

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, APRIL 22, 1857.

VOL. 4. NO. 25.

NOTICES.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, in advance, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conscientiously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, \$1 00

Choice Poetry.

The New Vikings and His Dinah.

JOHN DEAN the Coachman, having succeeded in recovering his loving wife, Marianna Petronella Eker, now Dean—a comic paper of this city (New York), thus truthfully hits off the romantic adventures of the happy pair.

HOW THERE WAS A FAIR DAUGHTER. 'Tis of a rich merchant who in Gotham did dwell, He had a fair daughter, who did cut a great swell, Marianna Petronella this for one was called, And she had a large fortune in rum, schnapps and gold.

HOW SHE FELL IN LOVE. As this daughter was walking in the stable one day, A smelling the sweet savor of horses and hay, Her lover the coachman unto her he said, Now let us go right off and get mar-ried.

HOW THEY GOT MARRIED. Yes, John, said this fair maid; I'll get my d-d hat, So that father and the preacher will not smell a rat, Then away to the Hatfield they went side by side, And down in the basement the knot it was tied.

HOW THE FATHER FELT. Then back she went home; but her father found out The mischief these lovers had just been about, And you better believe there was thunder that day, For these mice that had played while the cat was away.

WHAT THE BRIDE SAID. Oh, John, said the maiden, I feared 'twould be so, Although we are mar-ried, I find it no go, 'Tis true I have chosen a gallant young spouse, But alas! he ain't handy to live in the house.

WHAT THE FATHER DID. Then the daughter so loose he shut up very tight, And carefully watched her by day and by night, But the newspapers told about John and the heiress, How the one was in love and the other in duress.

HOW JOHN WENT TO LAW. But the Irishman said, "Sure the virgin is mine, By love and the law, and commandments divine, An' by habes corpus her fair comports I'll have, So I will, Mather Eker, without asking your leave,

HOW THEY PROCEEDED. Though married, their courtship was just now begun, And judges and lawyers they mixed in the fun, And the public for rum and schnapps don't care a pin, But put John on the back, and say "good boy, go in."

HOW JOHN GOT HIS BRIDE. A month, perhaps more, did these lawyers delay, But at last the bold judge to this parient did say, "It's no use a talking; she's married that's sure, John takes her; don't cry over what you can't cure."

THE CROCUS AND THE BLUE BIRD IN A SNOW STORM. BY FRANCES D. GAGE. First born among the flowers, Golden eyed daughter of a sunny ray, What lured thee to this chill world of ours 'This snowy day?

Was it the blue bird's song, 'Twas it so luringly above thy head, Asking thy love, the cold, bare boughs among That called thee from thy bed?

Lovest thou his note so well, That it could warm thee, ice-bound earth, Bidding hope's germ within thy bosom swell And quicken into birth?

Did sympathy, the dew-eyed child Of Love, plead with thee, to give forth thy To sooth and bless his passion, lone and wild, And cheer his gloom?

Hast thou no fear his note Will turn to coldness ere the day goes by, And on sure wing away will float, Leaving thee here to die?

How the cold wind sweeps!

Will he still cheer thee? will he sweetly sing, Bidding thee cease for the sunny skies to weep, And rest beneath his wing?

Sweet flower of spring, thy fate Reminds me of full many a maiden's doom; Trusting a smile, she finds when all too late The eky overhang with gloom.

And he who in the hour Of sunny brightness, sung in genial tone, Leaves her to brave the Storm-King's angry power Betrayed, despoiled, alone.

Maiden, beware the voice Of him who only sings when bright skies glow, Wait till the storm is past, then make thy choice, And 'scape the woe.

Miscellaneous.

HIGHLY INTERESTING FROM CHINA—TERRIBLE SCENES AMONG THE INSURGENTS.

Death of the Eastern and Northern Kings—Destruction of the Porcelain Tower.

