LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., JANUARY 1, 1851.

Volume VII, Number 40.
Whole Number---352.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL.

Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance; $1.75 if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when the year is paid up.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $2 a year; two squares, $1 for six months, $3 for a year. Mercantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10.

JOB WORK and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

Communications solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞ Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

Away where the sunlight is bright'ning,
Away where its last beams expire,
I speed with the flash of the lightning,
I fly on the wings of the wire!
By me are earth's barriers riven,
By me are its boundaries spread;
A word—and the impulse is given,
A touch—and the mission has sped.
Hurrah! 'tis the best conjuration
That Science, the wizard, has done!
Through me nation speaks unto nation,
Till all are united in one.

In silence I stealthily travel,
Unseen, and unread, and unheard;
For not till my agents unravel
My secret, is whispered a word.
Through darkness and daylight unheeding,
Alike on my errand I go,
To deep-throbbing hearts ever speeding
My tidings of gladness or wo.

Ere the voice of the echo had spoken—
Ere thought could recoil from its birth—
If the links of my path were unbroken,
My flight would encompass the earth;
From the bright star that gleams far above us,
Flashed onward through measureless space,
A welcome from voices that love us,
My own in a second would trace.

Oh! would that some kindred communion
To man we could hope to impart,
That a bond of such magical union
Might link every heart unto heart!
Not a tear that we now seek to another
Would then fall alone or unnursed,
Not a joy, but the heart of another,
Would thrill with the bliss that it shared.

We need not, should Fate give denial,
This fanciful dream wholly spurn;
Let sympathy touch but the dial,
A chord shall be struck in return.
No wish need be kept unimparted,
Or lost as on selfishness thrown,
But each from the heart as it darted
Would find a response in our own.
Oh! let love take the world and prepare it,
As swift to respond as receive;
Let us hear but of sorrow to share it,
And know but the want to relieve!

Words for the Heart.

THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

You ask me of my brother; he was the only thing of earth that I ever fondly, truly loved. And who, knowing him, would not do the same? Though his senior by years, we loved and lived as we were twins. Not one moment's happiness could I enjoy without his light form beside me; neither could he feel pleasure without me. I see him still, with his pale, pale face: his brow so noble and intellectual—the majesty of a god sat there; his jet black hair smoothly parted o'er his head, falling away in silken curls adown his brow and neck; his form, so aerial-like, seemed not for earth, but, like a sweet and fragile flower, born to shed its fragrance on the morning air, withered 'neath the sun's effulgent beams, and ere the dews of evening descend to refresh the world, is dead. O, well do I remember thee, my poor brother!

I taught him all I knew, yet could not teach him fast enough. The language of our own dear Columbia, the French, the heart-stirring Italian, thine, abused Poland, and those of Greece and Rome of ancient days, he was fluent in. Of our struggles in the cause of liberty; of the great and virtuous Washington; of Wallace, and Bruce, and, going further back in time, Tasso, Tycho Brahe, Solon, Thucydides, and the immortal Homer; of all these things and men he knew, yet vied for me. I had traveled in the scenes of triumph and defeat to Cæsar, Mark Antony, Cato, Scipio, and Hannibal, and into his greedy ear did I pour forth my knowledge of them. With his pale face and bright eyes he would look up into my face and say "Dear brother, yet a little more—come." Come!—my dear brother; I killed thee through my teachings, and shall come to answer for my crime!

But of his death, his early death, I would speak. It happened in the autumn, when the flowers begin to droop their heads, and the trees their leaves, and on God's holy day, the Sabbath. Ours was a beautiful cottage, on the face of a gently sloping hill. The woodbine twined its wanton foliage around our low roofed porch; roses thrust themselves into the lattice, and their fragrance filled dear Charlie's room. Away from the foot of the hill stretched a magnificent river, whose source was at the setting sun. Away, still further beyond, were piled mountains, tier upon tier, like gigantic steps up to the throne of God. The sun had not yet sunk, but was fast hastening to his goal in the West. Each tree, each plant and flower stood motionless in luxuriant rays of gold; the sunflower moved upon her stem to

——"Turn to her god as he set,
The same look that she turned when he rose."

