PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY ALFRED P. JUMP, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
W. H. Councell—Printer.
TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857. No. 26.

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

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holler" in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me, thou misery deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Unshaline it not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopped for a while and spluttered, "Yeou git out."

CURIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment.—The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor with characteristic impulsiveness exclaimed:

"That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So, springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas, our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home; she twice performed the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles.—Presently our young hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance; for a full moment he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished by an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of the second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerably leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity of gathering maritime knowledge; and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as cabin boy.

One night, the young man, with all the officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps up which two years before had tripped the bright vision he had never forgotten.—Thump went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume introduced his blue eyed daughter, with a pleasant smile, as "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a-blaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly there was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty ladie."

It was only a year from that, the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter—gentle Grace Hume—who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but earnest act of politeness towards his child had placed the captain, and, though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Harry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume, according to polite parlance, Mrs. Captain Wells. In fact our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

TOM THUMB lately made a free exhibition of himself in Washington (London) County Court, where he was summoned as a witness by a person named Hassett, who alleged that he had been engaged by Mr. Barnum as a valet to Tom Thumb, but he was dismissed after three days service without proper notice. Tom Thumb was placed on an elevated seat facing the Judge. He gave his evidence in a collected manner, and the plaintiff having failed to prove that he was hired by Mr. Barnum, had a verdict against him, with costs.

DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN CITIZENS.—We have long contended that the love of Democracy for our foreign citizens was regulated, not by any peculiar sympathy for them as a class, but by the value of their votes. This fact is daily being verified and the following comment of the Richmond Whig upon an article that recently appeared in the Enquirer of that city, affords additional testimony to the truth of the remark:

"While agreeing with the Enquirer in depreciating the colonization of the free labor in the slave States, yet we were struck with surprise, upon reading its leader of Wednesday, at the disparaging contemptous, and insulting language it saw fit to apply to *foreigners*—to men whom it has heretofore spoken of in honeyed phrase, and who were such valuable allies of the Democracy in the late and all previous elections. Speaking of the proposed scheme to colonize some Italian refugees and other foreigners in Virginia, the Enquirer holds the following language in regard to them:

"The character of these immigrants oppose an independent objection to their introduction in the State. For the most part they are political culprits driven from Europe for their revolutionary violence, and fresh from the infectious atmosphere of some criminal colony. *Facile instruments indeed of anti-slavery propagandism!* Some are ordinary offenders against the security of life and property; others are soldiers whom despotism dismisses from its service—*the vagabonds of the earth in the pay of abolitionism and precipitated here upon us to destroy the value of the property and the security of our institutions.*"

"Pretty hard judgement this for the Enquirer to pass upon its political and party allies! "Facile instruments of anti-slavery propagandism"—'the vagabonds of the earth in the pay of Abolitionism!" That will do very well—considering that it comes from a Democratic source. Tell us—have not the Whig and American parties always and obstinately contended that the great majority of foreigners who come to this country come filled with prejudices against Southern institutions, and would readily become 'facile instruments of anti-slavery propagandism?" Have we not told you, over and over again, that these "offenders" and "soldiers" and "vagabonds" from the over crowded governments of Europe would immediately upon their arrival here, put themselves "in the pay of abolitionism" and cordially unite with them in the effort to 'destroy the value of our property and the security of our institutions?" Verily we have; but wishing to secure the support of such characters for the candidates of the Democratic party you have denounced our assertions in respect to them as calumnious and false, and have uniformly maintained that it was almost if not quite as safe to rely upon them for the defence of Southern rights and institutions as upon those to the "manor born." We are gratified nevertheless, that the eyes of the Southern Democracy are being opened to the evil effect of foreign immigration upon the interests and security of the South, even if it is a little late in the day. We trust the Enquirer will keep up the fire it has so wisely commenced.

"While upon this subject we desire to refer our readers to a paragraph in the late speech of Senator Bigler, a Northern *national* Democrat, who is attempting to show the impossibility of our Territories being populated except by those opposed to slavery. He says:—

"The vast emigration to the Territories from the North-western States, *sustained by a constant accession from all parts of the world, cannot favor the promulgation of slavery.* Why the Senator from Maine has told us what we know to be true, that the owners of slaves in the United States do not number half a million, whilst those who have no slaves count not less than twenty five millions in the occupation of the Territories, to say nothing of *emigrants from other countries, who come here almost invariably with strong prejudices against negro slaves.*"

"We have quoted this paragraph from the speech of Senator Bigler, a Northern national Democrat, simply on the account of the admission it contains that foreigners come here almost with strong prejudices against negro slavery a potent and ominous fact which the Whig and American parties has in vain endeavored to impress upon the minds of the Southern people. As they have chosen not to believe us on this point, we trust they will at least put some confidence in the representations of the Enquirer and of Mr. Buchanan's confidential friend, Hon. Senator Bigler."

