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. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858. No. 13.

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.

News Items.

☞The New York Churchman will soon be changed from a weekly to a daily paper. This, when effected, will be the first instance of the publication of a strictly christian daily journal, either in this country, or any where else, and will therefore mark a new era in the history of the religious press.

☞Some men who were engaged in cutting ice in one of the creeks attached to Buffalo, on Tuesday last, actually sawed the body of a man in two, and the presence of the body was not known until the parts were seen in the blocks of ice after they had been loaded upon a sleigh to be drawn to the ice house.

DEATH OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL WILMOT.—We hear from Annapolis of the death of John Wilmot, Esq., for several years holding the office of adjutant-general of Maryland. The deceased was one of the oldest citizens of Annapolis, and greatly esteemed.

CHESS.—It is stated that a committee of the New Orleans Chess Club have sent Mr. Howard Staunton a challenge for a match to be played between himself and Mr. Paul Morphy for $5,000 a side—the English player, in the event of being conquered, to be reimbursed $1,000 for travelling expenses in coming to this country. Mr. Staunton was the victor in the "Chess Tournament" which came off several years since between England and France; and Mr. Morphy was the victor at the recent "Chess Congress" assembled in New York city. Should this challenge be accepted, the admirers of this noble game will look with interest at a trial of skill between the two greatest chess-players of the world.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF MAPLE SUGAR.—In Dodsley Register for October, 1765, it is stated that "a method for making sugar and molasses from the sap of a certain tree called maple, common in the New England colonies, has just been discovered and put in practice in several portions of New England, but especially at Bernardstown, about twenty miles from Athol."

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—A German woman, at Elizabeth, N. J., who has for years subsisted upon the private charity of the public, which she gained by her squalid poverty and apparent necessities, recently died, and on examination into her effects, there was found among them $10.000 or $12,000 in excellent bonds and mortgages upon the best of property. Leaving no heirs the money will revert to the city in which she lives.—*Newark Advertiser.*

RETIREMENT OF GEN CASS FROM THE CABINET.—The Detroit Advertiser, of the 8th inst., says: We hear a rumor that Gen. Cass, very probably will not remain much longer in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. The rumor comes from a source so intimately connected with General Cass, and so likely to be privately posted with regard to his feelings, that we are inclined to place considerable reliance upon it.

EXTRA SESSION.—The limited time by the constitution for the sitting of the Virginia Legislature having expired on Saturday; and that body having failed to obtain the concurrence of three-fifths of the members of each House to continue its sitting, Governor Wise, in view of the numerous bills left without action, re-convened them on his own hook. When his proclamation was read there was thundering applause, and the Governor, who was present, was compelled to come forward and make a speech.

☞The St. Louis Republican learns that the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company will transport the entire number of troops destined to Utah, numbering several thousand, from Cincinnati to St. Louis. In addition to the troops, the company is bringing the stores and supplies for the expedition. For more than a week past from six to ten cars daily have arrived over the road with freight for the expedition—including wagons, harness, saddles, and the endless variety of miscellaneous army supplies and stores.

FROM WASHINGTON.—Advices from Washington of the 14th, says that Senator Douglas has been confined to his house by severe sickness, but he will resume his place in the Senate during the present week. He pronounces the report as to his intention to resign his seat, totally without foundation, and assures his friends that he intends to fight the battle in which he is now engaged to the end. He will not be driven from his position by the threats or frowns of power, nor moved from the purposes to which his life has been devoted, by inducements proffered by any quarter. He says that, with him; it is a matter of principle, which he will maintain at all hazards.

Last week's receipts into the Treasury amounted to $535,000, exclusive of $200,000 in Treasury notes. The drafts drawn amounted to $907,000.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you consen to grace the Poet's corner by the insertion of the following beautiful ballad? It is a sweet waif, from a Scotch brain and heart, which has drifted so long and so far from home as to lose all trace of its paternity. Like the touching little poems, "I'm wearing awa', Jean, to the land o' the leal," and the "Peacefu' hame," which can no more be read with dry eyes, than once read they can be forgotten, the lines we offer you are withal acknowledged authorship. Please hand them around, and oblige Yours, Iox.

"Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeannie,
As ye sit by your fire at night!
Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
When your heart and your step was so light?
I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in then,
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
I have never wished back again.

Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeannie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight?
I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was so fleet,
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall
And were even in falling, sweet.

Do you think of the friends that are gone, Jeannie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more
By the hearth that they made so bright?
I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then:
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again.

THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE TALE AND NO FICTION.

One cold, windy morning, the last Sunday in December, 1847, a half naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine, substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter, even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants and the remains of a flannel shirt, in many large rents and which exposed his muscular chest. But, in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale and haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortably finished room, with its glowing grate of anthracite, before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionably attired young man, in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft fauteuil, reading the morning papers. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to the servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some thievish beggar. But the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife impulsively, "before you perish!"

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee, which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and a practical chemist.—She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was sitting at a small table with his head resting on his hands apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you—but the man looked so wretched I could not bear to drive him away," and her sweet voice added—"You know I take the sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it was pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands, that no beggar shall ever enter into the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home. I shudder to think. The man who is below may be a burglar in disguise, and already, in your absence, taking impressions in wax of the different key holes in the room; so as to enter some night at his leisure. Your limited experience in city life makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity.—It is no charity to street beggars; it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if the person has behaved badly and we know it. But I promise you not to ask another beggar in the house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said the wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps, as she descended to the basement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet, where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale, bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquiline nose and a square massive chin, displayed a model of no mean beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.

"Oh, no; it is only a fainting fit induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "he must be carried to a warm room, without a fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chambers, where the doctor administered, with his own hands, port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbidden him, and he sank quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence, give him beef tea, and toast *ad libitum*," said the doctor professionally as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterward, Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of the Most Holy Trinity.

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivalled in grace and beauty the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in a velvet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantilla, which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass the delicate purity of her complexion.

Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central isle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man, who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintances

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes which were still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger, of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text the oft quoted, but seldom applied words of the Apostle—

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully. It appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known his want of charity toward strangers, and wished to give a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application in this particular case. I have not space nor the power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it, with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers—so much so, that on the return of Dr. Maywood from the church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant, to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutricious food, and commenced gratefully thanking the host for the kind attention he had received, which, without doubt, had saved his life.

"I am not the beggar that I seem," said he. "I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank now awaiting my orders: but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years, and then, after escaping from the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate. My name is Arthur Willett," added the stranger.

"Why, that is my wife's name. She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willett, eagerly.

"I married her in the town of B———, where she was born."

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willett gazed at her with a look of wild surprise, murmuring—

"It cannot be—it cannot be—I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the very image of my long lost brother Arthur."

And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, rose to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up, asked if she recognized that relic? She shrieked aloud.

"Merciful heaven! It is my father's gray hair! and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willett, and your long lost brother!"

Mary Willett Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, shedding tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving

Dr. Maywood joined in cordial congratulation and sympathy, and retiring from the room, left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of reunion, saying to himself—

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

A GOOD CONGRESSIONAL STORY.

The Hon. T. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, is writing a series of very interesting reminiscences of his congressial life, which are published in the *Indiana State Journal.*—Here is one:

NORTH CAROLINA INTELLIGENCE.

There arose a personal debate during the session, between Judge Dorsey, of Maryland, and Samuel P. Carson, of North Carolina, which became highly interesting to the House, as it was carried on with the utmost good humor on both sides. It was evident, however, that Judge Dorsey had decidedly the advantage of his North Carolina competitor. The debate ultimately turned upon the comparative intelligence of the constituents of these gentlemen.—Mr. Carson had charged that the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland were ignorant of the history of the country, owing to their inability to read or write, and closed with a most ludicrous account of the Marylanders to the supposed great men of the country. The good humor of the House seemed to be on the side of North Carolina, when Judge Dorsey rose to reply, his face covered with fun. John Leeds Kerr, afterwards United States Senator, whispered in my ear: "Dorsey says some funny things." I give a sketch of his speech from recollection:

"The gentleman says my constituents are ignorant and illiterate: I will not retort upon those who sent him here, but relate a few facts and leave the House to judge between us. Dates are important. The late war was declared in 1812, and the British army ingloriously burned the capitol in 1814, to the lasting disgrace of that nation. The whole scene was immediately published in the *National Intelligencer*, copied into every paper in the United States.

