

# HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

TERMS:—One Dollar, if paid in Advance; if not paid within Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; if not paid within Twelve Months, TWO DOLLARS.

PUBLISHED BY O. CLEMENS, ON MAIN, BETWEEN HILL AND BIRD STS., OPPOSITE STOVER & HARRIS CLOTHING STORE.

VOL. II.

HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1852.

NO. 29.

### ORIGINAL STORY.

#### THE WHITE FAWN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION, BY MARIE.

(Continued.)

"That d-d Injun varmint?" exclaimed one of the party, "ef he's the one ye mean, good lady, we've just dispatched his lordship to the devil's court, where, I think, he should have been some time ago."

"An', be the holy Virgin! have ye no more politeness than to be talkin' in this manner in the presence of a lady? An' sure, an' we have killed the red devil, an' an' be the Holy Mother who has sent us hither, there's not a hair of your head that shall be harmed by any one of this band."

"Now, Patrick, if you are through, I think we had better fry and strike a fire and proceed to make the lake as comfortable as possible; and a tall, noble looking man, who seemed to be the commander of the crowd, and had already unlashed the wretched Emma, stepped forth and procured some blankets from their baggage, which was a short distance behind, on their mules, and spread as comfortable a pallet as was possible in that cold and cheerless spot. Restored to comparative happiness by the death of Big Injun, and the timely rescue of these strangers, poor Emma felt more comfortable than she had thought she ever should again, and while they went to prepare a fire and something to eat, she, overcome with fatigue, and now so feeble, that she thought she could never again revive, fell into a troubled and feverish slumber. The party who had so fortunately come to the aid of poor Emma now busied themselves in preparations for some supper, with hearts as happy as they were noble, at the thought of the timely relief they had been able to offer to a helpless female.

They were a strong band of about twenty American traders, on their way to Mexico, and had turned aside from the highway into this mountain pass, for the purpose of eluding the Indians, who generally infested the borders in quest of straggling parties, whom they often encountered and put to death. They were pursuing with steady march their way through the dusky twilight, rendered darker still by the thick forest which overshadowed them, when they suddenly encountered Big Injun prowling through the thicket, whom they immediately shot, thinking he must be a deer, or something which would answer for food, which they were in search of, before stopping for the night. What, then, was their surprise, when they reached the spot and found a big Indian in the last agonies of death. However, they rejoiced, and they had one enemy less to encounter, and resolved to pursue their way; but not without the fear of encountering at every step, an army of the savage foe. In a few moments they saw a glimmering light through the trees, and they knew that the comrades of the Indian they had killed were not far ahead, they caused to think what they had better do, when the weeping and wailing of poor Emma reached their ears. They crept softly and silently near, till they distinctly heard her voice, and seeing not hearing any other human being, they nobly resolved to prepare themselves, and proceed to the rescue. On they went, without molestation, for, as the reader is already aware, they had had no enemy to encounter, but were led on by a providential arm, to restore the helpless and lost.

### CHAPTER VIII.

All who are at all acquainted with the Indian character, know that there are no bounds to their joy or grief, their love or hatred, their gratitude or revenge. And as hour after hour passed away, and the time for Emma's return to the camp of Big Thunder approached, fear and consternation reigned throughout his domain. The old squaw was seen with eager eye to watch the forest path she was accustomed to pursue, and the old chief, with bow and arrow, and tomahawk, darted rapidly through the woods, fearing lest some wild beast had overtaken the paleface. The little White Fawn, clung with agony to her Indian mother, and cried with pining moans, for her "little white mama."

No trace, however, could be discovered of her they sought, and learning from some of the hunting parties that had been some weeks through the forest, that they had encountered Big Injun roaming alone through the woods, they could but come to the correct conclusion that he it was, who had stolen at last the unfortunate Emma.

Filled with rage and savage vengeance at the thought, the old chief started forth himself, accompanied by his stoutest men, and scoured the wood, and sending orders to all the neighboring tribes to search and secure, if possible, the treacherous wretch, and restore his prey. But alas! Big Injun knew better the wiles of his tribe than to lie dormant long in the vicinity of old haunts, but away far away to a newer and wilder region was he flying with his lovely victim.

Time at last restored quietness to the camp, but not happiness, for, long, long did they mourn for the loved and lost. The White Fawn, too young to long comprehend the misfortune she had sustained, grew each day more beautiful and more happy, and was idolized by the old chief, who was scarce ever separated from his little queen. She would wander with him for days together, hunting and fishing, and none could use the bow and arrow, or man a canoe with more dexterity than the White Fawn. Years had now passed away, and civilization was taken from me, and hope, too, at last, has forsaken her hapless child. I shall feel but little to reach a Christian abode. They cannot deny comfort and consolation to an unhappy wanderer, when asked in the name of that God whom we each adore."

