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THE GRAVE IN THE CHANCEL.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.
No sound of human toil or strife,
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Nor breaks the silence still and deep
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps th' unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not decay
Those windows on the Sabbath day;
And passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.
But when the sweet toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thoughts of Heaven,
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above the burial stone?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
These tones would reach thee, through the worm,
My brother makes thy breast his bed;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

For the Easton Gazette.

PENCIL DOTTINGS.

BY PIONEER.

TOUR OF THE HUDSON.

I am treading perhaps, in an old and beaten path—where genius has scattered its brilliancy around—where the able pen has depicted the magnificence of scenery, and the pencil and brush reached the splendors of nature. And I am well aware of my incapacity for the task, of portraying the little I have witnessed in leasurely touring up this most beautiful of rivers, the Hudson. Yet, (regardless of the criticisms of old fogyism) as I am not aware this beautiful subject, embracing some of the finest scenery in the world—with flourishing towns, splendid villas, handsome churches and the greatest Institution in the country—West Point—the industry and wealth of the most enterprising and intelligent race on the face of the globe—has ever appeared in the columns of your paper. And as pens may offer, though ever so humble, some little variety in the description of such beautiful and varied landscape, I am not without encouragement, to proceed with my humble Dottings.

I shall never forget my first visit to the Empire city of our Union, and shortly, destined to be, the Empire city of the world—I shall never forget the magnificent prospect which burst upon us, when, having cleared the highlands of Staten Island, and the meanders of the bright little stream, that winds between it and the main land—the noble bay or harbor of New York in all its grandeur, lay sleeping in glimmering and placid beauty around. And as our fine steamer swept rapidly along, tossing the crystal waters at her prow, into miniature fountains of dazzling brightness—the wealth of the universe—the noble ships of commerce; the gigantic ocean steam packets of England and America; the splendid craft of our own and other navies—the ponderous steam ferry boats, darting from side to side; and the swift little tow-boats seeking employment, or leasurely tuging some newly arrived and deeply laden ship into port, like an enterprising little ant tuging at a bulk ten times its own dimensions—came wonderfully and charmingly to view. What is the harbor of Baltimore in comparison? A mill pond to a noble lake—where ice has been permitted for years back to chain up with an invincible chain, the pursuits of commerce.—I am not disposed to cry down our own city, and will check the pen of censure; but her citizens are wofully lacking enterprise; and seeing the Eastern Shore of Maryland endeavoring to do something in behalf of *suffering humanity*, they unloose their bloodhounds and hark them on.

New York, the great city of the New World—at sight of which every American's heart must swell with pride. At sight of which every intelligent foreigner must gaze with astonishment; and every red man of the forest look upon it with awe. What! is this country that was so shortly a savage wilderness? Is this a city from heaven or from men—jutting down wedge-like, between the East river and the Hudson—an island, as we all know, formed by a little stream, connecting these two rivers, and intersected by a magnificent Broadway, and checkered with handsome streets, and nearly covered with splendid edifices. It is the industry and the genius of the Anglo-Saxon. This noble church before which we halt for a moment, to look upon its grandeur and scale the giddy height of its stupendous tower, rich in the beauties of glorious architecture. The superb organ—like the boom of distant thunder, now rolling nearer, still nearer, till its sweet music swells full upon the ear, and fills the soul with a delicious flood of melody. The splendid City Hall built of purest marble, standing in the midst of a fine park, where costly fountains play, and statuary, representing some of the distinguished men of our nation, court the inspection and command the admiration of all. The magnificent Hotels, furnished like princely palaces, and where are daily spread to thousands, their costly repasts. The hum and roar of industry from rolling vehicles of every description, like the thunder of the ocean surf; and the dense crowd of pedestrians stretching for miles up Broadway, would to you, who have never yet visited the Empire city, be a grand and novel sight. It was indeed to me. Having spent several days most delightfully in the great city, promenading her beautifully paved streets, thronging with costly wares, glittering with jewelers' splendid establishments, and dazzling and charming with the display of costly silks, &c., &c., the productions of our own and other countries. Having attended the various amusements, the theatre, where the incomparable Burton acts his irresistable comedy, producing uncontrolable laughter in the gravest personage; the museum, where the celebrated Barnum, has gulled so many people and made so much money, and which indeed, at that time, was very fine in many respects. The Crystal Palace, then just being finished off and beautified with all the gild and dazzle of the architect. Having witnessed and enjoyed all this delightful source of amusement, both instructing and amusing, we prepared to make our very pleasant tour up the Hudson.

Here we are on the upper deck of a magnificent seamer—a floating palace, that would put the Captains of our finest boats to the blush—with light hearts throbbing in happy bosoms, as our noble craft cleaves the surface of the sparkling river in twain, a mighty steam-plow of the limped wave.—We dash splendidly along up by the great city, past her wharves and countless piers, where innumerable craft of every description that ply up and down this river, are resting from their labors; and some getting up steam, and some pushing out, to start again on their busy avocation, and others unfurling white canvass to the morning breeze, to be gaily wafted up the noble stream, or being towed out by no sy little tugs, to ride over the foaming billows of old ocean, and skim over distant seas. The locomotive with its long train, sweeps along up past us as we go, whistling and tolling its bell at various points. The sloping banks of the river to the right, are dotted with the most beautiful "chatteaus" and other handsome residences, of almost every style of architecture known—rich green sloping lawns and yards surround them, smiling in the radiancy of the glorious morning sun; tasty summer-houses and beautiful arbors adorn, with the many noble forest and ornamental trees, of our own and other climes. To the left, the flourishing village of Hoboken glimmers in the distance, over the broad water with the tall spires of its churches visible in the back-ground, of arching sky Looking over the stern of the boat, Jersey City is smoking behind the blue wave—and the mamoth city—with its towns and spires, and splendid edifices, and the lofty chimneys and flues of factories innumerable, with their clouds of smoke, are all rapidly waving behind us.

The Hudson, for a considerable distance up is nearly straight, after which it meanders beautifully. But we have reached the palisades. Great God, how wonderful!—What a stupendous pile of rock, like fluted columns of gigantic architecture, from nature's marvelous architect—and, as our steamer sweeps over and under the frowning precipice, that stretches for miles along, we are yet more if possible filled with awe, at the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. Hundreds of feet of solid rock are standing above us, and most singularly pillowed and fluted, and where an occasional ledge, along the surface of the river is permitted, the habitation of man rests pleasingly, giving us a yet greater and grander idea of the giddy height of these palisades. On the brow of the prescipice, the forest tree is seen hanging over the steep, and trembling and wavering betwixt sky and water. On the opposite side of the Hudson, how entirely different; it is rocky and picturesque, yet there are magnificent green slopes of several hundred feet that flow to the water's edge, where the rail road does not intervene—(sometimes this road runs across little bends or cones of the river)—thronging as I before mentioned, with the industry, the enterprise, and taste of man, with occasional villages or stopping points for the cars, where wealthy citizens, merchants and others of New York daily go and return, alighting in the neighborhood of their costly palaces, that rest so gracefully and charmingly on the hill-sides, or crown the verdant hill-top. How refreshing it must be to these princely men, when having toiled all day at their various pursuits, in the noisy, dusty city, to return at eve to their families and their beautiful homes, to be resuscitated for the following morning; and when the Sabbath rolled round again, that blessed day of rest to every christian—how delightful to the man of thought, to sit under the shadow of his own tree or grape vine; and inhaling the soft balmy air of Spring-time, commune with nature, and with nature's God; and looking out upon the magnificent landscape at his feet, the broad river flowing in majesty along, the stupendous palisades partially veiled with the blue mysty enchantment of distance; and the neighboring cottages, villas and the neat little church, thank heaven that he is so blessed, in such a country and in such a clime.

In going up and down in the cars, which I frequently did, from the beautiful town or village of Yorkers to New York, we pass through the little village and halt near the famous prison of "Sing Sing," where many a famous rascle, some of them of forging and murdering notoriety, have been imprisoned; and where many of them have finished their last act. It is a colossean structure, built of drab or yellow stone, quarried I presume, from the rocks in the neighborhood; everything is well qualfied, to resist every attempt to escape; the very sight of this building, would be sufficient, one would suppose, to awe the people, and keep them within the bounds of honesty and morality; but the yawning gulf of —— will scarcely restrain some.

Yorkers, the lovely village of Yorkers is at hand—with its handsome depot, where hundreds daily gather; its palaces overhanging the houses below, and sweet cottages peeping out from romantic and elevated positions. Here we will land; and jumping into our friend's carriage, we are driven pleasantly along up the winding and precipitous street, until we reach the brow of the slope. Looking back we see this noble Hudson, dancing and sparkling several hundred feet below; the steamer which we so lately left, looks to be a mere little toy, paddling gaily up the stream, and the charming village smiles in costly splendor at our feet. Onward we hasten, driving over a splendid road, compact and smooth, tho' passing over a very high undulating country, and frequently in sight of New York, her vast supply of excellent water, and which is conveyed from the reservoirs, near the crystal palace, all over the city. This acqueduct was a wonderful and bold undertaking, passing as it does through hills, stretching over vallies and bridging streams. It is a gigantic tunnel, built chiefly of brick, and lined with material, to resist the action of moisture, and through which a large supply of water, equal to a small rivulet, is constantly flowing.

But we are riding pleasantly along with our kind friend, inspecting the scenery and the fertile soil, though excessively rocky. The country seat of some wealthy citizen, we have just passed, where husbandry in all its operations is perfect—whereupon mounting a very high ridge, the highest of all, we have his castle like edifice looking comfortably and pleasantly below us, in the midst of a beautiful yard and garden, and nearly embowered in glittering foliage.—From this point, a commanding view is obtained of the splendid country around; hill, dale and meadow, with the bright little rivulet, are charmingly mapped out before us; far away in the distance, an arm of the sea (Eerstern bay, I believe it is) is distinguishable, with ships and other craft, like mere specks upon the surface. To the South, down in the valley, a new town is rapidly springing up, one of the countless results of rail roads—in fact the wealth and splendor of this rocky region, emanates from that source. We have reached the door, and are kindly welcomed by the family of our excellent host; and gathering around in a friendly circle. Kind inquiries are made and pleasing news expressed. But for the present we bid you a hearty farewell.

April 11th, 1857.

EASTER.—The most ancient of all festival periods, and one illustrating the unity of the church through successive ages, brings the Feast of the Passover among the Jews, and the Christian festival of Easter. The deliverance of the chosen people, through the blood of the Paschal Lamb, sprinkled on their posts, and their escape from the land of bondage, were remembered with gratitude at each recurrence of the season. And from the early ages of Christianity, the sacrifice of Christ, our Passover, and his glorious resurrection—the mightiest event in the world's history—have been celebrated with various solemn ceremonies.

The old Italian superstition was, that on the first appearance of the sign of the Virgin, shortly after Christmas, the first third of renewed life penetrated the heart of nature, and buds and leaves began to swell. Maroncelli wrote an Italian poem on this subject. At Easter the reviving season has overcome the lingering influences of chill and storm, and nature puts on fresh vigor and beauty. The days preceding this holiday during Passion Week, called Holy Week by the Romanists, were kept with observances expressive of humiliation for sin, penitence and faith; alms were given to the poor; the feet of pilgrims were washed by sovereigns; festivities were laid aside, and religious services attended with solemnity and zeal. Good Friday, the day of our Savior's crucifixion, was observed as a rigid fast, and is kept as such by the church of England, and throughout Europe, and by many denominations in this country. Even among those who do not mark the day with sad or devotional ceremonial, it is, or ought to be, remembered with humble and grateful hearts. Easter, on the other hand, is a season of joy and exultation.

"Shout, earth and heaven,
That sum of bliss to man! whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with Him from the tomb!"—

exclaims the poet: and grovelling indeed, and mammon-locked, must be the soul that does not rejoice "with angels and archangels to laud and magnify." Some of the popular customs associated with this period have significance. The fancy for spiced buns marked with a cross for Good Friday, is of old date. Eggs are particularly sacred to Easter, used for the table, or dyed for "butting," or imitated in wood or stone, and forming a conspicuous part of every entertainment. They may symbolize the abundant promise of nature's fertility, while that illustrates the mercy and love of God in their greatest manifestation. In the country the egg celebration is almost universal, and children generally enjoy the sport—as the people are said to do in Russia, where all the dishes of food are egg-shaped, and presents are manufactured in the same form. "The voice of the turtle heard in the land" indicates the time when nature rejuvenates herself, and our blessings are multiplied.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE SOUTHERN PULPIT.—The Richmond (Va.) Despatch thus replies to a Northern idea—that the Southern pulpit will respond politically to the Northern political pulpit:

"The Southern pulpit has not deserved this injustice. During the whole exciting period of the last Presidential contest, when New England pulpits were thundering anathemas against Buchanan, Fillmore, and the whole South, not a single pulpit in all the Southern States was desecrated by political preaching. Not one clergyman in the whole South prostituted the sacred desk to political purposes. Our preachers, of all denominations, have confind themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, and will continue to do so, knowing that their master's kingdom is not of this world. Which of the two, the Southern or Freesoil clergy, reflect in their pulpit course the spirit of their master? Which are the truest exponents of Christianity?"

THE APPROACHING CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.—We are glad to see that the American party of the State are alive to the necessity of early organization for the political contest which is to take place next fall.—The day for the meeting of the State nominating Convention has been designated, and it is important that there should be a full representation from every portion of the State—so that the best selection of candidates for Governor and other State officers may be made. The candidate for Governor is to be taken from the Eastern Shore at the next election: and our friends on that shore should come to the Convention prepared to offer an acceptable person for the office—a gentlemen of talents and of high respectability of character. If such a candidate be nominated, there can be no doubt of his election by an overwhelming majority. In fact, the American party of the State have but to will it, and the whole State officers will be of that party—including Clerks of Court, Register of Wills, Lottery Commisioner Commissioners of Puclic Works, &c. Everything will depend upon union and harmony in the party, and upon the zeal and exertions that may be used for the success of the cause. The approaching election will decide the political complexion of Maryland for the next three years; and it may be, for all time to come. Our State stood alone in the defence of the principles of the party at the late Presidential election—and we are proud that whilst other States wavered from the straight path, impelled by various considerations, old Maryland stood firm in the faith, and resisted all foreign influences. It will not do for her now to recede from the noble eminence upon which she has placed herself. She is at present the "lone star" of the confederacy: but we have reason to hope, that, by the time the next Presidential election shall take place, a majority of the citizens of the Union will have become converts to the principles of the American party, and that a candidate of that party will succeed to the present incumbent of the White House. North and South men must be satisfied, that the safety of the Union depends upon arresting the immense foreign influence which is yearly being added to the political element of the nation. We believe that thousands of Southern voters who went in favor of Mr. Buchanan, now regret their course, and are ready to admit that they committed an error in placing him in the Presidential chair. His principles in respect to alien suffrage and to squatter sovereighty, are diametrically opposed to the sentiments and interests of the South, as they deprive the citizens of the Union of their legitimate rights, and confer the control of affairs in the territories upon aliens and men who have not the usual qualifications of voters. It must be evident to the people of the South, that if the principles which Mr. Buchanan professes become those which in future are to be recognized as controlling the destinies of the country, the right of citizenship will become of little worth, as aliens will enjoy all the rights which have heretofore been confined to citizens alone. The effect upon the South will be, to keep her forever in the minority, and that too, by her own act.

We say then that nothing but a change in the naturalization laws, by which foreigners shall be prohibited from interfering in our political concerns until they shall have resided twenty-one years in the country, can save the nation from being placed under the control of foreign voters. Nearly half a million of foreigners are annually added to our population—and of this addition a large number are ignorant and bigotted—violent and lawless—and these are the persons whom the native born and long naturalized citizens are to recognize as their equals in all that appertains to the framing of our laws and the regulation of our government. We are called upon to furnish aliens with public lands, and to permit them to rule our territories the moment they set foot upon our shores. But we thank God, that Maryland has repudiated these grossly unjust measures, and that she will preserve American principles in their purity, even though every other State in the Union should fail of performing its duty.

At the approaching election in this State, the American flag—the glorious stars and stripes—will proudly and defiantly float above the marshalled ranks of the Americans—and that it will be exhibited in triumph in the day of their success. We must make a clean sweep of all who would have that glorious flag trampled in the dust by foreign feet, and thus show that we have respect for the title, to attain which our fathers fought and bled—that of American citizens. We have the power to fill all the public offices with Americans—and we must do it, or deserve to be defeated. We taught the foreign intruders a lesson last fall, which must be repeated at the ensuing election—proving to them, that Americans are prepared to assert and to maintain their rights at all hazards, and by all justifiable means. The work of organization then, should proceed, until every man who professes attachment to the principles of the American party shall be enrolled on the side of his country, and of the right of Americans to rule themselves. Let the word failure be banished from the American vocabulary, and the flag be nailed to the mast-head, to show that we mean to succeed. We must triumph if every man will but perform his duty—and a triumph next fall will place the power of the State in our hands, and give us repose for years to come.—*Clipper.*

The Cheltenham Free Press (an English paper,) in deep indignation at the funeral of a suicide, says: "They buried her like a dog, *with all her clothes on.*"

"You look rather flat," said the tea-kettle to a pan-cake. "I would take that as an insult," said the pan-cake, "but I am aware that you have been steaming it."

A CHINESE TALE.—In the reign of Sweng-Yang, the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field who appeared but recently to have been murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody as the probable murderers. As, however, the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmises but one perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each of them declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case was brought before the king. "To grant life to both," said the king, "would be to show mercy to the murderer; to have both executed where only one be guilty, would be cruel and against the law. Well, then, let the mother of these men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best." So said, so done. The mother informed of the king's command.—"If," said the poor woman, bursting into a flood of tears: "it I am, then, compelled to choose let the eldest live!" The king expressed his great surprise that the mother should not have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. "Yes," said she, "he whose life I now save, is not the offspring of my own body, but a son of my late husband by his first marriage. I have solemnly promised his father always to treat him as my own child, and until now I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I, from maternal tenderness, to save the life of my youngest son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart." Cries and sobs here choked her utterance. The king pardoned them both.

A FROG STORY.—One is half inclined to accept as indubitable what Elian tells us of the water snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog, and, accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much desired frog. The latter look down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipated victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives up in despair, and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his indred are assembled, tells his exciting tale and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

THE REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Our readers doubtless read a day or to ago of Dr. Hintze's efficacious treatment of a lad who was burned so dreadfully at the recent disastrous fire, and were struck with the fact that the remedy used produced such happy and instantaneous results in completely changing the torture of the boy, whose limbs were roasted, to instant and continued comfort and repose. Our report as printed, stated that the fluid used was "chloride of sodium—the ordinary sick-room disinfectant."—It should have read chloride of *soda*, the ordinary sick-room disinfectant. This article can be bought of any respectable druggist in quart or pint bottles. The surprising sesults we observed, and general public attention draw to our notice of the use of this verbal correction of its title in order that those who may have occasion to apply it may know exactly what to ask for at the druggists. Remember—chloride of soda, the sick-room disinfectant. This mixture with eight times its quantity of water, was what the rags were dipped in which so completely relieved the boy.—*Amer.*

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing in impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrit. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become mold-hills.

"My son," said a father, "take that jug, and fetch me some beer." "Give me the money, then, father." "My son get beer with money, anybody can do that, but to get beer without money, that's a trick."—So the boy takes the jug and out he goes; shortly he returned and placed the jug before his father. "Drink," said the son.—"How can I drink," says the father "when there is no beer in the jug?" "Drink beer out of a jug," says the boy, "where is beer, anybody can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug where is no beer, that's a trick."

The St. Paul Times, of April 3d, complains of the tightness of money in that city. It says—"All our citizens are thrown upon their resources, and everybody is waiting for a cash reinforcement by next mail. The three or four men whose coffers still hold out, are actually loaning money on the best security at six per cent a month; and other men are grabbing at the chance to borrow at this ruinous 72 per cent. a year!" As soon as the river opens, money will be easier.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

ST. LOUIS, 4 mo., 1857.