We had drawn poor Charlie's couch out on the sweet fresh grass before the porch, in the shade, in order that we might enjoy the magnificent landscape that lay below and beyond, and of which he was a passionate lover. He had been languishing all day, and I thought the sweet and gentle breeze might refresh him. I knew he was happy, as he sat in his couch, with his head resting on his hand, and his own peculiar smile on his lips.

"Dear brother," he said, "a sweet dream last night; and if you sit close beside me—so—I will tell it you. I saw beautiful countries, and in them gardens, far more exquisite in their loveliness than this. There were sweetly singing songsters in the groves; larks sung loud and shrill, yet all the words they sung were, Halleluiah!—Halleluiah! and I knew I was in heaven. White and spotless lambs were frisking about me; in the brooks that rippled o'er beds of gold, swam silvery scaled fish, that ever and anon leapt high in air. Troops of angelic cherubs sported on the daisy-covered sward, weaving chaplets for each other's brow, as you have done so often for me, my brother. I longed much to join them; and at last the sweetest of those cherubs tripped up to me and asked if I would come. 'Come,' said he, 'the sun is always shining here—no bitter blasts can here invade—come.' I then looked back to where I saw you standing looking for me, and to say adieu to him who has been my only brother in life, before I left for ever. I promised to that angel to return to-night, and I will go. Dear brother, do not weep." I looked out on the lawn, down on the trees, upon the river, the mountains, and on the now nearly set sun—anywhere than at him, for my heart was full, and I knew that if he were to leave me, there was none living in the land who loved me.

"Brother, dear," said he, and I started, "do you recollect the song poor Lucy sang before she died?

'I hear sweet anthems ringing,
Bright faces fill the air;
I hear sweet voices saying,
'There is no sorrow *there*.'"

And I now hear the same. My own dear brother, kiss me once again—now, another. We will soon meet in those bright fields, and then you shall teach me."

Teach!—the word stung me to the heart. I placed his head close to my breast and drew back his clustering ringlets, that he might look upon the scenes he loved so much. I looked down the slope upon the river—smooth as a sheet of crystal—placid as a mind at ease. My eyes wandered up the mountain side, and the shadows lengthened as I gazed. I looked once more at the setting sun—one moment it was there, the next it had disappeared. A soft sigh awoke me from my trance—my name was whispered in accents soft and sweet as from an Æolian lyre; I looked upon my brother—he was dead! that loved voice was hushed, to speak no more—the intellectual fire was fled. I was left alone—alone in the wide world, without wife, or child, or relative. I am now one

"To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

His soul is in that bright heaven of which he had dreamed.

Is it true, that before death the world of eternity opens to the view? E. C.

Small Farms.

There are thousands of farms in the New England States, varying in size from twenty to one hundred acres, upon which thousands of families not only live, but are well-to-do in the world, and have reared large families in comfort and prosperity. It is true, the children, for want of room to work, have to go to contriving, and it is this necessity that has filled the whole country with Yankee contrivances of all kinds, from a basswood pumpkin seed to a steam engine.

One of the greatest crops of the diminutive farms, is, that inventive genius which characterizes the whole nation. No Yankee clock ever run with more regularity than the whole of the operations connected with some of the small farmers. Look at their cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, geese, ducks, and chickens. There is an appearance of unmistakable thrift about everything animate and inanimate, upon some of these places. It is true, many of the occupants work with the same old-fashion tools their fathers did, and follow all the same time-honored practices; but the next generation will be more alive to the spirit of improvement.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript narrates a singular incident which happened in the village of Peidmont, N. H., last week. Two little children, one five and the other three years of age, strayed from home. Not returning at dark, a general search throughout the night was made by the people of the village. In the morning, the children were discovered in an open field, lying upon the frozen ground, and locked in each others' arms, one sleeping soundly, and the other awake. Although the night was a severe one, the little ones have shown as yet no ill effects from the exposure. It is wonderful how two such little children could pass a winter's night upon the frozen ground without perishing.

They Say that Thou art Poor.

