The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS. ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1851. VOL. VI.—NO. 283.

TERMS:

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☞ Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, Feb. 24, 1854.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The British steam ship Africa has arrived at New York with dates to the 28th ult.

Provisions were firm with an upward tendency.

European Intelligence.—The conduct of the Emperor of Russia is still evasive. His reply is not expected until the middle of February, and in the mean time, it is said, that he has appointed Count Orloff to visit the Courts of the Four Powers, to explain confidentially the terms on which he will treat.

The Russians are making preparations to attack Kalafat.

The Russian fleet is off Azoff.

Austria has hastily ordered 40,000 troops to march into Hungary.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 14.

A vessel has arrived at New Orleans from Rio de Janeiro, bringing advices to the 8th of January.

Coffee was firmer and active, and the sales of the month comprised 150,000 bags, including 55,000 bags for the United States. American lots are quoted at from 9¾ to 10 cts per lb. on board.

The new postal arrangements work miserably, and the Eastern mail is failing daily at New Orleans.

☞ The Washington Correspondent of the Charleston Courier, alluding to Mr. Douglass's amendment to his Nebraska bill, says:

Its effect would be to set aside the Missouri restrictions so far as to permit slaveholders to enter the territories with their slaves. But it does not protect their property there against the operation of local laws, which the foreigners and freesoilers, and other anti-slavery inhabitants, may choose to enact. An appeal to the Supreme Court is allowed, but it is well known that this court will turn in favor of federal and local legislation. Mr. David Wilmot and John Van Buren, and other prominent anti-slavery men in the North, have entered the field in opposition to the admission of slavery on any terms into the territories. Col. Benton, as is now known, is preparing to resist the bill when it shall come to the House.

Benton will beat Houston at his game of bidding for Northern popularity. But opposition to the Nebraska bill will make neither of them President of the United States. The time for Southern men, as late example has shown, has not yet arrived.

☞ The Charleston Courier says, that a few days since the passenger train on the Georgia and Southwestern Rail Road was thrown off the track a little above Fort Valley, in consequence of an obstruction being placed on the rails, when one of the car hands was killed and another badly hurt.

The company have offered a reward of five hundred dollars, for the apprehension with proof to conviction, of the person who caused the accident.

☞ The National Democrat asserts for the special benefit of Capt. Rynders, one of the soft shell leaders in New York, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Guthrie, has created a new office, to wit: that of Assistant Surveyor of the port of New York, at a salary of $2,000 per annum.

☞ The revenue from imports for the last two months, December and January, was $10,700,000. The revenue for the same period in the preceding year, was about $7,000,000, showing an increase of thirty per cent. for three months. The increase of revenue far exceeds the estimates made by the Secretary of the Treasury in his report at the commencement of the session.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon your friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent their prime of life in vain hopes of those whom they call friends—and thousands have failed because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is yours by your own exertions, and know that the best friend you can have is an unconquerable determination, united with decision of character.

☞ The other day when the Louisiana railroad bill was under discussion, in the Senate, Mr. Dawson remarked that there were already before both houses of Congress 100 bills asking for grants of land, which if passed, would require appropriations for those purposes of lands to the value of $350,000,000.

☞ Mrs. A. West has recovered $35 damages of a liquor seller named Henry Martin—under the Indiana Law—at Brookville, for selling her husband liquor so as to intoxicate him.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

RUSSIAN RESOURCES.

The Dresdener Journal is informed, under date of the 6th ult., that the feeling of the Russian people is extremely warlike, and that the preparations for war are on the most extensive scale. In addition to what has been already done, reserved battalions are to be added to the Grenadier corps, the Guards are to be put on war footing from the 27th of January, and a main depot of about 150,000 men is to be formed in the neighborhood of Moscow. When the present preparations are completed the "army of operation" on the Danube will be 200,000 strong: that in Asia, 100,000; in Poland there are to be 150,000 retained, whilst 100,000 are to be stationed *en echelon* in the Baltic provinces; the above figures are exclusive of Cossacks, militia and reserve. For the protection of the coast of the Baltic a number of gun-boats are being built. The proposed issue of bank notes to the amount of sixty millions of silver roubles, to defray these war costs, would, it was averred, be borne out by the value of the specie in the cellars of the citadel, stated to amount to 142,000,000 S. R.; the normal proportion this specie is allowed to bear to the paper currency is 1 to 3: at present the latter is quoted at 222,000,000, so that if the above is correct, there is still a margin of 204,000,000 for further issue (other correspondence has pointed out that as soon as war shall be declared against the Western Powers, the Church will freely open her coffers for the purposes of so holy a conflict.) It is further hinted that, as Russia will necessarily be compelled to "fight shy" at sea when attacked by England and France, she would issue letters of marque, which would be particularly injurious to English trade in America; and as regards land operations, an extension of the war into the East Indies by means of the lately contrived arrangement with Persia would be perfectly feasible.

