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BEAVER ARGUS.

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Letters and communications, by mail, will have prompt attention.

Report of the Postmaster General.

The Postmaster General's report shows the number of post offices on June 30th, 1856, to have been 25,585, being an increase of 4,661, in four years

On the 30th of June, there were in operation nearly 8,000 mail routes, the length of which is estimated at 259,042 miles, costing $6,359,474, divided as follows:—20,925 miles of Railroad; 14,954 steamboat, and 50,453 canal lines, and nearly 154,000 miles of inferior grades. The increase during the last fiscal year was nearly 20,000 miles of railroad, 532 miles of steamboat, 1,250 miles of canal lines, and 8,200 miles of inferior grades. In Nebraska and Kansas, 2,238 miles were added to the length of routes. Between the first of July, 1852, and July 1st, 56, the railroad service was increased 10,177 miles, exhibiting the fact, that within that time, this description of service was more than doubled. On the 1st of December, 1856, the length of railroad routes had increased to 21,310 miles, and the total cost for this service, at that date, amounted to $2,402,747. The whole cost of the inland service on the first of July, was $6,526,028.

The Secretary alludes to the Panama Railroad Company seizing on the occasion of the withdrawal of the steamers via Nicaragua, to force the department to pay what he considers an exorbitant price across the Isthmus, and he recommends the making of a regular contract, not exceeding $500,000 per annum, with that company, and a contract not exceeding $200,000 per annum via Nicaragua or Tehuantepec, so as to give a weekly mail between the Atlantic ports and California.

The expenditures for the year 1856 were $10,105,286, and the gross revenue, including annual appropriations for five mail routes, $7,620,821, showing a deficiency of $2,787,000. He recommends the abolition of the franking privelege, and the compulsory pre-payment of all transcient printed matter. Also the repeal of the act of 1845 which gives the Post Master General discretionary authority to make new contracts for ocean steamship service.

He alludes to the fact that embracing the branch from New Orleans to Havana, there are now four ocean steamship lines running out of New York at an expense to the government of $1,498,000 per annum No reason is perceived why one part of the country should be preferred to the exclusion of others. Among other points it is stated that negotiations are in progress with a view to the reduction of the British transit charge on United States closed mails, and of the rate of postage between the United States and Great Britain to 12 cents a single letter.

Department of the Interior.

The Secretary of the Interior's Report states the quantity of land surveyed since the last report and up to the 30th of September last: at 16,873,000 acres, exclusive of school sections. The execution of the graduation act has raised many grave questions which call for the interposition of Congress. He says it is important that the matter be promptly disposed of, either by sanctioning and affirming the action of the Land Office or directing the patents to be issued without further requirement.

The quantity of land sold for cash during the fiscal year, was over 9,250,000 acres and the receipts therefore $8,821,114. The total amount of land disposed of is over 100,000,000 of acres. He suggests a necessity for further power being granted to the Commissioner of Pensions to suspend or discontinue pensions when the reason for granting them has wholly or partially ceased.

The number of patents issued within the year will probably reach 2,500. The report says that during the present administration 52 Indian treaties have been negotiated, 30 of which remain to be acted on by the Senate. By these treaties Indian title has been extinguished to nearly 175,000 acres of land. The aggregate money consideration therefore is $11,184,-

The Indians within our borders are supposed to number about 300,000. The process of civilization among the Indians has already been attended with the happiest result, and gives promise of steady progress in the amelioration of their physical and moral condition.

Secretary of the Navy's Report.

The Secretary of the Navy gives a detailed view of the operations of the Navy during the last year, and its present stength. Among his recommendations are, for another squadron in the Pacific, rendered necessary by our extending commerce; for the adoption of the English and French system of granary in practice ships; and for the dispatch of a small steamer to survey the Guano Islands on which Commodore Mervin made an unsatisfactory report.

The Secretary regards the construction of the six war steamers as inaugurating a new era in the naval service, and repeats his former recommendation for building steam sloops of war of small draft. The sending out of seamen to relieve distant crews is spoken of as an experiment, and will be continued if it shall work well. The Secretary likewise recommends the appointment of assistant pursers with middies' compensation.