They say that thou art poor, Louise;
And so I know thou art;
But what is wealth to noble minds,
Or riches to the heart?
With all the wealth of India's mines
Can one great deed be bought?
Or can a kingdom's ransom bring
One pure and holy thought?
No, vain your boasted treasure,
Tho' earth to gold is given,
Gold can not stretch to measure
The love bestowed by heaven!

They say that thou art poor, Louise;
And so I know thou art;
But why should lack of sordid pelf
Thrust thee and me apart?
The pearls that sparkle on the lawn
Our jewels bright shall be;
The gold that frets the early dawn
Shall fill our treasury!
Ask ye the proudest minion
Whom gold gives rule o'er earth,
Doth not our broad Dominion
Outbeggar all he's worth?

We'll rove beside the brook at eve,
When birds their vesper song
Of gentle truth and guileless love
To woods and winds prolong;
And from the morning's jeweled cup
Such healthful draughts we'll have
As never met the fevered lips
Of fortune's gilded slave.
Could Lydian Croesus, dearest,
As wife a kingdom see
As the fair realm thou hearest
Belongs to thee and me?

I know that thou art poor, Louise;
And so indeed am I;
But not the hoards of ocean's caves
Our poverty could buy;
For wealth beyond the miser's thought
We both alike control—
The treasure of a priceless love,
The riches of the soul!
Then at this hour divine, love,
To holy echoes given;
Let thy true vows and mine, love,
Be registered in Heaven!

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA,

VIA. FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND THE TULE LAKES.

From the Private Journal kept by
WM. H. CHAMBERLIN, of LEWISBURG, PA.

1849—*Monday, Feb.* 26. We left Lewisburg this morning about 8 o'clock, with spirits as buoyant as could be expected, after parting with our friends and all we hold near and dear on earth, especially when we take into consideration the long and hazzardous journey before us. No doubt we will soon experience the loss we have sustained in leaving home, with all its comforts, our friends, and the many social ties that have heretofore bound us to society. But the love of adventure and prospect of reward have overcome all "home feelings," and to-day finds us on our way towards the great point of attraction. Our company consists of R. B. Green, D. Howard, John Musser, S. F. Schaffle, Cyrus Fox, and myself. If but a small portion of all the good wishes of our friends (I hope we have left no enemies) are realized, we will be amply rewarded.

Three weeks ago, I had not the slightest idea of going, and within that time I have been obliged to take an inventory, settle up my business, and make preparation for the journey, being busily engaged up to the moment of departure. I did not have the pleasure of seeing all my friends, which I regret very much, but if I live, will make up for all deficiencies on my return. I was advised to go by some, by others (the greater number) to stay at home, but my mind was made up. Stayed at Musser's, Millheim.

Tuesday, Feb. 27. After seeing the friends that accompanied us safe on their home, we started on *our way* westward. Raining, which makes traveling very unpleasant. Arrived at Stever's inn about dark, and sat down to an excellent supper of ham, eggs, &c., to which we did ample justice.

Wednesday, Feb. 28. Entered Huntingdon county shortly after leaving Stever's. The mud very deep, and almost impassable, until we reached the Turnpike, within 7 miles of Water Street. The winter grain looks bad, being severely frozen. Passed several furnaces and forges on Spruce creek, and a great number are in operation in the vicinity. Although this hilly country is not so well adapted to agriculture as other portions of the State, it fully makes up in mineral wealth. The scenery is romantic and beautiful, especially along the banks of the Juniata river. The Central Railroad Company have commenced tunneling the mountain at the mouth of Spruce creek. Dined at Water Street, and arrived at Hollidaysburg, 6 o'clock this evening. This place, situated at the connection of the Canal and Railroad, commands a large portion of trade, and has quite a business-like appearance.

Thursday, March 1. One of our wagons being out of repair, we did not leave until 10 o'clock. Walked about 8 miles this morning, which whetted our appetites for a lunch, which we partook of, at the mountain toll-gate, with many good wishes for Mrs. Gen. G., who with prudent foresight had provided us with bread, ham, &c. If we had our wagons upon runners we could get along with less labor to the teams, there being several inches snow upon the ground. Arrived at the Summit House about 4 o'clock and concluded to stop for the night, having traveled but 10 miles to-day. Col. J. W. Geary, a resident of this place, started for California a short time since, with the commission of Post Master at San Francisco.