All who are at all acquainted with Spanish towns, are aware that the Catholic religion governs them more than any civil authority, and it is necessary to get the aid of their priests. Our travelers, therefore, upon entering the village, made haste to make themselves known to the ecclesiastical power, and by the sign of the cross, that universal emblem of Christian-

ity, they asked and obtained protection. The unfortunate Emma was immediately conveyed to the convent, where she was taken, and nursed like a tender babe, by the kind sisters of the order, who had devoted their lives to piety and devotion, and whose hearts were deeply affected when they learned, through an interpreter, her heart-trials and sufferings. After a few days rest, the party bade farewell to their gentle companion, and journeyed on, hoping that on their return they would find her restored at least to health.

We will now leave her to the care of the good Sisters, and while she is recovering, let us return to pursue the destiny of the White Fawn. (To be continued.)

### MONTE BLANC.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

(Continued.)

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepresible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast to it as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow, to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word "bewitched" is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Harz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Perviz in the Arabian Nights. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blance of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was so foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Cote—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Monte Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, and the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, I told them that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wit into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Cote is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below, in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier marine, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and weariness—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Cote calls for no ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the alpen; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth listening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and Francois Cachet, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that, clinging to the hand-holds made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if I had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all guided, although the

depth lost itself in a blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the colatte as it is called—the "cap" of Monte Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and every body was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinicure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet any where but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was exceedingly indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The beforems were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Monte Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me, and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered over to Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough; I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Monte Blanc of Kelle's map or Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveler's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place, it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fincly, the tiny omnibuses on the lake side-road to Art, the dissolution of Golder, and the section of the fatal Rosenberg, are all subjects of interest and most admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level; and Monte Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered villages seen from the Kulm, become a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was sometime before I could find out the Brevet at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvertelle takes his way over the Col du Grand we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire coup d'œil no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Monte Blanc and the Pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged, snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted. (Conclusion next week.)

Since the award of the New York prize for the worst conundrum, Old Roger has been justly indignant with himself that he did not compete for it. The other night at the Museum, while witnessing Warren's capital personation of the "Member from Cranberry Centre," Old Roger turned round to Mr. Spear and asked him, laughing heartily at the same time, why Warren was likely to make his audience eminent dramatists. Mr. Spear assured him that he had not the most remote idea. Said Roger, triumphantly, "It's because he makes 'em all shake Spear." Mr. Spear was so sharp as many spears are, but he laughed a little—the next evening, Spear villainously attempted to get the same joke on his innocent neighbor Smith, and asked the question as Roger did, and upon receiving the same answer replied, "Because he makes 'em all shake Smith." It sounded so stupid that Spear himself didn't dare to laugh at it.—Cupid Bag.

### Tobacco Culture in the United States.

The culture of tobacco is yearly becoming a business of increasing importance, particularly in the Middle and Southern States, where it has become one of the most important staple products, and under good and skilful management, constitutes one of the most profitable crops of the planter. While it is a product of every State in the Union, (California, perhaps, as yet excepted,) its cultivation, and recently, was principally confined to Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, although in Connecticut and Pennsylvania considerable quantities have been raised as far back as 1812. The practice of that year was given by Mr. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, who reported the crop of the various States and Territories as follows:—

States.	Pounds Gathered.
New Hampshire,	29
Massachusetts,	37,297
Rhode Island,	289
Connecticut,	630,273
Vermont,	781
New York,	1,685
New Jersey,	2,938
Pennsylvania,	460,374
Delaware,	301
Maryland,	21,159,692
Virginia,	59,627,369
North Carolina,	16,129,174
South Carolina,	35,654
Georgia,	20,858
Alabama,	261,018
Mississippi,	145,212
Louisiana,	116,149
Flouride,	29,359,171
Kentucky,	42,394,053
Ohio,	3,294,769
Indiana,	2,660,408
Illinois,	984,960
Missouri,	12,727,250
Arkansas,	212,266
Michigan,	2,723
Florida Territory,	66,877
Wisconsin Territory,	262
Iowa Territory,	11,151
Dist. of Columbia,	63,651

