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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette,

DIVINE WORSHIP.

A POEM,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. CHASE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPENCER, D. D.

Those solemn sounds, O how they thrill my soul,
Make every nerve vibrate, and fill my mind
With thought of Heaven, and of seraphic songs,
And angel bands, and spirits of the just, [hearts—
That tune their harps above. With greatful
Hearts by thy music, Lady, tuned to praise,
We give thee earnest thanks, and hope and pray,
That He, whom thou dost serve with so much zeal,
May on thy head his richest blessing pour.
I envy not the man, who has no love
For pleasures, which the house of God bestows,
His ears are dull of hearing, and his eyes
In holiness no beauty can behold.
His soul is torpid, and his heart is dead,
And buried in the filthy slough of earth.
The day bestowed on toiling man for rest—
For a sweet respite from his earthly cares,
And meditation on the world to come,
And symbol of that rest, which saints enjoy
In Paradise, and of the bliss of heaven,
And for communion with heaven's risen Lord,
And with his saints in earnest prayer and praise.
He whiles away in sluggard ease, or walks,
In listless, careless, idleness abroad.
Some on their fields, all green with springing corn,
Or rich with ripened grain, their thoughts bestow;
Or on their heads, spread o'er their grassy fields,
The gifts of Providence, to them so kind.
Thus they idolatrous, their worships pay
To their possessions, and their giver rob
Of his just due—the joyous, hearty thanks
Of deeply grateful, and adoring minds.
Some worship their profession, and with zeal
As faithful, and untiring, as 'tis bad.
While in ten thousand temples o'er the land,
The voice of worship to heaven's throne ascends.
And heavenly hosts, with notes responsive, join
In joyful chorus with the church below.
They ponder over their cases, briefs and fees,
And find no time for thoughts of God and heaven.
The man with traffic too, though with hard toil,
For six continuous days the means he plies
Of gain, still desecrates the sacred hours,
And gives to lucre that which God should have.
Base mammon is the Christian's Juggernaut,
Adored and feared, and served with earnest zeal;
Beneath whose fatal car daily crushed
Millions of baptized men, for ever lost.
How much debased are men by sordid love!
Fast bound in sensual fetters, that enchain
Their better judgment, and enslave their souls,
They fix their thoughts on things that are not good.
When age, or sickness brings them near their end,
And now their open grave is full in view,
Nor hoarded wealth, nor joys of sense can bring
Sweet peace, or hope to their distracted minds.
To them the dismal grave is but despair!
Their hopes are buried with them in the dust!
Beyond the tomb no pleasure will they find!
Go then, O, man, thou child of sense, thou slave
Of low desires, and of enjoyments mean,
(Though still the heir of immortality,
And made for glory that shall never end)
Go, seek for holier, and for safer hopes,
And more enduring joys than earth can give.
Go, meet thy Lord, who bought thee with his blood,
Whose loving soul e'er for thy good doth yearn.
In His own courts, where He delights to dwell.
To him give up thy heart, and Him adore.
With wondering mind, and zeal, and ardent love.
Thee will he hide in his pavilion, where
A safe retreat, and refuge from thyself.
And from thy grov'ling ways thou shalt obtain.
This spirit He will grant; thy heart's desire
He will fulfill; and consolations pure
Shall strengthen thy weak spirit.