Friday, March 6. Left Summit about 6 o'clock, entered Cambria county this afternoon. Passed through Ebensburg—the country very rough on all sides, and thinly settled. Rain and sleet fell during the whole day, which made our journeying very unpleasant. Stopped at Armagh.

Saturday, March 3. Snow fell during the night, and this morning it is several inches deep. Our wagons draw very heavy. Reached Blairsville at 12 o'clock, had a check, and concluded to take stage for Pittsburg, with our heavy trunks—10 passengers in all. Got along pretty well until within 13 miles of Pittsburg, when we stuck in the mud, about midnight, but by "putting our shoulders to the wheels," we succeeded in getting along at the rate of three miles in five hours—walked all the way, and were pretty well exhausted when we reached Pittsburg in the morning.

Sunday, March 4. At 6, A.M., put up at the Exchange Hotel, our clothes literally mud from head to foot; called on a barber, and after being washed, shaved, and changed, we felt somewhat relieved. Walked out to take a look at the "Iron City." Can not say that I was much pleased with its general appearance, everything the eye rests upon having a dark, dingy appearance, caused by the dust falling around from the numerous Iron works which are constantly belching forth fire and smoke, yet the traveler can not but notice the bustle and din of business in this great manufacturing town. The West and South are the markets for her products. Thousands of laboring men find employment in these establishments, and make a comfortable livelihood for themselves and families.

Monday, March 5.—Kelly and Herbst arrived this morning with our wagons and baggage. We engaged passage on board the steamboat "Winfield Scott," Capt. Devenny, to the mouth of the Arkansas River, at $10 apiece and $7 freight for our two wagons. The boat is new, and runs her first trip down the river. Rained all day, the Ohio River rising, we are all very anxious to be off.

Tuesday, March 6.—After putting our wagons aboard, Kelly and Herbst started for home. Purchasing tools, cooking utensils, clothing, &c. Commenced boarding on the boat this morning. Met T. Sargeant formerly of Lewisburg, and Mr. Hoons, besides several other acquaintances.

Wednesday, March 7.—Engaged purchasing india rubber goods, &c. Our boat left the Pittsburg landing about 6 o'clock, P. M. We have few passengers aboard. The cabins are elegantly furnished, and the tables covered with the choicest viands. The bar is well fitted up, where the choicest liquors and cigars are dealt out. We purchased an "Airometer" to-day, of the inventor, Mr. Aiken, for the purpose of weighing, and ascertaining the value of gold.

Thursday, March 8.—Came to at M'Farlin's Warehouse, in sight of Steubenville, Ohio, and took aboard 1500 bbls. of flour. Occupied the greater part of the day. The Telegraph wires cross the river at this place. The river being high, the pipes of the steamboat Messenger on her way up, came in contact, and broke one of the lines. We have Ohio on our right and Virginia on our left hand. The scenery on either shore is very fine: at times rich tracts of cultivated country, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, on either hand, and again nothing but bold, barren hills presenting themselves. Landed at Steubenville this evening. It being the Captain's place of residence, our cabin was soon filled with visiters, admiring the new boat, &c.

Friday, March 9.—Dropped down the river a few miles this morning, and took in 750 bbls. flour. In the meantime some of us went ashore and amused ourselves by firing at a target. I made the best shot, and my rifle proved herself a first-rate shooter. Reached Wheeling this evening. Before we arrived, a young man, said to be of respectable family, had a violent fit of "mania potu." He had been drinking for some days, and was in great distress; but he recovered so as to go on shore when we landed. Took aboard 500 bbls. flour at this place. The amount stowed away in one of these boats, is almost incredible. Mr. M'Donald and myself went to a concert by the "Eddy Family." They have improved very much since I heard them sing in Lewisburg. Mr. Schmidt performed his part on the guitar, admirably. The river is now very full, being 25 feet above low water mark.

Saturday, March 10.—Left Wheeling at 8 o'clock; stopped at Marietta this afternoon. This is the oldest town in the State of Ohio, and a handsome place, resembling Lewisburg in some respects. There is a College here, and a burying-ground in the suburbs, in which stands a large mound, filled with human skeletons. It is not known whether it was an Indian burial-place, or the work of an antediluvian race; the former is the general supposition. Several of us visited this curiosity during our short stay.

Sunday, March 11.—Arrived at Portsmouth. It has a business-like appearance—windows shut, and doors open for trade. Very little respect is paid to the Sabbath, in places situated on these western thoroughfares. Spent the day in reading, not forgetting a few chapters in the Book of books. Weather warm and sultry, with thunder showers, this evening. The dense fog obliged us to come to anchor.

Monday, March 12.—Arrived at Cincinnati, about 7 o'clock, A. M. The fog was so dense that we could see nothing of the surrounding country, which is said to present a beautiful appearance, being under a high state of cultivation, and abounding in vineyards, fruit-gardens, &c.; but after the fog broke away we had a fine view of the business portion of the "Queen City." In population and substantial wealth it is, perhaps, increasing faster than any city in the Union, and its vast resources and commercial facilities, together with the enterprising spirit of her citizens, are destined to make Cincinnati one of the first inland cities in the world. Here we purchased provisions for our overland journey—bacon, ham, dried beef, flour, corn-meal, hard bread, beans, rice, coffee, sugar, tea, saleratus, salt, pepper, chocolate, &c. Left Cincinnati at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Tuesday, March 13.—Some new passengers aboard; the evening agreeably spent, reading, music, anecdotes, &c. The porter on this boat is four feet high and as broad as long. We have dubbed him "Gen. Taylor," and have a great deal of sport at his expense. Being an endless joker himself, he stands as butt for all who may aim at him. Arrived at Louisville this morning, just as we turned out of our berths. It makes a fine appearance from the river, and does not deceive its looks. I was better pleased with Louisville than any of the western towns we have passed through. Here we made our last purchases of overland equipments, including a few trinkets, beads, rings, vermillion, &c., to barter with the Indians. Goods of all kinds command a good per centage here, judging from the rates we paid for some articles. Left Louisville about 10 o'clock, A. M., passing through the Falls, but the river being so full, we scarcely noticed them, although entirely impassable in times of low water. Passed Shippensport, Ky., and New Albany and Troy, Indiana. The appearance of the country on both sides of the river would warrant a productive soil. To-day I notice trees coming out in leaf, frogs singing, and all nature wears the aspect of early spring.

Wednesday, March 14.—A clear and beautiful morning, and a cloudless sky, welcomed in this my 21st birth-day. With what fond anticipations does the child look forward to that eventful day that shall make him a "man!" He forms plans and builds "castles in the air" which his restless ambition is doomed never to realize when he arrives at that important period. As time glides along, and he passes from childhood to youth, his aspirations weaken, and continue to grow fainter during his rise from youth to manhood. He is not sensible of the change, and all the fond imaginations of his bright and joyous days are forgotten or give place to other thoughts and feelings. This has certainly been my experience. Little did I think, years ago, when I "wished myself a man," that this day would find me in my present situation, with the present object in view.—But I am off my subject. The country on both sides of the river is flat, the banks full, and overflowing in some places. The settlements along the banks, for some time have presented a most squalid appearance, wretched cabins, sunk in the sand and mud, surrounded with drifts, destitute of outhouses. Evansville, in the distance looks like a smart place, and is the largest town in Indiana.