The war was over and peace restored by the treaty of Ghent. Just ten years after the burning of the capitol, my business took me into the gentleman's district. I was approaching the principal town when I heard the sound of a fife and drum emerging from a yellow pine woods, near the town, where they were making tar and turpentine. I saw before me the waving plume and the marching, with quick step, of a regiment of men, the stars and stripes borne aloft, with the motto "North Carolina now and forever," in gilt letters. I rode directly up to the principal hotel, kept by a landlord that evidently lived well, and knew how to entertain his guests if he was pleased with their standing. The moment I was seated on the porch he addressed me:

"Have you heard the news?"

"Why the British have burned the capitol, and our army is moving forward, as you see, to meet the enemy."

"*When did you get the news?*"

"We got it last night about seven o'clock. That you may understand how this happened; week before last, we held a great meeting to give information to the people. It was found that there was but one man in the county that could read. He was elected county reader. We then voted to take the National Intelligencer, and that every Saturday afternoon the paper should be publicly read, beginning at the first page and reading it regularly through advertisements and all; and since then our reader has kept constantly at it every Saturday afternoon.

"Last night he read the burning of the capitol by the British. We at once flew to arms. The old revolutionary spirit is completely aroused." Dinner was announced and I took my seat at the head of the table, when out sprang my landlord and in a moment announced that the President of the United States was approaching in a coach and four, with out-riders, and sure enough up drove the coach with four splendid grays, and out-riders in full livery. The distinguished personage stepped from the coach, and was bowed into the parlor by my landlord, hat in hand. Curiosity led me to place one ear to the opening. The landlord bowed to the floor.

"The President of the United States, I presume?"

"Not exactly."

"The Secretary of State?"

"Not exactly."

"The Secretary of the Navy?"

"Not exactly."

"The Governor of North Carolina?"

"Not exactly."

"Joseph Gales, the editor of the National Intelligencer?"

"Not exactly."

Then raising his voice, and stamping his foot, "Who in the thunder are you?"

"I am a merchant tailor from Washington city, and have come here to collect some bills."

"You can pass on; I have no room for you."

The Judge closed amidst thunders of applause; his triumph was complete. Mr. Carson laughed heartily, and the matter ended in the best personal feeling.

COURTSHIP IN TUNIS.—A girl, after she is betrothed in Tunis, is cooped up in a small room, and shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ankles and wrists, as part of her dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put on the new bride's limbs, and she is fed and pampered until she becomes sufficiently EMBONPOINT to please the eye of her Tunisian groom. The food used for this mode of fattening is called *drough*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality. With this seed and their national dish of *enseasou*, the bride is literally crammed, and may actually die under the spoon.—*Sketches of Turkey.*

A TESTIMONIAL.—The British Government has presented through Lord Napier, the British Minister in this country, a magnificent telescope to Captain Thomas F. Knowles, of the ship Currituck, of Norfolk, (Va.) for his valuable services in rescuing the crew and a passenger from the sinking wreck of the steamer Flora, of Jersey, in the month of November last.

WALL STREET: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

The following paragraph, which we find in a late number of the New York Tribune, gives a rather amusing, and at the same time graphic idea of Wall street:

"No other thoroughfare is like it. Its features are peculiar. No 'Change Alley is like it; no other Bourse—no other Rialto Trinity Church looks down upon it, like a supervisor, but Trinity Church cannot Christianize it. Like a melon growing next to a pumpkin, the church may have a savor of its neighbor, but Wall street will never obtain any flavor from the church.

"The name of Downing street, in London, is irrevocably associated with diplomacy; so is Wall street with stock-jobbing; but as Downing street is not full of foreign ministers with faces Palmerstonward, neither is Wall street occupied solely by the members of the bankers' board.