STRUCK BY THE COMET.—The people down in Indianapolis, Ind., were terribly frightened on Tuesday evening. They believe "down there" that the comet is going to knock our little planet "all to smash," and have been greatly exercised about it for some time. With this belief, and under this excitement, they were thrown into a state of alarm on Tuesday evening that is described as "perfectly awful," by seeing the moon rise from behind the eastern hills as red as blood, and looking like the great head of a fiery dragon. They thought it was the comet—that it was about to *strike*—that the end of all earthly things was at hand—and they set themselves to work with prayers, and tears, and supplications, to "make their peace," and to be ready to "go up." So frightened were they, says the Lafayette Journal, that the alarm bells were rung and the fire engines brought out; and the excitement and confusion for a few moments was indiscribable. The idea of calling out the engines under such circumstances was worthy of the genius of Dame Partington, who undertook to repel an invasion of the Atlantic with her mop. The appearance of the full orb above the horizon soon restored the people to their senses, and convert their shrieks of afright and frenzied appeals to heaven into a general guffaw.

WALKER'S SURRENDER—*Further Details.*—By the annexed particulars concerning the capitulation of Gen. Walker we learn the reasons why the Costa Rican General does not appear on the papers drawn up in juxta position with that of the fillibuster Chief:

"Capt. Davis went to Walker's camp at Rivas and informed him that he had orders from the American Government to seize the schooner Granada and deliver her up to the allied Generals—that Walker's only hope of escaping was to accept the terms proposed, as the allied troops were daily expecting additional reinforcement. Walker at this time was reduced to three mules and two dogs for food. Walker objected strongly to the terms of surrender, but finally complied. He insisted that this surrender should be made in the form of a convention. To this proposition General Mora replied that he would not degrade the name of Central America, by putting his name, as General-in-Chief of the allied forces, upon a paper with that of Walker; if Walker choose to accept his word of honor pledged to Captain Davis, that his offer would be carried out honorably; he would give it and see him and his men safe out of the country. If not he would continue the siege. Walker accepted the terms, and was sent down to San Juan del Sur, under the escort of Gen. Zavalla of the allied troops, who saw him and his officers placed on the St. Mary's as prisoners of war. The Allies then entered Rivas, and seized all the munitions of war there, including a large quantity of arms and several pieces of ordnance, &c. During the progress of the capitulation, Gen. Henningsen was led blind-folded by Capt. Davis to the house which forms the headquarters of Gen. Mora, at Cuartro Esquinas. Capt. Davis, in the interview with Gen. Mora, was exceedingly pressing that Gen. Mora should come out and receive Henningsen, but he refused, saying he could not receive a bandit chief, and he desired to avoid any unpleasantness which might arise by telling Gen. H. that to his face. There are at the present time over 800 of the fillibusters in Costa Rica, mostly sick and wounded.—They are dependent entirely upon the charities of the Government and people."

AN EXTRAORDINARY HYPOCRITE.—Jackson, who was murdered in Russell, Mass, by Charles Jones, who was taken to Hartford, Conn., for burial in the Hebrew fashion. The Hartford Times says:

"Jones, the murderer, was a Millerite, and the same fellow who has just served out a term of four years in the Connecticut State prison for robbing John Dean's store. He was the coolest scoundrel that ever infested this city. He professed great concern for the souls of sinners, and was constantly reading the Bible and exhorting at evening meetings. Whilst in the confidence of Mr. Dean, he stole about $2,000 worth of goods from his store, together with considerable sums of money. He stole the silk to make him a surplice to preach in—started a church at Glastenbury—stole the trimmings for his pulpit, and velvet for his chair, and also stole goods to pay the cabinet maker for the chair; broke into the Catholic Church and stole the priest's robe for a sample for one for himself, and also stole the silver chalice, &c., from the altar—called at Mr. Dean's one afternoon to have 'a little season of prayer,' remained till evening, bade the family good by, but instead of going out of the door, he stole up stairs, and secreted himself under the bed occupied by Mr. Dean's son—remained there till past midnight when he crept out and robbed young Dean's pockets of $100 (which he had ascertained the day previous that he had just procured from the bank,) then went up to St. John's Hotel, called for lodgings, got up before daylight, stole a suit of clothes from a boarder, and cleared for a neighboring town. But this is not half his villanies. He was constantly stealing, praying and exhorting, till brought up by a four year's term in prison."

