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For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.
Suggested by seeing a snow drop in bloom Apr. 17.

"The first gift thing."
That bears the trembling pearls of spring.

They come, they come, to life they burst,
A joyous throng and then the first;
In Flora's train, thy little day
To sparkle, smile, and pass away.

The softened glebe that bids thee wake,
From thy long winter sleep, and take--
Such unobtrusive forms of grace and light,
Such beautiful robes of dazling white,

From earth's embrace shall weaken too
A sister hand with varied hue;
Yet, none in gentle purity,
And looks of love may rival thee.

Thy new-born charms from darkness cold,
Thou wrenst in beauty's fairest mold.
Or snatch the treasure from the tomb:
Yet from the shades of death and night
Shall rise like thee, in robes of light,

The ransomed soul on joy's free wing,
And praise his high forever sing.
To thee, who in this simple flower,
Dost speak thy resurrection power.

C***

PORTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE

BY JOHN SMITH THE YOUNGER.
THE PRIVATE CLAIMANT.
(Continued.)

Mudge had no inclination to enter the break-
fast-room, and so he at once accompanied Slunk
to Mr. Keen's office. It was a wooden build-
ing, in one of the streets leading into Pennryl-
vania Avenue, standing isolated in the midst of
a block not yet built up, and its front was cov-
ered all over with announcements, setting forth
that the Hon. Abraham Keen, formerly member
of Congress, attended to the prosecution of
all manner of claims against the United States
and all foreign Governments. Keen was an
Eastern man, and had a very high reputation
for shrewdness and purity in all his dealings.
He was about fifty years of age--rather hand-
some features, somewhat bald, a most unflinching
temper, and a very soft tongue--and was alto-
gether, as smooth, and sweet, as a razor dipped
in oil.

"I have had the pleasure, sir, of hearing of
you from my honorable friend Mr. Slunk," said
he to Mudge, in the softest and most musical
tone imaginable, after the ceremony of introduc-
tion; "and I assure you it will afford me much
happiness if I can be instrumental in forward-
ing your views in prosecution of the claim of
which I am rejoiced to find you the legal repre-
sentative. Your late excellent uncle was a very
respectful friend of mine."

"Yes, Jake was a good old dog," said Mudge
"he stuck to me like bricks."
"A very forcible expression, Slunk, very!"
remarked Keen, if possible, in still blander tones
than ever. "Really, Mr. Mudge, in this un-
grateful and heartless world, it is peculiarly
refreshing to meet with a man who cherishes manly
feelings, and expresses them in a manly way.
I honor you for your sentiments."

"Well, I'm always ready to speak out my
mind--that's certain. I ain't afraid of nothing,"
said Mudge, feeling very much flattered, tho'
he hardly knew why.
"Now, my dear sir," continued Keen, "I
suppose you are aware that the management of
these claims requires a great deal of experience
and generalship. It is a humiliating fact, Mr.
Mudge, that our Government is not always so
prompt in the settlement of the just demands of
its creditors, as it ought to be."

"Yes; old uncle Jake used to tell us how
he had most given up all hopes of this claim,"
said Mudge, with rather a downcast expression.
"The worst evil, however, Mr. Mudge," pro-
ceeded Keen, "is the dishonesty, I am sorry to
say, of many of the agents who undertake the
management of their affairs."

"True as gospel," said Slunk, who had seated
himself close by the stove, smoking his ci-
gar, and humming the Star-spangled Banner,
with an air of great unconcern.
"Many a poor claimant, my dear sir," con-
tinued Keen, "after hanging on here at Wash-
ington session after session, has at length suc-
ceeded in getting a bill only to find that rascally
agents--excuse the strong term; but really
on such a subject one can't help becoming ex-
cited, Mr. Mudge--have cheated him out of every
cent of his money."

