

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE CURL OF GOLDEN HAIR.

I have a little treasure,  
More beautiful to me,  
Than sight of gold or silver,  
Or brightest gems I see.  
'Tis not a costly jewel,  
In market rich and fair—  
Nor yet a thing of value,  
To others less than mine.

And still I deem it priceless,  
More precious far than gold;  
More beautiful and lovely,  
Than earthly gems I hold.  
'Tis not in iron coffers,  
My treasure safe I keep;  
And though I prize it highly,  
I often 't is I weep.

In a closely folded paper,  
And laid away with care,  
Lies a little sunny ringlet,  
A curl of golden hair.  
With heavy nose it shaded,  
A fair and lovely brow;  
And though long years have wasted,  
Methinks I see it now.

How oft my fingers pressed it,  
And turned it o'er and o'er,  
All set with tears of anguish!  
Such tears can flow no more—  
For the curls came and called him,  
To live with them alone,  
While my heart was overflowing  
With a mother's earliest love.

Then, 'O! how sad and lonely  
Was everything to me,  
His play-things all were gathered,  
For those I could not see,  
I put away his curls,  
With his little exhalant chair;  
And my heart, like them, was vacant,  
For hope had withered there.

In the dark, cold grave he hid him,  
When the morning sun shone;  
And his little curls were left,  
As all things left me now.  
It is strange that I should love it,  
And guard it with such care—  
This little glossy ringlet,  
This curl of golden hair!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE KANSAS EMBROIDER.

#### Travels on the Buchanan Administration.

We cut the following letter from Col. Forney, the editor of the Press, from that journal of Saturday last. It is certainly most graphic in its terms, and endorses fully all that we have ever said against the propriety of electing Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency. It is gratifying to know that Col. F. is rapidly nearing to the track in politics, and we have no doubt but he keenly regrets the part taken by himself to justify upon the country so great an evil as has been already produced by placing Mr. Buchanan in the Presidential Chair.

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1858.

I left Philadelphia, on Wednesday, on a hurried visit to some friends here, and will return, God willing, by this evening's train, carrying with me this hurried letter, which must take the place of my usual work in the Press of to-morrow. What a difference between March 1857, and March 1858! I dwell upon it with surprise and regret. One year ago the country was full of life and activity, and at peace with itself. The hearts of our people beat responsively to a noble cause, and the hands of men of all parties were united to support and to strengthen our venerable President. The Democrats were united and joyous, and gazed hopefully into a tranquil and victorious future. The Republicans were dismayed, and new political combinations were abandoned before the prospect of a wise and patriotic policy. Mr. Seward, in the Senate, Mr. Stanton, in the House, Mr. Greeley, in the Tribune, instead of preparing new weapons of attack upon the Administration, were turning their thoughts to those substantial questions upon which all men agree in this happy country. Even the Americans, few in number, could see no profit in faction, and were quietly reconsidering their plans. The extreme South, so apt to chafe into a passion, was as calm as a Sunday's morning. Conservatism, in its very best sense, had taken possession of the Government. An experienced President, a sure and sagacious Cabinet, a ready Senate in session, and a still better House preparing for its new term—these constituted the sterling superstructure of an enduring condition of national prosperity.

And what a change has one year produced! I can hardly believe my senses that I am writing from the Capital of my country, and that my old friend—him, to whom I have borne almost filial relations from my boyhood—be to whom I have confided my few hopes and fears—be for whom I dared the frowns of foes, and for whom during four long years in the lower House of Congress the passage in my gift was fearlessly bestowed, and he knows how gladly and how spontaneously, too! I can hardly believe my senses, that this is the City of Washington, and that James Buchanan is President.