From the Pittsburgh Union.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE DE VERDE

Cottage by the hillside—
Time, nigh unto dark,
Dorothy beside the fire
Waiting for her spark.
Old man by the chimney
Reading Boston paper;
Old lady near the table
Making Sal a cape, or
Some other peculiar kind of garment

Very cold without, and
Wind a shrieking—howling;
Owls up in the orchard—
One, perhaps, a fowling.
Rap, tap, at the kitchen door—
Dorothy looks pleasant;
"Jonathan" she whispers sly:
"Rot me if it 'tisn't,
Or else some fellow that I don't want to see.

Door is open—"Jonathan!
Why, how, how du ye do?"
"Well, Dorothy, I'm purty well,
A seein' how it's you."
Old man stops his reading,
Old lady quits the sewing;
Both remark to Jonathan,
"Well neow how its blowing;
There's going to be some tall weather yet I
sweow."

Salutations over;
Jonathan is mum;
Wishes over sundry times
That he was to hum.
Old folks getting sleepy,
'Gin to nod the head;
Dorothy suggests that they
Had better go to bed—
And a prodigious grin lighteth up Jonathan's physiognomy.

Old folks snoring soundly,
Young folks close together;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Talking 'bout the weather.
Jonathan is thinking
How to pop the question;
But his heart is thumping so
Can hardly keep his vest on,
And his tongue cleaveth unto the root of his mouth.

Dorothy looks slyly—
Knows there's something coming;
Looks around at Jonathan—
He feels much like running.
"Dearest Dorothy!" he says,
And his heart beats faster—
'Spose that you and I would go
Down to Parson Castor,
And get linked in the everlasting bonds of matrimony.

* * * *

Years have passed away, and
Down within the valley,
Far away from city,
Street or dirty alley;
Stands a little cottage,
White as snow in March;
Jonathan and Dorothy
Sitting on the porch,
And a half dozen white headed youngsters around them.

REPUBLICAN ADDRESS.

From the Republicans of Washington City to the People of the United States.

The Presidential contest is over, and at last we have some materials to enable us to form a judgment of the results.

Seldom have two Parties emerged from a conflict, with less of joy in the victors, more of hope in the vanquished. The Pro-Slavery party has elected its Presidential candidate, only, however, by the votes of a minority, and that of such a character, as to stamp the victory as the offspring of sectionalism and temporary causes. The Republicans, wherever able to present clearly to the public the real issue of the canvass—Slavery Restriction or Slavery Extension—have carried the people with them by unprecedented majorities, almost breaking up in some States the organization of their adversaries.

A sudden gathering together of the people alarmed at the inroads of the slave power, rather than a well organized party; with but a few months to attend to the complicated details of party warfare; obstructed by a secret order, which had preoccupied the field, and obtained a stronghold on the national and religious prejudices of the masses, opposed to an old party, commencing the canvass with the united support of a powerful section, hardened by long party drill, accustomed to victory, wielding the whole power of the Federal Administration—a party which only four years ago carried all but four States, and a majority of the popular vote—still, under all these adverse circumstances, they have triumphed in eleven, if not twelve of the free States, pre-eminent for enterprise and general intelligence, and containing one-half of the white population of the country; given to their Presidential candidate nearly three times as many electoral votes as were cast by the Whig party in 1852, and this day control the governments of 14 of the most powerful States of the Union.

Well may our adversaries tremble in the hour of their victory. "The Democratic and Black Republican parties," they say, "are nearly balanced in regard to power.—The former was victorious in the recent struggle, but success was hardly won, with the aid of important accidental advantages. The latter has abated nothing of its zeal, and has suffered no pause in its preperations for another battle."

With such numerical force, such zeal, intelligence and harmony in counsel; with so many great States and more than a million voters rallied to their standard by the efforts of a few months, why may not the Republicans confidently expect victory in the next contest?

The necessity for their organization still exists in all its force. Mr. Buchanan has always proved true to the demands of his party. He fully accepted the Cincinnati platform, and pledged himself to its policy—a policy of fillibustering abroad propagandism at home. Prominent and controlling among his supporters are men committed, by word and deed, to that policy, and what is there in his character, his antecedents, the nature of his Northern support, to authorise the expectation that he will disregard their will?

Nothing will be so likely to restrain him and counteract their extreme measures as a vigorous and growing Republican organization, as nothing would be more necessary to serve the cause of freedom and the Union, should he, as we have every reason to believe, continue the pro-slavery policy of the present incumbent. Let us beware of folding our arms, and waiting to see what he will do. We know the ambition, the necessities, the schemes of the slave power. Its policy of extension and aggrandizement and universal empire is the law of its being, not an accident—is settled not fluctuating. Covert or open, moderate or extreme, according to circumstances it never changes in spirit or aim. With Mr Buchanan, the elect of a party controlled by this policy, administering the government, the safety of the country and of free institutions must rest in the organization of the Republican party.

What, then is the duty before us? Organization, vigilance, action; action on the rostrum, through the press, at the ballot box; in State, county, city, and town elections; everywhere, at all times; in every election, making Republicanism, or loyalty to the policy and principles it advocates the sole political test. No primary or municipal election should be suffered to go by default. The party that would succeed Nationally must triumph in the States—and triumph in State elections, must be prepared by municipal success.

Next to retaining power in the States already under their control, let the Republicans devote themselves to the work of disseminating their principles and initiating the true course of political action in the Slave States, which have decided the election against them. This time, we have failed for reasons, nearly all of which may be removed by proper effort. Many thousands of honest, but not well-informed voters, who supported Mr. Buchanan under the delusive impression that he would favor the cause of free Kansas, will soon learn their mistake, and be anxious to correct it. The timid policy of the Republicans in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Indiana, in postponing their independent action, and temporizing with a party got up for purposes not in harmony with their own, and the conduct of Mr. Fillmore's friends, in either voting for Mr. Buchanan or disabling the opposition by a seperate ticket can hardly be repeated again.

The true course of the Republicans is, to organize promptly, boldly and honestly, upon their own principles, so clearly set forth in the Philadelphia platform, and avoid coalitions with other parties, appeal directly to the masses of all parties to ignore all organizations and issues which would direct the public mind from the one danger that now threatens the honor and interests of the country and the stability of the Union—slavery propagation allied with disunion.

Let us not forget that it is not the want of generous sentiment, but of sufficient information, that prevents the American people from being united in action against the aggressive policy of the slave power.—Were these simple questions submitted today to the people of the United States—Are you in favor of the extension of slavery? Are you in favor of such extension by the aid or countenance of the Federal Government?—and could they be permitted to record their votes in response, without embarrassment, without constraint of any kind nineteen-twentieths of the people of the free States, and perhaps more than half of the slave States, would return a decided negative to both.

Let us have faith in our people. Let us believe, that at heart they are hostile to the extension of Slavery, desirous that the territories of the Union be consecrated to free labor and free institutions; and that they require only enlightenment as to the most effectual means of securing this end, to convert their cherished sentiment into a fixed principle of action.

The times are pregnant with warning.—That a disunion party exists in the South, no longer admits of a doubt. It accepts the election of Mr. Buchanan as affording time and means to consolidate its strength and mature its plans, which comprehended not only the enslavement of Kansas, and the recognition of slavery in all territory of the United States, but the conversion of the lower half of California into a slave State, the organization of a new slave Territory in the Gadsden purchase, the future annexation of Nicaragua and the subjugation of Central America and the acquisition of Cuba; and, as the free States are not expected to submit to all this, ultimate dismemberment of the Union, and the formation of a great slaveholding confederacy, with foreign alliances with Brazil and Russia.

It may assume at first a moderate tone, to prevent the sudden alienation of its Northern allies; it may delay the development of its plot, as it did under the Pierce Administration; but the repeal of the Missouri Compromise came at last, and so will come upon the country inevitably the final acts of the dark conspiracy. When the hour shall come, then will the honest Democrats of the free States be driven into our ranks, and the men of the slave States be driven into our ranks, and the men of the slave States who prefer the Republic of Washington, Adams and Jefferson—a Republic of Law, order and Liberty—to an oligarchy of slaveholders and slavery propagandists, governed by Wise, Rhett, Soule, and Walker, founded in fraud and violence, and seeking aggrandizement by spoliation of nations, will bid God speed to the labors of the Republican party to preserve Liberty and the Union—one and inseparable, perpetual and glorious.

Republican Rooms, Washington D. C. Nov. 27, 1856.

* Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, Nov. 22, 1856.

Sut Lovengood's Daddy Astin' Horse.

The following humorous article has been published and re-published all over the Union, but we will venture to say that some of our readers have, as yet, neglected to read it. We promise a hearty laugh to all who may peruse it:

"Hold that ere hoss down to the yearth." "He's a spreadin' his tail to fly now."—"Keep him where he is." "Woa."—"Woa, shavetail." "He's a dancing a jig."