Dost thou mourn
For sins which thou hast done? O then repair
To his blest presence, and low on thy knees,
Confess the ills that pain that tortured soul,
And humbly crave his pardon and his peace.
By strong temptation's wiles art thou assailed,
Dazzled by pleasure's showy bright array?
Or by ambition snared, which oft doth make
E'en men of sense to err, and sacrifice
Both truth and goodness to the idol power,
As though to them their souls were of no worth?
Or art thou lured by specious argument,
And the small talk, and well oiled captious tongue
Of unbelief, to sacrifice thy faith,
And all thy hopes of everlasting life?
Away, stay not; O speed thy trembling flight,
And on thy Saviour's cross fix thy firm grasp,
And humbly worship at his hallowed feet,
And claim his mercy and protection sure.
See too what confidence God's house doth give.
What peace—to innocence, when sorely tried
By the world's malice; and the anxious mind,
O'ercome by grief, and a deep sense of wrong,
For comfort seeks, being stricken down with woe.
It's solemn prayers, and soul inspiring praise,
Borne on the wings of faith, and strong desire,
To heaven's all righteous throne, assurance give
Of peace, and certain triumph at last
Thus ships upon the ocean wave, when storms
Arise, and clouds o'erspread the darkened sky,
And lightnings flash, and thunders roll the while,
And seem to rend heaven's wide extended arch,
Guided by skillful and courageous hands,
Give pledge of safety to the mariner,
And bring him, joyous, to his destined port.
The bitter cup hast thou been made to drink,
Which oft affliction doth for men prepare?
Are they, who with thee held communion sweet,
Gentle and loving ones, and partners kind
Of all thy joys and sorrows, and to whom
Thy strong affections clung, as ivy fond
Doth wind around, and hold with firm embrace
The stately tree, and whom thy hopes, in vain,
Had, doating, clothed with an immortal life,
Torn from thine arms by unrelenting death,
And thy poor lone heart, by anguish riven,
Thus made to long for quiet in the tomb?
'Tis only in God's house then wilt obtain
Sweet consolation, and a sure relief.
There for the wounded heart a balm is found,
More soothing, and more healing, than of old
Was Gilead's, from the far-famed tree distilled,
That grew on Ano's banks, which Sheba's queen,
Who came from parts unknown, to Solomon
Gave, wondering at his wisdom, and his power.
O that our faith were earnest, and would draw
The veil aside, which dims our mortal sight;
That with unclouded vision, as of yore
The servant of that prophet, who disclosed
The Syrian stratagems to Israel's king;
Saw round about his master on the mount,
Horsemen and fiery chariots numberless,
So in our worships we might recognize
The presence, and the care of those bright ones—
Swift-winged messengers from the world above—
Angels—who, ever near us, smiling, stand,
In our devotions, and observe our ways.
And treasure up our sighs, and wipe our tears,
And sooth our sorrows, and to heaven convey
Intelligence of our great needs and prayers.
But chiefly should we worship our dear Lord
In that holy rite, that sets him forth,
Before our minds in his redeeming power.
What boundless love does earnest faith behold,
What pain, what grief, what majesty divine,
In the expressive symbols of his death!
His pierced and mangled hands, and tortured feet,
His side that poured forth blood, and that pure stream,
Which doth a guilty world cleanse from its sin,
Are plainly seen, as on that awful day,
When in thick gloom the sun did hide his face,
And wept; and would not see his Maker die;
When the earth trembled, and the rocks were rent,
In dreadful sympathy with their great Lord.
Faith brings Him near in that most holy rite:
It feels His presence real; it feeds upon
That food which giveth life—His august flesh,
And blood, the pledge of immortality.
O would that his pure worships o'er the world
Were known, and rightful homage in his courts,
With humble minds, and hearts inflamed with love,
And voices in sweet concert, all would pay!
The specious earth, all undisturbed, would then,
For harmony and peace, again be seen,
What once it was, the Paradise of God.
Alas! how divine is the scene, and dark,
Which superstition everywhere presents;
And vain idolatry, with loathsome rites,
Displays delusive to the eyes of men.
Behold fair India's plains, so beautiful
With citron groves, and with the spreading palm,
And trees all redolent of odorous sweets,
Breathing their spicy fragrance all around,
Defaced with temples of an aspect strange;
With horrid shapes within, which men call gods;
Hewn roughly from the solid granite rock,
Or from the trunk of some unlucky tree.
Thus made, O shame! by man's insane device,
A rival of th' Almighty, wise and good.
Behold the maddened throng of worshipers!
Onward they rush, as locusts in their flight
O'er Egypt, or the Libyan coast, that move
With sound terrific, and that strip the earth
Of every green, and every pleasant thing,
Herb, plant, and flower, and tree made leafless by
So rush along the many myriad hosts
Of men benighted, and fall down before
The dark and hideous form of Brahma, or
Of Vishnee, or those other three, that make
The dismal quintet of the idol band.
Indra, and Siva, and Rama, dread names,
But names alone, that harm nor good can do
O Bodh, what millions are deceived thee,
False god! one half the world than claims't as thine.
The fairest regions of the far off east,
Thibet, and Anam, Birmah and Siam,
That glow and smile beneath the orient beams
Of the bright sun upon his daily course,
Bow down to thee, and think thy power divine.
Thy monks and priests, arrayed in flowing robes
Of saffron hue, upon thee wait in rites,
Gorgeous as any Rome has e'er devised.
But who, though bold and venturous, could hope
The gods of heathen lands, by name to call?
As many are they, as the fallen leaves,
That strew the ground, within the forest glades,
When autumn first brings on its cold and frost.
And count thou, Christian, see thy fellow men,
Like these with reason blest, and capable
Of worshipping, in truth, the great Supreme.—
And of that knowledge, which doth make men wise
Both for this world, and for the world to come,
And of angelic life and happiness.
Thus fallen, lost, ruined, and no effort made
To raise him from his low estate, and guide
His wandering feet into the way of peace?
Art thou so sordid, that thou canst not feel
For ruined souls? Or dost thou love thy self,
More than those gems, that for thy honored head,
A crown as brilliant as heaven's brightest stars,
Would surely make, and which thou mightest wear
While ages never ending roll away?
O Selwyn,* thy devotion put to shame
The mean, penurious temper of our times
Before thy Saviour's cross thou hast laid down
Thy worldly hopes and joys, a sacrifice
To his blest name and cause—a savour sweet,
That rises up to heaven, charged with the prayers,
Thy single heart, and thy unselfish aims.
Launching thy little bark, in faith and hope,
Upon the deep, and with a fearless heart,
And mind composed and calm, and purpose firm,
Thou brav'st the storms, and tides, and mountain waves
Of ocean boundless, full of fear and death.
The distant isles behold thy brilliant light,
And sing for joy. The wild, untutored tribes
Of men, well nigh to reason lost, and love,
By thy great wisdom, and untiring zeal,
Are rising to new life, and showing forth
The praise of thy great Lord. He on His throne
In heaven, doth with approval kind, behold
Thy noble works, and thy endeavors strong
To gain for Him, from men depraved and lost,
True worshipers, obedient to his will;
And will on thee bestow a starry crown,
When all toils are o'er. O may He send
An angel band to guard thy life from harm,
And lead them on in thy heroic deeds
To his great cause, until thou shalt be called,
Thy work accomplished to thy heavenly rest.