"You don't say so?" said poor Mudge, look-
ing rather uneasy.
"It is a lamentable fact Mr. Mudge. How-
ever, it is to be hoped that the evil will be soon
much abated. My friends, knowing my strong
feelings on this subject, have insisted that I
should consent to take up my residence here for
some time, in order, if possible, to interpose a
check to the depredations and frauds of these
agents. Several highly influential gentlemen,
connected with the Government--among them
my highly valued friend, Judge Slunk here, Col.
Shorter, and others--have in the handsomest
manner, promised their aid; and I do think we
will be enabled to do a great deal of good."

"I have not the least doubt of it," remarked
Mr. Slunk, with the faintest sort of a smile; &
recovering from a violent fit of coughing, from
the smoke getting down his throat, he broke out
with much spirit into the martial air, "Our flag
is still there!"

"My humble ability," Keen commenced in
the meekest tone, and looking still more and
more serious; but he stopped short and asked
Mr. Mudge for "his papers."

Mudge put his hand in his pocket, but finding
nothing there but a piece of twine, an old news
paper, and a huge jack-knife, exclaimed with
much consternation, "Scissors! they're gone!"

"Are you sure I had you them with you last
night?" asked Slunk, with great earnestness.
"Yes, yes," replied Mudge, with increasing
confusion.

"It's very unlucky," said Slunk, shutting one
eye, and shaking his head with much feeling.
"I trust the documents may yet be recover-
ed," said Mr. Keen; "but in the meantime,
my dear Mr. Mudge, your business can go on
before the committee. I know enough of the
case to draw up a petition."

"But the assignment--the old man's assign-
ment to me?" exclaimed Mudge in an agony.
"Very unfortunate!" said Keen almost with
tears in his eyes--"A very unfortunate circum-
stance! You must, however, make diligent
search, my dear friend, and put an advertise-
ment in the city papers. You doubtless rec-
ollect what places you visited last evening?"

"Oh! Mr. Slunk knows all about that," said
Mudge, with unconcealed chagrin and un-
easiness.
"Well, then, my dear sir, it is all right, and
I trust the packet will be speedily recovered,"
said the sympathizing agent; "and meanwhile
I shall, with your permission, go on with the
case."

Mudge of course assented to this kind propo-
sition, and paying down Keen's fee of one hun-
dred dollars, departed to search after the mis-
sing papers. Searched like his back he turned,
when Slunk rose, and, quietly turning the
key in the office door, silently handed a bundle
of papers to his complacent friend.

"All correct, my dear sir," said Keen, very
deliberately, after he had examined the packet,
"all correct; you are indeed one of the most
considerate men I have ever known. There is
a boldness, too, about your operations, which it
is impossible not to admire. Men of my poor
temperament, Slunk, creep, while your genius
dashes at once to the top."

"Come, come; none of your gammon," said
Slunk; "don't expend all your soft soap on me.
Keep the assignment, and let me have the oth-
ers. Don't you see you want some more coal
in the stove?"

Keen then handed several papers to his hon-
orable associate, who instantly thrust them into
the stove, keeping the door open till he saw the
documents were entirely consumed.
"You'll now alter it as we agreed?" inquired
Slunk.

"My dear sir, I am confident it had better be
in your own name," replied the other. "You
were a great favorite with the worthy old gen-
tleman, so it will appear quite natural. Indeed
no doubt he meant to do so. You had better
correct the error he made without further delay.
Here are all the materials."

Slunk seemed to hesitate for a moment, but
it was only for a moment; and then setting
himself at the desk, he appeared to be intently
engaged in some delicate operation on a paper
before him.
"Very beautifully done," remarked Keen in a
tone of great admiration--"very! Couldn't
have done it more neatly myself! And a very
proper correction--for Benjamin Mudge read
Madison Slunk. Good! excellent!"

"There!" exclaimed Slunk, with the air of
a man not exactly pleased with himself, push-
ing the paper from him, and kicking the seat to
the other end of the office.
"Softly, my dear friend, twenty per cent?"
said the agent.

"Oh I yes; ain't it enough?"
"Extremely liberal, my excellent friend--ex-
tremely handsome!" said Keen, smiling very
sweetly.
"I must hurry up to the House," said Slunk
"We must kill that bill, at all hazards. I'll
be just in time. We lobby members, after all,
do the business--eh? Good morning."

