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WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

TO SWEET-BRIAR.

BY VIOLET.

Sweet-briar, whence're thy thoughts go back
To rove o'er memory's beaten track,
If thou should's see
Some hallowed spot 'mid love's fair bowers,
When we, together, cull'd Hope's flowers,
Then think of me.

When loving Zephyrs fan the cheek
And, of the wings of Angels, speak,
Sweet love to thee,
Oh! then, thine eyes of star-light cast,
On pictures guilded by the Past,
And dream of me.

And when Apollo's fingers stray
O'er golden chords, whence flows a lay
Of Minstrelsey,
While, o'er the harpstrings of thy soul,
The glorious bursts of music roll,
Remember ME.

When thy soul ope's its portals bright
To welcome the soft, heavenly light
Of Poesy,
Then let thy thoughts steal far away
To one, who loves its potent sway,
And dream of me.

When in gay scenes, where dazzling eyes
Vie, with the stars, that gem the skies,
In brilliancy;
While Love's soft whisper charms thine ear;
'Mid ALL, that makes thy young life dear;
Forget not ME.

But most of all, when musing sweet
Allures thee to a calm retreat
'Neath some green tree,
Breathe, in thy solitude, a prayer,
That God will give His Angel's care
O'er thee and me.

SUSQUEHANNA, Feb. 23d, 1858.

READ, YE PENNYWISE.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride, covered with the dust we had gathered on a dry, sany road, we called at "Squire Hobbs" to wet our mouth rest our bones and have a chat with the Squire. On our part, however, there was very soon a disposition to talk less and do more. This Hobbs—a good humored soul—perceived as by intuition, and soon left us to the soft influences of nature's sweet restorer.'

How long we slept, we needn't tell, and our readers needn't know. It was not long, however, for loud talking in the Squire's office soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us.—If it was eaves dropping it was no fault of ours. It seems that Joacum Gulie——Old Joe, a clever, sober-sided, close-fisted neighbor of the Squire—had called in to talk about 'the craps' and matters and things in general.'

'Well, Squire,' said Mr. Guile, 'do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a *nigger boy, these times?*'

'Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of six or eight at one time.'

'There was?'

'Yes, and I got a right likely negro boy, 18 years old, for $350. My word for it, I would not take a thousand dollars for him to-day.'

Just my luck--why I never heard a word of it. Who told you Squire?'

'Oh, you know I take the paper. I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way, I went on the day of the sale, thinking I might hit a bargain sure.'

'Well, I swear, I have got to have a hand somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Who's got a boy anywhere about?'

'You're too hard for me again. Uncle Joe—the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H——, deceased, were hired out at auction, and I'm told they were very low.'

'The d—d you say. Why didn't you tell me, Squire?'

'I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper; and I supposed every body took that; mor'n that, I din't know you wanted to hire. Did you know I had sold my Hardin tract of land?'

'No indeed. Who to?'

'Why, a rich old fellow from Georgia.—It was day before yesterday, and I got the 'yellow boys' cash up—only six dollars per acre. He said that he came across our paper in Alabama: he liked the description of the country; saw my wee bit of advertisement, and came to see me about it. We struck a bargain in no time.'

Jerusalem! And here I have been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than yours too, and you know it, Squire. Well what is, 'tis and can't be no 'tiser;' but I recon Squire, I've beat you on sugar. I bought last week, two barrels of sugar at 6 cents when every body has to give 7 cents. Beat that then!'

'With all ease, Uncle Joe—I bought mine at 5 cents.'

'No sir—I don't believe it. Now say where?'

At the house of W—— & Co. I got a rare bargain. You see they advertised in the paper that they were selling off at cost. I knew groceries would go quick, so I went in and bought a year's supply. Their groceries were all sold before night. I didn't pay the money either, for they took my United States land warrant at $1.25 per acre.

'Now, now, Squire! That can't be for my lawyers told me that it was not legal to sell my land warrant!

'Very true some time ago; but the news come lately in our paper, that Congress had made them assignable.'

'Well, 'tisnt fair—it's rascally? What right have those editors to get all the news and keep it themselves?'

