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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
My sure illumination,
My soul to follow turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to thyself;
My God forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Take not thy spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begets;
My father, pity me;
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me!
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not far from me;
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, My God!
Uphold me in going;
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well doing,
And that thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways,
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be thine forever;
Confirm me nightly
In every right endeavor
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul!
My God, forsake me not!

NANCY HART;

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Nancy Hart was one of the most remarkable women of Revolutionary times. Her husband, Benjamin Hart, was a brother of the celebrated Colonel Thomas Hart, of Kentucky, who was the father of the wife of Henry Clay, and also maternal uncle of Thomas Hart Benton. Our heroine, therefore, appears to have been very respectably connected. A short time before the revolution, she and her husband removed from North Carolina to Georgia, and settled in Elbert County, on Broad River, near where the stream, called from her, "War Woman's Creek," empties into it.—The spot, it is said, is still marked by an apple-orchard, but we apprehend many other spots are marked in the same way. If it shall appear to our readers that we have given our heroine a rather rough setting, it must also be borne in mind that the setting should correspond to the jewel. The most brilliant diamond is but a refined piece of charcoal, so chemists tell us. Thus refined, it may be set in gold; but "charcoal sketches" only are adapted to the charcoal state. We do not mean that our subject was black as to the article of skin; nor, indeed, that morally her nature wore a darker stain than many who move in refined and polished society. But that there was a rough exterior which would repel every attempt at gilding as unnatural and out of place.

Nancy Hart was not beautiful; but, nevertheless, was evidently designed to make a figure in the world. She was six feet in height, well-limbed and muscular; in fact, of Patagonian proportions, and, it must also be confessed somewhat ungainly in figure. She was marked by nature with prominent, rather than handsome features. Her mouth was broad and angular; she was horribly cross-eyed; her countenance was unmistakeably decided, and somewhat ferocious in expression, though she was rude, and in manners awkward.

She was expert [illegible] of the rifle and though cross-[illegible] she was a keen marksman. No hunter excelled her in this. She was a "dead shot." This was her boast. "Nothing was more common than to see her in full pursuit of the bounding deer. The huge-antlers that hung round her cabin, or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her gunnery; and the white comb, drained of its honey and hung up for ornament, testified her skill in bee-finding.

But Nancy Hart had her amiable qualities leaning to humanity. She was an energetic house-wife and an excellent cook.—Her biographer says that "many can testify to her magical art in the use of crockery." She was generous and hospitable. In the management of diseases and in knowledge of the medicinal virtue of herbs, she excelled, and was resorted to from far and near. In cases like those the full current of her sympathy flowed out in a clear and strong tide. From an [illegible] this it is evident that a woman's heart was enshrined with that rough exterior. In reference to these kindly services she was called to perform, she would often say, with more strength than elegance. "Drat 'em, when they get into trouble they always send for me."

This was true in more than one sense, as is evident from the following incident:—The husband of her daughter, Sally, was a man after her own heart. While moving his family into Georgia, he encamped one night by the way-side. The next morning a white man, employed as wagoner, being ordered in a peremptory manner to do something, he refused in a manner more insolent than comported with the feelings of the son-in-law. Whereupon he drew a sword, and at a single blow severed the man's head from his body. He then took charge of the team and drove on himself as though nothing had happened. Passing a house soon after, he stopped and told the inmates he had "just cut a fellow's head off, at the camp." Horrified, the inhabitants pursued the murderer, and had him lodged in jail. This brought Nancy into the field.—She visited the place several times, and, shortly after her last visit, the jail was found open one morning, and the prisoner gone. The mystery of the escape was never revealed; but among confidential friends, Nancy, referring to it, would say, "Drat 'em," etc.

But it was for her military exploits that Nancy was especially renowned, and has acquired a name in history. When the tempest of the revolution swept over the land, she was among the first and most ardent in the support of liberty. She encouraged the "liberty boys," as she called them; and on more than one occasion showed that she was ready to "do or die" for her country. Her husband was cast in a very different mould, and preferred the skulking in the cane-brake for safety, to facing he enemy in deadly strife. She characterized him as a "poor stick" for his cowardice.—But we shall certainly find some excuse for this timidity, when we remember that the Tories, who prowled over the country, filled with alarm at their cruelties; and every Whig had to conceal himself, or was liable at any hour to be shot, or to be hung up on a limb of the nearest tree.