"Good morning, my dear sir, good morning!"
returned Keen, with the utmost suavity of man-
ner; and then, as he closed the door, adding in
undiminished softness, "Now I think we have
you, knowing Mr. Slunk! excellent Mr. Slunk!
honorable Mr. Slunk!"

Of course, Mr. Benjamin Mudge sought vainly
for his papers. As he promised, Keen bro't
the case before the House committee, obtained
a favorable report, pressed it well in the House
and eventually, by "renumerating" nine or ten
members, (lawyers) for professional services,
succeeded in effecting the passage of the bill.
The pecuniary resources of Mudge had been
long quite exhausted; but by giving the hotel
keeper a draft on the Treasury, treble the sum
of his bill, to be paid when his claim should be
passed, he had managed to remain undisturbed
in his quarters, occupying the fate of some score
of poor devils, who after living at rack and man-
ger for a few weeks, had been turned out on the
streets, shifting for the remainder of the session
in some mysterious manner.

"I say, you've did the business slap up, and
I'm come to get the order for the brass," said
Mudge, rather puzzled by his chilling reception.
"Really, my dear sir," returned Keen, "I am
somewhat at a loss to comprehend your mean-
ing. Pray to what business do you refer?"

"Blast it, here's a go!" said Mudge, with un-
affected indignation; "I'm come to get the or-
der for the amount of uncle Jake Van Wagan-
en's claim, which I paid you to get through
Congress. That's the talk."

"Oh now I understand you, my worthy friend,
said Keen, "but don't become excited, my ex-
cellent young man. Never suffer the equani-
mity of your temper to be unduly disturbed--
Let me entreat you!"

"Looker here," said Mudge, interrupting him
"I don't want none of your oily gab; let's go
to business. Give me the order or your gosh!"

"None of your half laughs and pursers grin,"
said Slunk, smiling ironically, "give the man
his jacket!"

"Stop, stop, my very worthy friend," Keen,
in his turn, interrupted the other, gently wip-
ing his hand towards Mudge, who was now greatly
excited, "I have such a horror, an instinctive
horror, good Mr. Mudge, of any improper agi-
tation, that unless you be calm, I must most re-
spectfully request at least your temporary ab-
sence from this office."

"Oh! I wonder I shew!" exclaimed Mudge,
almost choking with rage and astonishment.
"Now Mr. Slunk, we will proceed to busi-
ness, if you please," said Keen, as if entirely
unconscious of the presence of Mudge.

"I say neighbor," resumed Mudge, making
a desperate effort to command his temper, this
may be a fine joke, a d--ll good joke, ha! ha!
but I want this business all squared off. I want
it done right away. I've been here in this cur-
sed hole of a place for these five months, and
d--ll I want the money. I'm goin' out
West."

"Do I understand you, sir," said Keen, with
great unconcern, and not even deigning to turn
towards Mr. Mudge, "do I understand you as
advancing a title to any interest in the late Mr.
Jacob Van Waganen's claim on the Federal
Government?"

"Hell!" shouted Mudge.
"If so," continued Keen, speaking very slowly
and enunciating every syllable, as was his
custom, with the utmost distinctness, "if so,
I would be extremely obliged to you for a sight
of the legal document assigning to you an inter-
est in the claim of that most excellent citi-
zen the late Mr. Jacob Van Waganen. Pray
can you conveniently place your hand on the
paper, Mr. Mudge?"

"Oh! I blow me for a fool!" exclaimed poor
Mudge; "you know I lost all my papers; but
Slunk told me I did not need the assignment--
that the bill could be so drawn as to make all
right. 'Didn't you Slunk?"

"I rather think not, sir--see?" replied Slunk,
with great unconcern.
"No! I'm certain the Judge could never have
given you so absurd an opinion," resumed Keen
though he may have said something to console
you after your unfortunate loss. However I
may inform you, once for all, my dear sir, that
the bill has been drawn in favor of the legal
representatives of Mr. Van Waganen, and if you
should be able to produce proper proof of sus-
taining that character, I shall be happy to aid
you to the full extent of my poor abilities, and
now, sir, as my friend, Judge Slunk, and my-
self, have some business to transact, I will bid
you good morning!"