'Ah, Uncle Joe, you don't understand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of all the improvements of the age—and ameliorate the condition of society. The paper goes abroad and recommends our country to enterprising and intelligent emigrants.—Can they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefitted by a paper? Is not every subscriber repaid four fold for the pittance of $2; his subscription price?'

Stop, Squire! stop right there! I'm agoing to take the paper. I'll go to town tomorrow and take six, and send them back to my kin folks in Georgia.

'You needn't go as far as that here's the editor right in the next room.'

Here the parties rushed in upon us, where we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say that after an introduction the name of Mr Joacom Gulic was entered on our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now when the parties alluded to shall read this we hope they will pardon for giving to the public the substantial facts urged by the Squire aiding us so effectually in '*getting a subscriber.*'

ABOUT THE CHINESE.

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Two travellers by the names of Fortune and Huc have written their adventures in China, and the British Reviews are full of them. We make some interesting extracts:

M. Huc thinks that every nation has a peculiar smell, and hence he was always detected and barked at by Chinese dogs, though dressed as a Chinese. The odor of a Chinaman is something like musk, and they all know the smell of a European, though it is well understood that we smell less strongly than other nations. But the Chinese have some sensible ideas (though perhaps more economical than graceful) as to

DRESSING WARMLY ENOUGH.

They cannot imagine, says M. Fortune, how the Europeans exist with the thin clothing they generally go about in. When the weather was cold, I used always to wear a stout, warm great coat above my other dress, and yet the Chinese were continually feeling my clothes, and telling me that surely I must feel cold. Their mode of keeping themselves comfortable in winter differs entirely from ours. They rarely or never think of using fire in their rooms for this purpose, but as the cold increases they put on another jacket or two, until they feel that the warmth of their bodies is not carried off faster than it is generated. As the raw, damp cold of morning gives way to the genial rays of noon, the upper coats are one by one thrown off until evening, when they are again put on. In the spring months, the upper garments are thrown off by degrees, and when the summer arrives, the Chinese are found clad in their dresses of cotton, or in the grass-cloth manufactured in the country. In northern towns, the ladies sometimes use a small brass stove, like a little oval basket, having the lid grated, to allow the charcoal to burn and the heat to escape: this they place upon their tables or on the floor, for the purpose of warming their hands and feet. Nurses also carry these little stoves in their hands under the feet of the children. Such, however, is the thickness and warmth of their dresses, that it is only in the coldest weather they require them. Little children in winter are so covered up that they look like bundles of clothes, nearly as broad as they are long: and when the padding is removed in warm weather, it is difficult to imagine that you see before you the same individuals.

The prodigality of clothing is rendered the more necessary by the aversion of the Chinese, of which M. Huc speaks, for "gymnastic promenades." The most patient, industrious, and persevering of mankind, when there is an object to be gained, exertion without profit is a notion that they cannot comprehend To watch Europeans recreating themselves, by pacing up and down with the activity of travellers hurrying for a goal, is a spectacle which raises in them the same emotions with which Cowper contemplated the barren speculations of philosophical theories:

"Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Mr. Fortune and some English friends, who went up the country by canal from Ningpo were accustomed to get out from the boat when tired of setting, and walk awhile upon the bank. "It is not strange," they heard a Chinese say, "that these people prefer walking when they have a boat as well as ourselves!"

These travellers seem to think

THE CHINESE ARE NATURAL COOKS.

"You have only to take the first man that comes, and after a few days' practice he will acquit himself of his duties to a miracle. The most astonishing thing of all is the excessive simplicity of their means; a single sauce-pan is the only implement they require for executing the most difficult combinations." The national predeliction is for made dishes, more after the manner of the French than the English. The humblest peasant is expert in concocting savory messes out of the simplest materials.—A Chinamen, Mr. Fortune states, would starve upon what used, and perhaps to be the harvest diet of Scottish laborers—milk and porridge for breakfast and supper, and bread and beef for dinner. The tea-makers whom we took over to India could not live upon the salt beef and biscuit of our English sailors. They had a private store of articles with which, at a small expense, they compounded dishes that gratified the palate, as well as appeased hunger.

