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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

A KISS—WHAT IS IT?

A kiss—O 'tis a magic spell
That wildly thrills the breast,
And bids it with emotion swell,
When lip to lip is pressed;
'Tis friendship's pledge—affection's seal—
And through the transient bliss,
Yet still the coldest heart must feel
The rapture of a kiss!

A kiss! 'tis love's own tender breath;
Fond language of the heart;
The last communion held in death,
When friends forever part;
When gloomy cares dispute the breast,
No charm can soothe like this,
The mind is sweetly lulled to rest,
Beneath a magic kiss!

A kiss! yes, 'tis a dear delight,
Whose memory often cheers,
And shines thro' clouds serenely bright,
Recalling bygone years;
Who hath not felt the bosom beat,
With an ecstatic bliss,
As loving souls together meet
In transport's glowing kiss?

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

BY GEO. F. MORRIS.
The spring time of love,
Is both happy and gay,
For joy's sweet blossoms
And calm in our way;
The sky, earth and ocean
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is colored with rose.
The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hills, grove and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of Heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.
The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer,
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year,
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings,
Repose and reward.
The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm howls without,
From the avalanche within,
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

Miscellaneous.

Pencilings of Politicians.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL—DANIEL O'CONNELL—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Do you see the little man who has just risen, near the table? What an enormous head he has for so small a body. Look at those flashing eyes—how they glance, here, there, and everywhere. His face is rather cynical in expression, and ill-humor and pride seem combined in it; and one might imagine that it was sneered every morning in vinegar. What a wadded there is on the curved upper lip! Who may be the owner of that ill-matched head and extremities? It is Richard Lalor Shiel—known, some years since, as the author of "The Apostate," an unsuccessful tragedy, but now more extensively celebrated as an orator. He was he who defended O'Connell on the occasion of the late State Trials. Shiel's voice is harsh, grating, and disagreeable—at times shrill almost as a whistle—and occasionally, in the lower tones, cracked and dissonant. His style is florid and all his speeches are crowded with metaphors, occasionally of the most brilliant and ornate character. As a flowery speaker, he has not his equal in the House; but he lacks depth and power, and originality. His speeches, which are all carefully written and committed to memory before they are delivered, lose most of their force in their exquisite polish. His action is abundant, and occasionally grotesque. Whilst speaking, and when much excited, he flings himself into all imaginable attitudes. Now almost bending himself double, and then drawing himself, as if by a sudden jerk to his full height, he looks like a pigmy in convulsions. Sometimes he bends over the table before him, until his chin almost touches the green baize. He flings his arms about him, in some such a manner as a pugilist does, when, in the language of the "Ring," he "fights wildly;" & every two or three minutes his clenched fist descends with such amazing force on a box, which stands on the table, that it is a marvel it is not shivered into splinters. Some wag, in allusion to this box-thumping propensity of the little agitator, once perpetrated the following:—
"Shiel! Shiel! why do you give
Such harsh-resounding knocks?
You will not break the argument;
You'll only break the box!"

I just now said that Shiel always wrote his speeches. It is also well known that he is in the habit himself of furnishing the manuscripts to a certain journal for publication. Indeed, it would be a work of great difficulty to report Shiel; for his sentences are so involved, and they are uttered

with such amazing volubility, that he almost sets short-hand at defiance. Some few years since, a ludicrous mistake occurred with respect to a report of one of his speeches which greatly mortified Shiel, and much amused the public, who were, by the accident, led into the secret of Shiel's furnishing his own reports.

It happened, on one occasion, that Shiel had prepared one of his most brilliant speeches for delivery, and, having carefully committed it to memory, he forwarded the manuscript to the office of the Morning Star, for publication in the next day's journal, with the other speeches of the expected debate. Contrary to all expectations, that particular part of the subject to be discussed, which Mr. Shiel's speech bore reference to, was not mooted, and consequently it was not delivered. Owing to some mismanagement, notice was not taken of the omission at the office of the journal, no reporter from which attended, and the next morning the Morning Star had four mortal columns of a speech printed, but which had never been delivered. There were interpolated with it, "Cheers," "Great cheering from all parts of the house," "Hear, hear," "Prolonged applause," &c. &c., which had a droll effect enough; and the matter was not mended by a long eulogistic "leader" from the editor, who characterized Mr. Shiel's speech as one of the most brilliant specimens of oratory which had ever been delivered within the walls of St. Stephen's. All London not only tittered, but burst into one great and general guffaw. Shiel never forgave the carelessness—but he need not have grieved so much about the exposure, for he is not the only one who reports his own speeches.