"Used up?" exclaimed poor Mudge, in a low
tone, "Papers lost and Jim Axle, the witness,
was blown up in the General Washington--
There's nothing but Oregon or the Kalefornia
papers left for Abe now! and in a sort of stu-
por he strode from the office, and standing out-
side the side walk, occupied himself in spelling
over and over again the announcements in beau-
tiful gilt letters, with which Mr. Keen's office
was ornamented, as if inspired by a vague hope
that some invaluable information and advice,
were to be found in some corner of the capaci-
ous sign-board."

"Did you hear that?" inquired Slunk of his
worthy associate, as their victim left the office.
"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly," replied
Keen. "It fully corroborates the information
obtained from Jacksonville. One witness of
your skill as a forger, my dear Slunk, has been
removed from--"

"What do you mean?" asked Slunk, with an
eagerness he vainly endeavored to conceal.
"Why, the remark was very intelligible, I
thought," returned the other. "I always en-
deavor to speak intelligibly, my dear friend--
clearness is a most essential requisite of all ef-
fective speech; clearness and candor, my good
friend, I do love cleanness and candor of speech."

"And honesty of action!" said Slunk. "Never
mind, Keen, we know each other. I will
draw the money to day. You can have your
bill for services all toted up, and we can settle
up in the evening."

"I would prefer a final arrangement now,"
said Keen; "that is, if it be perfectly agreeable
to you, my dear sir."

"Oh! wait till the evening; but just hand
me the document."

"Certainly, here it is," said Keen, handing
the other a paper.

"What the--does this mean?" angrily
exclaimed Slunk, casting his eye over the paper;
"why, this is an order on the treasury, in your
favor, for two thirds of the money!"

"Precisely so, my dear friend," said Keen,
leaning back in his chair, and picking his teeth
with his penknife; "which now awaits the re-

pectable signature of Madison Slunk, the ex-
cellent and worthy legal representative of the
late estimable Jacob Van Waganen!"

"I'm much obliged to you," said Slunk hand-
ing the paper to the other. But I'm not so
green as that blasted fool Mudge. I've got the
assignment."

"How?" simply asked Keen, smiling sweetly
as an innocent babe.
"There, then," said Slunk, turning deathly
pale, as he hastily affixed his signature to the
paper; "but mark me! May I never open my
mouth, except occasionally to reply with a growl
to the afflicted pleasantries of the other, as he
twitted his 'dear friend' on his abstracted and
gloomy appearance. Separating in front of
Brown's Hotel, Slunk carelessly asked his com-
panion if he 'intended to be in the office that
night?'"

"Yes, my good friend," replied Keen; "I
have got a troublesome case to make out, and as
I sleep there as usual, you'll find me at any
hour you call. Come and take supper with me--
I've got some of that 'London club' still on
hand. Do come!"

About two hours after midnight, the city was
alarmed by the cry of "Fire!" When the tar-
dy engines reached the spot, the firemen found
that the element had nearly seized itself, from
lack of materials on which to fasten, as the build-
ing which had been surrounded by vacant lots
It was Keen's office. Not a vestige remained
of the flimsy edifice, except the stone foundations
and a heap of smouldering cinders.

"Mr. Keen lives at Brown's, don't he?"
"I reckon he ain't in the city," said one of the fire-
men, as they stood in little groups around the
spot where the fire had finished its work of des-
truction.

"We've had our run for nothing!" exclaimed
another, not at all pleased with the fire going
out so speedily.
"If you had come with us all the way from
the Navy Yard," said another, "you might com-
plain; but I'm cussed if we can get up a first
rate blaze now, any how you can fix it."