My last letter was from Louisville, the county seat of Jefferson co., Ky., situated at the base of the Ohio, 618 miles from Pittsburg. Louisville is the most important commercial city of Kentucky. We were here near two hours, and I took a hurried walk through the town. The most handsome portion of the city lies some distance from the Levee, contains many fine buildings, the streets are broad and regular and are lined with beautiful shade trees, adding very much to its appearance. The packing of pork forms a large item of the business of the city. The Falls of the Ohio at this place entirely obstruct navigation at low water—to obviate which there has been constructed a Canal to Portland, a distance of two-and-a-half miles. It was a work of immense labor, being cut almost entirely through solid rock. We were detained at the Locks of this Canal at Portland four hours, thereby affording us an opportunity of visiting one of nature's curiosties, in the person of J. Potter, the Kentucky Giant, who stands seven feet, eight inches in his stockings. He is the proprietor of two large drinking saloons, one at Portland, the other at Shippingsport, one mile distant, and is said to have made a large fortune at the business. His immense size, I presume, acting as an advertising medium, continually thronging his saloons with strangers that pass through the place. Even the Ladies, (the last and best gift) who are said to have no curiosity, visit them—though not to partake, but to see the *big man*. I had the curiosity to take the dimensions of his boots and gun and herewith send them to you: Length of sole, fifteen and a half inches; width of same, five and one-fourth inches; circumference at top of leg, thirty-one and a half inches It would hardly be safe to manufacture a pair like these before making an estimate and an especial contract, for if they were thrown on one's hands it would be very doubtful whether they would be able to find one that they would fit.

Length of gun barrel, six feet, seven inches; of stock, two feet, four inches—total, eight feet eleven inches. Rather long for an ordinary fouling piece, but might answer for duck shooting, provided the rivers were wide enough so as not to endanger the inhabitants on the opposite side.

His exact weight I have forgotten, therefore refrain from giving it.

The night after leaving Louisville we had to lay up owing to a fog in the river, which was done by running the steamer ashore, and fastning on to a large tree; instead of adopting the style in use with us, of casting forth the anchor. An anchor on these boats is of little more use than a fifth wheel to a cabb, as it is never used except when they run aground, which should never be if the price paid the Pitot should govern the matter. The price paid the Pilot from Pittsburg to Cincinati was one hundred dollars, and from Cincinnati to St. Louis and back four hundred dollars.

On the night of the second we stopped at Evansville, county seat of Vanderberg county, Indiana It is quite a flourishing place and is rapidly increasing as are most of the towns of the west that I have seen. It is handsomely situated on a fine plain, and has one of the largest and finest Levee's on the river. The Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad has its terminus here, bringing it in connection with many points by intersection with other roads. Estimated population, 15,000.

Our final stoppage on the Ohio was at Cairo, in Alexandria county, Ill., at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It has acquired considerable celebrity by the repeated attempts that have been made to build a large city on its cite, situated as it is at the juncture of these two mighty rivers, it presents probably one of the finest points in the west for a city; but there are difficulties to surmount, the banks of the river are very low and the surrounding country still lower; both are subject to overflow, and, from the marshy nature of soil are generated miasms which render it very unhealthy.

To overcome these difficulties there has been thrown up a Levee at a cost of over a million of dollars, which it is said, will protect it. The great Illinois Central Railroad has its Southern terminus here. It is rapidly increasing, and I noticed many fine buildings being completed. That its present prosperity is owing in a great measure to the central Illinois Railroad, there can be no doubt; and I hope that the early completion of the Maryland and Delaware Railroad will infuse a spirit of energy and enterprise into the inhabitants of Talbot that will build up her towns and villages—making her what she is justly entitled to be—the banner county of the State. She certainly possesses the natural advantages.

The Ohio river towards its mouth loses much of the beauty which it possesses above, the banks being low and marshy, and subject to overflow, therefore we do not see the neat cottage or farm house any more, but in lieu a scrubby forest lining the river for miles, and the same may be said of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to within thirty miles of St. Louis.

I had an opportunity to-day of seeing a number of the dreadful pungers so much feared by steamboat men. They consist of some of the largest trees that are washed from the banks (which are continually washing,) getting into the channel of the river. They often pass entirely through the boat and saloon to the hurricane deck. We passed one boat that was so sunk, but these accidents are not near so frequently as formerly, and to take in consideration the amount of travel, not so often as might be expected. I have now arrived at St. Louis, a distance from Pittsburg of 1190 miles, and have taken passage for Leavenworth city, Kansas Territory, in steamer Emma, and my next will be from Missouri river.—It has been snowing here all the forenoon, with a cold north-east wind blowing, making it rather unseasonable for this season of the year, particularly so in this latitude. K.

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