The ukase, which was issued December 7 enacting a change in the system of recruiting, has caused great dissatisfaction and depression in the western provinces. In the Baltic provinces, in Bessarabia and the Transcaucasian territories, as well as amongst the Jews, the old system is not to be disturbed. They appear to consist (for the old military organization of Russia is a very intricate subject) in the obligation of certain families, groups of families, or villages, taken according to a certain order, to supply so many men: the new system seems to substitute a drawing of lots, which for the last 14 years has been partially, but it is said, successfully tried. The period of service is 22 years in the Guards, and 25 in the line.

☞ The Boston Post, in the course of its comments on Senator Douglas's powerful speech, compresses the pith of the whole Nebraska question into the following paragraph:

"It was the bold remark of the lamented Woodbury, that he was not afraid to go where democratic principles led. Let this be the touch-stone to try the policy involved in this Nebraska bill. If the right of a community to establish its own form of government is not sound, democratic and constitutional, then no principle has these characteristics. If this principle does not lie at the basis of our institutions—of our federation and our Union—then they have no basis. We go for establishing this principle, let it lead us where it may. If, to establish it, an unconstitutional law passed thirty years ago requires to be superceded—if an artificial sectional line requires to be obliterated to make way for the policy that knows no North, no South, no East, no West, under the Constitution—then so be it. We stand on the general Compromise of 1850, rather than on the sectional division line of 1820. It will be the substitution of an original and fundamental American principle for a dividing wall of partition. And this in its results will harmonise with the great objects of our Union. This will contribute to keep this people, of many States and of antagonistic interests, in the bond of one country, one constitution, and one destiny."

☞ A Paris letter says—A report got abroad that the Empress had shown manifest indications of being in that state which would doubtless prove of surpassing interest to her imperial husband; but it is believed that it was only the fond wish which generated the hope, which faintly flickered for a moment, and then died away. There is no doubt that the absence of an heir is deeply felt by Napoleon, it leaves a void which seems to invite the occupation of legitamacy, if not at present at least at some future period. The marriage of young Jerome, the former prince of the mountain, continues to be talked of; but Jerome has assuredly no hold upon the nation, and it is generaly thought that his position in the event of the death of Napoleon would very much resemble that of Richard Cromwell, and that his reign would be of as brief duration.

☞ Advices have reached Paris from St. Petersburg, of the 12th January, which describe the position of affairs as affording little hope for the maintenance of peace.—The Emperor is described by those who have an opportunity of observing his movements, as living in a state of religions exaltation, regarding himself as the chosen instrument, under the hand of God, to drive the Moslem from Europe, and only regretting that he should have allowed so many years to pass by without fulfilling his destiny.

HAVANA, Tuesday, Jan. 31.

The dye is cast, the Rubicon is crossed and the fate of Cuba is sealed. British craftiness has triumphed. The apprentice scheme is now no secret; the veil has been boldly cast off, and numberless vessels are now on their way to bring negroes to Cuba, while many more are preparing to depart. There are many Portuguese in this city engaged in preparations, some of whom came in the last steamer from Great Britain.

☞ The Marquis de Turgot has had his leg amputated, and is in a critical condition.