When I was staying at Shanahan's Hotel, Waterford, some years since, I had the pleasure, of spending an evening with Mr. Shiel, who was quartering at the same house. His conversational powers were great, and he gave quite a series of short, lively sketches of some of his Irish contemporaries. I must confess that after having heard what he said of O'Connell, I was somewhat surprised to read his speech in favor of the Agitator, in Dublin, not long since—but, perhaps, it is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider that he is a barrister, and consequently that it is his occasional vocation.

"To make the worse appear the better cause." Talking of the Agitator—there he is; his face is very much like the portraits of him which are so common—it is round, red, and good-humored in the expression. His eyes are dark, flashing, and vivacious. He must have been when younger, quite a giant in strength, for his figure is tall and burly. Well may he be called the "big beggarman." Mr. O'Connell's dress consisted of a black frock coat, and waistcoat and pantaloons of the same color, which, being strapless, reached half way up his leg. He generally sits in the house with his arms folded on his massive bust, his hat slouched over his forehead, and his chin half drooping on his chest. When he speaks, his attitudes are very free and easy; he strains not after effect, yet always produces an impression. His voice is rich and melodious, of course strongly marked with the brogue, and it is beautifully modulated. But the House of Commons is not the place in which to hear O'Connell to advantage. Go to some meeting in Ireland—hear him eloquently discourse of Em's wrongs—let him picture for you the wants and the woes of her children and you will acknowledge him to be a great orator. At one moment you will be convulsed with laughter, and, before the smile has entirely passed away, some tale of suffering, narrated with the most touching pathos, will dissolve you into tears. His powers of denunciation are absolutely frightful, and his sarcasm of the most scorching nature.—Nothing can live before it. To all this he possesses, in addition, an inexhaustible fund of humor—genuine Irish humor—he can sway an audience as he lists—his power and influence, in his own country, is immense—and he is, as he himself says the best abused man in Christendom. But I need say no more of the Agitator; let us turn from him to seek for other game.

The short, ungainly-looking personage, now speaking, is Lord John Russell. He is absolutely mean in appearance, and shabby in dress and physiognomy.—There is nothing noticeable about his face, but its absolute insignificance, and, indeed, it is perfectly indescribable. The portraits of him, in Punch, preclude the necessity of my sketching him in pen and ink. When he rises to speak, he hesitates—coughs—pulls about his great, awkward-looking hat, and after stammering out a work or two comes to a dead halt—then he attempts it again, but his words are a long way apart, and each is connected with the other by a lengthened a—. It is really tiresome, and almost painful to listen to him—and one wonders how he could be selected as the leader of a party. He has, however, great business talents, and few are better acquainted with the practical working of the State machine than he. As a debater he does not shine, but it is hard to beat him down. Like Macaulay, in one respect, and in only one, he has a strong liking for facts, and will not be wheedled by Peel or any one else—indeed, the Premier finds him a sad thorn in his side—he cannot be persuaded.

There remain some men of mark whom we have not yet noticed—among them several literary-accomplished writers, as well as keen politicians—but I must re-

serve them for another and concluding Parliamentary sketch. Among them may be mentioned Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Benjamin Disraeli, the younger, Robert Monckton Milner, and Sergeant Talford—and these deserve a chapter to themselves. Boston Atlas.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—Grant Thorburn, of N. York—an old married man and one who ought to understand what he writes from long experience, in a series of articles directed particularly to the young merchants of his own city, gives the following advice concerning the choice of a bride and the husband's conduct to his wife after marriage:—

In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name and connections, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Let her be alike free from deformity and hereditary disease; neither fix your eyes on a celebrated beauty—she is apt to be too proud of her pretty face, and afraid to soil her delicate hands. The woman who washes her own silver spoons, China cups and platters, and performs other light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy and the most contented—for thus she gains the approbation of her husband and of her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running from shop to shop, and making calls, is always unhappy; for conscience says—you shall reap the whirlwind.—Beauty is a very desirable ingredient in choosing a wife; you will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend; but by all means find out if you can, whether or not she is vain of her beauty. If you find she is daily washing her [already] pretty face with milk of roses, and patent cosmetics—that she is daily pouring water and Macassar oil on her [already] glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so well as when she don't know it.

Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. This, though, is not so essential, as a man must be a consummate blockhead if he cannot lead (not drive,) a woman by fair words. A good manager is another indispensable qualification. After marriage, if a woman does not pique herself on her knowledge of family affairs, and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully made or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are harnessed in the yoke matrimonial, they must draw together. It's a man's duty to give to his wife, in the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy.