BATHING.—Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over: and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal or fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day unless by the advice of a family physician. Many a man in attempting to cheat the doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; aye, it is done every day. The best, safest, cheapest and more universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush, is as follows:

"As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; then, in the same basin of water put your feet at once for about a minute rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night when you go to bed and whenever you get out of the bed at night, o when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which too frequent washings of the skin will always destroy.

That precautions are necessary in connection with the bath-room is impressively signified in the death of a American lady of refinement and position, lately, after taking a bath soon after dinner; of Surgeon Hume, while alone in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

For the Easton Gazette.

PENCIL DOTTINGS.

BY PIONEER.

TOUR OF THE HUDSON.

The sojourn of several days at our kind friends, ere we started again on our tour, was indeed very delightful. The rambles in the neighborhood, inspecting every thing worth seeing, I shall ever remember with pleasure. The following day of our arrival, we enjoyed an agreeable walk to the "Pacific Rock"—this is an exceedingly romantic spot; a gigantic boulder of granite—I think it is—is imbedded on the side of a deep dell, presenting a sheer precipice, from the brow nearly to the bottom, some hundred feet or more in height. To look below you from this giddy height, is at first very trying to the nerves, but well repays you for the attempt, in clambering over rugged fences and projections of rock, reaching a safe and convenient spot, to grasp the support of a young sapling, and then, "Mon Dieu" how beautiful! how sublime!

A bright little lake is here formed by the rivulet which winds so charmingly down the vale, sleeping in peerless beauty in the midst of the richest foliage, with several varieties of moss carpeting its banks, as if with the softest velvet, and lining the edges with delicate fringe. Several openings through the dense cluster, gave us a look at the country back. From our elevated position, several pleasing locations could be seen to advantage, in the valley below.—Highly cultivated farms, managed evidently with much skill and judgment. Herds of fine cattle, leisurely feeding from the rich pastures, or resting under the cool shadow of beautiful clumps of chestnuts.—A noble span of horses, with the bright plough held by the muscular arms of the laborer, were bursting and turning over the green sod.

A little village can be seen, dotting in picturesque beauty, the opposite hill-side and more level grounds below, and springing rapidly into greater and more important dimensions; churches with spires half up or partially finished, glittering in the rich morning light; factories of peculiar architecture and appearance, puffing away at their busy avocations; their powerful steam engines propelling machinery of looms, and innumerable spindles attached, of the many wonderful inventions of yankeedom. How very unwilling we are, to quit this lovely spot, beneath us, how every thing smiles in splendor. The lake, which I have mentioned—reflecting like a supurb mirror, this stupendous rock, five happy people looking down from their novel positions, and the exquisite scenery around.

We have yet, another very beautiful and strange object to witness, before we leave the neighborhood; and so now, prepare to climb up hills and over dales. We have descended to the bottom of the dell, accomplishing this feat, by carefully picking our way down to the left of the rock, with the aid of twigs, roots, &c., &c., and in about an hours time, we have reached a level piece of ground, the contents of which perhaps, some fifteen acres, near the centre, an immense boulder, called the "pyramid rock," rests firmly upon the earth, as if it had rolled there from the hills adjacent. Its dimensions are very great, and its appearance is exceedingly peculiar; one of our number climbed to the top, its rough sides like the steps of a Pyramid offering and giving a tolerably easy accent: none of the rest, however, were tempted by the offer, since we were very well satisfied to remain at its base, and look through the eyes of our friend, not being willing to trust our swimming heads and the apex of the singular boulder. A very fine umbrageous old oak, with its glittering foliage, stands close along side, casting its delicious shade at the foot, and a little way up the face of the "pyramid." Here we rested very pleasantly for a brief time, looking around us, upon much to entertain the fancy. Here the poet could delightfully drink in the splendors of nature: the artist convey upon canvass, the matchless charms of rural beauty, and the philosopher ponder upon the works of God, the great master of the Universe! Even here, upon this little speck of immensity, hearts were lifted up in acknowledgment to Him, of the great benefits conferred upon His ungrateful creatures.

We have returned to the house again, and after our glorious little tramp, yielding its healthy exercise to heart and mind, but the flow of nectar, &c., harmonious with the flow of soul, in other words an excellent repast is fully appreciated and enjoyed. There is nothing that gives greater zest to the pleasures of life, than wholesome exercises, in breathing the pure and balmy air of heaven, the haze that comes rippling over the water, or rustles in the tree-tops; and which exhilerates the soul within you, and makes pleasant every thing around.—How often I have wondered how our citizens can confine themselves so unnecesarily close to their business, inhaling the close atmosphere of such places. But still more strange is it, that ladies who have time pretty much at their own command, should scarcely ever indulge in a *good walk*, in fact, scarcely ever put their heads out to breathe the pure air; or if they *ever* walk it is at a snails pace and a very short distance—this is the case at least, with our Southern ladies; Northern and English are very different.