THE STANDARD OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

"There is no worse augury for a nation's welfare than the prevalence of a low tone of public morality. Nothing is a surer indication of decline: nothing a more certain presage of approaching ruin. Where great criminals are leniently dealt with, and great crimes meet only with gentle and modified condemnation; when the past, however disreputable, is readily forgiven at the first promise of an amended future; when the prodigal son is promptly and without question welcomed back, though low tastes dictated the prodigality, and flagrant selfishness alone suggested the return; when a long and obstinate persistence in wrong is held to be cancelled by a month of tardy and convenient repentance; and all the mischief wrought by a life of error can be atoned for and blotted out by final obeisance to the majesty of truth—there is much reason to fear that a dangerous laxity is beginning to undermine those principles of right among statesmen and politicians which are the strongest safeguard of our national liberties and honor. The idea that it is never too late to amend, and to reap the reward of amendment, is, no doubt, a prodigious comfort to the frail and erring; but it is also a dreadful encouragement to the shrewd and calculating sinner to continue in his iniquity as long as the balance of immediate advantage seems to be in his favor. We can quite understand the unhesitating readiness with which all who are earnest in the pursuit of a great object will naturally hail the arrival of every recruit desirous of being enlisted in the same cause, without too close or severe an inquiry into his antecedents. We can sympathise to a great extent with the credulous cordiality which welcomes every fresh convert to our own views, and thinks it ungracious to question the sincerity or the motives of the conversion. In the one case the assistance brought to our cause, in the other the homage paid to our doctrines, dispose us to think as well as possible of the superficial convert or the hollow ally; and in the immediate gain we are too prone to overlook and undervalue the remote and insidious mischief."

ENGLAND AND FILLIBUSTERS.—The British Naval Authorities on the Pacific coast, have intimated that they will not interfere between the Fillibusters and the Mexicans. The presence of several English cruisers in the Gulf it is alleged, is only to look after British interest, and to protect British citizens—not to help the Mexicans.

☞ A Traveller describes the new Washington territory as follows: The territory of Washington, from Puget's sound across the Cascade mountains, is a heavily timbered country chiefly with the Oregon fir, which, in some localities, grows very large. There are scattered prairies and some dry barrens between the sound and mountain, the latter covered with fine pebbles of trap rock, and scantily wooded with oaks. Across the mountains is an open rolling prairie country, with small and thinly-wooded valleys; water everywhere abundant. To the north of this, and in the country occupied by the Flat Head Indians, there is more timber, and the country is admirably adapted for settlement.

☞ The Washington Star says that it is held in the Treasury Department that the amount of pension due a pensioner, under several acts of Congress, can be properly paid without a separate power of attorney under each act. One power of attorney will be sufficient, if it covers all the times for which the pension is due under all the acts—the attorney making oath, as required by the regulations, that he has no interest in the pension money to be received.

☞ By a new arrangement of car wheels, they can be accommodated to rail roads of different guages. The Cleveland Herald mentions the arrival in that city of a train of eleven cars, freighted with hogs, which were loaded at Indianapolis, and fifty-four miles over the four feet eight and a half inch guage to Muncie, and thence two hundred and twenty-seven miles over a four feet and ten inch guage to Cleveland.

OPPOSITION.—'A certain amount of opposition,' says John Neal, 'is a great help to man. Kites rise *against* and not *with* wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine and lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.'

PAR EXCELLENT HOTELLING.—The Crutchfield House was opened on the 14th of February, 1853. In looking over its Register for the year we notice the total number of arrivals is 8682, which looks very much like making money. For the month of January there were 933 arrivals. Thomas sets a good table and we do not wonder at his success.—*Chattanooga Advertiser.*

☞ The Louisville Courier learns that Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor of a woodyard on the Mississippi River, in Fort Adams Reach, employs one hundred and thirty hands constantly, in chopping, hauling, and cording wood, for the supply of boats. His income during the past year, or rather wood receipts were $65,000.

The Parisian editors speak of a new French dish recently come in fashion—namely, fried rattlesnakes.

☞ Lent begins, this year on the 1st of March. Good Friday will be 14th of April; Easter Sunday, the 16th.

LETTER FROM OREGON.

POLK COUNTY, O. T., Dec. 20, 1853.

Mr. Ivins—According to promise, I avail myself of the present opportunity to write you a few lines. I shall, in the first place, give you a sketch of our travels across the Plains, our trials and difficulties by the way, with an occasional glance at the country, scenery, &c. We crossed the Missouri river at a little town called Sonora, which is situated 10 or 15 miles below old Fort Henry. I would say to any of my friends, if they intend to come to Oregon not to cross at this place, as it is dangerous. We crossed on the 26th day of April, and stretched our tents for the first time in the Indian country. From the crossing of the Missouri, on the morning of the 26th, we set out in a westerly direction, over a high prairie country belonging to a tribe of Indians called the Otoes. We saw but few of them while passing through their country, a distance of about 60 miles to Salt Creek. Over this section we had good grass. From Salt Creek to the Platte River bottoms, a distance of about 60 miles, we found grass not quite so plenty, though we made out very well. We found grass plenty on the Platte bottoms, and plenty of Pawnee Indians. They appear to be very friendly, and are a rough, stout, and numerous nation. From the time we struck the Platte river until we reached New Fort Henry, a distance of about 180 miles, we rolled on finely as we had good roads and in the main plenty of grass. New Fort Henry is situated opposite to the Grand Island on Platte river, and is surrounded by a delightful country, rich and fertile. It is at this point the emigrant route from St. Josephs, Mo., strikes the Platte river—in consequence of which we found grass quite scarce. From Henry we struck out for Fort Laramie, a distance of about 300 miles. In passing over this section we fared very well, having plenty of grass, water, and wood. Between Henry and Laramie, we crossed South Platte river at what is called the lower crossing, at which point it is from a half to three quarters of a mile wide. It was in passing over this section that we saw some of Nature's grandest curiosities—the first of which is called the Court House Rock, which rises high above the surrounding country and resembles very much in form our modern Court Houses.—It can be seen at a distance of 25 or 30 miles. Our nearest approach to it was about eight miles, but at the same time it appeared to be no more than two. The next is Chimney Rock, so called from its fancied resemblance to some of the chimneys attached to some of our steam factories. This chimney in the distance appears to stand solitary and alone, lifting its head like that of a spire, high above all surrounding objects. It can also be seen at a distance of some 20 or 30 miles. The road passes within about three miles of this rock. One more curiosity called Scott's Bluffs. It is situated about 60 miles below Fort Laramie, on North Platte river, and is so called from a man by the name of Scott having been killed among these Bluffs by the Indians. These Bluffs at a distance resemble very much a city or fortification.—They can be seen for many miles before reaching them. The country lying between Henry and Laramie is claimed by the Saus Indians, who appear to be very friendly. We found a good many traders among them.

The Saus Indians appear to be much more intelligent than the Pawnee Tribe. We arrived at Fort Laramie on the 29th of May. This Fort is situated on the banks of Laramie river, about 1 mile from its mouth, where it empties into the North Platte river. Laramie is beautifully situated. The Fort or garrison built of brick, together with several other out houses, which gives it rather the appearance of a small village. It is here that we had to spend our first money on the plains as we had to pay $2 per wagon and 10 cts. per head for loose stock, for the privilege of crossing the Laramie river, on a bridge. From Fort Laramie our next point to make was the bridge across North Platte, distance about 150 miles. In traveling over this stretch we had to pass through what is called the Black Hills, said to be the worst part of the road upon cattle's feet, which we found to be true. In passing through the hills we had plenty of grass, wood and water. We reached Platte bridge on the 9th of June. The bridge we found to be quite an accommodation to us although we had to pay $5 per wagon and 10 cts. per head for loose stock. The evening we crossed we traveled up Platte 5 or 6 miles. We then turned to our right up a gradual divide leaving the Platte on our left. But I assure you we had a full portion of storming and cold rain in traveling up Platte, which we are now going to leave behind us. The boys hitch to their cattle and in a few moments the wagons and all are upon the summit of a hill called the Hill of Snakes, from the great number of Rattlesnakes that are seen upon it. It is from this hill or divide, that turning my eyes in the direction that we had come, I took my last look at the broad, sandy, and uniform current of the Platte, upon the banks of which we had pitched our tents so often and drank of its cool waters. There seemed to be something enticing about it, but what it was I could not tell without it was that I was now soon to leave the waters that flowed to or pointed in the direction of the land that gave me birth, around which sweet memory yet lingers with delight. When released from this train of thought, I cast my eyes in a westerly direction, when I beheld for the first time, the long blue range of the Rocky Mountains, far in the distance. Its appearance was magnificent with its many snow capped peaks, that in many places hide themselves in the clouds. We were now plodding our way across the country aiming to strike Sweetwater river, one of the tributaries of the Platte, which we did after traveling across the country some 50 or 60 miles, over poisonous streams and puddles of alkali water, from which we had to guard our cattle very cautiously. This section of country bore the resemblance of volcanic explosions. In it we found but little grass, and no fuel, with the exception of wild sage or artamesia, which answered a very good purpose. Arrived at Sweetwater, we found it a beautiful little river, though at the time very high. Here again we had to finger into our purses as we found at this place the skeleton of a bridge, as portions of it had been floated off by the high waters. Here it was, swim your cattle boys as the bridge is not stout enough to bear your team and wagon both. Cattle swam—now off with your boots and roll up your pants—roll the wagons through water some 10 or 15 steps to the bridge—water about half thigh deep. Now up with them—be careful, for the water is running over the centre of the bridge about half leg deep. All over safe, yoke your oxen boys and strike a streak up Sweetwater, which we follow 100 miles almost to its source in the Rocky Mountains It is in traveling up this stream that we pass by what is called the Devil's Gate, a cavity in a mountain of granite rock through which the river passes, boiling and roaring most powerfully. The cavity is about 150 or 200 feet wide and from 3 to 400 feet deep. In traveling up this stream we are assending the Rocky Mountains all the time, but it is so gradual that it is hardly perceptible. All along this stretch we have more or less alkali. Grass is tolerably scarce up Sweetwater. On this stretch our fuel is wild sage. Some 4 or 5 miles before we reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains we left Sweetwater river to our right, traveling almost upon a level, though some times a little inclined, until we reach the twin mounds, which are said to be exactly in the centre of the South pass. They are situated the one on the right the other on the left, and soon after we pass these mounds we began to descend the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains to what is called the Pacific Spring.—This spring is about 3 miles west of the south pass. Here it was that we first quenched our thirst out of the waters that flow into the great Pacific. They were cool and good.—Here we were almost ready to imagine that our journey's end was close at hand. But in this we were sadly mistaken as we were not yet half way.

From Pacific Spring to Green river was our next point, a distance of about 50 or 60 miles—over this stretch we found grass scarce. By taking a left hand the day we left the Pacific Spring we avoided what is called the 45 mile desert, which is without water. It was in passing over this last 50 or 60 miles that we began to see trouble, as my wife, and T. H. Small and his eldest son, John, were all violently taken with the mountain fever, under which they were suffering greatly when we reached Green river, at which place we saw the elephant in all his forms. The river was out of banks in many places, caused by a sudden thawing of the snow in Green River Mountains. The ferrymen were having bad luck with their boats as they could not get their posts to stand any length of time to which they had their ferry ropes fastened, in consequence of the ground being so wet. We succeeded finally in getting our wagons and cattle over after three days hard labor, during which time I was almost constantly wading water from knee to chin deep and also frequently swimming, the water being almost as cold as the snow from which it had just melted. Out of the four or five nights we were at Green river, I, together with several of our company, had to stay two nights away on the opposite side of the river from our wagons and families with not a dry thread on our backs. This was caused by the ferry ropes breaking or giving way both evenings just as we were returning from swimming our cattle, which of course would stop all crossing until they would have time to repair in the morning. When we left Green river our sick were on the mend and all recovered soon. We paid $6 per wagon and $1 a head for horses ferriage at this place. We left Green river on the 25th of June, and at the time we left there must have been not less than 2 or 3000 head of stock round and about the ferry, and not less than 200 wagons. We were glad to get away from this place, all of us, alive. I consider Green River about the half-way ground to Oregon. From this point we struck for the Bear River Valley, distant about 70 or 80 miles. Over this part of the road we had tolerable grass and splendid water, as we were skirting the Green River Mountains and sometimes climbing the same. We had no sooner passed these mountains than we began to clamber those of Bear River, which were very high and steep, though rich to the very summit. It was among the Bear River mountains that we saw the first aspen and balsam fir groves, which cheered us very much as we had not seen any timber of consequence for a great distance. On the 27th of June it snowed upon us all day at intervals, until a while before night it began to lay and at sundown old mother earth was completely carpeted in snow to the depth of about two inches. That night we had a cold time of it, as our fuel was sedge as usual in this section of country. Our cattle had to browse upon the willows along the creek upon which we camped for their rations.—The next morning we had ice in our water buckets to the thickness of an inch, it being the morning of the 28th June. We were then in the Green River Mountains. By noon of that day the snow had disappeared and was quite pleasant. We entered the Bear River valley on the evening of the 29th June, which we found to be a very rich valley, abounding in grass of the finest quality.—We traveled down this valley about 60 miles to the forks of the road, of which we took the right hand, the left leading to California. We were about a week in passing down this valley as we made only half day drives, as we were aiming to recruit our stock somewhat. In passing down this valley we saw in the side of the mountain, just before we reached the Soda Springs, the mouth of an old crater which in times past no doubt had sent forth its volumes of smoke, fire and lava as the effects of the same are yet plainly to be seen upon the face of the country round. About 5 miles before we left the California road we came to the Soda Springs, Steamboat Spring, &c., which I conceive to be the greatest curiosity in the world or among the greatest. There are a great many of them, some of them are gurgling up upon the top of mounds which are raised from 6 to 10 feet above the immediate and surrounding country or valley—the water flowing from the top of these mounds runs down its sides and forms into a kind of rock which keeps raising these mounds still higher. There is one large soda spring a few steps east of one of these mounds which boils up in a kind of rock pot formed apparantly from some of the ingredients of which I take the water to be composed. This spring boils up strongly but sinks back and does not run over the natural pot in which it boils. This spring is clear, sparkling, cool and good to drink. Close by not more than ten steps still east of the last mound spring are three others called the Beer Springs, which are boiling away in their natural pots or boundaries like the first but not so strong. These three are called the Beer Springs from the color of their water which resembles very much that of beer. There are a great many other springs boiling up close at hand, a number of which can be seen sparkling in the bottom of a creek which runs close at hand. About 1½ miles down Bear River from these springs and immediately on the bank and nearly level with the surface of the river, is a spring called the Steamboat Spring, which boils up out of a round hole in a large ledge of rock as high as a man's knee, foaming and roaring and sparkling like a steamer. The water that thus surges out from this rock is a little over blood heat, while at the same time not distant more than five feet there is another spring issuing from the same rock which is cool and does very well to drink, the flavor of both being that of soda.

From Soda Springs we set out on the morning of the 6th July, our next point being Fort Hall, a distance of 50 or 60 miles, which we passed on the 9th about noon and camped that night about 10 miles below, near the mouth of a little creek on Snake river. In passing over this part of our road we had good grass and good water. We had to cross three small rivers—the first and second on bridges at which we paid $1 per wagon—the third we ferried, our ferriage being $3 per wagon. Fort Hall is situated on Snake or Lewis' river, near the mouth of Port Muff river, which empties in just below. At this fort there are no soldiers kept. It is merely a depositing place for the Hudson Bay Fur Company, who are here trading with the Indians. From Fort Hall, our next point was Fort Boise, a distance of about 300 miles. This stretch is very scarce of grass—in the main almost an entire desert with sand, and dust, and alkali, almost sufficient to choke an ox. It is in passing down Snake river that the emigrant begins to see destruction among stock, as they died off like sheep with the rot. We traveled down the south side of this river. It is said the grass is better on the north but it is difficult crossing. Fort Boise is situated on the north side of Snake near where the Boise river empties. This is also a place of deposit for the Hudson Bay Fur Company. It is in passing over this part of our route that we pass the hot springs, another grand curiosity. One of them is a large bold stream or spring perfectly clear, and looks very inviting to the thirsty passer-by, but when tasted it is very hot, the thermometer when immersed, standing at about 200 degrees, almost boiling. The country round these springs from its ashy and parched appearance bears strong marks of internal fires. In fact we saw smoke issuing from the summit of an adjacent mountain which we took to be a volcano. The country about Fort Hall and Boise, belongs to the Snake Indians—they are shy, we saw but few of them. From Boise we went to Malhuer river, from thence to Birch creek and from thence to Burnt river, which we traveled up 40 or 50 miles—from thence to Powder river and from Powder river to the Grand Round Valley, which is rich, and the most delightful looking valley I ever saw. The whole making a distance of about 130 miles, over which we had plenty of good grass, water, and wood. On Powder river we feasted ourselves for the first time upon salmon fish, which the Indians caught for us by the wholesale. They were large and delicious, weighing from 12 to 30 lbs. There could be fine settlements made upon Powder river and in the Grand Round Valley if it were permited but this country belongs to the Kayanse Indians, who are very friendly, and quite an intelligent tribe. From Grand Round we struck out across the Blue Mountains for the Umatilla river, which we traveled down about 25 or 30 miles. From the Umatilla we struck for the Cascade Mountains, which we reached about the last day of August, the whole being a distance of about 220 or 230 miles. Over this stretch we had tolerably plenty of grass, wood and water, and a plenty of rough road. On the morning of the 1st Sept. we let out across the Cascades for Foster's, he being the first man who lives in the edge of the Wilamette valley at the western base of the Cascade Mountain. We reached Foster's on the 7th September, at which point the emigrant feels that he is safe as he is now in the settlements and can get what he wants if he has the money to pay for it. The distance across the Cascade Mountains is about 80 miles, the whole of which is very rugged with but very little grass, cattle in crossing have to subsist principally upon alder and willow bush. All of our East Tennessee company got into the valley in reasonable health—we lost none by the way. The health of our company was generally good, with the exceptions of a few cases of mountain fever, which is very common to a good many while crossing the mountains. As for myself I never enjoyed better health through a summer in my life, I never missed a meals victuals by sickness upon the whole route—but was always glad to see meal time come. Our loss in stock was as follows: T. H. Small, lost 14 head; C. Neal, 8; Mrs. Cunningham, 5; Harvy Small, 3; John Grubb, 2; myself 1; our mares all come through. The wagons that Boyd and Col. Barb made for us stood the trip finely, and are now worth $150 in Oregon. From Foster's I went up the Wilamette valley about 65 miles, where I have stopped to winter. I am 8 miles from Salem the seat of government. I have not got me a claim yet. I aim at getting one in the spring. I found Oregon to be a better country than I had anticipated. All I have to regret is that I did not emigrate 5 years sooner, so that I could have set my stakes in the heart of the Wilamette valley. The best, and in fact all the claims, that are considered worth much in the Wilamette, Umpqua, and Rogue river valleys, are now taken. I am told that there is some good country to be settled on the coast yet, others say that they don't like it. There is plenty of country to be settled, north of the Columbia, in Washington Territory. I see men who have been there that appear to like that section, others do not like it. I have been through 5 counties, viz. Clackamus, Marion, Polk, Yamhill, and Washington, they have a great deal of good land in them. The Wilamette valley is 160 or 200 miles long, and varies in width from 10 to 30 miles. It is frequently divided by hills that make in between the creeks that empty in the Wilamette river, from the coast and Cascade ranges of mountains which bound this valley, the one on the east, and the other on the west. It is in many places scarce of timber, a great deal of it being prairie country, which is now green with grass of the finest quality, upon which both cattle and horses keep fat the year round without feed from their master's hand. The Oregonians raise from 15 to 40, and sometimes 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, depending pretty much on the time and manner in which they sow. They sow wheat from September till April and make good crops. Early sowing generally does best. As for oats they can raise almost any amount of them that they want. Corn is beginning to be raised more than heretofore, it is found to yield pretty well, from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. Potatoes, Cabbages, Turnips, Tomatoes, Melons Squashes, and in fact all kinds of vegetables grow in Oregon to perfection. Fruit trees of all kinds do well. The principal and natural growth of this country are Fur, white and red; Cedar, Hemlock, White-oak, Ash, Maple, Cherry, Balm o' Gilead, Alder, Yew, Willow, and Hazel. The natural fruits of Oregon, are Wild Cherry, Hazelnut, Dewberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, and Grapes, though different from any I ever saw in the States. Our game, is Bear, Deer, Panthers, Wolves, Squirrels, Cranes, Geese, Brants, Ducks, Pheasants, Grouse, Quails, and Snipes; Bear, Panthers, and Wolves, are most generally found in the mountains.

Along the Columbia and up the Wilamette rivers as high as the falls at Oregon City, there are plenty of Salmon, and also along the cost streams. The climate of Oregon in the main I have found to be mild, salutorious and healthful, but not entirely destitute of sickness, as some would have it. There are some situations along the rivers where they have the Fever and Ague at times Our winters are generally warm and wet, with but little freezing or frost; during the winter season a current of south wind most generally prevails. It does not rain constantly as some would suppose, though it is most generally cloudy. There are whole weeks in winter that we have not any rain. Then at other times we have three or four days of constant rain. Most generally in February there are two or three weeks of warm, clear weather; then after that probably squally until about the first of April, when the clouds begin to disappear. From then until the last of October the weather is delightful, cool and pleasant in the main. During the summer there are sometimes refreshing showers though not very often—the nights are cool.

Prices of stock, labor, produce, &c, are changeable; American Mares rating from 150 to $300; oxen 100 to $150; cows 75 to $100; hogs are going at 10 cts. per lb., gross or 12 and 15 cts. neat; beef has been going lately at 8 and 10 cts. per lb.; potatoes 75 cts.; wheat $2; oats $1; flour from 5 to $6 per hundred; onions $2 per bushel; butter 50 cts. lb.; eggs 50 cts. per doz; chickens 50cts. each. Farm labor is from 30 to $40 per month, but from 1.50 to $2 by the day; mechanics get from 3 to $4 dollars per day.

I would say to any person wishing to come to Oregon, to get a good two horse wagon and to that hitch from 4 to 6 yoke of good medium sized oxen, load light, abuse not your cattle, lose no more time than is really necessary, and be careful that you don't think it necessary when it is not. 200 lbs. of bread stuffs to each person, 60 lbs. good side bacon, and no harm to throw in a ham or two, to boil if you should get puny, with sugar, coffee, tea, rice, beans, dried apples, &c., for 5 months, but if you manage right and have luck you will get through in less time. Be sure to leave the Missouri river at the earliest moment practicable, if possible by the 1st or 10th of April. The last session of Congress has extended her donation laws until December, 1855, which give emigrants two years more time

I must conclude by asking your pardon for writing so much, though I was satisfied that nothing short of what I have written would give satisfaction to a great many of my friends who read your paper. My address is Cincinnati, Polk county, Oregon, where, if any of my old friends will write to me, I will give them any satisfaction within my power. I would be glad to hear from any of them. I remain yours,

Most respectfully,
McMINN DODSON.

A WARNING TO BACHELORS.—A morning or two since, cries for assistance were heard proceeding from the room of a highly respectable old bachelor. On bursting open the door he was found *frozen fast in a tub of water!* Having been troubled with a bad cold he thought to take a bath in a tub of warm water, the night before, and felt so comfortable while sitting in it that he dropped asleep and did not awake until morning. He was of course unable to stir and was compelled to call for help. To his great horror the first person rushing to his aid was an old maid who had felt a partiality for for——his goods! She supposing he intended a joke upon her, broke into the street again, her countenance filled with *indignation and wounded vanity*, and threw her hands violently about exclaiming, "O, the hateful villian!" His continued cries however, brought our friend speedy assistance, when by chopping him out with a hatchet and turning him round and round like a spit before the fire, he was soon thawed out. He wished us to say he is now a candidate for matrimony.

P. S.—We were not on hand ourself—we only give what people say about it.

"THE EDITOR."—The Richmond Mail throws off the following capital illustration:

"They have a steamboat in the Western waters by the name of "The Editor." This is the best name ever yet given to a steamboat and more especially to a Mississippi steamboat. We are surprised it has never been thought of before. The Editor is a working engine, whose fires are kept going day and night. Now he sails against the tide, and now with it, going along at a dashing rate, until suddenly he comes up all standing against some hidden snag, which nearly shivers his timbers to pieces. Whenever he moves he puts the waters in agitation for a time, and leaves a wake of troubled waves behind him which lasts about five minutes. He serves every body but himself, carries freight and passengers in any quantity, and goes *puff—puffing*, down the stream of life. Often his powers are overtasked, and the boiler bursts, but, fortunately, it kills no one but himself, and who cares for an Editor!"

SPIRIT RAPPING.—If you are a skeptic and a materialist, as regards the immortality of man, go night after night—day after day, unto the rappers, until you become convinced of your fatal error, and rendered happy by its explosion, as Robert Owen and others have been; but if you have the faith and confidence of a christian glowing on the altar of your heart, and really desire to know more of the mysteries of the future world, go to your closet, and read the gospel carefully and prayerfully, and you will gain more light from that source, than by watching broken leg tables a life time, and listening to the mock responses of rapping impositions for the balance of a century.

A STAR GONE OUT.—As when Lucifer fell from the zenith of yore and went into darkness, he who once blazed all over the sky and threatened to burn every body, Cassius M. Clay, has suddenly dropt back upon Kentucky, and (oh woful change!) set himself up in Louisville, in the harmless trade of pork dealer! how are the mighty fallen! From politics to pork! From humanity to hogs!—From philosophy to pigs! The Newspapers, however, aver that he is making much money. 'Tis well; he had been unprofitable enough heretofore.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

APPLES WITHOUT SEEDS OR CORES.—A correspondent of the Memphis Whig gives the following recipe for obtaining apples without seeds or cores—Take the ends of the limbs of an apple tree, where they hang low, so as to reach the ground, dig a small hole for each end under the tree, bend it down and bury it in the hole, confining it down so that it will remain. Do this in the winter, or the beginning of Spring. The end of the limb thus buried will take root and put up sprouts or scions, which, when they become sufficiently large to "set out," dig up at the proper season, and transplant them in the orchard where you wish them to remain. When they get large enough to bear, they will bear apples as above.