HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

ARKANSAS.

NAVIGATION—POLITICAL—FEELING AND ACTION—PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 15.—The practical close of navigation for the season on the Upper Arkansas terminates for the time the very heavy immigration which the boats have carried to the Western counties. The large number of emigrants who have arrived in the State during the past year is a source of congratulation to our Union people, but I cannot say that the fact has been welcomed with much pleasure by the gentlemen who were the leading spirits during "the late unpleasantness." These worthies are, if possible, a trifle more intense in their feelings than of yore. The cause of this aggravation is obvious. Almost every steamer which has ascended the river has carried its one or more families, who debarking at various points have gone further inland, there to remain as guarantees for a future of continued devotion to the Government and increased prosperity of the State. Scarcely a day passes, but that the principal roads are whitened with the wagons of emigrants from the North, who have come to hasten that triumph for progress and civilization which the near future, thanks to the Radical party, has in store for us. All these evidences of increasing emigration are as gall and wormwood to the souls of the cavaliers of the "late so called," who read in this influx the certain continuation of the rule of loyal men. The opponents of railroads, because their construction will bring hither the Irish, with their new-born and most righteous detestation of the Belmont-Democracy; the opponents and most persistent enemies of the school system; these political Bourbons have few planks in their political platform whereon they can very well invite any sensible new-comer to stand with the remotest expectation that the offer will be accepted. But, let me not be misunderstood.

THE MASSES OF THE PEOPLE

are at heart becoming more and more disgusted with their former leaders. I refer now to the small farmers, those inhabiting the counties inland from the rivers, and who, before the war, were contemptuously styled "poor white trash" by the men who carried them into the Rebel army, and who brought desolation on the land. Those people, for the most part uneducated and accustomed to the most implicit obedience to the behests of Johnson, Sebastian, Hindman, or whoever else happened to be the temporary "star," were taken into Rebellion, simply because, first, of their ignorance of the true issue, and then again by reason of their prejudices. The Alpha and Omega (and the real, but concealed; meaning was equally Greek to them) of the war song, as taught to them, was "nigger," and these poor fellows, who not only never owned a slave, but who, furthermore, never had the remotest expectation of becoming so possessed, were dragged off to the field of battle, and caused to make peripatetic targets of their persons in order to prevent (I quote the phraseology of the times) "the d—d Yankees (with the peculiarity of indigo-colored abdomens) from stealing our (our, indeed!) niggers from us." Many of these misguided men died gallantly, more of them fell victims of disease, and, as I write, there is within gunshot of my inkstand a spot of ground where rest the bodies of 200 poor fellows who were shot, or rather murdered, by order of Hindman (who, only lately, was himself assassinated), because they had refused to fight against the Federal Government. All these incidents are familiar to the survivors of the thousands who, by a merciless tyranny, were forced to support the wicked farce or drama of a revolution of the people, (!) and as time softens the asperities of the conflict, and produces reflection upon the cause and its effects, the more thoroughly are the men of the type to which I have referred becoming disgusted with their quondam chieftains, and the more inclined are they to view rationally the course of the Union party in this State.

THE RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

which these men take of the history of Arkansas before the war must indeed be dreary to them. They see a most stupendous grant of the most fertile lands given to the sacred cause of education, and for thirty years, as they well know, not one single school house erected within the broad State. They see the system of internal improvement totally and entirely neglected, and the material interests of the Commonwealth as perfectly ignored as the material interests of the Irish people have been ignored by their absentee landlords. Disheartening and wrath inspiring as this retrospect must be to any of the "old citizens" of Arkansas, its obnoxious features should not surprise any of them.

The politics of this State was a species of "close corporation," ran by the members of a few families whose insolence was mistaken for courage, whose duplicity was regarded as state craft, and whose personal greed was conveniently covered by the loudest professions of regard for the popular good. These individuals generally had their one or more "Man Friday" in each county who manipulated the voters therein (i. e., told all the lies to, and took all the official plunder from the people), and whenever the Johnson family, or Judge Sebastian, or any other of these harpies took snuff, straightway the people, sneezed, and thereupon some one of the "following" was declared to have been elected. The entire system was in fact a complete copy of the absenteeism which has almost depopulated Ireland. The people had nothing to do with the elections, no more than the tenants of an Irish landlord dare now vote against him for Parliament; and they were thus readily controlled because of their ignorance.

Why should any one of these "families" do anything with the school fund but expend it for their own benefit, when by establishing schools the people would become enlightened, and their own control of the masses consequently endangered.

Why should any of these political clans do anything to develop the resources of the State, or in any respect encourage immigration to it, when in so doing new voters would be introduced and their political power become thereby weakened?

These are questions which are receiving the attention of many of our native Arkansas population, and let us be thankful that they are pondering upon the matter even at this late day. The result of this examination of the past cannot but be beneficial upon

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE

of the State. These men know, because the evidences of the fact pass before them or their neighbors every week, that more immigration has come into the State within the past two years than during any twenty years previous to the war. This immigration, with its stalwart sons and thrifty daughters, comes with intelligent energy and sagacious capital to improve the land, to develop the mineral resources of the mountains, to make more magnificent the wealth of the prairies, and, as a consequence, to lessen the burden of taxation. And these observers know full well that this tidal stream of Union-producers would never have set in this direction but for the inauguration of the thorough system of free schools and the adoption of measures whereby internal improvements will soon become an accomplished certainty. It is the knowledge of these great facts which is rapidly being acquired by the masses of those who were deluded into taking arms against the Government which induces me to express the opinion—an opinion acquired by extensive travel and observation—that in the next election a majority of their number will be found enrolled under the banner of the Republican party, in perfect sympathy and in grateful accord with the political organization of Radicals who, in the establishment of schools, in the encouragement of immigration, and in the support of improvements, have at once administered to the intellectual wants, secured the material wealth, and rendered certain the future prosperity of this growing State.

UP NORTH.

THE NEW ROUTE—ITS ATTRACTIONS—THE SHAKERS—LEBANON SPRINGS—LEBANON MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS—BENNINGTON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BENNINGTON, Vt., July 26.—I left my friends—truly so—the Shakers, and came to Bennington to look once more at this old historic town. Old as we are accustomed to speak of this America, it is a few years over a hundred since the first cabin was built here. It is not yet a hundred since Stark and his band of heroes fought the battle of Bennington, a few miles down the stream that drives many wheels of this busy manufacturing village—the very heart that gives life to agriculture in one of the most beatiful valleys which the traveler will see on this new route from New-York to Montreal. Let me advise all who love such beautiful and busy scenes to make the journey by daylight. If you do not stop at any of the charming places below, I advise you to tarry awhile here. If possible, I should advise you by all means to stop at Shaker village. But there is no inn there. They have never kept a tavern, though they have kept many travelers, and it is only the needy, either those who ask charity, or those who may be unable from any cause to proceed, those who come specially to inquire into the working of the order, or friends and acquaintances, whom they can accommodate. All such are made welcome as long as it is necessary to remain—no longer. But, I am asked: "How can strangers go there to learn anything about such queer people, if there is no public house there?" They can remain there for a day, and then find bed and board outside of the Shaker farm. There are some good hotels at Lebanon Springs, 2½ miles from the north end of the village. If a stranger is introduced by an acquaintance, or is already acquainted with some of the leading members, he will be welcomed heartily, though without any great demonstration. He will be kindly shown where to find the most interesting points, but will probably be told: "We are all busy with our haying, and have no time to spare for you; but you are welcome to go all about the fields and gardens, and some of the shops and barns; and there is a room for you to sleep in, and when you hear that little bell jingle up in the corner, your meals will be ready in yonder room." And excellent meals they are—the very best of bread, white and brown; excellent beef or mutton (no pork—it is unclean); abundance of fruit and vegetables; butter and cheese, tea and coffee. This is not the family table, nor in the family eating-room. That is, however, as I happen to know, equally well served, though the food is a little plainer, and the table is without cloths. Some of the members eat no meat, though all may, and may drink tea and coffee. They may not "drink rum, nor eat tobacco, for one is deathly and the other filthy." Some of the members live mainly upon coarsely-ground wheat, made into unleavened bread, using vegetables and fruits freely, and drink water and milk only. A privilege not accorded to many strangers has been mine—of examining all the culinary and other interior arrangements, in kitchen, dining rooms, store-rooms, work-rooms, dormitories, &c., in all of which order, neatness, comfort, health, preside. Everything is plain, yet one air of comfort pervades the whole. Nearly all the bedding, as well as carpets, where there are any, are of domestic manufacture, and so is nearly all the clothing. Feather beds have been wholly discarded, though feather pillows are still common.

THE SHAKER VILLAGE.

The Lebanon Society numbers about 500 members, owning 6,600 acres of land, all under the direction of trustees, not elected, but chosen by a kind of general consent, as the most fit persons for the office. Then the Society is divided into families, each under the care of two elders, a man and a woman, who are more like the father and mother of an ordinary family than any officer of a society, while all the members in conversation and demeanor are like an affectionate family of brothers and sisters. All appear willingly industrious, and thus accomplish much without excessive labor. Nor could I ever discover who ordered all the work, because each one appears to know his or her place, and falls into it as readily as the ox goes to his accustomed stall, and with as little farring or need of orders. I did overhear Elder Frederick say to one of the brothers: "Give the brothers and sisters notice that we will have a meeting at 8 o'clock this evening. They will all be glad to meet our friend and have a little talk with him." Accordingly, at precisely 8 o'clock, while sitting in my room, talking with one of the brothers, there was a single slight tap of a bell heard, at which he rose and said, "We will go up now." There I found the family gathered in the large family meeting-hall, the women seated in two or three rows, forming a semi-circle facing to the center, and facing the men upon the other side; every one was clad in clean garments, and each had a white linen napkin or handkerchief spread across the knees. This is the emblem of purity, constantly reminding them that such should be their lives. The heads of the two lines were occupied by the two elders—Frederick W. Evans and Antonette Doolittle—who sat side by side. As I was the guest, a chair was placed for me upon the opposite side of the room, facing the elders, and looking right and left into the faces of all the family. Then Elder Frederick said: "We will sing a little song;" which was done by a goodly number of pleasant voices. Then I was introduced by name, and the company told that I would answer any questions either about agriculture, or about my travels at the South; particularly about the climate, soil, and products of Florida. Thus a conversation was kept up for more than an hour, in which all seemed to take deep interest. Then Elder Frederick said: "We won't tire our friend with any more questions to night. We all feel thankful for this pleasant meeting and useful information. It is better than reading a book." Immediately all rose and went out in order, filing away to their rooms, and in fifteen minutes I presume every member except one or two who were on special duty, was quietly in bed.

LEBANON SPRINGS.

I visited Lebanon Springs, but failed, as I have before, to discover any attractions to make the place any more of a popular Summer resort, than a good hotel would be upon the side of any other hill that looks down upon a lovely valley. The water of the spring is agreeable to bathers, for it stands Summer and Winter at 70° Farhenheit. And that reminds me that there is a manufactory of thermometers and barometers—Kendall's; and that appears to be about the only manufacturing done there, beyond what is necessary for home use. The inhabitants evidently do not belong to the "cold water army," for they live upon the reputed virtues of warm water, being enriched themselves through its benefits to others.

At New-Lebanon village there is a large manufactory of salable products, of doubtful utility. It is Henry Selden's great drug factory; where a large steam engine is constantly employed, grinding, boiling, mixing nauseous compounds, and mankind swallow them while laboring under the delusion that their lives will be thereby prolonged. The Shakers also have a drug factory, but I very much doubt if they ever take their own medicines—or that of any one else, as they have no practicing physicians. They look upon the members of the medical profession, as well as on those of the legal, clerical, legislative and political as useless members of society.

Although the 23d of July, it was cool enough the day I rode from Lebanon to Bennington, 40 miles by rail, for warm Winter clothing and closed car windows. Farmers were engaged with a sort of forlorn hope in saving a great crop of grass—a saving that could not possibly be effected but for machinery and horse-power. I saw many fields where no scythe nor hand-rake had been used this season. I have, however, seen a good many hand cradles at work in fields where the grain could be cut much more economically by reaping machines. The valley above Lebanon is not so beautiful as that below until you reach the vicinity of Bennington. There the road, being graded along the hill-side, on a great circle, overlooks one of the finest agricultural prospects of any railroad I have ever traveled. The scene from this hill is one that must naturally excite enthusiasm in all travelers over this new road. This line partly encircles and then crosses a basin eight or ten miles wide, occupied by numerous farms and lovely residences; passes three thriving villages, and an extensive line of manufacturing establishments, along the "Waaloomsac," which pours a rapid little torrent down from the Green Mountains into the Hoosic, and then seeks the Hudson and ocean. It was upon this stream that the battle of Bennington was won by the Green Mountain riflemen, who fought as men can only fight to save their homes from savage devastation by tomahawks and scalping knives. A great storehouse full of army supplies was also saved. It was this that the British were after. Its capture might have prevented Burgoyne's defeat. Then this great valley was a wilderness, dotted here and there with a log cabin and small clearing. Look at its agricultural and manufacturing wealth to-day, at its happy homes, busy towns, churches, schools, population, and evidences of social comfort, and, carrying the mind back less than 100 years, reflect and be thankful.

BENNINGTON—THE OLD BATTLE-FIELD.

Bennington will always have a strong attractive power to draw travelers who have read American history thither. It was reading such history that drew me there the first time, more than 50 years ago, when I was full of youthful strength and enthusiasm, to visit old battle fields, and other celebrated localities. I had read about "the old Catamount tavern," and a night spent under its roof, in the chamber of "the Council of Safety," was an epoch in my life. That old house, now more than a century old, is still standing, and, though dilapidated, is still habitable. But travelers now-a-days would not be content with the plain fare that was went to be set before the guests of "the Catamount," where Gen. Baum intended to dine—indeed had ordered dinner—the day that he met Gen. Stark, and his death wound. Travelers now find all they desire—more than they need—at the "Waaloomsac," and are reminded by the name of its proprietor still more of Vermont history, for he is a descendant of the large family of Robinsons who were the first settlers of Bennington, and occupied most prominent positions in the civil and military government of the State. Another of the family, George W., grandson of "General David," who held an important position in the battle of Bennington, is the proprietor of "the Bennington Observatory"—a structure which attracts the eye and excites the curiosity of almost every traveler who passes over the several lines of rails that intersect this valley, for it is a prominent landmark, looming up as it does like a lighthouse, 140 feet high, upon the very apex of Mt. Anthony (2,700 feet above the tide), which is about a mile southwest from the church in (old) Bennington Village. A passable wagon-road, 4½ miles, leads up to the almost level plateau where the observatory stands. Without fear of contradiction, I pronounce the view from the top of this tower the finest rural scene in America. There are, without doubt, grander mountain scenes, but not of busy life. All the valley and much more that I have mentioned is spread out before our eyes, a great living, moving panorama, covering parts of three States. That celebrated house which stands partly in New-York, Massachusetts, and Vermont, is in plain view. I cannot enumerate the peaks of distant mountains which are seen and pointed out by the proprietor, who seems willing to devote his life to visitors. The place would be more attractive if there was a hotel on the mountain, as the view is grandest at sunrise, and beautiful by moonlight. To me, the manufacturing establishments of Bennington have a peculiar interest, for they prove our independence of Europe, particularly for woolen goods. The shawl manufactory of Hunt, Tillinghast & Co. is one of the best built and most perfectly furnished, and produces some of the best finished goods in America. This is partly owing to the purity of this Green Mountain water, which enables the dyers to excel those of France, even. In this they never fail, for the water, Summer or Winter, storm or calm, is always in good order. It is brought in six-inch iron pipes a long distance, with 330 feet head, so that it is also a complete protection against fire. The operatives are trained once a week to exercise at the hose, in all the rooms, as though an actual alarm had occurred. By this the mill was saved only a few days since, a fire from friction having started in the picker-room. It was flooded out in three minutes.

You can imagine what a disaster a fire would be in such an establishment, as well as the importance of this American industry, when I tell you that there are now 200 tuns of finished goods on hand, ready for shipment. Think of it, O ye Free Traders, who would destroy our domestic manufactories, and foster those of England and France; think of the laborers here employed, and of those pretty cottages and gardens where they live, and of that church and school-house where intelligence grows, and religion takes root and flourishes; for these spinners and weavers are not paupers, nor stinted for food and clothes. Most of the wool used in this factory comes from Ohio, where the long, fine staple required is most abundant. The first process is the one that requires the greatest care, intelligence, and practice—that is, to divide the fleeces and grade all the varieties into separate parcels. After that, except in dyeing, young girls and boys are employed to pass the wool through a series of almost intelligent machines, until the perfect shawl is ready for the packer. Even the fringe, which used to be all twisted by hand, is now done, three strands at once, by machines. I saw a sample of 15 shawls, just from France, sent up by a New-York merchant as patterns for a lot to be manufactured here. The order said: "Do n't try to imitate these colors; stick to your own; they are better." So were the American shawls, in every particular. Beside building up this industry, Mr. Hunt has taken his father's old homestead in hand, spending his income freely in its improvement and adornment, not alone for his own gratification, but for that of all the citizens. He employs the village band once a week to give the public music in the grove near his house, and when the weather suits, sends up a jet of water 200 feet high, which often shows beautiful solar and lunar bows.

There are also several knitting factories in the East Bennington village, which turn out many tuns of shirts and drawers every year, and give employment to many operatives, mostly girls, who can earn $20 to $30 a month. Every grade of knitted goods, except the finest French gauze, is made here. There are several founderies and machine shops, paper mills, and potteries, large tin manufactories, &c., &c., so that I may write down this town as one full of useful industry, and an exceedingly pleasant place to live in—in Summer. Of course, I should prefer to spend the Winter in Florida. S. R.

IOWA.

THE CROP PROSPECTS—THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF PUBLIC LANDS—LAND SHARKS—THE ECLIPSE AND DEMOCRATIC OBSCURATION—GILASPY FOR GOVERNOR—WHAT HIS FRIENDS SAY ABOUT HIM.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, July 26.—The severe storms that have swept over the Western States since the small grains began to head seem now to have abated. The first reports of disaster are yet filling the columns of the press, and the croakers, like their brothers, the bulls of your city, are having their time. Half the country is almost apprehensive of famine, or, at the least, of small returns to capital invested and labor expended on the new incoming crop of cereals. But, as is usual with misfortunes, the first report is of disaster. The first shriek is from the sufferers, and from those who have taken counsel of their fears. There is, however, enough grain for all the necessities of consumption and of commerce, and trade will not receive a check, nor the finances feel the pinch of hard times from any failure of the earth to yield a reward of labor to the husbandman. Without doubt the present crop will be the largest yet gathered by the North-West. One month ago it promised to be immense. The general floods of the past month remove from the calculation the produce of the bottom lands along the streams, but the product of the high and rolling lands is not much shortened. I have little doubt that we in Iowa will secure within 10 per cent of what we would have gathered had the weather been arranged to order. The yield will be much larger than ever it has been before. A larger breadth of land was sown than ever before, and while we have had some floods we have not had the grasshoppers, which blasted our hopes last year.

The report of the Sioux City Land Office for the quarter ending June 30, contains the following interesting items:

Cash reported to the Government.....$30,000
Land disposed of for land warrants—acres, 21,690; for Agricultural College Scrip—acres, 22,040; for cash—acres, 134,945.....177,165 acres.
Entered for homesteads.....79,220 acres.
Entered by preemption.....122,950 acres.

It is no doubt very gratifying to the Secretary of the Interior to report large sums from his Department to the Federal Treasury, and yet it seems very apparent that these sales will not be found in the end to further the prosperity of the country at large, nor that of the particular section where the lands lie. All of the lands sold, or nearly all, go into the hands of those who hold them for speculation, as do also a large part of those entered under the Preëmption Act. Only one-sixth of the public lands disposed of by Government, in the 17 counties of the Sioux City District, have really passed into the hands of actual settlers, by homestead entry; not quite one-half have nominally so passed, including entry by preëmption. It would be better if the Government would relinquish all expectation of revenue from the public lands. Let unoccupied lands belong to the first taker—only limiting him in amount, that he may not, in his greed, become a monopolist, and defraud his brothers of their share of the domain. If we have not come to that degree of political wisdom, at least let us have an act passed that not more than one-half—say not more than three alternate sections—shall ever be sold or disposed of except to actual settlers.

The Democracy here have named the seventh of August for the assembling of their convention. It is very fit and highly creditable to their discernment and their candor. The Democracy of this State have for some years been in such total eclipse that they can hardly find sufficiently devoted and patriotic men to carry their standard—to defeat. They never expect victory, but an undying few biennially close up their heroically determined lines, waver, receive a volley, and *run*, or, like Arabs, silently steal away. This year they have found a man—George Gilaspy—for Governor about whom, last year, one of their papers said: "We do not favor the nomination of a man who has grown fat off of internal improvements and acquired for himself a notoriety totally unwarranted by his education and undeserved on account of his well-known political dishonesty and wire-pulling demogogism. Known to be of a passionate and excitable temperament, destitute of that moral courage so essentially necessary to maintain the balance of genuine manhood which deals in and relies upon Temperance, Fortitude, Produce, Justice, Faith, Hope and Charity in all things." That is the way his friends portray him, but there is not the least danger that he will ever be Governor of Iowa, however much these friends may desire. You will hear a good report of us in October, as well as from our harvest—such a report as becomes the State, in agricultural resources the richest by nature, and in laws the most liberal of her sisterhood, and which expects to be among the foremost in wealth and population and power.

DAKOTA.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST—WHAT IS BEING DONE THERE—GENERAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

YANKTON, July 24.—Dakota is the last remnant of the great "North-west Territory," from which some of our most important States have been carved, and which has had such an important influence on the political history of the nation. It extends now from the 42° N. latitude to the British possessions on the North, and from Minnesota on the east to Wyoming and Montana on the west, and embraces about 170,000 square miles, or more than 90,000,000 acres of land. Its mean altitude is about 1,400 feet above the level of the ocean, and the climate resembles that of Western New-York or Pennsylvania. In 1858 the United States Government obtained the first cession of lands from the Indians, and the next year a few settlements were made in the lower part of the territory, for the pioneers wished to be as near Sioux City, Iowa, as possible, that they might obtain supplies and escape the dangers attendant upon a more remote settlement. But now, though only a decade has passed, we find enterprising and prosperous settlements a hundred and fifty miles up the Missouri River, and the Indians who once held undisputed possession have either passed to the hunting grounds of their fathers or are gathered under Government tutelage upon and within reservations. Indian outbreaks and massacres have at times spread terror and desolation, and retarded greatly the settlement of this Territory; drouths have withered the crops twice, and thrice the grasshoppers have come in swarms like the locusts of Egypt, and have swept nearly every vestige of vegetation from the land. But still we have continued to grow, until we have now a population of fully 20,000. During the last three months not less than 5,000 persons have been added to our population, and during the month of June more than 47,000 acres of land were taken under the Homestead and Preëmption acts by actual settlers. Villages are springing up along our streams and mills are being erected, and trade and industry are being established. Many may ask, Why is this? It is true we have no mining excitement to lure men from the old States, but we have what every one who is seeking a place to build a home desires. We have a land of untold fertility, of exhaustless resources, and a climate whose every breeze is freighted with the essences of a new life. We have a land where the poor man can obtain a farm for $1 25 per acre, or, after a residence of five years, for a nominal fee of $14 he can get his patent for 160 acres of better land than can be found within the limits of New England. This is what is causing the influx of population, and those who come come to stay.

RESOURCES.

The soil of Dakota is composed of a dark calcareous sandy loam, light, friable, and when once broken easily cultivated. The average crop of wheat this year will not fall below 35 bushels per acre, and in many places will reach 50 bushels per acre. Oats will average about 60, and corn from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Potatoes produce from 300 to 500 bushels an acre, and all kinds of vegetables do well. There has been no fruit raised here yet for the reason that up to last year there had been no trees brought into the Territory. Wild plums of excellent varieties grow in great abundance and as large as the best cultivated varieties in the East. All of the hardy fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, etc., can be cultivated successfully here. The wealth of this region, however, is in its capacity for producing grain and stock. The river bottoms will yield from two to four tuns of hay per acre, while millions of acres of as fine prairie land as the sun ever rose on furnish a range for cattle unexcelled north of Texas. The old settlers here look upon the "grasshopper plague" as at an end. The swarms that have infested this Territory have been the same that have spread from the British Possessions through many of the States, and in some instances have reached the Atlantic Ocean. They have paid their compliments to us very effectually in years past, and we now rejoice that we are free from them. In some places they stripped the earth of all vegetation, and left naught but desolation in their track.

WATER COURSES.

This Territory is well supplied with rivers and small streams. The Missouri River has about 1,200 miles of navigable waters within this Territory, and it flows through a valley of untold fertility, while hundreds of smaller streams from 15 to 20 miles apart empty into the Missouri. The Vermillion, Big Sioux, Dakota, Niobrara, Big Cheyenne, White Earth, and the Red River of the North are among the most important. Along the banks of most of the streams are ash, elm, cottonwood, and black walnut trees; but our supplies of timber will have to be brought from Minnesota and from the "Black Hills." These "Black Hills" form a spur of the Rocky Mountains, and are in the western part of Dakota; they are covered with fine timber, and abound in minerals. Gold, iron, lead, and antimony have been discovered there; but the country is yet held by the Sioux Indians, who would at present resist any attempt at exploration or settlement within their limits.

CLIMATE—HEALTH.

The climate of Dakota is much milder than that of States lying in the same latitude in the East. Observations extending from December, 1853, to May, 1854, show that our average temperature is higher here than in any of the Eastern or Middle States. At Fort Clarke, Dakota, in 47° north latitude—five degrees farther north than this point—the average temperature was 38°; at Amherst, Mass., for the same time, it was 33°; at Lodi, N. Y., it was 34°, and at New-York City, 39°. At this point, Yankton, the average temperature during the Winter months, from December to May, is about 40°, and in Summer it will range at about 70°. There is but little marsh or swamp land, and consequently no miasmatic diseases prevail to any extent. The breezes sweep down over these prairies crisp and pure, and the consumptive forgets to cough after being here a few weeks. Tell those who crowd your tenement houses that here is a land where contagion never breeds, and where all can obtain land that will not only sustain them and their families, but will bring wealth and independence to them.

THE PEAT BEDS OF THE LAKE ERIE SLOPE.

WHERE THE PEAT IS FOUND AND HOW IT IS MANUFACTURED.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 30.—Leavitt, in his work upon "Peat as an Article of Fuel," states: "We have at present very little information relative to the deposits of peat in Ohio, and this information is mostly from the Lake shore." It is a well known fact that peat has been discovered in large quantities on the Lake slope of Ohio and even in the interior. The beds recently found contain a most excellent quality, varying from 78 to 90 per cent of pure carbon. There is enough peat in the bogs of Ohio to last the entire northern part of the State for at least half a century, and perhaps much longer. The peat fields of Northern Ohio can be found in Summit, Lake, Portage, Wyandot, Geauga, Richland and Lucas Counties. Within a region of 30 miles around Cleveland are perhaps 6,000 to 8,000 acres of peat bog, some deposits richer than others according to the stages of its growth. The peat of Hudson and Portage Counties, comprising over 3,000 acres, with a depth of from 15 to 30 feet, your correspondent has just visited, and of which he will give you a brief description. Taking the care of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railway, and passing along the shores of the lake for about two miles, you then strike out into an open country, slightly undulating, with here and there a clump of wood, and in an hour's time after leaving the "Forest City" you reach Hudson, the seat of Western Reserve College. From Hudson south four miles you enter the peat region. Five miles below Hudson the peat bogs can be plainly seen on each side of the railway. Three miles north of Ravenna a beautiful lakelet is reached, and the bog intervening between it and the track is one continuous mass of peat. To the right of this lakelet is a small elevation or hill, perhaps 20 feet in hight, which contains a bed of dry, well-drained peat, perhaps 15 feet in depth. South one mile from this lake another bed exists on the borders of a small pond, but this is of inferior quality. In these tracts are perhaps 1,500 acres. Leaving these bogs no more indications are seen along the railway until Ravenna, the county seat of Portage, is reached. Leaving the cars at this point, you walk on the track about half a mile south of the town, and you reach a large peat bog which is being worked by a company of gentlemen from Cleveland. On the 1st of March this ground was leased, and the month following operations commenced by drainage. It was not until about the 1st of May, however, that the bog was in working order. This bog comprises about 150 acres of peat, varying from 10 to 30 feet in depth. A force of about 25 men is now at work. The peat is first spaded, then thrown into an open car with sides, which, when being filled, is run up an inclined plane to a platform, where it is dumped into an immense hopper with a false bottom. The crude earth or peat falls into an elevator which carries it into a peat mill, and there it is ground up and the refuse separated from it while the peat is conducted below, where it comes out in molds, forming slabs which are placed on frames. The frames are rolled on a tram railway about 300 yards from the mills, and are there taken off and placed transversely like the sides of a wall tent on the field to dry in the sun and wind. There is some shrinkage, but in eight or ten days the peat is sufficiently dry for the market, and is either piled up like oak bark, or is placed in warehouses for storage. The cost of this peat delivered is about $6 per tun, which is about equal to the price of Massillon coal. It can be manufactured for much less than $2 per tun, and when it comes into general use will no doubt be sold for from $3 50 to $4 per tun. The engine used at these works is a 40-horse power horizontal cylinder engine. It takes about 1,500 pounds of peat to run it per diem. It has been in use since May, and thus far the boilers are as clean as when they were first put in. There is no dirt about peat, and scarcely any smoke. It has been stated that the rapid combustion of peat would prove disadvantageous to its use. This is a mistake, except where a great draft is necessary; for I was shown how easily the fire could be graduated from an intense heat to an almost imperceptible combustion, and this, too, in less than five minutes. The analysis of this peat in the Portage County beds is of surface peat alone, and contains of pure carbon 68 per cent, of oxygen 18 per cent, of water 16 per cent, and of ash 3.68-100 per cent, beside cobinations of oil and ammonia. Deeper strata will no doubt run it up to 80 per cent of pure carbon.