"A real Chinese dinner cannot appear otherwise than strange to an unreflecting foreigner, who imagines that there can only exist one method of living among all the nations in the world. To begin with dessert and finish with soups; to drink wine hot and smoking out of small percelain cups; to employ two little sticks instead of a fork, to take up the food, which is brought to the table ready cut into mouthfuls; to use, instead of napkins, little squares of soft, colored paper, of which a supply is placed by the side of each guest, and which a servant carries away as they are done with; to leave your place between the courses to smoke or amuse yourself: to raise your chop-sticks to your forehead, and lay them upon your cup, to announce to the company that you have finished your dinner—these are all singularities which rouse the curiosity of Europeans.—The Chinese, on their part, never get over their surprise when they see us at the table, and they inquire how it is that we can swallow our drinks cold, and how we came by the singular and extravagant idea of making use of a trident to convey our food to our mouths, at the risk of running it into our lips or our eyes.

They think it very odd that our nuts and almonds are served up in their shells, and that the servants do not take the trouble to peel the fruit, and cut out the bones from the meat. Though they are not very nice about the nature of their food, and relish fritters of silkworms and preserved tadpoles they cannot understand the predilection of our epicures for a high pheasant, or a cheese that has all the movements of an animated being. At a dinner which was attended by Captain Laplace, of the French navy, salted earth-worms formed part of the first course, but so disguised that the confiding guests ate them without a suspicion of the truth."

HOW THE CHINESE EAT.

"It cannot be denied that there is nothing in which nations are more capricious than in their adoption and rejection of articles of diet. A Chinese cook in the service of a European at Macao, sent up a dish of snipe without the trail. Hosts and guests, of whom M. Huc was one rated him for his ignorance, and told him, to his astonishment, that he had committed a crime which could not be pardoned twice. A few days afterwards, he had to dress some birds which were not snipes, and was careful to preserve their precious contents. He was dismissed, despairing ever to comprehend, the culinary code of Europeans, and wondering as much at the gross taste which could venture upon the entrails of a bird, as we of the west can marvel at the Chinese relish for earthworms. Frogs are esteemed throughout the empire. They are brought to the towns in tubs or baskets; and the frogmonger, in the intervals between serving his customers, chops off the heads of the animals and draws off their skins. They are sold, like everything in China, by weight

"Another custom, which at first found little favor with either Mr. Huc or Mr. Fortune, they discovered upon experience, to be exceedingly agreeable. Towels, from which hot water had been rung out, are brought round in trays after meals, and each of the guests wipes his face with a reeking cloth. The same process is gone through after journeys. It is, in fact, the Chinese mode of washing, and though not the most effectual, Mr. Fortune, pronounces it far more refreshing than cold bathing to a person who is hot and tired with walking. The natives rarely use soap. When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a place of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than ever. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also.—With two of these I succeeded—finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiments of this nature."

CHINESE POLITENESS.

There is a funny account of Chinese manners which will amuse some of our plain re-publications. It appears that they practice a politeness which is talk: "The essence of good manners is in the preference for others in the smaller affairs of life; in a petty benevolence reduced to rule and enforced by society upon all to supply the want of the reality in many. The rules are defective in proportion as the civility is barren. Tied by this test, the Chinese are not much in advance of ourselves. They give you, says Mr. Huc, the most pressing invitation, but it is on condition that you refuse them. The native Christian of a Roman Catholic station in the north went on one saint's day to attend service in a chapel attached to the house of a catechist. The service ended, the catechist pressed the whole of the congregation which was numerous, to stay and dine with him. Every one replied to his entreaties by an excuse. With an air of mortification at the repeated refusals he at last caught hold of a cousin, and begged him, by the ties of relationship, to remain. The cousin pleaded business, and after a protracted contest of earnest requests and peremptory denials, the catechist proceeded to use force, and endeavored to drag his refractory relation into the house. "If, said he, "you will not eat mice with me, at least, come in and drink a glass of wine." The cousin consented to this compromise. After sitting long and no wine appearing, he ventured to inquire when it was likely to be brought in. 'Wine! wine!" said his astonished host: "do you suppose I have any wine here? and do you not know that I never drink wine, since it gives me the stomach ache?"—"Then, why replied his guest, "did you not let me go instead of insisting upon my coming in? The question threw the catechist in a rage. He abused his cousin for an ignorant boor, asked him where he had learnt manners, and with cutting sarcasm exclaimed, "What! I do you the civility to invite you to drink wine, and you have not the courtesy to decline" Mr. Huc witnessed the scene.