"Wall street is not a long street, though it is felt a long ways. A man, without corns, can walk the length of it in five minutes. Another, if he should keep on, would find him in the E. River. It is not a wide street. Bids have been made from curb to curb.—Wheels get 'locked' there daily, especially near the head of it, and a vast deal of highly ornamented profanity is done by sweet tempered carmen, who, after having wedged themselves in, seem to think that, 'like the poor debtors,' they can *swear* themselves out.

"It is not a handsome street; still there is nothing wooden in it, except, perhaps, the heads of some stock buyers. White marble, brown freestone, terracotta and substantial granite, bespeak its wealth.—Here is that wonderfully intricate building, the Merchant's Exchange, as full of lawyers, insurance and other offices, as a dog is of fleas. Near by is the locus in quo of the brokers' board, where many millions of dollars daily 'change hands and cross over,' while the members cheerfully (speaking in metaphor) 'balance to their partners.' In the rotunda of the edifice real estate auctioneers are crying out assiduously, yet without shedding a tear, over sacrifices of property to an almost fabulous amount.

On the outer side of Wall, at the corner of Nassau, and facing Broad streets, stands—nay, it don't stand, but *squats*—the Custom House, where there has been so much hard swearing over fraudulent invoices and political assessments, that the white marble columns have turned as gray as the old man's hair, or as Chelmsford granite, which they much resemble.

On the other side of the street is an illustrious row of banks and insurance offices, with foreign insurance agents, land agents, coal agents, railroad agents, steamship agents, and many other sort of agents, (Satan's too, perhaps,) including some lawyers on the second and higher floors. The basement swarm with brokers. Every nook and cranny in all these buildings command high rents. Add to this picture innumerable groups of earnest-talking, scolding, chaffering, gesticulating men, dividing the rapid currents of merchants, brokers, clerks, foreign consuls, financiers, and commercial editors, who are continually passing, and you, who have never seen the notorious thoroughfare, will have a tolerably graphic idea of Wall street.

THE JEWISH MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

We shall never marry a Jewess, for the plain reason that we could never get through the ceremony. There was a Jewish wedding at Syracuse the other day, which is thus described: The bride, richly attired in white and closely veiled, advanced with her friends from one side of the house, the groom advancing at the same time with his friends from the other; the priest then sung alone, with his back to the parties: wine was next presented to the groom then to the bride, and the priest sung again, accompanied by a choir of boys dressed for the occasion; then there was an exhortation from the priest, more wine, crying by the groom, the ring was given and the twain pronounced one flesh, after which both kissed, both cried again and then returned to their former positions when the ceremony was declared concluded: With the greater part of this we could go through with the precision of a grenadier and the gravity of a country magistrate, but there are other parts in which we should certainly fail. We could accomplish the grand entree easy enough, endure the priest's solo and exhortation with becoming resignation, surmount the wine probably, emulate the bride in the first fit of crying possibly, but when it came to the second fit, the crying immediately after the kissing, we should break down entirely. All the pumps in christendom couldn't bring a tear from the well of our sensibilities under such circumstances. There is scripture precedent for it we grant; "Jacob kissed Rachael and then lifted up his voice and wept;" but we could never have done it. Jacob was young—the least mite green in the world, perhaps—and the sensation, "over come" him.—We are young—but then our extacies never affect us in that way. No, no—we could never marry the prettiest Jewess in the world, if we were required to kiss her and cry in the same breath.

☞Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist E. Church, is among the passengers who arrived by the Europa. The Bishop visited England and Ireland early last Summer as a delegate to the Wesleyan Conferences in those countries. Subsequently he passed through France, Germany and Norway, observing the condition of the Methodist mission, and in September was present at the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin. During the Winter he extended his travels to Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Greece. His health while in the East was considerably impaired, but is now improving.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

FORT LEAVENWORTH, K. T.
Feb. 22, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: Having seen copies of the Easton Star of the 2d and 9th inst., in the former of which the editor of that paper sees proper to denounce a former letter of mine to the Gazette, and in the latter of which he answers "Americus", I feel it incumbent upon myself to set "Americus" right as to whom he is defending, and to relieve him of the false charges preferred against him by the aforesaid editor, as well as to defend my own assertion.