The spirit of our heroine rose with the tempest that howled around her. Many anecdotes are told of her. One evening as she was at home in her log cabin, with her children around her, and a pot of soap boiling over the fire, her keen eye discovered some one peeping through the crevices.—With the quickness of lightning, she dashed a ladleful of the boiling soap in the face and eyes of the lurking Tory. Blinded and scalded, he roared aloud with pain, and terror. Nancy coolly walked out, and, all the while amusing herself with jibes and taunts upon him, bound him fast as her prisoner.

A venerable lady, still living a few years since, Mrs. Wyche, relates that on one occasion having met a Tory on the road, and entering into conversation with him, so as to divert his attention, she seized his guns, and declared that unless he immediately took up the line of march for a fort not far distant, she would shoot him. The dastard was so intimidated, that he actually walked before the brave woman who delivered him to the commander of the American fort.

At one time she was left in a fort with several women, when it was attacked by a party of Tories and Indians. Mrs. Hart immediately assumed the functions of commander. There was one cannon in the fort, and that, with all efforts, she was unable to place so that its fire could reach the enemy. The other women were all struck powerless with terror. Looking around she spied a young man hid under a cowhide; with herculean efforts, she instantly drew him forth and threatened him with instant death, at the same moment preparing to execute the threat if he did not forthwith come to her assistance. The poor coward, filled with new alarm, for he well knew with whom he had to deal, assisted her, and she soon fired a charge upon the enemy and thus caused a hasty retreat.

At another time, when the British were at Augusta it became very important to Col. Clark, the American Commander, to ascertain the intentions of the enemy.—Nancy volunteered for the service, assumed the garments of a man, and went openly into the enemy's camp. Acting the part of a crazy man, she desired information, and speedily returned with it to the camp

But we come now to the great act of the heroine—for heroine she was—notwithstanding the humble life and rough character. It appears that on one occasion a company of five Tories, that were scouting the country, suddenly entered the cabin of Nancy Hart. Her only greeting was a scowl of defiance; but in this instance it seemed rather impotent. The suddenness of their descent had completely surprised her.

They charged her with complicity in the escape of a noted rebel who had been pursued by the king's troops, and would have been hung if taken. With a defiant and exulting air she confessed that she was the means of his escape. She said that when she saw him coming, she let down the bars a few steps from her cabin, and motioned him to enter and pass directly through her house; and then take himself to the swamp, and secure himself as well as he could. She had hardly accomplished this, when the pursuing tories rode up and bawled out for her in a most boisterous manner. Muffling up her head and face, she opened the door and inquired why they disturbed a sick, lone woman. They inquired if a man had passed on horseback. She replied no, but she had seen a man on a sorrel horse turn out of the path into the woods some two or three hundred yards back.

"That must be the fellow," said the Tories, and they were instantly off in the pursuit.

"Well fooled," she continued, "they went in an opposite direction to that of my [illegible] boy! when if they had not been so lofty-minded, but had looked on the ground inside the bars, they would have seen his horse-tracks up to that door, (pointing to the front door of the cabin,) as plain as you can now see the horse's tracks on this very floor, and out of the door down the path to the swamp."

As might be supposed the Tories were much incensed at the narration; and might have proceeded at once to acts of violence, but they determined that she should first provide for them a meal. They therefore ordered her to get them some dinner. Undaunted in spirit she replied, "I never feed kings men if I can help it; and the villains have put it out of my power to feed even my own family and friends, by stealing and killing all my poultry and pigs, except that one old gobbler you see in the yard." "We'll take the gobbler," said one of the party, and raising his gun shot it dead. Nancy raved and swore for a time, but they gave her to understand that the same fate to herself was the alternative.—Upon this she apparently cooled down her passion, and dressed and cooked the slaughtered gobbler; accompanying it with some hasty hoecake and fresh honey-comb.—While their meal was in preparation, the marauders regaled themselves with hearty draughts from their whisky-bottle; and became somewhat jovial. When their dinner was ready, they simultaneously stacked their guns at the door, and sat down to eat. The back door had been previously closed, so that escape was cut off in that direction. The "war woman's" skill in strategy and courage now appeared. Passing to the door as in course of service, she suddenly turned, and the first thing the alarmed tories saw, was one of their own guns pointed in their midst. With a tremendous oath, she declared that she would blow out the brains of the first one that moved. This did not prevent a sort of spasmodic movement when crack went the rifle, and one of their companions was weltering in his gore. Quicker than thought another was pointed in the direction; and another of the robbers falls wounded to the floor. Her little daughter was now by her side holding a third rifle for use. The three remaining men each shrank back in full belief that the cross-eyes of the fierce Amazonian were fixed upon himself. The decisive point was then gained.

"Go," said she to her little son, "and tell your father and the men that I have taken five robbing Tories, and want them to come." In a short time the men were seen coming in from the field. More restless grew the imperiled Tories; but neither one of them dared to move, so certain was each that the glaring eyes of their captor was fixed upon himself. They proposed to surrender, and to shake hands as ratifying their surrender, but the willy woman was not to be so foiled. The deadly rifle was steady in its aim. Her husband and his companions soon arrived, and prepared to shoot down the prisoners. Would that some gleam of noble instinctive humanity had now shot forth to crown the daring act of the heroic woman! But such was not the temper of the times. The war-like spirit was up to burning heat. She declared that the prisoners had surrendered to her, and that shooting was too good for them. This was enough. The three living men were seized and dragged out by the way-side, where they were hung to the branch of a tree.

As late as 1838 the place of this tragedy was still pointed out to the traveller. The cabin occupied by the Harts had been removed, but the tree on which the three Tories were hung was still standing.

After the war of the Revolution had ceased and the independence of the country was gained, population began to flow into that region; game and bees were decreasing; and the country "getting old" so fast that Nancy Hart could stand it no longer. Accordingly in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, she sold their possessions, "pulled up their stakes," and departed for "the wilds of the west" where there was "more room."

Where, or when she ended her days is not known. If we mistake not, a county in the State bears the name of Hart, and the county seat that of Nancyville, in honor of this heroine of the Revolution.

HERCULES IN THE TEMPLE OF ERROR.

THE PILLARS OF PREJUDICE OVERTHROWN.—The most stubborn enemies a great invention or discovery encounters, are the individuals with whose interests it interferes. Vast indeed must be its value, palpable as the sun the benefit it imparts, in order to override and subdue the professional opposition of the Apostles of Error whose theories it overthrows. Holloway's system of treatment founded upon immutable truth has accomplished this Herculean task. It has swallowed up conflicting dogmas, as the rod of the Patriarch swallowed up the rods of his less favored competitors. The old practice, with its complications and contradictions, its volumes of mystification, its absurdities cloaked in the dead languages, its profitable alliance between the physician and the apothecary, its pecuniary policy of regulating the progress of a cure by the length of the patient's purse, its blind experiments upon the constitution, its skirmishing with the manifestations of disease, its short sighted attempts to suppress instead of to destroy the *materies morbi* or seeds of a disorder, has been shaken to its very foundations by the uniform success of Holloway's two remedies! One of the great merits of his Ointment and Pills is that they remove the complaint without prostrating the strength of the patient.—The ordinary theory is that acute disease cannot be cured without weakening the invalid; the process of reinvigorating the system is an after consideration. Professor Holloway utterly rejects this plan of debilitating the patient in order to reduce the disease. His medicines sustain and assist nature while combatting and conquering the malady, and nature, thus reinforced, expedites the cure.

It seems to us that this is a method of treatment that is consistent with common sense, however inconsistent it may be with professional jargon. To depress the strength of a sick man by powerful depleting medicines; or by bleeding, is to rob him gratuitously of a portion of that vitality which disease is laboring to extinguish. Strong indeed must be the constitution which can withstand the combined attack of a prostrating complaint and a prostrating system of treatment.

The object of Professor Holloway is to fortify and sustain the vital powers while the virus of disease is being driven out of the system, and that object is accomplished by his celebrated medicines.—*Boston Journal.*

HEALTH AND CLIMATE.—Sir James Clark, of England, has assailed with considerable force the doctrine that a change of climate is beneficial to persons suffering from consumption; and a French physician, M. Carrierre, has written forcibly against it. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, also contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption; and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin, and not the lungs. That a warm climate is not in itself beneficial, he shows from the fact that the disease is common to all latitudes. In India and Africa, tropical climates, it is as frequent as in Europe and North America. At Malta, right in the heart of the genial Mediterranean, the army reports of England that one-third of the deaths among the soldiers are by consumption. At Nice, a favorite resort of English invalids, especially those afflicted with lung complaints, there are more native born persons die of consumption than in any English town of equal population.

MARYLAND.