NORWALK AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

BUNKER FISHING AND OIL MAKING—TWO MILLIONS OF FISH CAUGHT DAILY—PROCESS OF CATCHING THE FISH AND EXTRACTING THE OIL—VALUE OF THE RESIDUUM AS A FERTILIZER.

NORWALK, Conn., July 28.—This thriving, bustling, little Yankee town, with its gas lighted streets, its horse railroads, its extensive manufacturing establishments, its beautiful churches and more elegant residences, assumes city airs and yearns to be a city indeed, a boon which the cruel Connecticut Legislature has wisely withheld from it, in spite of the oft repeated prayers of numerous anxious petitioners for a charter. Norwalk is just near enough to make a delightful and attractive suburb. Here is pure fresh air from the hills and the Sound; ample room and eligible sites for picturesque villas; every convenience of access by rail or boat, with a sufficient country air about it all to give appetite for the rural fare, that is here procurable in its freshness and purity. The present season finds the place well filled with city people escaping from the heat and dust of town life. Every house that has accommodations for boarders is full, and families who "just want one or two for company" have no trouble in obtaining them. The streets are lively with stylish equipages filled with gay seekers for pleasure and health, and on every hand are the marks of a first-class watering-place, without the unpleasant element of crowded hotels. The bay abounds in delightful spots to which to make excursions and pic-nics. Pretty little yachts dot its smooth surface, while tiny skiffs ply about with merry fishing parties, making one feel sick at the thought of returning to town.

But Norwalk disdains to be called a fashionable resort. It is more practical. It claims to be a first-class manufacturing town, and in many respects is entitled to the honor. Its enterprising inhabitants are ever seeking to develop some new industry. Just now they are largely absorbed in the Bunker fisheries, which center on the little archipelago at the mouth of the bay. Bunker oil, as an article of commerce, is almost unknown in the New-York markets, and yet from 1,200 to 1,500 barrels of this oil are sent to the city every month. This oil is manufactured from a small fish, popularly known as the "Bunker," which frequents Long Island Sound, and is found in immense schools in all its bays and estuaries. It strongly resembles the shad, and by many people is supposed to be the young of that species. As taken by the fishermen the Bunker is uniformly much smaller than the shad, averaging perhaps three-quarters of a pound in weight. Only within the past ten years has the value of this numerous branch of the finny tribe been discovered, and a new branch of industry has been developed, giving occupation to about 1,000 men and a capital of about half a million of dollars. This enterprise consists in the threefold occupations of taking the fish, expressing the oil, and converting the residuum into a valuable fertilizer for the soil. The fishing season commences during the last of April, and continues until the middle of November. During this period the fish are taken in enormous quantities, the number averaging from one and a half to two millions per day. They are taken in seine nets, and conveyed at once to the oil works when the oil is expressed, while the fish is yet fresh. In 24 hours from the time the fish is playing in the water his oil is in barrels and ready for market.

These oil works are principally on the cluster of small islands at the entrance to Norwalk Harbor. There is also one establishment at Greenport, L. I., and another near Bridgeport, Conn. There are six manufactories in Norwalk Harbor, though these have mostly sprung up within a year or two. The pioneers of the enterprise, like all venturers in new fields, expended their capital in experimenting and perfecting processes which now furnish ample remuneration to those engaged in the business. The fishermen work in gangs or parties of eight, the outfit of which is a yacht or smack having cabin accommodations for the entire party; two lighters, or "carriaways," as they are called, to carry the "catch" to the works, and two seine boats, with seines and implements for handling the fish. The party receives this outfit from the works, and engages to furnish all the fish they take to those works. They receive as their share two-thirds of the product of all the fish they take. The owners of the works make their profits on the remaining one-third. The fishing party is astir at break of day, watching for the appearance of the fish. They cruise about the Sound until they discover the rippling of the water that indicates the presence of a school. Then the seine boats are quickly manned, the seine made ready, and work commences. The long seine is run out and let down into the water outside of the school, and the two ends drawn together so as to inclose it all. Gradually the net is hauled closes and closer, until the unsuspecting fish find themselves huddled in close quarters. Still the fishermen pull away until they have their prey confined in a compact mass. The "carriaways" then come up, and the struggling fish are scooped out of the crowded seine and loaded, care being taken to keep the net tight all the time by drawing it closer as its yield is taken out. The yield of one "haul" of the seine is usually about 100,000 fish, though sometimes it runs much below that figure, and frequently considerably above. The fish are counted by measurement, twenty inches being allowed as the average size. The carriaway, on reaching the works, is unloaded into a car that is measured to hold 5,000 fish, and the count is made on the number of car loads. Each car load of 5,000 will yield about 25 gallons of oil. The car, when loaded, is drawn up a track to the works, in close proximity to the beach, and its load dumped into huge vats. Here the fish are thoroughly scalded, either with steam or boiling water, until they readily fall in pieces. The mass is then removed to the press, where it is subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 60 tuns, which completely and thoroughly expels all the fluid it may contain. This fluid, mostly pure oil, runs into troughs that convey it to receiving vats, where it is subjected to a heat of 120°; this drives off the water in the form of steam, and precipitates any animal matter remaining in it. The oil is then drawn off in shallow receivers and exposed for a few hours to the action of the sun, which further clarifies and bleaches it. It is then cooled and barreled for market. Being but imperfectly clarified, it is of a moderately dark color, a little sticky, and decidely fishy in odor. This is Bunker Oil. It is designed for painting and tanning purposes, and has reached a state of purity and clearness sufficient for those uses. But as intimated above, when it reached the New-York market it is quickly absorbed and lost to sight as Bunker oil, and with a little expert manipulation appears again in the market under various aliases. Cargoes of it have been shipped to Europe labelled "coast whale" oil, a name not inappropriate considering the comparative size of the Bunker and the whale. It is also extensively mixed with Linseed oil, with great profit to the manufacturer of the latter article. Linseed oil is worth about one dollar per gallon. Bunker oil is sold at sixty-five cents. The two can be mixed in equal parts without ready detection, thus largely adding to the profits on the Linseed. Bunker is also mixed with other kinds of commercial oil. But the most venturesome and bold use made of it is in clarifying and bottling it as pure "Huile d'Olive." In this character it is extensively used, and gives abundant satisfaction as a first-class table oil, undistinguishable from the veritable olive oil of Spain that it counterfeits. For the benefit of salad eaters it may be added that this Bunker—or more properly *bunkune*—olive oil, is quite as clear and wholesome as the genuine imported article. It is the pure product of a fish of exquisite flavor, inferior not even to the much lauded shad. The oil being extracted while the fish is yet fresh from the water, it receives no element that can render its character doubtful. The only change it undergoes is in the process of clarifying and bleaching, which processes serve to improve its purity, rather than impart any deleterious character to it. The residuum of the oil presses is mixed with common plaster, which assists in retaining the ammonia, and also quickens decomposition. Under this simple treatment the mass becomes wholly decomposed in two or three weeks, and pulverizes readily. It is then in excellent condition for the soil. But it is more generally purchased by establishments in Boston and converted into phosphates, in which form it is more popular with agriculturists. In either form it is unsurpassed as a fertilizer, as its results on old, and worn out lands abundantly proves. It might be supposed that this wholesale assault upon one species of fish would have the tendency to rapidly reduce, and ultimately exterminate them. But, thus far, no indications of such a result have appeared. On the contrary, one who has works both at Greenport and South Norwalk, and is more extensively in the business than any other, gives it as his experience, that the fish have increased in number during the ten years he has been engaged in the business, and this year, when there are more fishing than ever before, the yield has never been so great.

EXCITING TIMES IN MISSOURI.

HILDEBRAND—TORTURING WITNESSES—OTHER DESPERADOES.

Col. Bowen, the leader of the police detectives who for several months have been scouring the woods of Washington and St. Francois Counties in search of Sam Hildebrand, the desperate murderer and outlaw, returned to St. Louis last Sunday, and reports that all efforts to capture Hildebrand have proved unsuccessful. Several weeks ago Col. Bowen and his men made a vigorous search for Hildebrand, and more than once were upon his trail, with a strong hope of catching him, but the wily woodsman eluded the pursuit, and still remains at large, the terror of the whole