In the first place then, the editor of the Star lies under a great mistake, or else *lies in his throat* when he says "the letter over the signature of "Bay Hundred" was concocted in Talbot county." The writer of that letter is a *bona fide* citizen of Kansas, and formerly of Bay Hundred District, Talbot county, and the editor of the Star can assure himself of that fact by applying at the Gazette office, where he can learn the *real* name of Bay Hundred.

As to the truth or fallacy of my assertion that the Free State party are nine-tenths of the people of Kansas, I admit that to those who only know of the noise that has been made by the two parties, and are not actually conversant with the *facts*, it may sound comewhat exagerated and the figure may possibly be slightly oversaid, for it is of course impossible to ascertain the exact numerical position of the two parties in relation to each other; but in making that assertion I did and do still think that I was within bounds; and I presume that I who have lived in the Territory nearly two years, have a better opportunity of knowing the facts than has the editor of the Star.—But see the ignorance or as is more probable, the willful knavery of the Star editor. He presents as evidence of the fallacy of my assertion, "the returns of the late elections," and says "either the ballot-box lies, or your correspondent is unworthy of credit." Now as regards the last, (that either the ballot-box lies, &c.,) I fully coincide with the editor, and had he confined himself to such an assertion, he would *possibly* have palmed off the impression that for once, he was trying to act gentlemanly; but for him to come out with the assertion that another lies without bringing positive proof of his assertion, and that at a time and under circumstances that caused him to feel that he was running his hide into no immediate danger of the cowhide, is not only ungentlemanly, but *dastardly and cowardly.*—But to give you an idea of how truthfully the ballot-box speaks, I will give you a few statistics.

First, the precinct in which I live (Kickapoo) *from the best evidence that can be obtained, does not contain three hundred and fifty legal voters. At the late election* one thousand and twenty-nine votes are purported to have been polled here; and on the poll-books are found the names of Wm. H. Seward, Horace Greely, John Fremont, James Buchanan, *Adam Bible*, Edwin Forrest, J. W. Denver, &c., &c., neither of whom I am confident, with the exception of the latter, were ever in Kickapoo, which if the man of the "Star office" is inclined to doubt, he is referred to an affidavit of the first of the above named, which corroborates my statement in regard to himself.

Oxford precinct, Johnson county, (a great portion of this county is an Indian reservation, and none of it is yet open for settlement,) contains forty-seven white male inhabitants, over twenty-one years of age.—The vote returned from this precinct for the constitution with slavery, was one thousand two hundred and sixty-six.

Here are but two of the many frauds, of the same nature, that have been committed here, but it is enough to show that the ballot-box of Kansas is as yet no criterion of actual facts, and that my assertion is not so far wrong as the "Star man" would induce his readers to believe. It is useless I am sure, to say much on the sucject, for every one that knows either the Star or its editor knows the *principal failing* of the latter, and every one that has noticed the signs of the times knows that the Free State party have an overwhelming majority in Kansas, and it is to be wondered at that the editor should doubt the latter, when his great model, the "Hot Spur" of Virginia, confirms it. But it is no doubt the object of the editor to get up the slavery excitement in Maryland, for which he deserves and will receive a great deal of Presidential patronage, perhaps the Consulship to Terra del Fuege, or the Gubernatorial sway over Poplar Island. Easton will doubtless be very sorry to part with her Falstaff. BAY HUNDRED.

MURDER.—On Monday last, some ten miles from Louisville, a man from Taylor co., Ky., named Phillips, attacked another named Taylor, with a hatchet, and literally hacked him to pieces, mangling the body, while living, in the most horrible manner—cutting the throat and crushing the skull so that life was extinct in a very few moments. At last accounts Phillips had not been arrested nor is his wherabouts known.

A Kansas paper states that it is the intention of a gentleman in Virginia to carry to Topeka, early in the coming spring, 290,000 grape roots embracing the most productive and hardy varieties cultivated in this country

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I'm going a shopping to day, and want a little change." "Pugh!" responded the ungallant man, "that would be no change at all; you go a shopping every day."

Prentice says that the fault with the female Yankee teachers who go westward is, that instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.

A kiss, says a French lady, costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence.