PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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, JULY 4, 1857. No. 29.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-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.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post paid will receive prompt attention.

For the Easton Gazette.

AN ADDRESS TO THE COMET.*

Bright wand'rer from afar, whence art thou come?
Through worlds unnumbered thou hast found thy way—
Worlds all-resplendent with heaven's purest light—
To our dull earth. Perhaps thou'rt just returned
From parts extreme of the great universe,
And tidings to our anxious ears dost bring
That will make them tingle, and fill our minds
With wonder, and with fear lest some great change,
Deranging the right order of the sphere,
May ruin bring upon the earth and heaven.
Or wilt thou tell how new-created orbs
Are springing from the abyss, confused and dark,
Of chaos old, to the glowing suns
Of other worlds, to give them light and heat?
What stars hast thou approached, and visited
In thy erratic course? They say that now
Thou'rt wand'ring near the cold and drear abode
Of the great Bear; then surely thou canst say
How fares that worthy, how he doth perform
His nightly circuit round the northern pole,
Since he was thawed, and did new life receive,
By means of that bold character, young Phaeton,
Who set the world on fire. Or it may be,
The dwellers in those regions, so remote,
Thou canst describe, and tell us who they are.
Do angels there inhabit, good or bad?
Or men weighed down with pond'rous flesh and blood?
Who in Arcturus live, or in that star,
So bright and beautiful, Aldebaran,
That in th' eye doth shine of th' ecliptic Bull?
Or thou perhaps dost know what beings breathe
The cold, fresh air of Herschel, or roam o'er
The broad, well-lighted plains of Jupiter.
Undying are they, vig'rous and robust,
With beauty blooming that can never fade?
Live they in love, and peace, and happiness,
All undisturbed by care? Or are they frail,
Oppressed with sorrow, and with care o'erwhelmed,
Disturbed by hate, and strife, and bloody war,
Till in the grave, like us, they find repose?
But of thy deeds in thy advent'rous flight.
Through middle, aether, and supernatural space,
'Mong spheres that move with lightning speed, and cross,
Heedless, thy devious and uncertain path,
More from thee we would learn: we ask thee then,
Hast thou no stars o'erthrown? none from their course
Ever turned aside by the attractive power,
Or by collision with them in thy flight?
O spare our own poor planet! Thy approach
Has filled our timid minds with dread. We fear
Lest thou, with force tremendous, shouldst destroy
Our balance in the heavens, or whirl around
Our frozen poles toward east and west, and thus
Our seasons all confuse, and joyous Spring,
And Summer bright, and pensive Autumn mild,
And Winter stern, should cheer our hearts no more,
And we be doomed to death. Or worse than this,
If worse could be, we fear lest thou shouldst send
Our earthly home, with all its fine array
Of continents, and isles, and mountains high,
And oceans vast, whose waves mount up to heaven,
And beasts, and birds, and fish that swim its seas,
And men that rule it with an iron sway,
Blazing and thund'ring through the heavenly void,
Until, to cinders turned, it should be lost
To universal nature, and forgot.
O vain and foolish fears, say the wise ones,
That view, with telescope, thy shining hair,
And thy transparent substance, and descry
The glitt'ring gems of heaven far beyond,
Through thy most solid parts. Thou'rt nothing more
Than vapour, they assert—phosphoric air—
A brilliant jack o' lantern far away—
A harmless, bright, and beauteous wanderer
'Mong the great luminaries of the sky.
So may it be; and yet what'er thou art,
Thou'rt under His command, Who made thee such.
Thy wand'rings He directs; to Him is known
Thy path, though spiral as the serpent's coils.
And full least with dangers, real and great.
His will thou dost obey; and thee He will
In safety guide beyond our globe, and send
Thee on thy distant journey, and again,
At his appointed time, will bring thee back,
And show thee to the wond'ring eyes of men;
That His great power thou may'st to them declare,
And through the universe His glory spread.