But I have digressed already too far from my subject. The time had rolled round, when we must depart upon our tour, still farther up the Hudson, until the grandeur should be passed, and the river and scenery shall cease to please.

Early in the morning a hearty breakfast was dispatched, and in a very short time, we were awaiting the steamer on the Yonkers pier; presently she could be seen steaming it merrily up the stream and in a still shorter time we were on board and dashing gaily along.

The palasades extend up a short distance above Yonkers, after passing which the river widens until it forms what is called "Tappan's Bay," here it assumes quite a lake like appearance, a broad sheet of sparkling water, reflecting the rich blue of the arching sky above. But before reaching this point we have passed many pretty villages, though none are of much note: in fact it is almost one continuation of villages scattered along the banks on either side, which slope beautifully to the waters edge, presenting a most charming appearance.—Many of these places are celebrated, from the writings and the residences of distinguished men. You pass Washington Irving's sunny spot, sweet "Sunny Side," where the celebrated "old man eloquent," the great American prose writer, has retired, amidst the quiet of his country homestead, to linger out pleasantly "the last of this earth," and when death has overtaken him to quietly repose under his own native sod. You pass the beautiful residences of Willis, Forest, Morris and others, where they delight to retire from the bustle of the city, and seek that delicious and refreshing sensation that pervades the bosom of the man of taste, the artist and the poet.

How delightful it is to look out from the upper deck of our steamer upon the magnificent prospect around us. The finest landscape in the world, perhaps, is within the scope of the eye, the blue and slightly rippled surface of the noble Hudson, the innumerable craft of nearly every description of sail, skimming gaily over its bright bosom, the many splendid steamers plying up and down, swiftly and handsomely.—The Catskill mountains with their many peaks lifting their proud heads in grandeur above the sparkling wave, rising abruptly from the river a thousand feet and upwards. On either side the sloping banks are sprinkled and adorned with the genius of the architect. Vista, open to the gaze, beautiful with the taste of the proprietors. Hills rise above hills, crowned with dark green foliage, and villas and cottages peep from their sides, amidst the noble forest trees, smiling in bewitching splendor.

Such is a true picture of the Hudson, in journeying up with the meanders of that grand and peerless river, as every one can testify who have ever seen it. In point of beauty it cannot be surpassed; in a commercial point of view it has no equal in this country, amongst its class. And this is a fact, be it understood, when several rail roads run up with it, which so far from detracting, add to the business, on its waters. You have traveled but a little ways up the stream with us yet, on the hurricane-deck of our gay steamer, we must say for the present, adieu! May 16th, 1857.

SYMPTOMS OF FIRST LOVE.—When you and Master Jack, suddenly refuse, one morning, to play marbles any more forever, be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first love.

When you find in Master Jack's bedroom sundry greasy bottles with a yellow bear in a blue forest on the table, which—the lable, not the bear—informs you that the contents of the bottle is an unguent that makes the moustaches grow, you may be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first love.

If Jack becomes satirical, and alludes in scornful terms to the world be sure Jack's first love has just sprouted.

If you find a pocket edition of Byron about Jack's clothes, be sure Jack's far gone in his first love.

If you find a pair of patent leathers coming home from your shoemaker's on Saturday afternoon, and can't remember ordering them, and they don't fit any one but Jack, don't blame him. First love is responsible.

If you see Jack's finger ends rather inky, and scraps of an acrostic anywhere around, be assured that first love has caused the spoiling of some good stationery.

Finally, if Jack is suffering from first love, don't be hard on the poor fellow; and above all, don't meet the complaint with too strong remedies, lest it strike in, and Jack strike out from parental authority.—First love is like the whooping cough—we must all have it, and it is best to have it young.

GEN. WALKER'S SPEECH.—In compliance with the request of many citizens of New Orleans, Gen. Walker addressed a large assemblage of people in that city on the night of the 30th ult. There was a grand display of flags and fire-works and much enthusiasm on the occasion. The following is an extract from his speech:

He had been accused of avarice; but with those around him who had been the companions of his reverses and successes, he scorned to answer such a charge. It had also been stated that he was a soldier of fortune. This, also, he denied. Every motive of his heart, and every action of his hand had purer and nobler promptings. If he had left his country and sought employment in another land, it was for no less a purpose than to extend the sphere of American influence—to give to South and Central Ameaica what already exists in North America, the advantages of a well digested system of government. Such had been his aim and object, and that object he expected yet to accomplish.