Total in all the States and Territories, 191,691,991

The above report, our readers will perceive, was made ten years ago, since which time the culture of tobacco has increased in a very considerable degree. In Illinois, the Middle, and some of the New England States, increased attention has been paid to the tobacco crop, which, in 1847, was 219,951,000 pounds, being an increase of nearly 25,000,000 in five years; and in 1850, three years afterwards, the total quantity of tobacco raised in the States and Territories was nearly 224,000,000 pounds. Large as this quantity may appear to those who have not considered the subject, the demand for the article has not by any means diminished, but, on the contrary, continued to increase. It has been estimated by Mr. Ellsworth, that the quantity of tobacco produced in other countries than the United States, is about 150,000,000 pounds; but such is the general use, and the increasing demand for it, that 1,000,000,000 of pounds from the United States alone would meet with a ready market, if it could be supplied of a good quality, and at prices not exorbitant, but which would be highly remunerative to the grower, leaving as will be perceived, a wide margin for our enterprising planters to fill.

The increase of the consumption of tobacco in this country is a subject intimately connected with the interests of the planters themselves, as being an item of most importance in the increasing demand for its cultivation. The annual consumption cannot be less than 100,000,000 to 125,000,000 of pounds. It was computed, as long ago as 1836, with a population of nine millions less than at the present time, that the annual amount paid by the consumers of tobacco in its manufactured state was \$20,000,000, which amount cannot now, at the lowest estimate, be under \$25,000,000. If we add to the value of this in the leaf, the value of the 100,000,000 of pounds annually exported, we shall find the amount actually received by our tobacco planters about \$46,000,000, which might possibly be increased three-fold, if the culture of this article received that attention which its growing importance would seem to warrant.

The culture of tobacco is every year extending itself into the Western States, and promises to become a most important article of export from the valleys of the north and south of the Ohio. Says the Cultivator: "That tobacco can be grown in Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee, with greater profit than that attending the culture of wheat and corn, seems certain, and we doubt not that, as the cultivation progresses, and better methods of curing are adopted, the tobacco of the new States will rival in quality and celebrity that of the old. The plants on new land grow much more luxuriantly than on soils cultivated for any considerable time, and experience proves that the quality is not so fine. The best tobacco in any country is grown on lands in good condition, but not extravagantly rich, or highly manured."

In regard to the best method of cultivation, it may be difficult to decide in every particular, as some allowances must be made for differences of soils, climate, &c., &c. This would require a very prolix and tedious detail—altogether too much for the convenience of readers of the Plough, Loom and Anvil; nevertheless we believe a general description of the mode and practice adopted by those who are most skilful and experienced in the culture of the tobacco plant will not be unacceptable to a large class of our readers, and we trust the facts shown will elicit some degree of emulation on the part of our agriculturists, in a matter that is very closely connected with their interests. The soil to be cultivated should be a warm, rich soil, according to climate. In the most northern portions of our country, the month of January is generally selected for that purpose, while every progressive step northward will, of course, change the season to that of a later date. In view of England, more particularly the valley of the Connecticut river, where the culture is carried on to a considerable extent, the month of April is the best adapted for putting the seed in the earth. The land for that purpose should be so set as to be a warm, rich soil, but not too moist soil, with a southern inclination, if possible. This should be new ground, well grubbed and mellowed, after having quantity of light, dry material buried over the entire surface, for the purpose of destroying insects and the seeds of noxious weeds. After the plot has been carefully prepared, raise it into beds from three to four inches high, of convenient length, and about three feet high, the more easily to allow them to be kept clear from weeds, &c., from both sides of the bed. Sow the seed as thick as may be desired, about a tablespoonful to the square rod, rake carefully the surface, and roll or press down the earth thoroughly, that the soil may adhere closely to the seed. Should the beds become too dry, they should be watered and kept moderately moist until the young plants are ready for removal.

The best spot which can be selected for a tobacco field, is where the ground is level, or nearly so, and the soil rich, sandy loam, capable of absorbing and retaining moisture. The earth should be made perfectly mellow, either by ploughing or digging, at least twice before setting the plants. The ground being thus selected and prepared, it is ready for the setting of the plants. As soon as the leaves are a little larger in size than a dollar, which at the South will be ready to transplant, which should be done with some care, and not too early in the evening, and protected from the sun by leaves, or some similar covering.

At the South, the palmetto leaf is generally used for this purpose. A business is made of raising the tobacco plant, if no convenient rainy season occurs near the time for setting the plants, the soil is made, about half a pint of water poured into it, and the plants immediately placed in it, and set in the ground. The time for transplanting in sunny weather, is in the month of June, but at the South nearly two months earlier. After setting the plants, should be watered, at least once a day until the roots have become fixed and set in the soil. The distance of setting the plants should be about two and a half feet apart in the rows, which should be about one foot further than this, or three and a half feet distant from each other, which distance will ad-

mit the cultivator between them. Whenever the plants die, they should be replaced by others.