* The word "comet" is derived from the Greek word "kome" hair. The hair-like appearance of its tail has given the name to the heavenly body.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find men striving for distinction, honor and happiness.

Every conceivable expedient is resorted to in order to accomplish their designs.—There are many men who go to and fro over the earth, seeking in what manner they may, with the least trouble to themselves, reach the end they have in view.

It makes but little difference with them whether the means they employ be the best adapted to the accomplishment of their designs or not, so that it elevates them in the estimation of the public. They stop not to inquire which would be the most appropriate sphere for them, which is the proper channel in which their powers should be exerted, whether they are so capacitated as to derive more enjoyment from this or that employment, or whether they are endowed with taste and talents for this or that business.

These questions do not enter their calculations. It is not the great object of enquiry with them, how they can best accomplish the design for which they were created, but how they may most easily accomplish their own designs.

It is perhaps universally true of man that he loves ease, that he loves freedom to do nothing, that he wishes to go through the world with as little exertion as possible; but how peculiarly applicable is this truth to men of the present day. Scarcely one in fifty of our young men stops to consider whether the occupation which he selects for life is the one in which he can be the most useful.

The young man that enters upon the study of medicine or law, scarcely ever considers and very frequently cares about as little whether it is the occupation for which he was intended or not.

The young gentlemen of this age must go and spend at least a part of their fortune at college, perhaps graduate, or else quit after a year or two, because he finds it too much of an "up hill business," and then away he must go to a profession, or some so-called honorable employment, the name of which he thinks will carry him through the world. It is profession, profession. "I must be a professional character. Every body is following a profession and I must do like the world."

Notwithstanding many of our young men neither have tastes nor talents for profession, it would be too grand a condescension to think of anything else.

Though they possess fine mechanical genius, and though, by devoting themselves to some manual employment, and uniting the genius with labor, they might do great good to society, and enrol their names upon Fame's proud temple, and have their memories revered by posterity as great benefactors of their race, they must have a "sheep's skin," and think it as great an honor as they need aspire after, to have a handle attached to their names. Though very many have a wonderful taste for agriculture, and are so constituted that they would enjoy more happiness from a farmer's life than any other, though they have been brought up in this business, and are well acquainted with it; now that they have grown up to be their own men, and have gone to College, they think it would be a disgrace for them to follow a trade or to cultivate the earth. They conceive the grand mighty idea that society would think less of them were they to endeavor to live by honest industry and hard labor, that they might bring disgrace upon themselves and their families.

While this is a view that many are pleased to take of this subject, we shall endeavor to show, that so far from being dishonorable, it is one of the surest ways to success, and honor, and happiness. And that while the professions are highly honorable, and we would not, were we able, detract at all from the high repute in which they are held, more dignity attaches to no condition of life, and more honor and importance belongs to no character in society than to the honest laborer.

There is a dignity, which, from its very nature, belongs to labor. Instead of occupying that low and contemptible place to which it is wont to be assigned, it should rank first and foremost among the various employments of life. Instead of dishonoring and degrading man, it elevates high in the scale of worth.

The honest, industrious laborer, who lives free from censure and above suspicion as much entitled to the confidence, respect and esteem of his fellowmen as any member of the society.

There are three important standpoints from which we may view this subject:

1. Man made to labor.

2d. By conforming to this law of his nature, he promotes his own happiness.

3d. By so doing, he contributes to the happiness of his fellow man.

We learn that man was made to labor, first, from the command of God himself.—He has declared unto man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This was the Divine decree when man was driven from the garden of Eden; it still remains, and will, doubtless, ever remain in force. We learn it again, from the fact that man's physical, intellectual and moral development depends, in a very great degree, upon it. The development of the entire man is greatly aided by labor. The Creator has endowed man with capacities, and left with him to say whether they shall lie dormant and entirely useless, or be developed and trained, and thus made to contribute to his happiness.