These, and like expressions were addressed to a queer looking, long-legged, short-bodied, small-headed, white-haired, hog-eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some bench-legged Jew's clothing store, and mounted on "Tarpoke," a nick tailed, long poor horse, half-brandy, half-devil, and enveloped all over in a perfect new work of bridle reins, cruppers, martaingals, strap, circingles, and red furetia, who had reined up in front of Pat Nack's grocery, among a crowd of wild mountaineers, full of fight and most whisky.

"I say, you durned ash cats, just keep yer shirts on, will ye? You never seed a rale hoss till I rid up. Tarpoke is jist next to the best hoss that ever shelled nubbins, and he's dead as a still worm, poor old Ticky-tail."

"What killed him Sut?" said an anxious inquirer.

"Why, nuthin," you tarnal fool: he jist died so, died a standing up at that.—Warn't that good pluck? Froze stiff; no not that adzactly, but starved fust, and then froze afterwards, so still that when dad and me pushed him over he jist stuck out so, (spreading his arms and legs) like a carpenter's bench, and we waited seven teen days for him to thaw afore we could skin him. Well, thar we was—Dad and me—(counting his fingers) Dad and me, an' Sall, an' Jake, (Fool Jake we used to call him for short) and Callune June, and Cæsar Rickly Guy, and Noah Dan Webster, an' me an' the twin gals an' Catharine Second, an' Cleopatry Antony, an' Jane Lind, an' Tom Bullion, an' the baby, an' the prospects,——an' mam herself, all left without any horse to crap with. That was a nice mess for a sperible family to be slashin about in, warnt it? I be durned if I did'nt feel like stealing a hoss sometimes. Well, we waited an' rested, an' waited, until well into strawberry time, hopin' some stray hoss mout come along, but dog my cats of eny sich luck as that ever come whar dad is, he's so dratted mean, an' lazy, an' savage, an' triflin'.

Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite, a snorin' an' a rollin' an' a whisperin' at mam, and next mornin' ses he, Sut, I'll tell you what we'll do; I'll be hoss myself, and pull the plough while you drive me, an' we'll brake up corn ground, an' then the old quilt (that's mam) an' the brats kin plant it or let it alone, jist as they choose—o pleas. So out we went to the pawpaw thicket, and peeled a right smart chance of bark, and mam and me made geers for dad, and they become him mightily; then he would have a bridle, so I gits an old umbrella what I found—its a little forked piece of iron, sorter like unto a pitchfork, ye know—an' we bent and twisted it sorter unto a bridle bit, small shape (dad wanted it kurb, as he sed he had'nt worked for some time an' might sorter feel his oats an' go to cavortin.) Well, when we got the bridal all fixed on dad, he chomped the bit jest like a rale hoss (he always was a most complicated durned old fool, eny how, and marm allers sed so when he warn't about,) then I put on the geers, an' out dad an' me goes to the field, me leading dad by the bridle, an' totin' the gopher-plough on my back.—When we cum to the fence, I let down a gap and made dad mad, he wanted to jump the fence on all fours, hoss way. I hitched him into the gopher, and away we went, dad leanin' forward to his pullin' right peart, and we made sharp plowin', dad going rite over the bushes and sprouts same as a rale hoss, the only difference is he went on two legs. Presently we cum to a sassafrac patch, and dad, to keep up his karacter as a hoss, bulged square into it, and tore down a hornet's nest, nigh onto as big as a hoss head, and all the tribe kivered him rite strate. He rared and kicked once or twice and fotched a squeel wos nor ara hoss in the district, and sot into runnin' away jist as natural as ever you seed. I let go the lines, and hollered woa, dad, woa! but you mout as well said woa to a locomotive. Geewhilikins how he run.—When he cum to a bush, he'd clear the top of it, gopher and all; 'praps he thort there mout be another settlement ov bald hornets in it, and that it war safer to go over than thrue and quicker done; every now and then he'd paw one side of his head with fust one fore leg then t'other, then he'd gin himself an open-handed slap, that sounded like a wagon-whip, and a running all the time, and karrien that gopher jist about as fast and high from the yearth as ever a gopher was carried, I swar. When he cum to the fence he busted rite thrue it tarin nigh onto seven panels, scattring and breakin' the rails mitily, and hear he left the gopher, geers, single-tree and klivis, all mixed up not worth a durn. Most of his shirt stuck on the splintered end of a broken rale, an' nigh onto a pint of hornets staid with the shirt, a stingin' it all over, the balance on 'em, about a gallon and a half, kept on with dad. He seemed to run just adzactly as fast as a hornet could fly, for it war the tightest race I ever did see. Down through the sedge grass they went, the hornets makin' it look sorter like a smoke all around dad's bald head, and he with nuthin' on but the bridle and nigh onto a yard of plough line sailing behind him.