In their other culture, they require much the same kind of treatment as Indian corn; the plough, cultivator, and hand-hoe being freely and frequently used to keep down the weeds and loosen the earth. This should be repeated three or four times before hilling. As the tobacco plant grows and develops, a blossom bud puts out at the top, which is termed at the South buttoning. This top must be broken off, together with such of the upper leaves as are too small to be of any value. The plants are then left usually from two to three feet high. From every leaf in the plant will shoot out suckers, which must also be broken off from the main stem, taking care not to injure the leaf by the operation. Late plants should be topped lower than those of early growth, as it will facilitate their progress and ripening. The plants should be suckered and cleared of worms, to which they are very liable, as often as once a week, until harvest time. Cutting and curing tobacco is a business requiring much care and good judgment, in order to preserve the quality of the crop. This we propose to make the subject of a future number.

### PLANK ROAD MEETING.

Pursuant to a call for a plank road meeting, the people of the township of Indian Creek met at their precinct on Friday the 20th day of February, to respond to a call of their fellow citizens, held at Hannibal, the 23rd of January 1852. On motion, Clement Pierceall was called to the chair, and George W. Priest requested to act as Secretary.

On motion, the chair appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. After a few hours retirement, the committee reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

- Resolved, 1. That we have beheld with intense interest the public spirit of the people of the city of Hannibal to promote the interest of the farming community and the public generally.
2. That we heartily concur with the people of the city of Hannibal in organizing a company for the purpose of constructing a plank road, leading from the city of Hannibal to the town of Paris.
3. That we will use our best efforts to procure stock in said road, so as to carry the general road law into effect, provided said road is to be located on the nearest and most practicable route.
4. That we intend to do our duty, our whole life, in the construction of this Road.
5. That this road can be made, will be made, and shall be made; we therefore call upon the farming community to look to their interest and lend a willing shoulder to the wheel.
6. That we want few committees and a heap of work, a little talk and a good deal of money, and we say to our friends, "go ahead—all right."

Upon motion, the meeting adjourned sine die. CLEMENT PIERCEALL, President. GEO. W. PRIEST, Sec'y.

### From the Dollar Newspaper—Phila. Corn Culture.

Perhaps the few hints herein submitted may prove acceptable to your "farmer" readers. They have reference to the cultivation of corn. Great diversity exists in the minds of farmers, in regard to the cultivation of this most important crop. The best plan to be pursued upon rich soil, and with a view to a large harvest, I conceive to be the following:—After the preliminary preparation of the ground, mark out two rows together, say two or three inches apart, and let there be a space of four feet on the inside one of these double rows. Plant each single row in such a manner that the hills will be three feet apart, and each hill contain but two stalks; arrange the hills so that those on the second row shall come in the intervals left between those of the first, thus leaving a space of three feet between, as in the row first planted. As soon as the grain is sufficiently large, it should be ploughed "from and to," and the earth drawn around the hill so as to completely cover up the grass, &c., and thus prevent its growth. For a few days the ground should be gone over with a cultivator, perhaps twice or more, and then, after an interval of ten days or two weeks again ploughed and hoed. This process, regularly followed up until there is no more danger from weeds and grass, or the hardening of the ground, together with proper attention to the removal of suckers, cannot fail to ensure a good harvest. The ground will not, in ordinary cases, require more than one or two good hoings.

R. L. Cumberland County, N. J., 1852.

### Backing out of a Position.

The Springfield Republican tells a story of a somewhat eccentric lawyer, who being engaged in defending a hard case, and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding judge, remarked that he believed the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans. The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for this contempt of court, threatening him with commitment for the offence, if he did not apologize. The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed that the court could be bought with a peck of beans; that he said it without reflection, and wished to take it back; but, said he, "If I had put it at half a bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world."

Major Bucklin, engineer on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad has completed a survey of three routes from St. Joseph to the high land dividing the waters of the Platte and Castle, about twenty miles out, and also another route from this city which intersects one of the others a few miles out. He is engaged in writing up his notes and making estimates.—[St. Joseph Advancer.]

Pos Conference.—John Wilson, Esq. of Meigs county has in a public speech at Liberty, declared himself a White candidate for Congress in the North Congressional District.—[St. Joseph Advancer.]

It is stated that John B. Weller has been elected United States Senator from California for the year from the 1st of March, 1851. He received 71 votes and John B. Readline 19.