The light of nature of itself would teach us that such is the case. Observations and experience teach that the muscles and sinews and various members of our physical organization, are dependent upon the amount of training they receive for their health and growth. To be convinced of this we need only observe the difference between the full grown, healthy, and the mere dwarf, or the sickly and effeminate creature, with simply the name of a man so far as he is physically concerned. Look at the laborious man, who from his youth up has been accustomed to hard work, and if he has enjoyed a good opportunity, and has met with no calamity, you will always find him possessed of a sound and healthy body. He is strong and vigorous, able to endure fatigue and suffer hardships; while the man who, from early life, has been accustomed to spend his time in ease, who has never known what it was to labor, whose powers have been allowed to lie lifeless, who, though by nature endowed with a more perfect organization, has subjected his various members to no training, is now, perhaps the victim of disease, and in no manner fitted for the duties of life. Or if there are some men who have never subjected themselves to any physicial discipline, and are yet strong and healthy, this is rare—and, to say the least of it, they are still just as much inferior to what they would have been, had they pursued this other course, which common sense and the light of nature and revelation would have suggested.

Nature has her fixed and unalterable laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. To these laws rewards and punishments are attached. Upon those who obey these she is most lavish in bestowing her rewards; but upon him who violates them, she visits her punishment in all their vigor severity.

To look now at the development of the intellectual man, we find that much bodily exercise is absolutely essential in the development of the mind, a fact confirmed by the experience of nine or ten students, who have for any length of time confined themselves to hard study. Without it the mind soon becomes wearied, and the mental powers refuse to perform their appropriate functions faithfully. But with constant, vigorous exercise, the mind may be trained to an extent that but few men conceive of.—A heathen poet has said: "Mous sana in sano corporo." (A sound mind in a sound body.) Bodily exercise gives vigor and energy and activity to every faculty of the mind. It imparts a degree of life and elasticity to the intellect that nothing else can impart.

Some are ready to say, "The laboring man has no time to study." But we do not advocate the doctrine that no man can be a student except him who studies text books; neither do we believe it. Far from it. A man is not obliged to confine himself to the school of letters, nor to the mathematics and languages of college in order to be a student. There is another book, and there are other schools in which he may study. The book of nature has never yet been mastered. It contains problems which have never yet been fathomed. It introduces man into a boundless field. To its rich treasures, its deep fountains, its inexhaustible store houses, every man is invited. It is a volume which all may study, and from which the wisest may still learn wisdom. Yes! we rejoice to say that the creator has furnished us a book in which we all can study; from the most illiterate to the most learned: from which the humble plough-boy and the honest mechanic may draw rich treasures as well as the philosopher and the devotee of science. And thus we see that the laboring man is in this respect always prepared for study. Besides this, his mind can always be employed with his labor. However well he may be acquainted with his business, it always requires his attention, and he may constantly occupy his thoughts in endeavoring to discover some improvement in the mode of labor and the implements he employs. It is certain that this mind need never be idle, but always will be employed.

As to man's moral development, we need say but little in this connection. "The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop," is an adage no less common than true. While we do not say that no men such as labor with their hands can be good and upright and virtuous and holy, on the other hand, that all such laboring men are good, it is an indisputable truth that labor does have a tendency to cultivate in man moral, upright, correct, virtuous and Christian feelings.

To come now to the second position, viz: that the laboring man promotes his own happiness, I need only refer the many honest and honorable laborers who may chance to see this, to their own experience, and all others to their testimony. If he who knows that he is living in the faithful and honest discharge of his duty, who knows that he is fulfilling the design of his Creator; that he supplies the want of himself and of his fellow men, and that he is contributing to the happiness of others, cannot and ought not to be contented and happy, who, in the name of reason and of common sense ought to be?

As the weary farmer plods his way homeward and reflects that his time has all been employed: that he is providing for his family; that his fields are waving with rice grain, and his barn will soon groan with the weight of the productions of the harvest, that everything around him is abundantly supplied with food and all are comfortable and happy—he surely must be contented.—He enjoys a calm and contented spirit, a well as a quiet conscience.