I seed now that he was aiming for the swimmin' hole in the creek whar the bluff is over twenty-five feet perpendickular to the water, and hits nigh onto ten feet deep. To keep up his karacter as a hoss, when he got to the bluff he jist leaped off, or rather he jist kept on runnin'. Kerslug into the creek he went. I seed the water fly plum above the bluff from whar I was. Now, rite that, boys, he overdid the thing, if that was what he was arter, for there's nary horse ever folded durned fool enough to leap over such a place; a cussed mule mout have done it, but dad warnt acting mule. I crept up to the edge and looked over; thur was old dad's bald head, for all the yearth like a peeled onion, a bubbin' up and down, and the hornets a sailing and a circling around, turkey buzzard fassion, and every once in a while one and sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a rite perte dodging under, sumtimes they'd hit him, and sumtimes arter, an' the water was kivered with drowned hornets. What ou yearth are ye doin' thar, Dad, sez I? 'Dad't (dip) you see these infernal varmints (dip) arter me?, 'What, sez I, 'them are hoss flies thar—ye aint really afeard of them are ye?'—'Hoss flies h—ll!' sez dad; they're rale (dip) genuine bald hornets, you (dip) infernal cus!' 'Well, dad you'll have to stay thar till nite, an' arter they go to roost, you come home an' I'll feed you. I sorter think ye won't need any currien for a week or so.' 'I wish I may never see to-morrow (dip) if I don't ruinate you, (dip) when I do get out,' sez dad. 'Better say you wish you may never see another bald hornet, if you ever play hoss agin,' sez I. And knowing dad's unmodified nature, I broke from them parts and sortur cum to the copper mines. I staid hid out till the next arternoon, when I seed a feller travlin' and sez I, 'What was going on at the kabin this side of the kreek when you passed it?' Why, nuthing much, only a man was sitting in the door with para shirt on, and a woman was greasing his back and arms, and his head was about as big as a ten gallon keg, and he hadn't the first sign of an eye—all smooth. That man was my dad, sez he, lately, sez the traveler, rather dryly. Been much fighting in this part of the country lately, personally or particularly, sez I. Now, boys, I hain't seen dad since, and would be feered to meet him in the next ten years. Let's drink.'

And the last we saw of Sut, he was stooping to get in the doggery door, with a mighty mixed crowd at his heels.

Agitation and Insurrection.

Although the South is now reaping the bitter fruits of the agitation of the slavery question, in the discontent and contemplated servile insurrections among the slaves which have been brought to light, yet they will persist in agitating. We see no reason to doubt that the insurrectionary movements among the slaves in the Cumberland valley may be traced to the recent agitation of the question of slavery in the Presidential campaign. Democratic orators at the South have misrepresented the purpose of the Fremont movement at the North, and have led the slaves to believe, if they have not succeeded in convincing their masters, that the Republicans were abolitionists, whose ulterior purpose was the emancipation of the slaves and the abolition of slavery. We should not be surprised to learn that a general belief prevailed among the slaves at the South, that the question of emancipation was involved in the recent election, and that the North was prepared to send an army into the South to effect this.

Now, who is to blame for this state of things? Certainly not those who in the interest of humanity are resisting the aggressive policy of the slave power. It is idle to say that the North must quietly submit to the extension of Slavery over new Territories, lest agitation should weaken the relations between master and slave. That is a consideration which the slaveholders should entertain. They should have thought of this when they foolishly accepted the glittering bait held out to them by Northern demagogues—when they became willing parties to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. At the door of the authors of that iniquitous act must be laid the responsibility for the slavery agitation, and for all the evil results which that agitation has produced or may hereafter produce at the South.

Those who are interested in slavery—who have property in slaves—will ultimately open their eyes to the fact that they are imitating the dog in the fable. In grasping at the shadow they are perhaps losing the substance. In seeking to extend slavery they are weakening the bonds of their slaves. They have yet to learn, too, that the political demagogues at the South who are making a hobby of the slavery question, and their coadjutors at the North the leaders of the Democratic party, are their worst enemies. But for the labors of Senator Douglas and Atchison and President Pierce, undertaken to secure their favor, the last Presidential election would not have been based upon the question of extending or restricting slavery; demagogues at the South would not have had an opportunity to pour into the greedy ears of the gaping slaves there foul libels upon the people of the North, and a servile insurrection would not now be apprehended. Let the responsibility rest where it properly belongs.