The New York Commercial is indebted to a friend for a Hong Kong paper, containing a long letter from the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, carrying the narrative down to the middle of last December. It is too long for our columns, and will rather gain than lose in interest in this latitude by abridgment and we present to our readers a careful synopsis. Dr. Bridgman's information was obtained from three eye-witnesses of what he describes—These persons were with the insurgents at Nanking, Chinkiang, Wuhu and other places in Ngunai; were frequently at the palaces of the chiefs, and had the amplest opportunities of acquiring information. One of them was an illiterate native, and the others being foreigners were unacquainted with the Chinese language, and Dr. Bridgman therefore experienced some difficulty in fixing exact dates of occurrences, but of the substantial truth of the narrative he entertained not the slightest doubt.

The native was a youth and was in the service of the insurgents for more than a year, though only as a bearer of burdens. The foreigners were "gentlemen at large," adventurers we presume, for they had first entered the service of the imperialists, but receiving no pay, and seeing no prospect of any, went over to the insurgents, with whom they remained until the two principal rebel chiefs were cut off, when they abandoned the insurgents also, and coming from Nanking by the way of Chinkiang and Tantu, reached Shanghai in the latter end of December. They reported that they left only seven foreigners with the insurgents, viz:—five Manila men, one Italian and a Negro.

The two chiefs of the insurgent force were Yang, "the Eastern King," and Wei Chang-hui, "the Northern King." As mentioned above, both these chiefs are dead. Yang was it seems, proverbial for instigating the most bloody massacres of all who stood in the way of his ambitious designs, as well as for his blasphemous assumptions. He had reached the pinnacle of despotic sway, and lived in true oriental luxury in his palace at Nanking. He rarely went beyond the gates of the city, but within the walls was all but supreme. One of the leaders among the insurgents, Hung Siutsien, and entitled the "Celestial King," for some reason had become obnoxious to him and Yang resolved to compass his death. This design he communicated to one of his generals, who for some reason not assigned, revealed the plot to the intended victim. Hung, who appears to have been a brother of the Northern King, sought aid from him, and the massacre of the Eastern King and his followers was determined upon.

The mode of accomplishing this was truly Chinese. The Northern King, by concert with the Celestial King, entered the city in the dead of night, posted his followers quickly and silently at every avenue to the palace of the Eastern King, and at a given signal, Yang and hundreds of his officers and people lay weltering in their blood. Yang's followers in the city, however, were counted by tens of thousands, and further treachery was necessary to complete the tragedy.

With the morning's dawn came the revelation of the massacre, and the design of Yang was announced as the reason for it. In order to get more of his followers into their power, however, deception was necessary, and the females of Hung's palace became a decoy. From the balustrades of the palace they announced that Wei, the Northern King, and his men, had exceeded their orders; that as a punishment, Wei was to be bastinadoed; and Yang's surviving officers, as some atonement, were invited to be present at the infliction of the punishment. At this announcement, the Northern King's followers, being previously instructed, manifested the utmost sorrow and distress.

The reader probably anticipates the sequel. It is thus described by Dr. Bridgman:—"As the second day advanced, some of the favorites were permitted to enter and rifle the palace of the slaughtered 'rebel.' But the scene of greatest interest lay in another quarter. In front of Hung's palace, in accordance with the summons of the previous day, multitudes had assembled at an early hour, and there, not many yards from the tribunal from behind which decrees were brought forth and proclaimed aloud by his female heralds, the chastisement began. Wei and his captains meekly (and cunningly) submitted.

The sham succeeded; five or six thousand of Yang's troops—suspecting that nothing harder than the bamboo awaited them—allowed themselves to be deprived of their arms and placed for safe keeping in two large buildings, on or close to their late master's now desecrated palace. Once in, their fate was sealed;—every one of them was put to death;

and not only these, but other thousands also. Thus day after day the victims were arrested, and made to suffer. Even little children were not spared. Heaps on heaps the corpses accumulated; for nearly three months this dreadful work was in progress, and was then arrested in a very singular manner.