But while the laborer promotes his own happiness he likewise contributes to the happiness of his fellow man. He it is that provides means of support and comfort and luxury for society. He is continually contributing his mite to supply the wants of the poor, alleviate the suffering of the afflicted and distressed, promote the welfare of society, and increase the enjoyment of all.

Who is it, permit us to ask, that furnishes the means of sustenance and food to us all? Who is it that supplies the rich man with the many conveniences by which he is surrounded? It is the laboring man. It is he that supples the various rich and splended articles of furniture that adorn his parlor. It is that industrious, honest, upright, honorable mechanic, to whom the "upper tens," as they delight to style themselves, the aristocrats, the millionaries and lords of the land would not deign to speak.

Who is it that builds our railroads and digs our canals? that annihilates space and brings mankind together almost as one common family? It is the laboring man. He it is who is continually making improvements in arts and discoveries in science.—He it is that digs from the bosom of the earth, and collects from every quarter of the world, the many valuable and precious minerals that are made to supply our wants and contribute to our happiness in a thousand ways. It is he who fells the forest, shapes the timber, constructs our ships and conducts our commerce. It is he, too, who very frequently investigates the truths and discovers the hidden mysteries of science. How many valuable additions have been made to science by the discoveries of the laboring man—truths which would otherwise, perhaps, have remained hidden for centuries from the greatest philosophers and scientific men ever known to the world. The laboring man has performed his part, too, in discovering the laws of Nature, and bringing the elements in tame subjection to the will of man. Has the lawyer, the doctor, the socalled gentleman, the politician, the artist, the aristocrat, the millionaire, the lord, the prince, the monarch, often done this? But very seldom.

Who are our geologists, and chemists, and astronomers? They are often among our most industrious laborers. Their work is by no means entirely intellectual.—They perform as much physical labor as any other class of men, save the regular day laborer, who confines himself to manual labor. What class of men can be found who have undergone more privations, sufferings, hardships, and performed more severe or more effectual labor than have some of these?—Even the chemist, in his laboratory, can testify to the truth of this statement. Ask who prepares his chemicals, obtains his gasses and analyzes compounds, and he will tell you it is frequently by the hardest labor.

After all this, can any one say that the laboring man is of no importance in society, or that he does not deserve to be as much esteemed, respected and honored as any member of it? Surely not. It is upon him that society is dependent for food, for the comforts and luxuries of life, for the constructions of our railroads and various internal improvements, for the building of our cities, the carrying on of our commerce, and the support of our manufactures: and, finally, for every improvement in the arts and sciences. He is the man upon whom society is most dependent: he is the main-spring of its action, the vital spark of its existence. Take away the laborer, and you strike a deathblow at its very foundation.—There is no character without which it could not better exist. Though he may be but little noticed, and less cared for in times of peace, plenty, and happiness, he is the one to whom we all turn in times of emergency, of need, and of danger. In him, we then place our confidence; to him we fly, and upon him we rely for support and protection.

Though the laborer has always been looked upon as one of the lowest and least important characters in society: though the whole tendency of his nature, and the prejudice of nearly six thousand years have operated against him, and had erected a barrier which, till just now had been utterly insurmountable, we are proud to say, that a feeling of interest and deep concern in regard to this really most important, most worthy and most honorable character in society has begun to infuse itself into our people. An element is at work which ere long shall revolutionize the whole world on this subject. Men are being aroused to their interest, their eyes are begining to be opened. "The aristocracy of merit" is beginning to be acknowledged. The time is not far distant when the potent engine, Public Opinion, which has so long hurled its arrows of contempt and bitter reproach against the laborer shall be employed in rich garlands for his brow, and creating splendid monuments to his memory.

For the Easton Gazette.

GRAVEYARDS.

Here may the storm-bett vessell safely ride;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoyle.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

THE ELEGY.

As the worn and weary pilgrim advances on his rugged life-journey there springs up within his breast a yearning for some quiet spot where he may sleep, at the last, unmolested. The imprecation of the "Myriad-minded," upon whomever should disturb his bones, but expresses an emotion natural to us all. And shall those who survive outrage this instinct of the living, and forget the tender interest and care due the cherished dead? Oh! if a spot in the wide, wide, world, deserves to be hallowed, it is that consecrated to the purposes of human sepulture. Its very walls and monuments, its mounds and o'er-arching skies, cry out upon the uplifted hand which would ravage the modest homes of the departed.

Age and long use have but added to the sanctity of the solemn enclosure. Seasons have here come and gone, and the clustering bloom of sward and flower been succeeded by the pure, white, mantle, left by the winter-night's storm. Solemn trains have entered these gates, trodden those "foot-worn aisles," and gone forth again to the world—until, in the flight of years, family after family has been garnered within its wails. Here have the tears of affection fallen amid vernal blossoms, and the sighs of broken spirits mingled with the sad wail of December winds. These columns, bleaching with their paleness the surrounding scene, and graven with honored names; these slabs on which is recorded the saintly fame of pious souls; these mounds telling of humbler worth, have grown familiar to more than one generation. Who, acquainted with such dear old Graveyards, fenced in from the common earth, where sleep relatives, friends, neighbors, does not unite in indignant protest against the hand or foot that would profane them? Oh! have the gentle traits and good works of one generation no guaranties of perpetual protection in the grateful memories and affections of another? And is there nought of dignity and sacredness in the body that it should be treated with cold indifference when it ceases to go out and in before us, and is removed forever out of our dwellings? Weak and perishing, perverted and abused, as it may be, has it, nevertheless, no measure of glory and power which should attach respect and reverence to it when no more?—Through this dead matter were once conveyed the processes of thought and the results of reason—this inanimate corpse was once conscious of melancholy and joy, of triumph and defeat—here once flowed the tide of sentiment—here swelled the social emotion—this very dust shook with the throbs of passion!

"The body it is the physical armor of the soul! It is the garment in which God dressed our immortality, to be laid aside, indeed, in death, but to be resumed again, spiritualized and incorruptible, when death shall yield to life. The body! in it we love and worship; in it we spend the years of responsible life; in it we bear each other's burdens, and work for eternal interests. Its eye tells us of Heaven's heights, and its ear echoes in advance the songs and raptures of Heaven's courts. This mortal body thus adjoined on higher forms of being, is indeed splendid in ashes, and majestic even in the grave. Look upon that face now asleep in death, a face that has been for years the light of your home—a face that has smiled and wept with you through many a changing year—or a face, perchance, that once shone with the calm lustre of cultivated intellect, and reflected the blended lights of piety and wisdom. It lies pale and stirless before you. It is whiter than the shroud folds below it. The dew and silence which forewarn the worm are upon it. But as you gaze, can you forget what it has been?—Can you divorce it from recollections which concentrate it forever in your memory?—Could you consent that it should be laid away in some rude, ungenial spot, where no flower should bloom, no shadow of a loved memento fall?"

But we have been hurried into reflections, designed as the basis of a future article. It is our present purpose simply to introduce the following touching communication from the last "*Methodist Protestant*," which alludes to a species of vandalism too common and far too seldom rebuked. In the upas breath of avarice all the tender blossoms and gentle flowers of affections wither and decay. The same uncompromising spirit which drives the ploughshare through the modest burial spot in the midst of paternal acres, unjoints the solid masonry of the pyramids, and drags out for unhallowed merchandise the well cared for mummies of the Pharaohs.

ION.

THE DEAD.

MR. EDITOR:—I spent a few hours this morning in one of the ancient burial places of our extending city, but alas! what a change has taken place! This once beautiful spot now lies in ruins, and is almost depopulated. Friendship and love have removed not a few of the unoffending inhabitants to a more secure and quiet resting place; but many still remain, unable to protect themselves against the hand of the spoiler, and to ullappearance uncared for by those whose duty it is to protect them.

But why are the gates of this beautiful city thrown down? Why are its walls demolished? and why are its peaceable inhabitants thus assailed? What enemy has done this? Avarice hast thou done it?—Has thy cursed thirst for gold prompted thee to covet the last spot of earth occupied by these unsuspecting inhabitants? Couldst thou not be satisfied with thy large possessions? Must this tiny spot of earth's wide surface yield to thy insatiable appetite?—Well, thou mayest conquer now! thy superior power and influence may give thee a temporary victory; but there is a higher and mightier hand that will wrest from thee thy unlawful and ill-gotten gains. The fires of the last day shall consume thy treasures, and the unwelcome trumpet hail the to thee tribunal of him whose laws thou hast trampled under thy feet. Thou shalt then remember that the remonstrances of bereaved friends, the tears of the lone widow, and the sobs of the helpless orphan could not move thy hard and unyielding heart, nor stay thy destructive hand. The green mound has been leveled—the marble monument thrown down—the stately elm and the weeping willow felled to the earth! The delicate hand that planted those beautiful trees to shade the last resting place of some loved one, could avail naught with thee. They are no longer gently waving in the summer's breeze, or reluctautly bending to the winter's storm, and the sweet little songster that tuned his early note of praise while nestling among these shady boughs, has sought another altar on which to offer up his morning hymn.

But I see there two aged sires. What has brought them so early to this charnal house? Ah they have come to perform a sad office. Looking around upon the green turf with sad countenances, they are directing the keeper where to dig for the sleeping dust of the dear ones deposited there in gone by years. For one had father, mother, child, and friend sleeping there, and the other, nine sweet pledges of his early love, the children of a once fond and devoted mother, of a wife the dearest, most affectionate, and devoted: whose form now sleeps in the beautiful shade of Green mount, whither, to be laid by her side, he designed to convey the precious dust of his children.

The arrangement made, one of them retires for a time, and the other remains to observe that all is managed with becoming care.

Then I saw the strong man with spade and shovel throw the heavy earth from the opening grave—deeper and deeper descending until he reaches the thin particles of the decayed coffin; and now with care he slowly removes the earth from over the unconscious dust; while the old man resting upon one knee, and bending over the excavated grave, anxiously looks for something that he may recognize as the remains of one of his dear children. The coffin was not only gone, even the very bones had disappeared, and nothing of the once beautiful form remained, but a thin dark streak of earth. This was carefully lifted to the surface, and the old man with tearful eyes endeavored to secure the precious dust. And now another grave is opened, and another, until the large family lot was gone over, but alas! only a few bones, and a very small portion of dust could be collected.

And now I hear the old man consoling himself thus: "Well! the dust has indeed returned to the earth again. But the day is coming when it shall be collected together, reanimated, refined, immortalized and made like unto Christ's glorious body, when it shall become the immortal dwelling place of the immortal and glorified spirit. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "O grave where is thy victory?—Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!""

"O what precious words are those uttered by the Saviour of men—"I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye shall be there also." "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It is enough, it is enough. Amen!

And now, Mr. Editor, what think you of the practice of breaking up these depositories of the dead for the sake of opening a few streets and securing a little more building room when there is so much unoccupied space around us? Would it not be far better to beautify the grounds we already have, and leave these as ornamental squares accessible to the citizen, whenever inclination may lead him to visit the last resting place of the dead?

L. J. C.

Baltimore, June 11, 1857.

The Southern Journal of Mental and Physical Science states that a boy in the vicinity, eight years of age, has his lower extremities turned completely round.—There are no knee pans, the joints bend backwards, so that when he kneels the lower part of his legs are in front of the body. The heels are in front and the toes behind.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (K. T.)
6 mo. 20th, 1857.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Since my last letter there has but little occurred here of interest except news of a political character.

The Free State Convention assembled at Topeka on the 9th, being the same day appointed for the assembling of the Free State Legislature.

The Convention met at three o'clock Col. Lane in the chair. Judge Conway (late of Maryland,) chairman of the committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That the people of Kansas now as ever, disown as invalid and of no force or effect the authority of the territorial government as embodied in the enactments of the so-called Legislature of Kansas.