CHINESE DWELLING HOUSES.

The architecture of the Chinese is unique. What we express by the word house, for example finds no corresponding term or idea among them. From the palace to the hovel, the tent type prevails: as well in temples as in private dwellings. Dwelling houses are generally of one story having neither cellars nor basement, and for the most part, without dormer-windows or attics. They must not have ornaments appropriate to palaces or temples, or to aspire the height of the former. The common materials are brick, but wooden houses are not unknown.

The general arrangement of the interior of a Chinese dwelling of the better sort is that of a series of rooms of different dimensions, separated and lighted by intervening courts, accessible along a covered corridor communicating with each or by side passages, leading through the courts. The custom of cramping the foot, and thus disabling the women in a degree from going up and down stairs, may have had the effect of making buildings low, and causing an expansion on a level, in order to make the necessary room required for large or wealthy families. Door plates and numbers are unknown; as a substitute for which, under the projecting eves, hang paper lanterns, informing passers-by of the name and title of the household, which, when lighted at night, serve to illume the street and designate his habitation

The entrance into large mansions in the country is by a triple door, leading through a lawn or garden up to the hall: but in towns a single door, usually elevated a step or two above the street, introduces the visitor into a porch or court. The intervening space is occupied by the porter. Passing behind the moveable screen inside the doorway, a paved open court commonly adorned with flowers or a fancy fish pool, is crossed upon entering the principal hall. The floors are made of square piles of brick or marble, or hard cement, and matted—wooden floors not being common on the ground story. The rooms are dim even in a bright day, in the absence of carpets, and fire-places, and windows, to afford from them a prospect abroad. The kitchen is a small affair; for the universal use of portable furnaces enables the inmates to cook wherever the smoke will be least troublesome. Warming the houses in the latitude of Peking is done by closing the crevices and constructing flues under the rooms, which are heated by one fire.

The poor build a sort of brick fire-place, which is used for cooking by day, and by night for a bed, where all the family sleep on felt carpet, placed on the warm bricks. Fuel is scarce and dear. The house of the poor are dark, dirty, low; and narrow tenements, with neither floors nor windows, and but few apartments, wretched in the extreme. The door is a mat swinging from the jinted and the whole family sleep, eat and live in a single apartment, and pigs, dogs and hens dispute the space with the children, who are apt to be numerous.

The best furniture is made of a dark durable wood, resembling ebony; but the rooms are filled with ornamental articles, such as large porcelain jars and vases, copper tripods, stone screens, book shelves and stands, rather than with chairs, couches and tables. Though some of them are not destitute of elegance, there is a want of what we call comfort. The bedrooms are small, poorly ventilated, and seldom visited except at night. A rich bedstead is a massive article, made of costly woods, elaborately carved and supporting a tester, from which hang silken curtains, with mosquito nets attached. Mattrasses or feather beds are not used, and the pillow is a hard square frame of satan or bamboo. A wardrobe and toilet usually complete the furniture of this part of the house of the Chinese, who generally care little for their sleeping apartments.

The grounds of the wealthy are laid out in good style, and were not their tasteful arrangement and diversified shrubbery abandoned to neglect, sometimes to nastiness, and offals, they would please the most fastidious. An open space within the enclosure is set aside for the necessary recreation of the women and children: sometimes some of the soil is secured even though it be only a plot of flowers or a bed of vegetables. In the imperial garden, as well as in others where the owner is able, the attempt to make an epitome of nature has been highly successful.