Having now resolved to get married, do not distinguish your wedding day with too much ostentation, nor suffer it to pass without proper acknowledgements. Let it wear a sober smile, such as would become your partner and you for life; not to be convulsed with riotous laughter, that leaves tears in the eyes, and heaviness at the heart as soon as the fit is over.—Moderation in all things is the very essence of life; neither fly to the mountains nor linger about the springs; the money thus foolishly spent would pay for all the coal you would burn next winter; proceed in the usual and easy tenor of your way, prosecuting your regular business with all the sober realities on your back, for remember that the harvest lasts not all the year. Continue to treat your wife with the same cheerfulness on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behaviour with which you were wont to treat her in the days of courtship, if you do this, her love will never change. Above all things, never let her imagine it a penance for you to stay at home or that you prefer any company whatever to hers; let her share with you in all your pleasures. By these and similar acts of kindness, you will secure her love and gratitude at once, and she will always say she is the happiest woman on earth.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

How many parents are there who struggle on through years of toil, from poverty to competence, and from competence to wealth, for the purpose of leaving money to their children, and yet make no determined exertion to secure their education. If your children are ignorant, though you leave them a fortune in money, you have, by false economy, withheld from them that knowledge which alone can secure them in its stability and proper enjoyment. It were better for a man's children if they be left to cope with the world, educated and penniless, than ignorant and wealthy.—Would you arm your child with the power of self protection against the wickedness and imposition of the world? Give him education. Do you seek to place your offspring in a situation where they may be their own exertions, ascend to the elevation which God assigned them in the economy of creation? Educate them. If you would give them the consideration and influence among their fellow men, which is conceded to intelligence alone—if you would prepare them for their own highest happiness and for their duties as good citizens, you can do it in no other way than by giving them an education.

Do not say that you have no time to educate your children, or that you are too poor, or that you live too far from a school. All these difficulties will be overcome when you reflect upon the import-

ance of the subject. Let every neighborhood where there is no school, and where the children cannot read and write, assemble and procure a teacher, permanently, if they can, or at least until they have learned to read and write, and thus laid the foundation for acquiring information from books by their own industry. If a teacher cannot be procured, assemble on Sundays, or at other times, and let those who can teach those who cannot—and even thus, it would not be long until every family would possess this key to a store of knowledge and wisdom which is inexhaustible and far more valuable than money.

Are you a father or a mother, willing to see your children grow up around you in ignorance—destitute even of the means of acquiring information by reading—dependent upon the honesty and intelligence of others in matters which pertain to their higher interests? We cannot believe it.—All who have arrived at a stage of maturity have seen and felt the advantages of an education, or the want of it. We see that intelligence rules the world, and that it is this alone which separates us from and raises us above the brute creation.

We have but recently heard more than one person say that they would give all the property they possessed for a common school education, and that their children should not go out into the world lacking this essential element of their happiness, prosperity and independence.

This is the spirit which would actuate every parent if they were once aroused to the importance of the subject both to their own families and to the country.

Why does the South linger in the rear of many of her sister States in the present rapid march of intelligence and science, and consequent prosperity? Is it not because we have refused to adopt an efficient general system of education, sustained by the taxing power, and carrying its benefits to every child within our borders? Doubtless this is the cause.—Let the people arouse themselves to the importance of this subject—let parents and all patriotic citizens reflect, that upon the virtue and intelligence of each succeeding generation depends the permanence of Republican institutions and its attendant blessings, individual liberty, security and independence.

From the New Orleans Odd Fellow.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.
Odd Fellowship indulges in no idle mummery; her mystic emblems, solemn ceremonies, without meaning to the uninitiated are pregnant, with important recollections. From the first step of initiation through all the various degrees, the candidate is taught the most solemn truths by regular and progressive steps. They are taught in a manner calculated to make the most lasting impressions, and while they improve the mind, make him at heart a better man. His duty to his Creator, his family, his neighbor and himself, rank among the first of his lessons, while the great principle of Charity presents itself from the house-top, but "charity which doeth good by stealth and blushes to find its fame."

A case passed under the immediate eye of the writer in a neighboring city, which may prove of interest to our readers. In 1840, a gentleman from the north who was an Odd Fellow, came south on some urgent business; on his way down the Mississippi he fell dangerously sick of the typhus fever. The captain, crew, and boat physician despaired of his life, and being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust him ashore. On reaching the landing, the mate and hands were ordered to take him off upon a litter, and put him in one of those miserable doggeries which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate upon the wasted frame of the stranger, and his rough voice as he bellowed "go-a-head," partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him; he was told they were putting him ashore at —. He enquired are there any Odd Fellows here? A brother standing on the wharf, who had been gazing on the inhuman scene, replied instantly, "Yes, there are many and true."