Even now the demagogues continue their agitation. Not content to let the question rest until it should come up legimately in connection with the admission of Kansas, President Pierce must need throw another firebrand into Congress, and that body has done nothing as yet but debate the slavery question. Agitation is the order of the day, and Southern politicians seem more eager for it than those from the North. Those who have watched the course of the debates in Congress during the past week will not fail to notice that prominent Southern members now repudiate the doctrines of squatter sovereignty, and insist that Congress having no right to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the territories, cannot delegate that power to the settlers—in other words that the actual inhabitants of a territory cannot exclude slavery, which can be carried into the territories and can be maintained there as a constitutional right, in defiance of the wishes of a majority of the inhabitants. This is the new Democratic doctrine, and one which Southern agitators will press upon the country until it is adopted in the Democratic platform, and which they will seek to establish by the election of a President who is committed to this policy. Agitation is the order of the day, and we are quite sure that the North can tolerate agitation as long as the South can. We deprecate the evil effects of this ill-judged agitation in that section, but we sincerely believe that if the slaveholdess would hang a half dozen such demagogues as Brooks, Keitt, Quitman, and other slavery agitators, they would do more to promote the security of slave property that they can by whipping thousands of ignorant negroes, or a hundred suspected whites.—*Boston Journal.*

Servile Insurrection.

The country has recently been startled by the discovery of wide spread and deep laid plains of insurrection among the negroes in the southern States. This discovery has carried dismay and terror to the hearts of many people, and indeed, nothing could be better calculated to awaken alarm in the bosoms even of the boldest. A man who could face death in its most appalling shape with firmness and constancy, might well shrink with apprehension and dismay from a danger which threatens to bring death, and worse than death, to the wife of his bosom, and the children that surround the hearthstone.

Such of the Southern journals as have attempted to give any explanation of the cause of the insurrections, have concurred in attributing it to the discussion of the slavery question at the late Presidential election. It is well known in this section of the South, that the pro-slavery party have denounced all who opposed their schemes for extending slavery into Kansas as abolitionists, and charged that all such persons, composing an immense majority at the North, were determined, if they obtained power, to abolish slavery throughout the Union. Of course this was a falsehood, and known to be a falsehood, by those who gave it utterance; but the slaves who listened to these wild harangues from the furious pro-slavery demagogues, intended to embitter the masses of the Southern people against the people of the North, were not unwilling to give credence to a story so flattering to their hopes and hence they have been prompted and encouraged to the attempts which have been so recently discovered and suppressed. Who is to blame for the disasters from which the wives and daughters of the South had just barely escaped, by the timely, and we might also say, providential disclosures of the designs of the slaves? Undoubtedly the lying demagogues, who, for party purposes and for the sake of personal advancement, have gone about fulminating their falsehoods against all the people of the North, and have thus prompted and encouraged the slaves to revolt, which never would have been attempted, except for the hopes inspired, of aid an assistance from the people of the North? Who is to be blamed for the gloom and apprehension which still broods over the South? and who has caused the embarrasament to the business of the people in the districts where these outbreaks have occured? The answer is still the reckless and unprincipled demagogues who gave rise to the slavery agitation by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and who endeavored to justify this outrage by attributing to the people of the North the design of abolishing slavery in the Southern States.—*St. Louis Dem.*

Abstract of the Report of the Secretary of War Department.

The authorized strength of the army is now 17,894 men. The actual strength at the date of the returns, July 1st, 1856, was 15,562. The number of enlistments made during the twelve months ending September 30, 1856, was 4,140. The number of offers refused on account of minority and unfitness for service was 5,594. The number of casualities during the same time was 6695 of which 3,223 were by desertion.

All our Indian troubles in the West have ceased except with the Cheyennes

It is recommended to extinguish the possessory rights of the Hudson Bay Company, as they owe no allegiance to our government, and would be disposed to exercise a powerful influence among the Indians against our people if occasions required.

A vigorous campaign has been projected against the Florida Indians, General Harney commanding the military posts.

Much space is devoted to the consideration of the present system of military posts on the Western Frontier, and a complete revolution of the whole system is urged.—The expenses at present are enormous, without any corresponding benefit to the country or frontier.