"My eyes, Bill," exclaimed a third, "what a
rouser the old Navy Office would make!"
"Come, come! youngsters, don't be get-
ting on from York," roared out a sturdy man, who
seemed to be the leader of one of the fire com-
panies.

A number of the firemen immediately busied
themselves in searching amongst the smoking
ruins.
"Hallo! what's this?" shouted one of them,
pointing to something which he had discovered
beneath a heap of smouldering rafters.

"It looks like a dead dog!" said another, kick-
ing the object with his heavy boot.
"Hold!" exclaimed the sturdy leader, letting
the light from the lamp which he carried fall
full upon what now seemed a mass of charred
and smoking wearing apparel. "Hush!" he
again exclaimed, "it's a corpse!"

It was all that remained of the ill-fated Keen!
The features were a disgusting mass, which ut-
terly defied recognition. But the identity of
the unfortunate wretch was fully established by
the gold watch, which was found in his pocket
entirely unimpaired.

The fire was generally regarded as the work of
an incendiary, who had probably first murdered
the agent. But no clew was ever obtained to a
discovery of the guilty party.

Slunk, the very day after the fire, resigned
his office, on the plea of ill-health, and imme-
diately disappeared from the city of Washington.
A person answering his description was report-
ed not long afterwards to have been murdered
by a banditti, on the route from Vera Cruz to
the city of Mexico.

Mudge in vain endeavored to obtain redress
at the hand of the department; for the report of
the death of James Axle, the witness to his un-
cle's assignment, was erroneous, and an accom-
plice was afterwards made, by means of Mr.
Cheselden, an exceedingly talented and upright
professional gentleman in the city. But the
poor man still hangs about Washington, insis-
ting that he will yet get all put to rights. Dur-
ing the sessions of Congress, he may be seen
daily buzzing around the vestibule of the House
like an angry wasp about a cask of molasses.

Ever on the alert, he fastens on congressmen
who they're aware of his presence, worries them
in the corridors, stings them in the Library,
and is cast off at the doors of the Hall, only to
stand at the lobby windows, peering in on them
with the eye of a basilisk. He is his evil
genius, tormenting them before their time, and
tracking them out even to the privacy of their
lodgings, in spite of the lies and cunning of
porters and waiters. He will not be shaken off.
Kick him, cuff him, do what they will with him,
his answer is with Lucio, in Messure for Men-
sure, "By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's
end Nar, I am a kind of live, is a mystery."

How Mudge contrives to live, is a mystery.
But he certainly keeps to the attic of Mrs. Flint's
boarding-house, and somewhere he does get his
grog!

NORRIS CONDUCT OF A NEW JERSEY FARMER
Mr. Joseph Davis, of Morristown, Burlington
co., New Jersey, has taken from the New York
Alms-house, within the last three months, no less
than 250 Irish and German emigrants, for whom
he has found employment among his friends and
neighbors. With a very few exceptions they
are all well satisfied with their several situa-
tions, and they are not only earning a comfort-
able living but actually laying up money.

A SAILOR'S WIFE--It is the custom of affec-
tionate seamen, when they go on long voyages
in Government ships, to leave a portion of their
wages to be drawn by their wives. The pay-
master here thought a while ago that a certain
woman came often for the domestic share of her
husband's wages, and on an examination of the
matter, he found that she was the wife of no
less than five different seamen. Whose wife
will she be when the ladies' hospital is estab-
lished? or she has as many husbands as the
woman of Sycar. Journal of Commerce.

Let reason and common sense be a man's
safe-guide and the bridge of delusion is easily
crossed.

THINGS AT VERA CRUZ.

We are kindly permitted to copy the follow-
ing from the private letters of a gallant young
officer in an enviable and honorable position
in the army, to his friends in this city. The first
extracts relate to occurrences during the bom-
bardment.--Dr. Advertiser.