It is a gall and wormwood to the leaders of the Patent Democracy, that Maryland has stood up manfully to the constitution of the Union, while the storm of fanaticism has overrun other portions of the country. To the leaders of the so-called Democratic party, the constitution of the United States is a "sacred relic." To Americans that instrument is no "relic," but a sacred, living reality—the bulwark of our liberties and the perpetuity and maintenance of which should be the highest ambition of the patriot. They may prate about their "sacred relic" and the duty of Maryland, but we say the duty of Maryland is to stand by the living, acting, constitution, sacred to us, because it embodies the principles which induced our fathers to shed their blood in rescuing America from the grasp of the oppressor. According to Locofoco ethics Maryland is disgraced because she stands alone, but to the pure patriot her position is one of pride to her citizens. Time has demonstrated that the Locofoco party is not national. The difficulty growing out of Walker's administration of Kansas affairs, shows plainly that Northern and Southern Democracy do not harmonize upon the subject of slavery. Local issues, the desire to appropriate the spoils holds them together in the States, but the most sagacious politicians predict the utter fall and ruin of this party that has kept the country in a state of ferment for years. What then should Maryland do in the present posture of affairs? She has covered herself with glory already by saying to the waves of disunion thus far but no farther shalt thou come. Shall she now abandon that position, forget her conservatism and strike out boldly into the angry sea of sectional agitation that is bubling and boiling around her and yield her strength to wreck the Union? Heaven forbid! Maryland is a bitter pill to the Locofocos who have been growing fat upon her offices for the last four or six years. True to their grasping natures, when they find the prize slipping through their fingers and know that very soon they will be left desolate, they heap bitter curses upon the good old State, and pray that it may be blotted from your existence. It is really amusing to hear these brave fellows pour out their wrath upon the heads of those who dare to vote the Know-Nothing ticket. No name is too vile, no punishment too severe for such "traitors." Well, we can only say if they find any comfort in railing let them rail on. It is the only comfort they can find.—*Frederick Herald.*

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A gentlemen in New York has sent the editor of the Post a sample of very good brandy; made from the syrup of the new sugar plant, the Sorgho, or Chinese sugar cane. He says it costs about 30 cents per gallon to produce, and is worth in the market from $1 to $2 per gallon according to quality. In a note he says:

The manufacture of spirit from the sogho may now be carried on by our farmers in the winter season, when there is no other occupation for them, at the rate of a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup. This will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphen and other purposes. The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform and medicinal extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of the cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock.

A few days ago a committee of gentlemen examined the mode of grinding the Chinese sugar cane on the farm of Thomas H. Deas, Esq., in South Carolina. The report of the committee is as follows:

The first fifty stalks, taken without selection either at the field or from the cart, were passed through the mill in less than ten minutes, producing over four and a half gallons of juice. The next twenty-five canes were passed through in about five minutes producing nearly two and a half gallons of juice, carefully measured, leaving the stalks almost perfectly dry.

Mr. Deas planted about half an acre of the cane; upon these grew 36,300 stalks of cane. From the experiment of pressing out this juice, it will be seen that the *yield is greater than perhaps has yet been reported.* The half acre will produce 3,267 gallons of juice, or 5,534 gallons to the acre. The experiment of boiling has not yet taken place, but allowing ten gallons of juice for *one* of molasses, the product of an acre will be 653 *gallons of molasses.* This appears to be a *monstrous* yield, and at present prices of molasses would be a mine of wealth to the planter. We presume one reason for the great quantity of juice produced, is to be found in the character of the mill for it is impossible for any part of the liquor to escape; it must all be expressed from the cane and every drop is collected.

Mr. Aaron Davis has left at the office of the Frederick (Md.) Citizen, a couple of samples of very nice looking molasses, manufactured by himself, from Chinese sugar cane of the growth of this season. The experiment is a practical demonstration of what may be done in the growth of the cane and manufacture of that article. The Citizen says he used seven stocks of cane, and the quantity of molasses produced shows that at the same ratio of yield, an acre of land would produce about 2½ hhds; or 150 gallons.

For the Easton Gazette.