When the Eastern King's plot was revealed to the Celestial King, the latter summoned to Nanking the "Assistant King," Shih Takhai, as well as the Northern King, Wei. The assistant King, however, refused to obey the summons, he being friendly to the Eastern King, Yang. As he did not make his appearance, it was supposed he had taken umbrage and joined the imperialists. Events proved, however, that the surmise was without foundation. He gathered his adherents, and sent to the Celestial King a demand for Wei's head, on pain of an attack upon Nanking and its destruction. The demand was complied with. The head of the Northern King was "taken off, placed in a box, despatched to the camp of the Assistant King, and there, with many other heads, was hung up and exposed to the public gaze." These events occurred in November last. The way being thus prepared, for some of Wei's captains had also been beheaded at the demand of the Assistant King, the latter marched to Nanking, about the beginning of December. The adherents of Yang and Wei were of course immediately prescribed, among them were Dr. Bridgman's informants, who fled to save themselves from the executioner.

We can now comprehend why, in the last few months, the insurgents have made so little progress, compared with earlier periods. They have been engaged with feuds among themselves, of a sufficiently tragic character. Hung Siutsien, the Celestial King, was known to be alive as late as the 12th of December, but was in concealment; and Shih Takhai, the Assistant King, was at the latest advices in possession of Nanking, and apparent supreme chief of the insurgent force. The property of Yang and his party had been confiscated, and his palace reduced to ruins. Dr. Bridgman says that "it seems to have been intended that no memorial should be left of him or his estate, and that every relative and friend, and follower, should be exterminated and their houses and goods destroyed." It was also reported to Dr. Bridgman that the far-famed porcelain tower of Nanking, in architecture the pride of the "Upper Kingdom," had been levelled to the ground. Its demolition appears to have been connected with the overthrow of the Northern King: "it was blown up because there were some great guns in it." Shih Takhai is represented as acting the part of Dictator. Provisions and munitions of war were plentiful at Nanking, and though it is supposed that, as the consequence of this jealousy, plotting and treachery, thirty thousand persons were killed, the numbers of the insurgent forces were not sensibly diminished.

Of the relative positions and strength of the Imperialists and Insurgents, it is difficult to form an opinion. Dr. Bridgman represents that of the thirteen prefectures of Kiangsi, nine are held by the insurgents, with nearly the whole province of Ngunaihui, large countries of the river, and many forts along its banks; and their courage, readiness to fight, &c., far surpass those of the Imperialists.—Dr. Bridgman, however, has such an evident bias in their, that his opinions and inferences must be received with some mistrust. He even admits, at the close of his letter, that when his informants left Nanking, a plot was on foot against the life of Hung, the Celestial King; and that soon after they left the city, "much loud cannoning was heard in that direction." Men who can practice such wholesale treachery and slaughter among themselves, are not, one would think, likely to prove permanently formidable foes, and it is difficult to suppose that their rule can be a blessing to any people. To claim for such men a knowledge of, or a belief in, Christianity, and its civilizing, humane precepts, is only to bring the christian religion into contempt.

A LEGAL ANECDOTE.—A friend at our elbow, says that an exchange relates a legal anecdote which is too good to be lost. It is of course located "out west," that region is so famed for its luminous jurists; and illustrates the ruling passion, "poker," even among western members of the bar. The court is in session, the judges are on the bench, and the case of Smith vs Brown is called up.

"All ready," shouts the council for the defendant, but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond.

"Who's for the plaintiff?" inquired the Judge somewhat impatiently.

"May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing poker. He's got the sucker there and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to writing in a 'coldduck,' in which case he will deal for himself four aces and his opponent four queens, so that your honor will perceive he must 'rake the permissoms.'"

The look of impatience soon vanished from the face of his Honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than of anger took its place.

"Dear me that's too bad! It happened at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases."

A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge.

"Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins.—Suppose you go over and play his hand."

"Tom, you see," said a temperance man to a tipping friend, "why do you drink such stuff as you do? Why do you hink wouldn't a touch that brandy?" "That's cause they is bruits," said Tom. "Poor creatures, they dunno what's good."

Correspondence of the New York Daily Times. Governor Robert J. Walker.

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1857.