This poem was written by Rev. Dr. Jos. Spencer

* The Bishop of New Zealand.

Kitty Pleasanton's First Love.

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. I must have begun when we were both babies.—I am sure I loved her as we sat together by the roadside soaking our dandalion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curl. My passion was in no wise abated, when somewhat later I climbed cherry trees at her bidding; nor later yet when at a dancing school I awkwardly made my new-learnt bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor am I sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when on my return from college I found my sweet little Kitty changed by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was very like the child—there were the same rosy cheeks, the same pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling hair, but some charm, grace, or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her

"Kitty," said I to her one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer, "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you are in love with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, Kitty made no answer, and I said: "You like me, Kitty, don't you?"

"First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you've made me what is called an offer?"

"To be sure I have my darling," I replied: "an offer which I trust and hope you'll accept."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty, demurely.

"Kitty, you love me?" I exclaimed.

"That's my secret," replied the provoking little thing; "but at any rate," she continued, "I should not possibly think of accepting the very first offer I ever received—I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No indeed: no girl of spirit would dream of accepting her first offer, as if she were afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possibly accept you till I've had at least one other offer."

"But my dearest Kitty," I began.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" she exclaimed: "will Mr. Brent learn to call me by my proper name? I confess I did hope that on receiving my 'first offer,' the person making it would address me with proper courtesy, and manner befitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine; but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Oh, I suppose you wanted a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form," I observed: "but I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty—Katharine, I would say, therefore, don't be foolish; be content to know in plain words that my whole heart is yours: and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But in vain were my arguments and reasonings: Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute I changed my tone, and acquiescing in her views, confessed that I too had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had ever had any offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should be so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now, not far from where Kitty dwelt, there was a favorite dell, or bower, or something of that kind, to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been quite in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomd to an hour or two of the mopes during her romantic woodland visit.