What is the aspect now? One wide Reign of Terror. A tax is erected here, like some horrid instrument of torture, upon which Democrats are tried and executed for their opinions. The work of desecration has ceased against life-time foes, and is now waged upon old and cherished friends. Men are removed and excommunicated for being opposed to Democratic principles, but for being too much in favor of them. The humblest Clerk, with his little family, who struggles along on his thousand dollars a year, must hide his sentiments or leave his place. For the bold and upright Democrat who dares to think aloud, there is short shrift. If he has an office he must be ready for the ominous word of dismissal on the instant. If he is an independent citizen, he is excluded from the Departments and from the White House like a common leper. An army of spies are on the alert, hunting for victims. In the presence of one of these eager eaves-droppers, may let fall a free opinion! It is at once caught up and carried, with no lack of exaggeration, to the ear of power. If there is on this round globe a race more despised in civilized society than any other, it is the race of informers. The noblest invective of the noblest of Irish orators has made them immortally infamous. These mercenaries now hold high service in Washington. I could name several of them from our own State, but I forbear for the honor of Pennsylvania. They glory in their shameful trade. Broken in fortune, reckless of their own fame, laughing at conscience in others, and rejecting it for themselves, they swarm here anxious to earn their guilty wages. The most of these creatures, happily, are the men who have pursued and persecuted the President with the same venom which they now display towards those who differ from his Kansas policy.

It is their vocation to make public opinion here against the intrepid sentiment of the people; to bully in the hotels, to infest the rooms of members, to "pump" the new arrivals, to coax the doubtful, to intimidate the weak, to supply false motives for honest differences, to fill the town with rumors of defection among the friends of the Right, to flatter power, and to applaud to the echo everything that falls from the lips of greatness. "Sir," said a wise and good man to me on one occasion, several years ago, "the President rarely hears the truth. He is surrounded with sycophants, who say only what pleases him." How often this profound truth is illustrated! It is said that Frederick the Great—I think Lord Brougham's short sketch of him contains the statement—would sometimes demand of his ministers to talk to him boldly; and when they did, he would lose his temper, and beat them for their candor.—There are many good, brave men in Washington to-day, who would give their worst thoughts the worst of words, if they had the chance. But the eye of greatness has no welcome—the ear of greatness no hearing—for such men. If they attempt to speak out, they are turned away or left standing "alone in their glory." Let me give you the last instance of the way things are done here. One of the best men ever sent from Western Pennsylvania, to our State Legislature, was Maxwell McCaslin. His very name is a household word in Washington, Fayette and Greene. Everybody liked him during his long residence in the latter county. Honest, faithful, intelligent and brave, he was a fine specimen of that Scotch-Irish element which has infused so many sterling traits into our Pennsylvania character. Well, Maxwell is not over-rich; and so, after having served his constituents with honor, for many years, he asked for and obtained an Indian Agency in Kansas, about two years ago, from President Pierce. He had been a Buchanan standard bearer in Greene county, for, I think, some fifteen years, fighting our excellent friend John L. Dawson, in many a hard contest, when the latter led the anti-Buchanan column in the West. It was natural that such a man should feel free to speak the truth without fear, especially to save his old chief, Mr. Buchanan, from harm. Maxwell McCaslin saw the wicked and mercenary tyranny in Kansas. His honest nature revolted at it. He saw the man he had labored for about to be damaged by the authors of this bold rilliny. What did he do? Did he wait to seek his himself? No! Like a man who would see his brother in peril—for Maxwell McCaslin is about Mr. Buchanan's age—he rushed in to save him. He wrote imploring letters from the Territory, telling the powers here that they were deceived. He begged them to halt in their career. He told them that the people of Kansas never would submit to Leocompton, and that it was cruelly to ask them to do so to it. He appealed to the friends of the President to drive off the vermin from the Territory, who were here besieging power, and deluding and deceiving the Executive. These letters, written in the ardor of old friendship, and in the credulous belief that no one would question their sincerity—alas! vain hope—cost him his head. One of them got into the Press through Mr. Kincaid, of Greene, now a member of our Legislature. It doomed the writer. On Tuesday last, he was removed from his little place, and his successor appointed. I can realize how this act of grace will be received in Greene county, and all along that rebellious frontier. My regret is deep that by any act of mine—the publication of that unfortunate letter—I should have been the instrument of his removal. How he did write, let the following extract from one of his last letters:—"If the Leocompton Constitution is adopted, and the election of the 4th of January is given to the fire-eaters under Calhoun, it will not only make a dark day in Kansas, but all over the Union. If the President had stood his ground with Gov. Walker, amidst the millions of conservative men who would have rallied around him, both North and South, all would have been well. THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS DEMOCRACY WOULD HAVE MAINTAINED ITS CONSISTENCY, AND STOOD UPON THE PILLARS OF ETERNAL TRUTH AND JUSTICE." This fatal letter is dated on the 16th of February, and as John Campbell, an Irish neighbor across the way, is not only a rate book-seller, (as well as book-reader), but is also fond of autographs, I will give this letter to him if he will come and get it. "So much for Buchanan."