"Yesterday, (March 24) an additional battery
having reported to the General as being ready
to open, I was despatched to direct the fire
of the same to begin. My servant finding me
absent from my tent, and being moreover of a
chivalrous turn, mounted my remaining charger,
"Arab," and sallied out to see what was going
on, and what his master might be doing. But
coming suddenly within range of the enemy's
batteries, a shell exploded, tumbled my knight
out of the saddle, and knocked out "Arab's" left
eye. The man, though struck, being more stun-
ned than hurt, picked himself up, remounted his
war-scarred steed, and retraced his steps with
all due haste.

I can speak from observation of the great ac-
curacy of the Mexican artillery. I saw three
followers' heads taken off with round shot
in the short space of three hours, who were act-
ing as gunners at their respective guns. These
shots came through our embrasures, raking the
guns, as the sailors say, fore and aft.

In the time above mentioned, four men were
thus killed, one man desperately wounded, and
one officer slightly. Some queer incidents oc-
curred--I saw a gunner head taken off, his hat
falling at the foot of the battery, and an instant
after, a shell from the enemy fell into the poor
fellow's hat. Another--a man whose leg the
enemies were preparing to take off, was struck
by a second cannon shot on the same leg, above
the first fracture, whilst in their hands. This
was the coup de grace--the poor fellow expired.

Really, a man must be an eye-witness to re-
alize what are called horrors of war. You may
write and talk, but there's nothing like the con-
viction of having before your eyes, as heedless
trunks, what, an instant before, were like your-
self, living, thinking, acting men; to see these
bodies, as they are picked up by surviving com-
rades, drop their mangled heads upon the sand
--brains falling out, and their gore pouring in
a thick stream. But, to all this unpalatable re-
ality, the poet says:

"The soldier braves death for the fanciful wreath."
I am just going to the battery. Adieu.

The same officer, under date of March 6th,
writes:

"Our army is in fine spirits, and anxious to
be off for the capital city. We have been de-
tained here since the surrender (28th ult.) for
want of wagons, packs, and teams for the trans-
portation of our subsistence. We are, of course
exceedingly impatient under the detention. I
hope that it cannot last over four or five days
longer."

The town of Alvarado surrendered without
resistance, on Friday last, to a joint expedition
of our people and the navy. Antigua, a little
town seven miles or so from this, on the Antigua
River, has also surrendered. These collat-
eral expeditions are not intended to act on the
final result--it is not supposed they can. But
they were gotten up to open a market for horses,
mules and beef cattle.

The movement toward the capital will com-
mence on the 8th inst.

West Point Academy.

Among the ad captandum subjects of Loco-
foco tirade and abuse, which the conservators of
good order and good institutions have for years
been obliged to discuss, against those who
were bent on their destruction, that of the value
and importance to the country of the United
States Military Academy at West Point has
been prominent. Originating, as that noble in-
stitution did, in the patriotic and far sighted
counsel and countenance of some of the best
and sunniest minds in the country, it was yet
never allowed to escape the assaults of those
who, for party purposes, found it convenient to
denounce it as aristocratic in its origin and anti-
republican in its tendencies. It was, moreover,
attacked on the ground of its being an expen-
sive establishment; and, at political meetings,
on the stump, in the halls of local legislation,
and on both floors of Congress, the abolition of
this "federal" and "aristocratic" institution was
put forward as one of the grand results which
were to flow from "Democratic" ascendancy.

But amidst all this, it had, as it deserved, its
friends and supporters, who, until they saw that
it was to be constantly and vigorously assail-
ed, until, by dint of perseverance, it was made
unpopular, yet saw around them so many
palpable proofs of its efficiency, and could not be
consciously able to believe that it could ever be
successfully assailed. And when the last attempt
was made to overthrow it, it is within the re-
collection of all how nobly they came up, in the
halls of Congress, and protected it from the
overthrow that seemed to be impending over it.

We have now, in the results of the late Mex-
ican campaigns--in the stories of Palo Alto,
Resaca de la Palma, Vera Cruz, Monterey, and
Buena Vista--abundant proof of the high de-
serving of the Academy at West Point to be
considered one of the best and most important
of our national institutions. In each and every
one of these memorable affairs the graduates of
that school, as we have shown before, have
been found foremost in the fight among the
most valuable in emergency, among the most
derving in the retrospect of every action.