In pursuance of this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offer of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her. Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eye occasionally wandered towards the stranger.

The latter no sooner perceived his fair observer than he bowed with an air of politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address a few words of common-place greeting. The young man's words were indeed common-place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found another admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gaily on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though you had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It is better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly, "it's a young man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, with a whistle.

"Yes, James," she replied, "and he is so handsome—so agreeable—so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me, one of these days, my second offer."

"You can't impose on me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed. "I'll be bound the impudent fellow whom I won't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, is not handsomer or more agreeable than I am myself."

Kitty laughed aloud in derision. "He's a thousand times handsomer than you are," she cried, scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began, but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.

"They call me Katharine, who do speak to me, sir," she said.

"Katharine fiddle-stick!" I cried. Kitty is the prettiest and sweetest name in the world, and comes more natural to me—don't bother me with your Katharines."

"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting half angrily, "but I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so, if you like," I replied, "and it will soon sound to me like the sweetest name in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious lady Katharine of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"

"He is tall," began Kitty.

"Taller than I?" I interrupted. Kitty almost annihilated me with a look.

"By at least half a foot—and of an elegant figure," she continued with marked emphasis. He was dressed in fishing costume, which greatly became him."

"I have an old fishing blouse up stairs," I muttered *sotto voce*: "I think I will get it out."

"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty. "Having once ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abreviate it, his conduct contrasting favorably in that respect with some of my friends."

"Well Kitty," said I, "what other perfections has your hero, or have you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly.—"He wears his hair parted down in the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzolini in the part of the *Edgardo*——"

"Or a Methodist parson," I observed.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a mustache."

"A last best gift," said I; "but Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult to achievement. I'll begin to morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant figure, and a mustache! On the whole Kitty, I think I'm very much afraid of my rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood; I must do the little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him; but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly.

The youth met her with many apologies, and a plausible pretence for his intrusion, which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushingly divine that the hope of again seeing her had been the true cause of his reappearance. Be that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seen the last of the new admirer, drew forth her book, and setting herself in a mossy corner began to read.—She, however, had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages before the pertinacious stranger reappeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and that the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tennyson's Princess," replied Kitty, curtly.

The imperturbable strength declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entertainly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse on favorite authors ensued. Afterward the gentleman begged permission to read her a few passages he had selected, which were the very ones Kitty loved best; he read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened. Turning at last to the exquisite concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice become more and more earnest as he read, till coming to the word—

Indeed I love thee: cease
Yield thyself up; mine hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thy self
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me—

he suddenly flung the book aside exclaiming—

"What words! what words! What would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on the earth!" The stranger paused a moment, and then broke forth impetuously: "This forced silence is all in vain—the words I would repress will come. In vain have I strived to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—not to startle you—lovely, bewitching Miss Katharine—you are yourself the object of my adoration—to whom I would say much if I dared," and thereupon the youth rather melodramatically fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity and replied, "I hardly knew, sir, what you mean by your very strange conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advance of a stranger so presuming—an error I shall be careful not to repeat."

So saying my proud little Kitty (never had she looked so handsome) turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.

"Well, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because," I replied, "I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to go again to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty blushing and somewhat confused, "but he was there."

"Of course," I replied, gruffly: "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"More so," cried Kitty, recovering her composure: "he looked more Massaniello-like than ever in his fishing dress; and for entertaining he first read me all the finest part of Tennyson's Princess, and then made a marriage proposal, and I didn't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."

"I should think not, indeed," said I: "pray what reply did you make to the rascal?—that you had a friend at home who would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty; "what my reply was is my secret—and his; but for you, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—it's all over with you, and your offer."

"Why, you good for nothing, little deceitful puss!" cried I, losing all patience: "there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold, how plain a tale shall put you down! for lo, I myself, disguised merely by a little paint, a fishing blouse, a false mous-tache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was in my own person this elegant, captivating, handsome, agreeable stranger whose praises you have been so lavishly sounding."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded.—"How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured, and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time!"

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught," said I, "and to punish you for attempting to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall impose a two-fold fine. First, you shall kiss me, and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Paris in a month, and you must go with me.

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled and protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms round me, she said, "As you will dear—dearest Jamie!"

"One month from to-day, then, my own, sweet, darling Kitty, I began—"

"Katharine!" whispered Kitty.

"Katharine!" I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point—"one month to-day, my Katharine—"

"You never put any adjective before Katharine," murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.

"My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine," said I, "shall it be as I say?"

"If mamma chooses," whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defranded her, my tricks, of her natural, womanly rights of breaking two or three hearts, at least, ere she made one man supremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering to my vanity, by declaring that she had two offers after all, and that each of them was worth a thousand common ones.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

STEAMER J. S. RINGLE,
Ohio River, near Cincinnati, 3mo. 28 '57.

MR. EDITOR:—I embrace this opportunity to fulfill a promise to drop you a few lines by the wayside, enroute for Kansas and the west. After completing my preparations in Baltimore, I left that city on the 24th inst., 10 o'clock P. M., via Northern Central and Penna. Central Railroad for Pittsburg, where I remained until 2 P. M next day and immediately proceeded to the levee and took passage on steamer J. S. Ringle for St. Louis, and am now writing these lines in the Captain's room, third story and about forty feet from the water.

Although advertised to leave the same day at 4 o'clock, we did not get away until the following morning at 10 o'clock.—This is no unusual occurrence, the steamers here are all kept fired up and the bells occasionally rung, conveying to you the impression that they are to leave immediately—consequently you hasten aboard, pay your bill to secure your state room, and then have to wait their convenience. I did not regret the detention as it offered me opportuninity to visit Birmingham, opposite the city, and its numerous glass, iron and nail factories. Also the coal mines above the town. There is much to be seen here and many hours might be spent pleasantly and profitably.

Pittsburg is now the great mart for the western part of New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania. It is connected with Philadelphia and the Atlantic cities by the Penna. Railroad, and during the Canal boating season by the Penna. Canal for the conveyance of heavy freight. The population of the city proper is about 60 000, but taking the district for 5 miles with Pittsburg as the centre, it embraces many towns and buildings, with a population of 175,000. Were it not for the black, dirty and smoky appearance of the place it would be quite pretty; but as it is it is not at all prepossessing, and the same may be said of most of the towns on the Ohio river, above Cincinnati. It is caused by the large quantities of coal (Bituminous) which abounds in immense quantities in the surrounding mountains.—We stopped at Wheeling, the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road the over night, affording the passengers an opportunity to walk through the town.—The splendid wire suspension bridge at this place is probably the longest span in the world, being 1010 feet. It is 92 feet above low water mark, and 21 feet wide. This bridge was destroyed by a gale in 1854, but has since been rebuilt.

The scenery on the Ohio is grand and beautiful. The graceful curves and bends of the river exhibiting in the distance, one range of hills lapped on to another, with beautifully rounded tops, produce a series of splendid views rarely found.

I must here try and give you a description of our boat. An Ohio steamer is quite an Institution, although the one I am on is not so fine as many of the Mississippi boats. The length of our boat is 160 feet, beam 41 feet, depth of hole 6 feet. On the first deck [above water] are the boilers and engines, 4 of each kind, an auxiliary engine called the Doctor, which is used exclusively for pumping purposes. There is also a space on this deck for freight and emigrant families. On the second deck are the store-rooms and dining saloon, extending the whole length of the boat; also clerk's office, pantry, kitchen and bar-room, or as it is labeled here *Wood Yard*. I would here remark, as speaking well for the temperance of our passengers that I have yet to see the first pay his respects to the *Wood Yard*.—On the third deck are situate the Captain's and officer's state rooms, and on the fourth the wheel or Pilot's house. The officers and crew constitute a body of more than fifty men and boys. There are two mates, two clerks, two pilots and four engineers, &c. The freight list this trip, exclusive of passengers is near 5000 dollars. The number of passengers is about 75, about one third of whom are bound for Kansas, and intend to make that Territory their home, provided the scenes of '56 are not again renewed. A few on board who were in the Territory last year describe the country as being very fine and beautiful. From all that I can learn the emigration this Spring is very large. But of Kansas more anon. The running time from Pittsburg to St. Louis, including stoppages, is about eight days; and as the fare including board (which is of the best quality) is only twelve dollars, you will perceive that it is cheaper to travel on an Ohio steamer than board at a first class hotel.