Until Mr. Robert J. Walker can prevail upon his family, and some of his intimate friends, to drop their strong opposition to his making Kansas his home for so long a period as would be requisite in order to accomplish the task, in that Territory, which the Administration requires at his hands, I fear it will be difficult for him to go. His health, seriously impaired by the National Hotel attack, could scarcely be benefited by the anxieties of a Western sojourn. He has never been physically very robust, and at the present time case will be necessary before he can recover his usual vigor. Still, the general impression is that he has made up his mind to accede to the personal solicitations of Mr. Buchanan and that he will be Governor Geary's successor.

It had escaped the notice of people here, as it was not regarded for the moment as having any political significance, that the President, notwithstanding the pressure of public business upon him from all directions, had taken opportunities of frequent and lengthy interviews with Mr. Walker during the past fortnight, which are now understood to have had reference to Kansas. Mr. Buchanan had, probably, made up his mind previous to the advent of Ex-Governor Geary, whom he would appoint in his place, and hence the intimations which were thrown out that a statesman of the first order of talent and energy would be chosen, and that opportunities of higher distinction would be afforded in Kansas, than could be enjoyed by any other appointee of his administration.

It seems to be the common supposition that Mr. Walker is entirely identified with the extreme Southern interest, and that his sympathies are with the school of Davis, Toombs and others of the secessionist stripe. This is not the case, and is scarcely ought to be charged against the man who was chosen to the United States Senate from Mississippi, as the opponent of Mr. Poindester, in the very campaign in which the latter gentleman stump State under the Palmetto flag, as the advocate of South Carolina nullification.—Mr. Walker's course, at that time, met with the approbation of every Union man throughout the land. His standard was the flag of the Union, which he wore around his waist, in which costume he denounced disunion as treason, in every principal town and village of his adopted Southern State.

Robert J. Walker, the son of Judge Walker—one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States—was born in Pennsylvania, and, I believe, not far from the home of Mr. Buchanan. He studied law under his own father, and practiced his profession at Pittsburg, where he married a daughter of Franklin Bache, of Philadelphia and a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.—The first nomination of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency was made by young Walker, shortly after he was admitted to the bar, at a Convention of the Pennsylvania Democracy. After his emigration to Mississippi, he became identified with Texan independence, but took no leading part in national matters until the declaration of South Carolina in favor of nullification had excited his zeal in behalf of the Union. Then succeeded the famous struggle between himself and Poindester—the latter the right hand of Calhoun in Mississippi, through whom he hoped to gain over that State to the cause of secession, or an unconstitutional States Rights extreme. No Mississippian will ever forget that famous canvass, nor ought it to go out of the memory of patriots in the North. Whatever may have been the real causes of complaint against Mr. Walker since, he did his duty then manfully, triumphantly, and in a way which caused him to take his seat as an equal among the giants who composed the Senatorial body of that period.

Walker, in the Senate, soon became a confidential friend of Jackson, and took a leading part in the annexation of Texas; but he is remembered by those who distrust him on account of his supposed Pro-Slavery proclivities, that he strenuously opposed Mr. Calhoun's project of making all of Texas Slavery Territory, and was the main instrument of making the freedom of the soil of the Northern portion of our newly acquired possessions a condition of annexation.

Walker was first requested by Mr Polk to enter his cabinet as Attorney-General, that post being deemed most in accordance with his tastes; but subsequent events transferred him to the Treasury Department. He then inaugurated the "Revenue," as distinguished from the "Protection" tariff system, and drew up and reported the tariff of 1846. It was a bold measure, reducing duties more than one-half, on an average, and that at a time when the country was involved in a war, and in opposition to the views of the commercial and manufacturing classes.

On the passage of the bill, Mr. Evans, Senator from Maine, and considered the financial leader of the Whigs, declared, in his place, that the revenue of the next year would not be \$12,000,000. Daniel Webster left a memorandum with the clerk of the Senate, that it would not produce \$14,000,000. Abbott Lawrence and the banking interests of this city and New England considered the policy as destructive. Walker's recorded estimate was that it would give, in the first year, \$30,000,000. It gave \$29,000,000 and some hundreds of thousands, and has gone on increasing until it has reached its present prodigious amount.