While, before the walls of Vera Cruz, occupy
the point of danger, and therefore the point
of honor, we see the gallant VINTOS, cheerful
and active in the midst of the worst and most im-
minent risks on that glorious field, stricken
down in the gallant discharge of his duty, we
cast our eye back upon time when, not the son
of a rich aristocrat, but of a widowed mother,
he graduated, full of scholastic and military hon-
ors, from the United States Academy at West
Point. And then, recurring to the field of Bu-
ena Vista, and seeing there the bravery and de-
votion of the gallant and lamented Clay, we re-
member the day when he, among his illustrious
and our noble ruler the Military Academy at
West Point stands, and bade him remember that
the spirits of revolutionary patriots were looking
down upon him from those heights, and watch-
ing his course as a student, in his country's ser-
vice, there. We might greatly extend the list
of those whose deeds, ever since this war com-
menced, have furnished the most fitting retri-
bution of the vile partisan attacks which have
been of late years considered so popular a point
to make in certain quarters. But these instances,
with what we have before given, will abundantly
suffice.--N. Y. Express.

The vanity of parents is often tested by ask-
ing the names of their children.

Slave property in Kentucky.

It has been the subject of remark, of late, and
the fact is an important one to those who be-
lieve that the institution of slavery contains the
seeds of its own destruction, that slave property
is in some sections of the country depreciated,
even where the number of slaves is increased.

The Frankfort Commonwealth demonstrates
the fact for Kentucky, and the following ab-
stract and extract from a recent article will be
read with interest.--Pittsburgh Gazette.

From the year 1841 to the year 1846 inclu-
sive the number of slaves in that State increas-
ed 16,729 the valuation of the same decreased
\$7,305,741.

The total number of slaves in the State in
1841 was 168,843--the total valuation of whom
was \$62,309,602. In 1846 the total number
was 185,982 and the total valuation \$56,003,-
816.

It is interesting to note the periods of chief
increase in the number. In the year 1842, the
increase was 2,184; in 1843, 4,072; in 1844,
2,750 in 1845, 4,902; 1846, 1,840. In the year
1843, the increase of slaves under 16 years of
age was 2,582 while in the year 1846 the same
class decreased 94.

Every county in the State has slaves in 16-
73 counties having over 500 each, and 26 coun-
ties under 500 each.

Commenting on this tabular statement, the
writer remarks as follows:
"If Christian county is taken as an example
of increase for one year then the increase of last
year in the State, would have been 7,984 slaves.
It is plain from the above facts, that emigration
from the counties that are esteemed the best
for land, is very great; or that the domestic
slave trade is very extensively carried on; or
that Kentucky is not as healthy for negroes as
it formerly was. One of these three things
must be true. If it be owing to emigration
from counties having the rich land, then slave
labor is not profitable in those counties--If it
be owing to the domestic slave trade, then slaves
are decreasing in value in the state; or if there
demand for them at home, they would not be
taken out the State. If it be owing to the un-
healthiness of the climate, for them, what is the
cause of it? Let not the fact be overlooked,
that with an increase of 16,729 slaves, the total
valuation of slaves in 1846, was \$7,305,741 less
than the valuation of slaves in 1841 was. It is
said that hemp and tobacco do not demand the
prices in Kentucky that they formerly did--
Grant it. Will they command again those prices
for one year, and for years in succession?"

MINNESOTA.

The Toledo Blade furnishes the following in-
teresting sketch of this new Territory:

"It is bounded on the north by Canada West
on the east by Michigan and Wisconsin; on
the south by the parallel of 43 degrees and 30
minutes, which is the most northern line of Iowa
and on the west by the Sioux and Red River of
the north. The line separating Minnesota from
Michigan is in Lake Superior, and that separat-
ing it from Wisconsin passes along Lake Su-
perior to the falls of the St. Louis river, and
thence south till it strikes the river St. Croix,
which it follows to the Mississippi. Thence
down the Mississippi to the latitude 43, to the
place of beginning."

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