in degrading stripes and holding a convict's cap in his hand, I never heard before. I have seen many similar scenes since and become inured to them—but this one seemed as if it would burst my brain.

I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict—and such a deep and favorable impression did the letter I wrote in answer to the advertisement have upon the directors, that they readily joined in the petition. Gov. Wood was easily prevailed upon in such a case, and the pardon was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy? How he laughed and wept, walked and ran—all impatient to see his son set free? When the lad came out in citizens' dress, the aged parent was too full for utterance. He hugged the released convict to his bosom and kissed him—wept and prayed! Grasping my hand he tendered me his farm, his gold watch, anything I would take.

Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine, and his boy by the hand, and escorted them to the gate, literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more; but the young man is doing well—and long may he live to reward the filial affection of his parents.

This case may be but one out of a hundred where the innocence of the convict is clear—but even where the guilt is clear there should be pity for youth, and some proper means taken to restore them to the paths of rectitude and honor.

THE RECORDER'S WATCH.

On one particular occasion, when Mr. Silvester filled the office of recorder for the city of London, it was his duty to try a prisoner for picking a man's pocket of his purse. The prisoner stoutly protested his innocence, and the prosecutor, when questioned on the subject of being certain of having had the purse in his possession shortly before the discovery of the theft, could only say that he was certain of having had the purse in his pocket when he left home in the morning. The recorder, in summing up the case, remarked to the jury that the prosecutor's evidence was not strictly conclusive. "For," said he, "I, myself, thought when I left my house in Russel Square, this morning, that I had my gold watch, as usual, with me in my fob. When I arrived here my watch was missing, and I concluded I had been robbed. But during the progress of this case I have recollected some circumstances which convinced me that I left my watch at home hanging up, as usual, on the right-hand side of my bed." He paused for a moment: there was a stir and movement in the gallery, the usher cried "order!" and the case proceeded.

A quarter of an hour subsequent to the above remarks being made, a hackney coach drove up to the recorder's house, in Russell square; a well dressed man got out and gave an authoritative rat-tat-tat at the street door. The servant, on appearing, was informed—"the recorder wants his watch, which he left hanging up on the right hand side of his bed." The domestic obtained what the visitor asked for, gave it to him, and off went the coach again. Five minutes later, rat-tat-tat went the knocker again the visitor was attended to, and began: "The recorder wants his watch." "We've sent it, sir," replied the servant. "Confound it!" muttered the new caller, who turned on his heel, and paying the coachman, discharged him. The lapse of a similar interval of time brought a third coach, a third visitor, a third application at the knocker, and for the recorder's watch, "which he had left, &c., &c." The watch had been sent. The third envoy cursed audibly, and ran off across the square, pursued by the coachman, calling "stop thief!"

A fearful suspicion flashed across the servant's mind. The truth was, that the learned recorder had unsuspectedly furnished a sort of directory for domestic plunder to the thieves who were sitting in the Old Bailey court-house gallery, during his charge to the jury. It was, then, a mere race for the fastest hackney coach: the first comer was first served with the plunder, leaving the rest to curse their ill-luck and their coachman.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God, in his eternal counsel, conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him three ministers who called constantly upon his throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy, and thus addressed them.—'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice, 'O, God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws.' Truth made answer also, 'O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries.' But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, 'O, God, make him I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread.'

"Then God made man and said to him, 'O, man, thou art the child of mercy; go and deal with thy brother.'"

The jury, when he had finished, were drowned in tears, and against evidence and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a speedy verdict of not guilty.

A COLORED WOMAN in Baltimore, who was exhibiting several of her children the other day, and, among them one with a lighter skin, said that she could not bear "dat child, kase he was of too light a color and showed de dirt so easy."

CONFIDENCE MAN.—The man who thinks he can help a good-looking servant girl to "cord the bedstead" without getting his head broke by his wife.

The Farmer's Department.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

In the Middle States, during this month, we think, notwithstanding the severe winter we have passed through, garden operations may be undertaken as soon as the *frost* is out of the ground and the soil can be wrought advantageously. The following hints are good and seasonable.

CABBAGE—PLANTS IN GLASSES.—See that your gardener raises the glass of your hotbeds containing cabbage plants every fair day, to harden and inure the plants to the open air, the better to prepare them for transplantation as soon as the weather becomes mild and settled enough, which in ordinary seasons is from the middle to the 20th of the month in the Middle States.

PLANTING OUT.—If you have been fortunate enough to have raised cabbage plants in hotbeds, under glass, make your arrangements to manure, dig and pulverize your beds preparatory to their reception, as soon as the weather becomes sufficiently settled and warm. Recollect that the cabbage is a hearty feeder, and therefore, manure the ground with a liberal hand. If the manure be barnyard manure, a covering of three or four inches in depth will be gratefully appropriated by the plants, while in product and size you will be amply remunerated for such generous feeding. If you intend to manure with Peruvian guano—and that is the only kind for garden culture we would recommend—you should at least apply a quantity equal to 400 pounds per acre. But let whatever manure that may be used, the bed should be top-dressed with a mixture composed of five part leach ashes, one part salt and one part plaster. In digging in the manure, the person should turn in full spade deep and thoroughly rake whenever he has spaded up three feet of ground, to save the necessity of treading on it while raking.

The distance of plants apart should be governed by the variety. If the small kind, the plants may be from 2 to 2½ feet apart in the rows: if the large kind, not less than 3 feet. The rows of either large or small cabbage should stand three feet apart. If the plants be intended to be used as colewort and not suffered to head, they may stand 18 inches apart in the row; or where intended to be used both as coleworts and head cabbages, the plants may be 12 inches apart, using every alternate plant for coleworts, and permitting the others to run into head cabbage.

SOWING LETTUCE SEED—PLANTING OUT.—As soon as the weather is settled and the ground can be got in good order, prepare a part of your border, facing the south, as recommended for cabbage seed. Any plants which may be of sufficient size may be set out to head about the 20th of this month. Lettuce seed should be sown at intervals of two weeks apart throughout the season. By such arrangements a continued supply of crisp heads may be secured.

TOMATOES—EGG PLANTS—RED PEPPERS.—Sow seeds of each of these in boxes, place the boxes in warm southern exposed windows to produce plants to be set out when all danger from frosts are over for early crops. If placed in pots an oyster shell or piece of broken crockery should be put over the hole in the botton to ensure drainage, as stagnant mixture is apt to injure, if not destroys the health of plants. If a box be used, bore a hole in the bottom about one inch in diameter, and covered as recommended for the pots. The earth used to fill the pots or boxes, to produce the plants, should be a rich mould fertilized with organic manure of some kind, so as to secure an early and vigorous growth of plants. The fertilization of the soil may be effected by dissolving half an ounce of guano in water to each large sized pot or box, if the latter does not contain over 200 square inches. The solution to be poured over the surface—or the same effect may be produced by making a decoction of 7 parts fresh horse dung and 1 part soot, and watering three or four times with it.

POTATOES.—As soon as the weather is open and the frost is entirely out of the ground is the time to prepare the ground for and to plant potatoes for an early crop. Select the driest and most exposed bed in your garden—a light and sandy mould if possible. Manure it broadcast, with half the manure you intend to apply, dig that in to the depth of the spade, rake finely; then lay off rows 4 inches deep, 3 feet apart, then strew the residue of the manure along the rows and cover. Then give the bed a broad cast dressing of a mixture composed of 6 parts ashes, 1 part plaster, and 1 part salt: taking care to give the drills a full dusting. The vines, when they first come up, should receive another dusting, as also at each working, and once after being laid by, until the vines go out of bloom.

As to the working of potatoes, it is sufficient to say that they must be kept clean of weeds and grass and the earth open from the time that the plants are 3 or 5 inches high till laid by. The dusting of the prescribed mixtures must be done early in the morning, while the vines are wet, so that portions of the mixture may adhere to them.

With regard to sets, they should be cut so as to have two eyes each. As each cut is cut it should have the wound rubbed in plaster or ashes, and put away in a cool dry place, where they could not be subjected to freezing. If cut two or three days before, so much the better.

REFORM THOSE things in yourself that you blame in others.