2d. That it is made incumbent on the people of Kansas by the highest consideration of justice and expediency to look forward now as ever, to their admission into the Union under the Constitution which they have already formed as the only method of adjusting existing difficulties to which they will assent.

3d. That the people of Kansas will pursue with unfaltering steadiness of purpose the application now pending upon the Congress of the United States for their admission into the Union under their own Constitution, and with their own government, resting their hopes for success thereof upon the profound confidence they feel that a measure so eminently just, and so accordant to the principles of past legislation in our country will eventually be conceded and sanctioned to them by the Representatives of the American people.

4th. That the Constitution framed and adopted at Topeka, had its origin in a public meeting, was the off-spring of the popular will; and experience has proved the wisdom of those who framed it, and it is the duty of the Legislature and officers elected under it to complete the State organization and keep its machinery in readiness for use so soon as the necessities of the people shall require.

The convention reaffirm the position taken in the 4th mo. (March) that the Free State men could not vote at the election to be held in 6th mo. (June.)

At a meeting during the evening in the front of Garey's Hotel, Governor Walker made one of the fairest and most eloquent speeches that has ever been delivered in Kansas. He assured the Free State Men that the Constitution to be formed by the delegates elected on the 16th should come before the people for a fair vote thereon and that it will be voted down, there can be no doubt.

The election for delegates to a constitutional Convention came off on the 16th and as anticipated the Free State party declined to vote. In Leavenworth county 46 votes were polled out of 1837 registered, (only about half of the legal voters of the county here registered.)

Douglas county polled two hundred votes out of 1500 registered. Some of the counties had no election. Immediately after the election the Board of Councilmen of this first city resigned. They were all pro-slavery. An election will be held in ten days to fill their places.

There are but two parties in Kansas, the whig, democratic, American and republican parties are all buried and the question here is, shall Kansas be a Free or Slave State.

This place still continues to increase rapidly, and property is held at a high figure, entirely too high for small capitalists.

Intilligence has been received at the Fort of the entire destruction of an emigrant train enroute to California, some hundred miles west of Fort Carney by the cheyenne Indians. Rumor has it that the oxen were killed, the wagons plundered and burnt, and every man, woman and child murdered and scalped. Col. Sumner is after them; it is to be hoped that he will be successful in giving the red-skins a lesson that they will not soon forget.

The past few days has been cold and unseasonable—so much so that in the evenings and mornings, shawls and overcoats feel quite comfortable. It is suggestive of a reason for this unusual weather that the comet has got in between the earth and Sun on its way to smash up the former.

K.

GRASSHOPPERS IN MINNESOTA.—The St. Anthony (Min.) Express speaks of the ravages of the grasshoppers in that region as follows:

"The region around Monticello is literally alive with grasshoppers. Never in our life did we see so many of these troublesome and destructive insects. They crackle under one's feet like brittle shells. There was no such thing as avoiding them: which ever way one looked or went they were manifesting themselves. Though not yet half grown, they are already doing immense damage, and unless they speedily emigrate must devour every green thing in Wright county."

BRIDGE BURNT.—The bridge over the James River and Kanawha Canal, at New Canton, Buckingham county, Va., was destroyed by fire a few nights since. It was insured for $10,000.

ST. LOUIS, June 22

Kansas—The Constitutional Convention.—The Republican learns that the counties of Doniphan, Atchison, Leavenworth, Johnson, Jefferson, Shawhie, and Douglas, in Kansas Territory, have elected forty one democratic delegates to the constitutional convention.

A letter to the Democrat says the vote in Leavenworth city was 225; while that of the whole county gives 50, Douglas 175, Franklin 30, as far as heard from.

CONCORD, June 22

New Hampshire Personal Liberty Bill.—The personal liberty bill was adopted by the House of Representatives to day by a vote of 184 against 114. The resolutions condemning the Dred Scott decision were then considered.