The great number of resignations in the army show the necesity for an increase of pay. It evidences a policy injurious to professional pride, while the hard service and frontier station of the officers, require of them sacrifices which no other officers of the government are called upon to make.—The expense of living has been greatly augmented, and the pay is about the same as it was fifty years ago. It is bad economy, the report continues, to drive the active and intelligent from the service which they adorn.

Agricultural Column.

WINTER CARE OF MANURE.

In no one thing upon the farm is there such a lack of economy as in the method of treating the manures made during the Winter season. There are hundreds of persons who, for want of a little care and forethought, will scatter hundreds of dollars worth of rich fertilising materials to be wasted, which they will replace in the Spring by purchasing guano and other manures of less value. The animal and vegetable manures in the barnyard are left to constant washings, by rains and melting snows, which carry away to brooks or to the road side the chief strength of these otherwise valuable substances. It should be known that a cart load of rotted manure will yield more than one-half of its real value to four or five barrels of water leached through it; and yet how little manure in farm yards generally is not actually submitted to that amount of washing from direct rains or water from the barn and shed roofs, &c.

No economical cultivator will permit manures to be exposed to rain or sun at all. They should be kept under cover, in a barn-cellar, if there be one; if not, under a rude shed, which can be cheaply constructed, by putting up a few posts, and laying on rough boards or slabs. Under some such shelter all droppings of cattle should be daily thrown, and mixed with refuse straw, muck, or even earth, to absorb all liquids and gases.

It is not well to rot manures too much before putting them under the soil. Fermentation and rotting continually set at liberty the very best fertilizing elements of animal and vegetable manures, and these are lost in the air.—Let all such substances be kept as free from heating as may be. There is no fear but they will decay fast enough when plowed under the soil, and there the escaping gases will be retained for the benefit of the growing crop.

It is highly beneficial to keep a supply of ground plaster always on hand, and two or three times a week sprinkle a few handfuls of it over every mass of fresh manure. This is especially useful in horse and cow stables, as it will keep the air much purer and [illegible] ferment manures much in the compass [illegible] We refer to the treatment of muck and peat-mud. Those substances have usually a kind of pitchy or asphaltic covering which stops their further decay, and of course prevents their yielding up their elements to nourish growing plants. They may be mixed with caustic lime, or with animal manures, and thrown into a heap to undergo fermentation.—If there is a large proportion of muck, it will retain the escaping gases. The time is not distant when the mass of farmers will learn the value of securing a large stock of muck to be thrown up and dried in Summer, and freely mixed with the contents of the stable and yard in Winter.

Fattening Poultry.

Some people shut up their poultry in a close, dark place, and stuff them with dough made from Indian corn. Others give them a larger prison, and feed them with grains and dough mixed with milk. Others let them run where they please, taking care to feed them well three times per day. This mode will not fat them so fast as the close confinement method; but to our mind it appears to be the best mode. It is more healthy and congenial to the fowl, and the flesh will be more healthy.

A writer in the "Farmer's Library" recommends this mode for fattening turkies. He feeds them liberally in the morning, again at noon, with grain. "At night, before roosting, they should be fed with oat meal and skim milk."

Have you Water in your Stock Yard?

If not, listen to advice, and if it is possible, introduce it—either set a ram, or a windmill, or one of the self-acting wells; or lay a pipe from a spring on the hill; or throw a dam across the brook and lay a pipe from that—some how or other manage to have flowing water and plenty of it, so as not to drive your stock to the brook, or have to pump or turn a crank half a day to draw water for them. One has no idea of the convenience till he has tried it. Sit down and make an estimate of the time it takes in four months to draw water for forty head of stock, or to lead or drive them an eighth of a mile to water, and our word for it, the water will come in a pipe if there is any such thing. So says the Homestead, and so say we.

Cure for Scab in Sheep.—I beg to send you a certain cure for scab in sheep, as I have tried it this winter, with the happiest effect in some cases that resisted the most approved washes. The following is the recipe:

One part black antimony, two parts powdered nitre, four parts sulphur, a small quantity of powdered ginger, and as much yellow soap as will make the mass of a proper consistence for making into balls.—A drachm of this substance given to each sheep four times a week, will effect a cure in a fortnight or three weeks, according to the state of the sheep. Keep them in at night and winter.

Corn Stalks for Heaves—A Gentleman in the American Agriculturist, states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on corn stalks, and that the disease never returned.