You will see that I am committing a great imprudence by writing so plainly. I certainly do so with no personal purpose. My frankness may disturb some sensibilities—and may give some greedy and aspiring gentlemen a good chance to help themselves by abuse of me; and so, I shall not be sorry. But I claim the right to speak out on this grave subject. I do it more in sorrow than in anger. I feel that we are on the verge of a frightful abyss; and in my vocation as an independent journalist, and as one who would to-morrow serve James Buchanan if I felt he was right with all the ardor of the old-time, silence would be a crime.

But there is a cheerful side to the picture.—Yesterday was a bright day for the people.—There was a gorgeous sunrise in the sky and

on the earth; and spring seemed to be breaking from the clouds of winter. There was also a glorious gleam of hope in the House. The great principle of the will of the majority asserted its majesty, and seemed to be strong enough to wrestle with the gigantic influences that have fettered it so long. Those who differ from Mr. Buchanan so regretfully on this issue, and who have been traduced by his flatterers for this difference, felt measurably compensated by this new victory. I heard one of the most gifted of these gallant fellows say last night: "Would it not be a proud satisfaction if 'we few, we happy few, we band of brothers,' could save Mr. Buchanan and the party from this great calamity?"

But I must stop, or you will never get this in to-morrow. J. W. F.

### AN INDIAN WEDDING.

The Nebraska City News contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee Chief to the blood royal squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mah-pa-shinga. We extract the following:

The Chief's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt, with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer killed buffalo robe, and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either arched depended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper.

We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mah-pa-shinga also wore a "red petticoat," embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars in Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt-collared coat, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight collared soldier coat with brass buttons and elegant pair of Spanish spurs, while his stalwart legs were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life.

The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp-kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, bear's tail and mule steak, fresh fish and sugar, making, altogether, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp-kettle. The horn-spoons of occidental luxury seldom convey to the educated palate viands more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn whiskey made of red pepper, tobacco pulp and rain water, together with molasses sweetened coffee made up the list.

Among the distinguished persons present, we did not fail to notice the six Mesdames Petanahara, the wives of that eminent "Injun," who is now at Washington, visiting James Buchanan on official business. Also, Mr. Whitcomb, of the Omaha principality, Mr. Big Soldier, Esquire Wildcat, and the Hon. Short-tailed Elk.

### THE MASTER'S SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Members of an order,  
Ancient as the world;  
All within our borders,  
Beside its walls,  
Gather to the gathering,  
That awaits us there;  
On the level platform,  
Facing on the square,  
Like the workmen olden,  
Who our craft design,  
We the present golden  
Foot have in mind.

Reason never failed—  
We each other know,  
As around the altar,  
Head-to-head we go;  
Lead us hence singing  
To our Source Above,  
And heart-offerings bringing  
To the God of Love.

Like the workmen olden,  
Who our craft design,  
We the present golden  
Foot have in mind.

There is mystic beauty  
In our working plan,  
Teaching man his duty  
To his fellow man;  
As a band of brothers,  
Ever just and true,  
Do we unto others,  
As we'd have them do,  
Like the workmen olden,  
Who our craft design,  
We the present golden  
Foot have in mind.