We spend our time in strolling, reading, writing and discussing various topics. In the evening we generally have instrumental music by two of the waiters who are fine performers, and last evening we were favored with some vocal by some of the lady passengers, and among the number of songs sung was "*Do they miss me at home.* My thoughts wandered back in recollection of old Talbot, and I wondered if I too, was so missed.

You may probably hear from me when I arrive in the Territories. K.

LOUISVILLE, 3 mo. 31, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—Soon after closing my last letter we arrived at Cincinnati, the Queen city of the West. Cincinnati is situated in a beautiful valley about 12 miles in circumference, on the North bank of the Ohio river—distance by river from Pittsburg, 476 miles.

It is laid out with considerable regard to regularity; the streets in the centre of the city being broad and intersecting each other at right angles, and many of the hills surrounding the city are adorned with stately and elegant mansions. There are many fine hotels here, the Burnett House perhaps being the most spacious, containing 342 rooms—the cost of buildings 800,000, and furniture 100,000 dollars. It is named in honor of Judge Burnett, one of the early pioneers of the West.

The fire department here have adopted the steam fire engines and pay system instead of the old volunteer companies, they avoiding the many fire riots that so often disgrace our Eastern cities.—They have three large and five small engines, each being drawn by four horses.—The hose and ladder carriages are also drawn by horses. The horses are large, noble animals, and are well trained. It takes from eight to twelve minutes to generate steam. I had an opportunity of seeing them out, but the alarm being false was disappointed in seeing them operate. Cincinnati has increased rapidly; in 1819 it was incorporated as a city, and in 1820 contained a population of 10,000; it is now estimated to contain 200,000.

Yesterday afternoon we left the city, and just before sunset passed North Bend, noted as the former residence and grave of the late lamented President Harrison. On a beautiful knoll just below, his remains are interred. A plain brick vault is erected over them, and is visible for several miles up and down the river

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's honor blest."

The residence is quite a plain farm house, handsomely situated in a grove or cluster of trees, about a fourth of a mile from the river. As we passed the passengers crossed to the side of the boat and silently contemplated the spot.

While in Cincinnati I spent part of an afternoon and evening in the Burnett house reading-room, examining the files of papers (which were mostly Southern and Western) for Kansas items, and from the matter there found, together from conversation with gentlemen who have been in and are again returning to the Territory, I have formed the following conclusions, whether these conclusions will be confirmed by occular demonstration, time will make manifest.)

First. That the climate of Kansas is salubrious and healthy, and that its soil East of the 97° of longitude is unsurpassed for agricultural purposes.

Secondly, That the number of bonafide slaveholders in the Territory are not more than fifty, there are a number who do not own slaves that are pro-slavery.)

Thirdly. That the emigration this Spring will be near 50,000 persons, nine tenths of whom are free state men. (Those arriving in the Territory after the 15th of the present month are debarred from voting at the next election.

Fourthly, That the administration, both at Washington and in the Territory, will do all in their power to make Kansas a slave State.

Fifthly, That Kansas will ultimately be free. K.

THRILLING ROMANCE—*Sold.*—Some time since a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance, in the expectation of being provided with the concluding portions as they might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving its principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice.—It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries began to be made concerning the continuation of the story and the fate of its hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain—they never came to hand.—Finding that they had been sold and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their cotemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus:

"CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

"After hanging to the treacherous limb for four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake-and-ridered fence, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children."

TURKISH COURAGE.—The Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe with the same nonchalance as he smokes his pipe. He is taught from his birth that the moment of his death is fixed, and that a whole charge of artillery aimed at his heart would miss him, if destiny had decreed his time not come. He is taught also that he will go straightway to Paradise the moment of his death. With both these ideas, he is so fully impressed, that no danger moves him, and he lies on his deathbed as calmly as on a bed for sleep.

A man named Albert Wood murdered a Miss Shaw, in Moravia, New York, on the 25th ult., by shooting her through the heart. He deed accomplished, he deliberately reloaded his pistol and shot himself, dying instantly.