What say you to a boating excursion this fine morning?—in fancy however, as I've just returned from a long walk, and do not need the physical exercise of rowing. Or as it is to be, as I said, in fancy only, we'll imagine it about five in the evening. The shadows at that hour, and as the twilight comes on, are more picturesque, and the rich coloring of the coming sunset is reflected from the clear, smooth water. The fairies, too, as my practical friend, "Maud" calls the lights and shadows of the rippling waves, are dancing on the deeply shaded eastern bank, over the moss-covered stones and roots, down to the very water's edge, and up among the heavy evergreen branches, or, as if in terror at our approach, trooping, scampering to their hiding places, somewhere among those gnarled old oak, that look, they have so little hold of earth, as if the next rain would wash them down into the water below. Ah! Maud and I have spent many a pleasant hour, floating over that glassy surface on calm summer afternoons, talking, singing or musing as was our mood. And it is only with a few friends that you can muse and be silent—only a few that will allow you to be silent with your own thoughts and fancies. But Maud always performs the office of boatman, so we'll not invite her this time, for I want to be subject to my "own sweet will" alone. You are an imaginary person—an impalpable somebody, and can take what seat you like—stern or prow—can even sit beside me on the rower's bench, provided you'll cut none of those capers modern spirits seem to delight in. You might stand upon the prow in the attitude of the Hours," in Cole's picture of Youth, but that I stand there sometimes, myself, and paddle when I tire of rowing. It may not be strictly nautical, as I do not profess to be much of a navigator, but it's my way—shifting my oar from side to side, making rather a zig-zag course, I confess. This oar-shifting would not interfere with your impalpability, perhaps, but it might with the picturesqueness of my fancy. Supposing you safely embarked however, we'll set forth.

We'll touch at yonder patch of pond-lilies first, but as the blossoms are faded and gone, the leaves changing red and yellow, they have lost their beauty, and we'll glide on, passing by for the present those steps descending to the water's edge, beneath that little group of trees—they are only of rough, unpainted wood, and unless your imagination is very vivid, will hardly remind you of Venice in this broad daylight—under this steep wooded bank, to the overhanging branch, which forms, with its end swaying in the water, a leafy arch, under which I like to move my boat, and read, screened from observation, and the sunshine, by the intervening leaves. Sitting there one bright summer's morning, deep in "Aurora Leigh," a merry party in the other boat, came quite upon me, before I had ever heard the dipping of their oars.—It is a delightful retreat, with not a sound to be heard, save the murmuring of the gentle breeze and the tiny waves, the hum of the insects, or the buzz of the distant factory.

Still on, beneath this shaded bank, now and then deviating a little to avoid a half-submerged stump, or a projecting branch, we came to a little cape or promontory, which for want of a better name, we'll call "Fisher's point," since a "Master Piscator" may generally be seen there, sitting lazily on a wooden bench, practising this "gentle art." There he comes, with rod on shoulder, down that rugged path from the cottage. Shall we wish *him* success, or the fish "their common swimming exercise, without hitching on a hook?" He thinks no doubt, like Hood's Piscator that that "those manifold red leaves like a housewife's needle-book, are admirably adapted to his purpose, and manifestly intended to stick his steel in." But we beg leave to differ, do we not?

Just beyond here, in a sort of bay, to which Fisher's point forms the outer bulwark, was last summer, the sweetest spot on the whole lake, and a favorite resort of Maud's and mine. But alas! in the Spring some Vandal from one of the cottages on the road above the bank to "clear his view," he said, cut down many of those beautiful evergreens, lopped off most of those graceful branches, which overhung that tiny spring, trickling so musically from a crevice in the rock. But we could have borne that, for there were still trees left, and the little spring was not yet bared to the sunshine, had he not, instead of burning the brush, or otherwise casting it away, thrown it into the water, at the very foot of this little grotto. There it still lies, like the snags in the Mississippi, impeding our navigation, preventing without difficulty our approach. So we'll stop, for the spring is choked with mud and stones, and the water has lost its refreshing coldness.

Shall we explore the Niger? This is one of the inlets of the lake, a sluggish stream that winds through the marshy field above. The opening promises well, being broad and deep, but ere long we come to a luxuriant growth of bushes, which seems to try to prevent our further progress. But persevere. You are impalpable, and I can "duck" my head, occasionally, or make my whole body level with the gunwale, if need be. Here is an obstinate stump or snag, which seems very unwilling to yield, but which we conquer nevertheless, and now the leaves are thick above us. We are disturbing myriads of insects in their sporting on the glassy surface, and it begins to look rather dark and dismal. This branch, too, which has grown so completely across, forms an effectual bar. Oar will not push us farther—dodging and crouching will avail us no longer—we must return; and the backing out is not a whit more graceful or gliding. But at last we attain the open—Gulf of Guinea, of course. What else does the Niger empty into? We'll cruise about among the islands for a time, avoiding that Scylla of an enormous snag, upon which I shipwrecked once, and have kept a brighter lookout since, and then for that deep, dark shadow under the western bank, where I read "Raphal" the other day, and applied his language: "The waters of the lake were of that bronzed color, and had that molten appearance and look of heavy immobility, which the shade of overhanging cliffs always gives." But I could not appropriate the sentiment of his Julie. I had not the slightest inclination to spring into those "silent waves," and lay me down on the "sandy couch," beneath. I have often felt an almost irresistable impulse to cast myself into the smooth water of a rapid river, and have sometimes forced myself away from its brink, in the fear that I should grow giddy with its fascination, but could not sympathise with Raffaelle and Julie here, or such surroundings might have been dangerous. Alas! for my sentimentality!