Thursday, March 15.—Using the river water has given some of us accustomed to limestone water a severe diarrhœa. Many feared it was the Cholera, which is prevailing to some extent in this country, but we soon found out to the contrary, much to our satisfaction. Landed at Cairo, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It is a poor, distressed looking place, almost inundated at present. The characteristics of these two rivers differ very materially. While the Ohio is one continued broad, smooth stream, the waters of the Mississippi are more turbulent, very crooked, cut up by islands, and running in different channels. Its banks are low, and overflowing in many places at present. Sometimes for miles it is lined with cotton-wood trees of different growths. These regular varieties in size are caused I suppose by the formation of new banks, and the deposits of seed, as the river changes its channels. Every now and then we see a lone squatter living in something that has the shape of a habitation, but generally so small and wretched looking (surrounded by water when the river is up) that a person can scarcely but wonder how human beings can content themselves in such an isolated, and apparently miserable condition. But I am told that they are contented with their lot, which is a blessing many in far more enviable situations do not enjoy. They procure the necessaries of life by furnishing steamboats with wood, and occasionally we see a garden patch or a small lot fenced in and planted. It appears to be the highest ambition to live "from hand to mouth" as it is called, and wrestle with the fever-and-ague, which is their constant enemy. Like Daniel Boone, they think that when a person settles within twenty miles of them, they are getting 'too neighborly,' and wish to encroach upon their rights. I can not envy the condition of the poor squatter, on the lonely banks of the Mississippi. I would prefer a log-cabin, with a dog and gun, amongst the wildest mountains of old Pennsylvania. I am no admirer of flat or prairie country; I imagine it will be severe on the eyes, when the sight is unobstructed by forests, or blue mountains in the distance. To-day we saw the first canebrakes; they are beautiful, being ever-green.

Friday, March 16.—A delightful morning. Passed a number of cotton plantations, with a row of negro huts near the mansion houses; some of them looked very comfortable. Landed at Memphis about noon—weather almost insupportably warm. The town is situated upon a bluff, and has considerable trade, principally in cotton. It is said there are fifty cases of Cholera in town. We lay here half a day, discharging freight. The U. S. Navy Yard, at this place, is under way, and is a very heavy contract. About 200 Californians are assembled here, from different parts of the South, making preparations for starting. The half of the population of Memphis, is slaves. We saw some specimens of the traffic to-day. An Arkansas lawyer, purchased a little girl and brought her on board. She was literally torn from the arms of her mother, and their mingled cries were truly distressing. Another case was of two little brothers: the purchaser was taking them to Red River, Lousiana; they too, had been taken from their parents, and looked and no doubt felt as though, they had buried father and mother. Another was a planter, who told me he had run short of change, and to replenish his purse, he selected one of his slaves, a comely looking fellow, about twenty-three years of age, and was taking him to the New Orleans market. He was in chains; his master said it was because he refused to go, or in other words, as I learned from the slave himself, to be torn away from his wife whom he loved, and had been married to about four months. I did not wonder at his refusing to go. But more happy and contented beings than slaves do not exist, when well treated and properly clothed. No matter how hard the labor, they are continually singing, jesting, &c. To sit an hour or two on the wharf at Memphis, and listen to their peculiar lingo, was a rare treat for me. Corn has been already planted in this part of the country, and peach trees are out in full bloom.

Saturday, March 17.—Left Memphis yesterday evening, and arrived at Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, this evening. This place consists of several old steamboats converted into storehouses, hotels, &c., and two or three "stray buildings." We stowed our traps, and took lodgings in one of these wretched wharf boats, while the "Winfield Scott" spedon her way towards the Crescent City: success to her and all aboard. This abject looking place ill deserves the lofty name it bears. Everything about our boarding house appeared filthy, and the victuals were almost disgusting.

Sunday, March 18.—There being about forty Californians here, awaiting a passage to Fort Smith, I was obliged to sleep on the floor last night. Caught a cat-fish this afternoon, which we considered quite a feat; he was a monster, weighing 45 lbs. Some straggling Cherokee Indians about here, on their way to St. Louis to dispose of their furs. They are in canoes, and are very poor. They remind me of the "last run of shad." About 3 o'clock this afternoon, we started up the Arkansas, on board boat "Wm. Armstrong," a small propeller, which we engaged to go through to Fort Smith for $15 per man, and $8 per wagon. The river is in good navigable order, and the water is more turbid than either the Ohio or Mississippi, rather inclining to the red. The banks are lined with cypress, cottonwood and canebrake.