MAKING THE DEAF HEAR.—Business called us yesterday, for brief period, to the establishment of Mr. Pugh Madeira, at No. 103 South Eight Street. Mr. M. is a manufacturer and vender of surgical instruments, and such other appliances as are generally used by the medical profession, and his known courtesy and politeness, did not permit me to remain long without an examination of some of the curiosities of his stock. Our attention was directed especially to the accoustic department of Mr. M.'s stock, and we do not hesitate to say that it is without doubt, the most superior and perfect of the kind ever presented to our notice. There are in this community thousands of persons who are inconveniently deaf, and among them there are many who are so unfortunate as to be almost entirely deprived of hearing. Our visit to the establishment of Mr. Madiera, however, induces us to say to them that are without a remedy, and judging from a trial of articles which were shown to us in the way of artificial drums, trumpets, comets, &c., we doubt not but that the worst possible case of deafness which can be presented, is susceptible of an almost perfect alleviation, if application be made in the proper quarter. We advise such of our readers as may have been so unfortunate as to have lost their hearing in any degree, to call on Mr. M. at once, and we doubt not that after they have done so, they will thank us for the information we have communicated in this brief notice. Editor, "Banner of the Cross," February 4, 1858.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was sitting in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another seeking repose from the care and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine looking boy, about six years of age, following around a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable appearance. The child was usually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance: and from his cap fell clustering chesnut curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparation for going to bed. I watched them.

The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his neck to protect the curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young, happy heart rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, put his little hands together, so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat down by his side and awaited the conclusion. It was a long prayer, for a child, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men retiring to rest without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat cabin and before strangers, acknowledging the goodness of God or asking his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on his sunny locks, as she taught him to pray?

AARON'S CALF DISCOVERED.

'William, look up" said Lawyer Grey; tell us who made you?'

William, who was considered a fool, screwing up his face and looking somewhat bewildered, slowly answered—

'*I dun' no—Moses, I 'spose!*'

'*That will do, William.*'

'Now,' said the counsel, addressing the court, 'the witness says he 'sposes Moses made him. This, certainly, is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint knowledge of the holy scriptures; but I submit that it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness to give evidence.'

'Mr. Judge,' said the fool, 'may I ax the lawyer a question?'

'Certainly, William,' said the Judge, 'as many as you please.'

'Wall, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'ye think made you?'

Lawyer Grey, imitating witness 'I dun 'no—Aaron, I 'spose.'

After the mirth had subsided, the witness exclaimed aloud—

'Wall now, we read in the good book that Aaron once made a *Calf*, but who'd have thought that the tarnel critter had got here."

The court was in a roar, and the counsel looked all colors at once.

DEATH OF TWO OLD HORSES.—A horse owned by Robert Playford, who resides near Media, died on the 20th ult., aged 33 years and 10 months. "Jack" was raised by Mr. Playford, and served the family faithfully for the long period above stated. A sorrel mare named "Peg," owned by Spencer M'Ilvain of this borough, died on the 28th ult., at the advanced age of thirty-six years. She was purchased by Mr. M'Ilvain at the age of six years, and had been in his possession ever since. These animals were perhaps the oldest in the county, and having been well used, their lives were greatly prolonged. It is seldom, however, a horse lives beyond thirty years.—Mr. Percival gives an account of a barge-horse that in his sixty-second year, and a Mr., Youatt quotes the record of another horse that received a ball in his neck at the battle of Preston in 1715, and which was extracted at his death in 1758. These are rare instances of old age in the horse, and have been deemed worthy of especial record.—*Del. Co. Rep.*

WALKING INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.—Fowler says: A short and quick step indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads. Those who slut or draw their heels, drag and drawl in everything; while those who walk with a springing, bounding step abound in mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affected, and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish much; whereas those who walk carelessly, that is, naturally, are just what they appear to be, and put on nothing for outside show. Those who in walking, roll from side to side, lack directness of character, and side every way, according to circumstances. In short, every individual has his own peculiar mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character, so that, so far as you can see such modes, you can decipher such outline of character.