Walker is the only Cabinet officer who has had his reports reprinted abroad. Sir Robert Peel had them printed for the benefit of the House of Commons, and his is the honor of being the only financial minister whom the world has produced, who has advanced Government Stocks, and maintained them above par, during a foreign war, and while it was borrowing money daily.

If this sketch sounds to you like a panegyric it is because I have cared to present you only one side and a true one, of the character of a very remarkable man, who is about to be entrusted with the practical care of settling the most important question which has agitated the country for many years, and who, it is believed here, will do it in the interest of the Union, in accordance with the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska law, and if the majority (as is doubtless the case) of people of Kansas are Free State men, in a way to secure the triumph of freedom over slavery.

Westward Ho!

An ague-stricken hypochondriac, who has been on a trip out west, thus answers some questions in a letter to the Saturday Evening Post:

The first question comes from Cambridgeport Mass., and reads as follows: "Which is the best time for going West, in the Spring or Autumn?"

The best time for going West, is when you have the most money about you, and the least fear of losing it. If you come in the Spring you are sure to shake yourself to death before you get to the West. If you come in the fall, you will live until Spring, if you don't freeze to death before you get there. If you come at all you had better get your stomach lined with waterproof cement, so as to be able to digest corn bread, bacon and whiskey; for this is all we have to eat, except a few French hogs, and bilious looking tadpoles, which we can catch when the river runs down.

Second question—"What part of the West is the best part to emigrate to, taking into consideration the healthiness of the climate?"

A variety of opinions about that, my dear fellow. Our Senator, Mr. Douglass, says Nebraska is the best. So it is, if you want to go into stock business, raising an unruly kind of mixed cattle that will stray to Canada, in spite of the compromise of 1850 or 1856, or Senator Douglas. Or, if you want to speculate in papposes, white scalps, and get your own taken off scientifically, go to Nebraska, by all means. If you want to play poker for a living, and set up whiskey drinking for a business, live on corn-bread and bacon week days, and slippery elm bark on Sundays, come to Illinois. If you want to go where they have no Sundays, or anything to eat, only what they brought from the East go to Iowa, or if you want to go to grass on all fours, and do as other kinds of cattle do go to Salt Lake.

If you want to go where they receive the mail annually, where they live on wild cranberries crumbled in water from the Mississippi river, where three wigwags make a city and a paper of pins and a bar of Yankee soap make a merchant—go to Minnesota.

Third question—"Does the fever and ague prevail much in Wisconsin?"

Of course it does. Nobody out West is fool enough to ask such a question. Everybody shakes; even the trees shake, you can't coax a plum to stay on when it is good for anything, it will shake a man out of bed, kick him out of doors and shake the bedstead at him till he gives up.

Fourth question—"How long does a pre-emption stand good?"

That depends upon circumstances. If you have a good rifle, and know how to use it, you have a chance to ten that you may live until you starve to death. But if you can't stand fire, and are not a good shot and a quick one, take my word for it, you had better stay in Jerico until your beard be grown; they are all too smart for you in these woods.

Fifth question—"Is there land to be had in the northwest part of Ohio for \$1.25 per acre and is it good?"

That's all fudge, got up by some speculators to gull some greenhorn like you or me for the best of my knowledge and belief. Ohio was worn out ten years ago. The whole business of the railroads in warm weather, is to carry back persons who have been fools enough to come out West. All the railroads are doing this winter is carrying dirt into Ohio out of Michigan to raise a few beans and oats, to keep the folks from starving next summer.

As to the land in the northwest of Ohio, it is eighteen inches under water most of the year, and will probably be worth \$1.25 per acre when water snakes and copper heads bring as much per barrel in New York as potatoes are worth per bushel in Alton.

And lastly, he wants reliable information—a short article in your paper relative to the subject—and he wants to go to a healthy location, decent land and fair water.

Exactly! Why, my dear sir, there is no such thing as reliable information out West, unless you pay well for it. A lawyer won't tell the truth unless you give him \$500, and then you can't believe half he says.

A witness won't tell the truth in court unless you first scare him to death, and then make him swear he won't and neither himself nor anybody else knows whether he tells the truth or not.