"Then," said the sick stranger, "put me down—put me down right here—I shall be taken care of."

He was taken care of; tho' a stranger in a strange land, ready friends found him—he tested him—he was an Odd Fellow, and in good standing in the Lodge; he was enough; he was taken up by brother hands—supported on friendly bosoms—he was provided a place in the best hotel—he was the best medical aid was called in—he was nursed by friends whose eyes never slept over his couch of anguish. For some weeks his case was considered almost hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eye of his aged mother, and to infuse new joy into the warm heart of his young and beautiful wife.

Odd Fellowship is not only charitable; but it is philanthropic; it gives the initiated brother in good standing a passport in every land where the order is known. Although a stranger in a strange land, he will have that which will gain admittance into any Lodge, when his hand will be pressed by the hearty responding grip of a brother, and his desires and necessities attended to. It is also sympathetic. It never heard the widow sigh, nor saw the orphan weep and

not relieve—indeed in all the Lodges there is a fund especially set apart for the widows and orphans of deceased members, a committee is appointed from each Lodge, whose duty it is to see that the orphans are properly fed, clad, and educated.

From the New York Herald.

OUR RIGHT TO OREGON—IT IS AN INCONTESTIBLE ONE.

It is stated in the Union, that the Oregon negotiation between the United States and Great Britain has been freshly opened.—That paper also informs us that the Secretary of State is indefatigable in his correspondence; and Father Ritchie throws out the hint, with no little indignation, that the Pennsylvania Statesman has not yet bro't his opinion to our right to the whole territory down to the 49th degree. If this were true, it would be worth something to the friends of Oregon. But is it true?

In this uncertainty in the matter it will be well enough to look a little into our "incontestible right" as it is called. Our superior claims to the whole of Oregon—to the boundary line of 54. 40, as arranged with Russia, are not universally understood in this country—not even by all those who unhesitatingly assert our right to the whole, and we therefore, by way of an *imprimis* place the matter briefly in our columns, in order to give to the public a clear view of the question. All this in unwieldy pamphlets and public documents, has been published, but active energetic Americans, who are seeking fortunes have only time to read newspapers, after they have once started upon active business pursuits.

This matter, in all its ramifications, is thus arranged in our minds and according to unimpeachable testimony.

CLAIMS OF SPAIN.

- 1534. Cortez discovers California.
- 1543. Ferello discovers the coast of Cape Mendocino and the river Aquilar.
- 1582. Gali discovers the coast beyond Oregon.
- 1599. De Fuca discovers the straits Juan De Fuca.
- 1603. Viscuino explores the coast of California.
- 1603. Aquilar discovers the river Aquilar and inlet of Columbia.
- 1674. Perez discovers Nootka Sound and San Lorenzo.
- 1774. Martinez lands at Nootka Sound.
- 1775. Hecata, Ayola, Bodego and Quadra discover the bay of the river Columbia, and called it Entrada de Hecata.
- 1779. Fidalgo makes a settlement on Quera's Island at the entrance of Juan De Fuca.

CLAIMS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

- 1578. Drake lands in Bodego bay, previously discovered by the Spanish.
- 1578. Drake sailed up to lat. 43, but did not land.
- 1713. The treaty of Utrecht between France and Great Britain appointed commissioners, who fixed upon the 49th degree of lat. as the line of demarcation between the possessions of the two nations west of the Mississippi river.
- 1763. The treaty of Paris between Spain, France, and Great Britain, fixes the boundary between the two latter nations by a line along the middle of the Mississippi from its source to the Ibberville, in Louisiana, along the middle of that river, and lakes Mauripas and Ponchartain to the sea.

- 1778. Cook lands at Nootka Sound, discovered by Spain 1673 and 1774.
- 1789. Colnet attempts to take possession of Nootka Sound, he is taken prisoner by Martinez the Spaniard.
- 1790. Spain and Great Britain entered into a convention, which reserved the sovereignty of Nootka Sound to Spain, but granted some commercial privileges to Great Britain.—This convention gave to Spain the sovereignty and exclusive ownership over all the coast to the north of west America on the side of the South Sea, as far as beyond Prince William's Sound.