Gough, the Temperance champion, is lecturing at Liverpool.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

FORT LEAVENWORTH, K. T.
February 12th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: I did not fulfill my promise in regard to sending you the official vote for State officers, because the exact returns were scarcely known here before they were known in Washington. According to Gen. Calhoun it was very uncertain which party had a majority, until the vote of the Delaware Agency was determined upon, which was not made known here, until after Gen. Calhoun had left the Territory for Washton. The fact in regard to the returns from that precinct, as elicited by the committee appointed by the Legislature for the investigation of fraudulent voting, are rather peculiar, and as the subject of Kansas frauds are occupying no little of the attention of Congress and of the Country, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to know *the facts of the case. One of the Judges* of the election stated on oath before the committee, that "on the eve of the day of election, after the polls had been closed, Jack Henderson stopped at his house on his way to Lecompton and offered to take the returns with him, and that the number of votes entered on the poll book at that time was 43." Jack Henderson stated that he took the poll book with him as far as Leavenworth and there handed it over to Mr. Deifendorf, who promised to take it or else send it direct to Lecompton. And that he neither knew, examined, or interfered with the returns in any way, farther than as above stated." Deifendorf stated that "he saw Henderson at the time spoken of by the latter and spoke to him, but that nothing was said in any manner in regard to the returns of the Delaware Agency." Genl. Calhoun kept a body guard of U. S. troops about him, as report says, for the purpose of keeping off the committee of medlers. At all events they did not get hold of him, and consequently could not get his testimony. He did, however, immediately after the investigation had concluded, publish the returns from that precinct as being 513, which was first reported to have been 443. Now the circumstantial evidence in the case is this, which almost any where else amounts to positive evidence. The precinct of the Delaware Agency or Delaware Crossing which are one and the same, lies on the North side of the Kaw River, on lands belonging to the Delaware Indians, and on which lands white persons are prohibited from settling without the permission of the Agent. The only white settlers therefore on the lands are the Agent himself, the ferryman and some two or three assistants, a butcher, a blacksmith, a few carpenters at work for Indians and one or two whites married to Delaware Squaws.

I am sure from my own personal knowledge of the country, that the entire number of legal voters cannot exceed 43, and even this amount appears to me to be somewhat exagerated.

Now, in an unbiased spirit and in all candor, are the Free State party of this Territory deserving of all the maledictions that have been heaped upon them by the President and his party in Congress. In short, is there not a great deal of allowance to be made in their favor for resisting the Territorial laws, when it is evident that by tamely submitting to them and to the dictates of Government officials, they are to be most outrageously swindled out of the sacred privileges guaranteed to the American people through the ballot box. I would not for a momet uphold or defend the principles of Abolitionism or Black Republicanism, but I do mean to denounce, as the conservative people of this Territory do, the actions of the federal government in this Territory. It is a plainly evident truth, that justice has never characterised the actions of the federal government in respect to Kansas, since it was ascertained by President Buchanan, that he could not make Governor Walker understand, that in his instructions to the latter he meant the reverse of what he said. And it is a notorious fact that the President or his party care not a fig for the wishes or the interests of the people of Kansas in its admission as a State into the Union, but for their own partisan interests and selfish popularity. For evidence of this fact the people of the Territory have the every official act of the government officials in the Territory, and the people abroad have for evidence the invitation to Walker to resign, for the avowed and self-evident cause of his attempting the suppression of outrageous fraud. But President Buchanan has already defeated the interests of the South by countenancing and encouraging in the manner he has, the frauds that have been imposed upon this people. For the past two years it has been evident that it is morally impossible to make a slave State out of this Territory in a legitimate manner.—But under the administration of Walker, it showed signs of no inconsiderable tenor, that if it was not to be converted into a slave State, neither would it bend beneath the thraldom of Abolitionism, but would ever be a friend to the South, and would rank as such with Pennsylvania and Indiana. But the course pursued by the Federal Government has concentrated the different factions of Republicanism, besides causing very many desertions from the ranks of the Democracy. Just as soon as Kansas is made a State under the Lecompton Constitution, just so soon will the movement commence here to call a convention for the formation of a new Constitution which will be no less obnoxious to the South than is the Topeka Constitution, and which will eventually go into effect as sure as the Free State party say it shall. And as a Southernor I contemplate with sorrow the due event.

BAY HUNDRED.

P. S.—The Investigating Committee report to have found the original returns from Delaware Crossing under a huge wood pile at Lecompton, and which agree with the testimony given by the Judge of the election as being forty-three.