Monday, March 19.—Rained all night; river falling, and full of snags, the current is very strong, but we are making good time. Arrived at Pine-Bluffs about 2, P.M. It is a small but pleasant village, situated upon a high bluff overlooking the surrounding country. Saw some pine timber here (growing,) which is the first we have met with since leaving Pa. I was very much deceived in the general appearance of the Arkansas country. Shortly after leaving the Mississippi, the banks became higher, well timbered, and an apparently finer looking country, I have never seen; but I am told the soil is rather light. There is a bluff on one side of the river, while the opposite side is low land, and the formation changes sides alternately. Cotton and corn are the staple crops of this country. It is said to be very healthy here, and is certainly a great opening for emigrants. We amused ourselves to day by firing at ducks and geese off the deck of the boat: made but few successful shots. The accommodations on board are very indifferent and the fare horrid; all the meats appear to have been in a putrid state before cooking. Complaint was made by the passengers, (and we afterwards had the satisfaction of eating some of our own provision, not knowing it at the time)

Tuesday, March 20.—Awaked this morning by a violent storm. It came on about 2 o'clock, accompanied by thunder and lightning and high winds. Hail fell about the size of an egg. The boat was blown upon a sand bar, which saved us from being capsized. By the screams of the wild geese, we supposed they were sorely peited. After the storm subsided we cleared the sand-bar, and arrived at Little Rock about day break. This place, which is the Capital of the State, contains from 4 to 5000 inhabitants. It is situated upon a high rocky bluff from which it derives its name: (these are the first rocks we have seen since leaving the Ohio River.) It is a well built, healthy, and pleasant place. The government buildings are substantially and handsomely situated. There are a number of fine private residences in town, the yards, gardens, &c., of which are adorned with a great deal of taste, and the inhabitants are generally of the best class of society. A short distance above Little Rock, we met with the first mountains since leaving the Ohio, and they are but hills compared with those of Pennsylvania. We have passengers aboard, bound for California, from Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Lousiana, Arkansas, South Carolina, and other of the Southern States. They are generally young and hardy looking.

Wednesday, March 21—Another violent storm last night; rain fell in torrents. We arrived at Lewisburg this morning. It is an insignificant looking place; has nothing to recommend it, and bears no resemblance to the Lewisburg we left behind us. Arrived at Ozark City, 10 o'clock, A. M. From the appearances of the place, the founders' expectations could never have been realized. The Ozark chain, that cross the State here, gives the country a more mountainous appearance. The current of the river is becoming very rapid and difficult to ascend. Reached Van Buren about dark. This was published a rendezvous for emigrants. We had thought of stopping here, but concluded to go on to Fort Smith, five miles ahead, where we arrived, 8 o'clock, P. M. The boat immediately discharged her passengers and freight, and put off down the river. When we succeeded in getting our "traps" together, we found our groceries missing. This explained the cause of our change of fare aboard the boat. But she was off, leaving us to renew our loss, as best we could. There being no storehouses here, we were under the necessity of lying on the bank all night to protect our baggage. This was our first nights experience in "camping out."

Thursday, March 22.—After passing a sleepless night, we proposed to go out and encamp at Sulphur Spring, about two miles distant from town. Fort Smith is quite a village, situated on the east or Arkansas side of the river, containing about 1000 inhabitants, made up of people from all parts of the States, slaves and Indians included. It is an Indian trading station, and every day they come to town in numbers, bringing furs, marketing, &c., to exchange for the necessaries of life. There are a number of Government troops quartered here, and the Fort and out-buildings are brick, adding greatly to the appearance of the town. The Government buildings are enclosed by a heavy stone wall.

[*To be continued.*]

At auction, Charleston, Dec 3, by Z D. Oakes, the slaves belonging to the estate of the late Wm. Brockelbank brought the following handsome prices:

Cato, 28 years old, a plasterer,		$2132
Sam, 30 years old,	"	1805
Isaac, 24 years old,	"	1775
Paris, 24 years old,	"	1109
Noble, 20 years old,	"	730
Minnis, 24 years old, a laborer,		805
Hardtimes, 20 years old,	"	660

It would seem from this that fanaticism at the North has not reduced the value of slaves at the South.

A cabman in Buffalo, N. Y., who beat a passenger for not paying $5 for conveying him a short distance and afterwards compelling him with the aid of another person, to pay $5 additional, has been convicted of highway robbery, and sentenced for *ten years* to the State Prison.

It is said that in 1853, when the next Presidential term begins, Mr. Clay will be seventy-six, Daniel Webster seventy one, and Gen. Scott sixty-nine. Mr. Buchanan being a bachelor, it is not thought delicate to allude to his years.