But the sun has set—the crimson and gold are fading, and the shadows grow deeper and darker. We row most vigorously round Lover's bank to our mooring place, and Adieu. ADELE G.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (Kansas,) 8 mo. 26th, 1857.

Since my return from Squatter life on the Delaware Trust Lands I have been sojourning in this city, awaiting the opening of the Land office at Doniphan for the Kickapoo lands. The "*corn-dodgers*" and squatter cabin have little of the city about them; but after all, squatter life with its privations and difficulties, bestow a zest upon existence which one must feel to realize, and none can look upon the squatter claim cabin without becoming impressed with the idea that the denizen thereof is enjoying country life with plenty of pure air, free from the city's hum, dust and din.

Kansas at present is enjoying a season of peace. The Governor and troops are still encamped near and are quietly watching the city of Lawrence, and the two political parties organizing for the contest at the fall election. The Free State Convention meets to-day at Grasshopper Falls to nominate candidates for the Territorial Legislature, and a member of Congress. They will nominate the same ticket that was voted for at the election held first of this month, and this ticket will be supported by the free State democrats, as they do not affiliate here with national democracy, (so called.)

The late apportionment of the second Territoal Legislature which should have been made by the Governor, but has been made by the speakers of the House and President of the Council, causes considerable dissatisfaction, as it is made from the registered vote; whereas half the vote of the territory is not registered, and it gives the counties bordering on the Missouri line (from which a vote can be brought over) a large majority of the delegates.

The apportionment gives the House 39 members, the Council 13 members.

Gen. Lane, under a resolution passed at the Topeka convention, is organizing companies throughout the territory to protect the ballot box and prevent out-riders from participating in the election. Several thousand are now reported as organized.

A report received here on the 23d that the two free State press at Atchison (the squatter "sovereign," and a new German paper lately started) had been thrown into the Missouri river caused the most intense excitement, but the report however, proved incorrect, and originated from the following cause: The day previous had been appointed for Gen. Lane to address the citizens, but a number (reported three hundred) of Missourians marched over fully equipped and armed, to prevent his doing so, and at the advice of his friends Lane did not make his appearance.

Haller, the prisoner confined at the Fort, for the stabbing of Lyle made his escape on the night of the 23d ult.

The late election for Governor of Missouri appears to be very close. The St. Louis Republican, supporter of the administration and for Stewart, of the 22d, claims five majority for Stewart. The St. Louis Democrat, same date, supporter of the emancipation movement and for Rollins, claims six majority for Rollins. Number of votes polled, 93,847. K.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The Treasury Department has just paid between two and three hundred thousand dollars to the State of Maryland, as the interest on the $500,000 to which the United States became indebted to that State during the war of 1812. The principal was discharged between the years 1818 and 1822.

The Secretary of the Interior has intrusted the marshal of Minnesota to take the census of the territory whenever he be informed that it is the wish of the people to form a constitution and State government preparatory to admission into the Union.

Captain Hudson, commanding the U. S. steamer Niagara, in communicating to the Navy Department the particulars in regard to the accident to the telegraph cable, says he has every reason to believe, from what has thus far been experienced in wire-laying, that, under ordinary circumstances of weather and with machinery adapted to the purpose—for such as they had on board requires altering and improving—the cable may be laid in safety on the track marked for it in the Atlantic ocean.

He says that at the time the cable parted the company's chief engineer, Charles T. Bright, and his men were attending their brakes to lessen the speed of the cable until it was finally carried away, which made all hands throughout the day like a household or family which had lost their dearest friend, for the officers and men had become deeply interested in the success of the enterprise.

AHEAD OF THE MARKET.—A lot of molasses, 95 barrels, from Chinese sugar cane, was received in New Orleans, on Saturday last, being considerably ahead of the usual time for receiving the first consignment of that article.

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