### CONSEQUENCES OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century since the final emancipation of the negro, we ought to find ourselves in a position to speak with some confidence on the several points connected with that important question. The facts, indeed, are clear enough, but the conclusion is not satisfactory, nor the escape very easy to find. The philanthropists can undoubtedly appeal to one great achievement. The liberation of the black has been complete, unequalled and permanent. All the cruelties or miseries which may have accompanied the institution of slavery in our colonies, whether avoidable or otherwise, have absolutely ceased; no British planter any longer possesses human property, nor can it be said that any vestige of the old system is now discernible. What the anti-slavery agitators sought to abolish, they have abolished utterly, and the shame and the scandal have disappeared from our territories as entirely as if they had never been known. With this admission, however, we fear the approval of our policy must be terminated. On every other point predictions have been fulfilled and expectations disappointed.—The negro himself, though he has become free, has not become wise or industrious. Our planters have not found the free blacks made good laborers; our colonies have not risen in prosperity and affluence above the stultifying condition of other States, and though the trade in slaves has decreased upon the whole, its vitality is so plain and strong, that at this very moment we are making a considerable addition to the force of our African squadron. Everything, in short, has failed, except emancipation itself.—Negroes are free, but they are also brutalized; the West Indies have been ruined; immense tracts of the most productive soil in the world are left uncultivated for the want of labor, and other nations, discerning in our policy a warning rather than an example, are pushing the opportunities of slavery to the utmost and making fortunes over the heads of British colonies.

These results are traceable in the main to the spirit of a legislation directed exclusively to the eradication of slavery, without regard to any of the functions which slaves had until then discharged. The agriculturists of our tropical colonies were suddenly deprived of the labor by the aid of which their crops were produced, and the controlling authorities, instead of assisting them in replacing the lost element, appeared to charge themselves only with the duty of scrutinizing and impeding all efforts in this direction, lest anything resembling slavery should be introduced in another form. This was not unnatural, nor perhaps unnecessary; but in the meantime cultivation was suspended and property destroyed, while British consumers repaired to foreign markets for the very commodities which our own countrymen had been forbidden to produce. The emancipated negro would do no work at all. No attempts have succeeded in inspiring him with the wants and yearnings of civilized life, and as his needs are small, his exertions are small also. The climate enables him to dispense with refinements of shelter or apparel; the soil provides him with sustenance, and rapacity and indolence leave him at least as much like a beast as ever, though he is no longer a beast of burden. The obligation of labor no longer rests on these members of the race of Ham. The West India squatter can vegetate in absolute idleness without compulsion or enticement to employ his faculties in work.—London Times.

### A PATRIOTIC LETTER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Upon the occasion of the inauguration of the Statue of Washington, at Richmond, Va., on the 22d of February, Mr. Fillmore, in response to an invitation to be present, sent the following letter:—

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 1st, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ult., inviting me to be present at the elevation of the Statue of Washington to its position, on the "Virginia Washington Monument," in the city of Richmond, on the 22d day of February, inst., and regret exceedingly that my engagements are such as to deprive me of the pleasure of accepting your invitation.

Your State is justly entitled to great credit for erecting this noble monument to her peerless son, as a tribute of gratitude to his memory. But the fame of Washington is more enduring than monumental brass, or sculptured marble; and when that proud pile of granite shall have crumbled to dust, and that beautiful bronze statue which with it is crowned shall be exhibited as an ancient relic, in some future museum, the name of Washington will shine with increased lustre on the brightest page of his country's history. Surely, then, nothing which I could do or say could add to this undying fame; but nevertheless, I should rejoice to testify, by my presence on this interesting occasion, my deep veneration and profound respect for the character of Washington.

Perhaps there was never a time when his unselfish example and prophetic warnings were of more importance to the country than now. The Union which he sacrificed so much to establish, is threatened; the warning which he left as a paternal legacy to his country, is slighted; and a growing disunion, North and South, cannot fail to create anxiety in the breast of every true patriot.

At a time like this, I should rejoice to meet my countrymen from all parts of this wide-spread Republic, at the monument of Washington reared by his own native State, and there, upon the sacred altar, as children of our Revolutionary sires, pledge for ourselves "our lives and our sacred honors," to maintain the first and last of "from indignity upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enslave the sacred rights which now link together the various parts."

I beg of you, gentlemen, to accept my grateful thanks for the honor you have done me, by deeming me worthy of an invitation to be present on this interesting occasion; and permit me to subscribe myself,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,  
MILLARD FILLMORE.  
ALBANY, Feb. 10th, 1858.

### PICKED-UP STANZAS.

One of our employees, while walking along the board walk leading to the Capitol, on Monday evening, picked up a piece of paper containing the following lines. The writer appears to be a lover of Byron, as the first verse (taken from that great author's works). Whichever he may be, we hope he will permit his talent to be "hid under a bush" any longer, but come out and claim the paternity of his production, and you will again be "looked upon."

### THE DEVIL IN KANSAS.

The Devil returned to Hell at noon—  
His Majesty's hour for dinner—  
Where he swallowed down a bottle "strong"  
Of the latest imported slumery.  
With a tumbler of "Jersey wine,"  
Well seasoned with arsenic and strychnine.

Then a note was handed him by an Imp,  
Which a Western post-mark bore;  
When His Majesty rose to his feet with a limp,  
Broke open the seal—and read o'er—  
Reader, believe—'tis as true as these stanzas—  
'Twas an invitation to visit Kansas!

"Byron's 'Devil's Drive.'"  
The poet neglected to go on and state, that the Devil accepted the invitation, and visited Kansas, under the name of Calhoun; and that he is now on a visit to his friend and General Agent for the United States—James Buchanan!

### ANECDOTE OF BEAU HICKMAN.

We find the following among the things in a late Boston Evening Gazette:—

A rich scene came off the other day, in the Marine Court. Your readers will remember the celebrated Beau Hickman. Beau has been staying here for some weeks past, at the Florence Hotel, where his bills are paid by his friends in the sporting line. On Thursday Beau was subpoenaed as a witness in the above Court. The attorney on the opposite side was a regular Tartar. He prides himself upon his skill in examining witnesses, and claims that he can confuse a witness more successfully than any other member of the bar. One of his methods of doing this is, when the witness hesitates, to snap at him like an angry terrier, worry and abuse him for his hesitations, and then seek to confound and embarrass him.

Before this man, Beau was brought up for cross-examination. He took the stand, and after giving his testimony in a very mild and timid manner, was handed over for cross-examination by this keen-set lawyer. He had, in his direct testimony, affirmed that the sharp lawyer's client "had no money whatever." The counsel, with a look at Beau, such as a hungry dog gives a bone, asked:

"How do you know, Mr. Hickman, that my client had no money? Are you the keeper of his pocket-book?"

"He told me so, sir."  
"When did he tell you so?"  
"This morning."  
"Where, sir?"  
"In this very room."  
"What did he say, sir? Come, give us his very words—none of your inferences, sir."  
"I don't like to answer that question."  
"Ho, ho! So you are afraid to answer that question, are you? I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come, out with it, and none of your shrinking here."  
"I should rather be excused."  
"Then I shall appeal to the Court to commit you for contempt."  
"Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money."  
"Well, sir, and what language did he use?"  
"Why, I asked him to loan me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money, and if he didn't get out of your clutches soon, his children would starve."  
The lawyer had no further questions to ask. A roar of laughter arose in the Court, which required some trouble to check, and by the time the lawyer had collected his thoughts again, the case was decided against him.

### FATAL KANSAS.

Kansas has been denominated, and most fully, the grave of Governors. Already it has had five since it was organized as a Territory, now about four years ago. The first was A. H. Reeder, who reached Kansas October 6th, 1854, and was beheaded July 31st, 1855. Cause, a dastardly in the wood-pile. The second Governor was August 21st, 1856, aged only eleven months. The third gubernatorial birth was that of John W. Geary, which took place September 11th, 1856. Gov. G. was knocked in the head by a "colored gentleman," in the early part of March, 1857, aged seven months. The fourth Executive ephemerality in Kansas, was Robert J. Walker. He gave the darkey the slip one bright morning; and thus avoided having his brains knocked out, but he was as good as dead for sometime before he cut and ran, and his tombstone is among the rest. Denver is now in the chair, and already there are symptoms that he, too, will be decapitated, but this time by a new power; in other words, by the free people of Kansas themselves. By last accounts he was engaged in an encounter with General Jim Lane, and if he can come out of such a contest with clean skirts, then the old saying, to the end that "he who touches pitch shall be defiled," is a mere rhetorical flourish. Denver's tombstone will stand hard by the others.

Kansas is not alone, however, the grave of Governors. Several other distinguished officials may count it as the Massolium where they are to sleep a long sleep; not to be remembered, however, nor to be mourned by all lovers of freedom. "Pennsylvania's favorite son," President Buchanan, is now digging a deep grave in the soil of Kansas, and he is doing it at the expense of the rights of the sovereign people. By the time the present session of Congress closes, the grave will be ready, the mourners will be hard by, but the corpse will not be placed in the coffin and lowered into the ground until 1860. Then it assuredly will be; then, too, the headstone will be reared; then a terrible tale of folly and treachery will be written thereon, in letters as undying as those which afflicted the vision of the wicked Babylonian Monarch; the word—LECOMPTON.—Philadelphia News.

### MINNESOTA LEGISLATURE.

One Mr. Chase is in some way recognized as the acting Governor of Minnesota, and the Senate Committee of Enrolment recently presented him a bundle of bills to sign, through Mr. Beman, the Chairman. An eye-witness thus describes the scene when the bills were presented:—

Beman—Is your name Chase?  
Chase—Yes, sir.  
Beman—Well, some folks think you are Governor, but I don't. Here is a file of bills; you can sign them if you like. I don't suppose it will make much difference.  
Chase (with a dignified air)—I will approve them, unless I think proper to veto them.  
Mr. Beman, who is wickedly waggish at the expense of acting and Ex-Governors, offered the following Resolution in the Senate:—

"In consequence of our amiable Governor, Hon. Sam. Medary, having received the appointment to the high and lucrative post of Deputy Postmaster General at Columbus, Ohio, and

"Whereas, Said appointment having diminished the number of Governors of this Territory below the standard of Blackwell's Island; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That his excellency, the Hon. James Buchanan, former President of the United States, and former Minister to the Court of St. James, be hereby memorialized to appoint six more Governors, that, on being admitted into the Union, it may be said of us, there were cast out as many as were of Mary Magdalene."  
Laid over under the rules.

A MAN—Grant Thurston, it should be remembered, has recently taken a second wife, the difference between his age and hers being some 65 years! He became a father, too, we believe, within the past year or two, or when 83 years and upwards old. He wrote to a New York paper, of a late date, as follows:

"I have lived another year in this miserably so-called miserable world. I verily believe it is the best world, terrestrial, that ever God Almighty made. I never felt head, heart, or tooth-ache, during the year just gone by; and this day I enter upon my eighty-fifth year. I walk without a staff, and eat my food without branny or bitter. I never was drunk in my life, and never had a rheumatic pain. I voted three years when Washington was President. I lived twenty-two years under George III.; saw the whole reign of George IV., William IV., Victoria thus far. I was intimate with Hamilton, Jay, Morris, old Governor Clinton, and other prominent actors of the Revolution."

JUVENILE GENTLEMAN.—A farmer in Virginia, who had been digging a well, was called away from home, leaving one but two boys on the premises. During his absence, a foppish horse by accident got into the well, which was about twelve feet deep, and of sufficient diameter to allow his horse standing round. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out.—Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were procured, which the boys pitched in to fill up the well, the prisoner leaping it down. All he could walk right out upon "straw ball."

AGED TWENTY.—Mrs. Mary Parker died in Newburyport, Mass., at the advanced age of 92. She leaves two children, (twins), who are 73 years old.

SINGER GREEN, in his closing language on the Leocompton question, gave, in a few words, the essential creed of his party—that is, "with a will stick to it as good as the truth."

They have quite names to the streets in New Orleans. The Playhouse has an account of a bro on "Elysian Fields Street, between Love and Good Children Streets."