SPLITTING ROCKS WITHOUT BLASTING.—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of saw-dust, 50 of horse manure, and 10 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is tamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (K. T.) 6 mo. 1st, 1857.

MR. EDITOR: My absence in the country securing a quarter section of land, or as we style it here making a claim, has prevented my dropping a line with regard to Kansas affairs.

Securing a claim is attended with much more trouble than is generally supposed in the East, as it is necessary to go on the land, build a cabin and become enrolled with the squatters, thereby becoming a settler and getting the land at the appraised value. Each township form themselves into a company for the protection of their interests against speculators that would overbid them at the land sales (which take place on the 15th of next month.) They have a register appointed, at which place all claims must be registered. Also a committee to settle disputes in regard to claims, where two parties have taken the same, or in cases of jumping claims, and a bidder to bid in the land. Nearly all the claims are now taken up. Some of the best have been for the last two years and I doubt very much if there will be a claim left for speculators to bid on.

Squatters rights to claims are selling at a high figure. Prairie claims bring from one to five hundred dollars. Timber from five to fifteen hundred, and some have sold as high as twenty-five hundred, but they are near or adjoining some town or village site, of which there are the greatest abundance laid out through the country. Parties buying out Squatters assume their right as settlers. There is no law to sanction these proceedings except Conventional. Their rights were respected at the land sale last fall which was a portion of the same tract that is to be sold on the 15th, and there can be no doubt but that the same will be the case at this sale.

Having finished building my cabin, I started on the 20th ult., in company with J. T., an old acquaintance, of Philadelphia, on a tramp to witness the semi-annual payment to the Potomatomie Indians of their interest due from money in the trust of government. Our route was by the way of the emigrant road to California, on which we passed many emigrant trains—two of them numbered fifty wagons each; each wagon being drawn by not less than five, and many of them by six pair of oxen. Also passed large droves of cattle, and one drove of sheep which was said to contain four thousand head.

I now fully see the great necessity for a Pacific Railroad, and Kansas is the place for it to go through. In the evening we stopped with one of the Chiefs in the reservation, and near whose residence were encamped two large California trains and two companies of U. S. Dragoons. We spent the evening in strolling through the camps, witnessing a sight to us both novel and interesting.

The Potomatomie reservation is thirty miles square and contains some splendid land; in fact the Indian reservations embrace the best lands in the Territory. The Indians having the first choice, were shrewd enough to pick the best, but in a few years it will be brought into market, and the poor Indian will be compelled to seek other hunting grounds where game is more plenty.—There were over three thousand of the tribe assembled at the payment, dressed and painted in war costume, and I do not know that I can better describe them than by making a quotation from Doesticks Pluribustab:

Very ugly were these red men
Clothed in furs, and skins, and feathers,
Armed with tomahawks, and war clubs,
Scalping knives, and bows, and arrows;
Also other dire inventions,
Which at present I can't think of.

We returned in the six mule U. S. ambulance that was sent out with the money, and reached Leavenworth city in two days drive—distance seventy miles. We here found letters from the East. To fully appreciate letters from home I would advise one to come to Kansas.

As the time for the election of delegates to a convention to form a State Constitution approaches politics is being more generally discussed, though not as much so as one who reads about Kansas affairs in the East, would suppose. Gen. Lane delivered a speech here on the 25th ult., to a large and enthusiastic assembly, in vindication of the course pursued by the Free State men in declining to vote at the next election. J. H. Stringfellow, applicant for the nomination for Congress by the Democratic State Convention addressed the citizens on the 20th ult. He is in favor of making Kansas a slave State, if possible, and if not possible, to make it a Democratic Free State.

Gov. Walker arrived on the morning of the 25th ult. He declined addressing the citizens as his inaugural would be published in a few days, giving his views at length; but instead invited them to partake of a glass of wine.

Since my arrival in the Territory the following pro-slavery towns have been bought out by free-State companies: Doniphan, Atchison, Tecumsey and Osowoke, leaving Lecompton as the only one, for the purchase of which a free-State company is now behind organized. The weather here this spring has been very cold and unseasonable. The like has never been known before, not even by that remarkable old gentleman, the oldest inhabitant.

News received yesterday from Salt Lake per mail train report the snow on the mountains as being twenty feet. Also represent a deplorable state of affairs as existing among the Mormons.

Maryland is well represented in the Territory. I have met with quite a number of her citizens and with some few exceptions, they are all in favor of making Kansas a free State, and the same may be said of Kentucky.

K.

I have heard a woman of the world says "The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

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