On the whole, if you feel obliged by our "short article," so do I. If you want to go to a healthy country, stay at home, and don't be a fool like myself and come out West. And as for decent land, my dear fellow, what do you mean? You must know that our wild prairie is very indecent, especially when it is burnt over and left as naked as it was born.—'Tis true nature weaves a sort of fig-leaf apron every summer out of a coarse kind of grass, but it soon gets burnt off, and is indecent as ever.

As for fair water, we have none, it is all a bilious compost of liquid mud, dead buffaloes, fish and rotten rattlesnakes.

Our common drink, when we can't get whiskey, is one-third prairie mud, and one-third tobacco juice.

Upon the whole, if you have good water, and get enough to eat, stay where you are.

Yours truly, W.

A Laughing Clergyman.

We have heard the anecdote of the minister whose gravity was so overcome at the ludicrous antics of a man who had fallen asleep on the steps of the church door, and had been upset by a pugacious ram, who had mistook his nodding for a signal of defiance, and charged upon him accordingly. The minister beheld the scene through the open church door, and burst into laughter in the midst of his sermon, much to the amusement of his hearers, who could not understand the cause of his mirth. His mortification at this outland incident was so great that he would never again enter the pulpit. In the Recollections of a Life time, by S. G. Goodrich, we find related a circumstance of somewhat similar nature, which he gives as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T., a man of high character and distinguished by his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently, when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile, and sometimes almost titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark, and at last scandal; finally it was thought necessary for some of his clerical friends, at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "the fact charged against me is true, but I beg you to permit me to offer an explanation. A few months after I was licensed to preach, I was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the duties of the church. Back of the pulpit was a window which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer: As I rose to commence the reading of the Scriptures, I cast a glance into the field, and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions—jumping, whirling, slapping in all directions, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought he was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me—he had buttoned up a bumble bee in his pantaloons! I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of this scene upon my risible sensibilities was so great that I could hardly get through the services. Several times I was upon the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day, the remembrance of this scene—through the temptation of the devil—often comes upon me as I am ascending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness, but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and your prayers than your reproaches."

WILLIAM WIRT AND TOM CORWIN.—It is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called was once trying a case in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe? Witness—Yes.

Wirt—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Well, yes, Squire; I don't know but what I do.

The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels, and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fighting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out resigned him with a bally smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and put it—

Mr. Corwin—Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?

Witness—Yes.

Corwin—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Why, no, Squire; I can't go that.

TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The St. Paul's (Minnesota) Pioneer, publishes the following extract of a letter, dated Red River Settlement, Hudson Bay Territory, December 6th:—"I received a letter from Roderick in the last mail, and express a wish that I should write to you by the first opportunity, and state more particularly about the reports we heard last summer about some traces of whites being seen in the North. I have just returned from —, who was at Norway House last July, and saw the man who bro's down an express to Sir George Simpson from Mr. Anderson, in McKensie's River district, stating that Indians had brought over reports to one of the trading points in that quarter, that Indians had seen two or more encampments of whites on an island on some point where Anderson and Stuart turned back in 1855, and that one of the encampments particularly was quite fresh, supposed to have been abandoned a day or two before the Indians saw it, and from the traces thought there might have been ten or twelve men.—I could not hear of the exact locality, further than that Anderson and Stewart were within a very short distance of the place where the traces were seen. I hope you have heard more particularly about the report."

REVOLTING AFFAIR IN MARYLAND.—The following tragic occurrence took place at Winston, Md., on the 27th of March:—

A son of Philip Pendleton and a young man by the name of Drain, from Chicago, had some misunderstanding, which resulted in Drain challenging young Pendleton. He accepted the challenge, and chose bowie knives. They nailed themselves down to a two inch plank by the pants, and fought until Drain was mortally wounded. Young Pendleton was cut nearly in pieces, and is now lying in a critical position. Part of Pendleton's knife is still in Drain's head. There is no hope of his recovery. The Dr. thinks they will both die. Drain was 22 years of years old, and small of stature, while Pendleton was about 19.

❄️ Snow has fallen to the depth of four inches in this place.