- 1792. Vancouver enters the Columbia having previously, received from Capt. Gray an account of his discovery of the river.
- 1793. Makenzie explores to a river supposed to enter the Straits of Juan De Fuca, north of the Columbia.
- 1806. Frazier erects a fort on the head waters of Stewart's river.
- 1818. Treaty between the U. States and Great Britain leaves the country west of the Stony Mountains open to the citizens and vessels of both nations.

- 1827. The provisions of the treaty of 1818 extended indefinitely unless either party choose to annul by giving a twelve months notice.

THE INCONTESTIBLE RIGHT OF THE UNITED STATES.

- 1763. The treaty of Paris gave to the U. States, all the territorial right of Great Britain to the country bounded by her treaty with France in 1713 and 1763.
- 1788. Capt. Cray, of Boston, in the sloop Washington, and Capt. Kendrick, of the ship Columbia, entered the port of Nootka Sound.
- 1792. Capt. Gray, of the ship Columbia, discovers the mouth of the river Columbia, sailed up 14 miles, May 11,

- 1803. The U. States purchased the right of France to the territory west of the Mississippi.
- 1804. Clarke and Lewis, authorized by Congress, explored the Columbia from its source to its outlet in the Pacific.
- 1811. Astor erects a fort at the mouth of the Columbia called Astoria.
- 1812. Astoria is taken by the English.
- 1818. Astoria is restored to the U. States by the treaty of Ghent.
- 1819. The right of Spain to territory on the Pacific north of 42 degrees is ceded to the United States.
- 1820. Treaty between Russia and the U. States fixed the Northern boundary of Oregon at 54. 40 north latitude.

These facts, thus chronologically arranged, assert our clear and unquestionable right to the length and breadth of the territory as far north as 54. 40; and it is here perceived that, apart from the right of purchase derived from Spain, we have a stronger claim than England can produce, in the priority of our discovery and occupancy; and another right, a natural one, equally superior, in our territorial connection with the land in dispute. It has been asserted, and is now maintained by eminent statesmen, that even if our right of discovery and purchase were inferior to that of Great Britain, we can never permit that, or any other European nation to occupy a single foot of soil on this continent that they do not now own and cultivate. It is true American policy—the declaration of M. Guizot to the contrary notwithstanding—to regulate the affairs of North America, and in a few short years those of South America also. This was the declared policy of President Monroe, and so far as Oregon is concerned, it was we believe, the subject matter of a dispatch written by Mr. Rush, when minister in England to the British Government. It was not our intention, however, to assert any abstract claim to Oregon; it is unnecessary to do so.—Our right is derived from two sources sufficiently irresistible for our purpose.—1st, the right by discovery; 2nd, the right by purchase.

The following eloquent extract we clip from a speech of A. V. Brown, the Democratic Governor elect of Tennessee, made while canvassing that State:

"America may be the last asylum of liberty for the human family. In almost every other country, the just and equal rights of man have been cloven down by the sword, usurped by the princes and potentates of the earth. Here, liberty has reared her favorite temple. She has laid the foundation deep and wide. Her bulwarks have been made strong; and the ministers who attend her altars, and the worshippers who throng her gates, should never surrender it but with their lives. Never was there a people who possessed a finer or nobler country. Go up with me in imagination, and stand for a while on some lofty summit of the Rocky Mountains. Let us take one ravishing view of this broad land of liberty. Turn your face towards the Gulf of Mexico, 'what do you behold?' Instead of one lone star faintly shining in the far distant South, a whole galaxy of stars of the first magnitude bursting on your vision, and shining with a bright and glorious effulgence.

"Now turn with me to the west—the mighty west—where the setting sun dips her disk in the western ocean. Look away down through the misty distance to the shores of the Pacific, with all its bays, harbors, and rivers. Cast your eyes as far as the Russian possessions in latitude 54 deg. 40 min. A new world lies before you.—How many magnificent States, to be the future homes of the sons and daughters of freedom! But you have not yet gazed on half of this glorious country. Turn now your face to the east, where the morning sun first shines in this land of liberty. A ray yonder you see the immortal old thirteen who achieved our independence, nearer to us lie the twelve or fifteen States of the great valley of the Mississippi, stretching and reposing like so many giants in their slumbers. O, now I see your heart is full—it can take no more. Who now feels like a party man, a southern man, or a northern man? Who does not feel that he is an American, and thankful to Heaven that his lot was cast in such a goodly land? When did mental vision ever rest on such a scene? Moses, when standing on the top of Mount Pisgah, looking over on the promised land, gazed not on a scene half so lovely. O, let us this day, by whatever name we may be called, we will never surrender one square acre of this goodly heritage to the dictation of any King or potentate on earth. Heaven swear it, my countrymen, and let Heaven record the vow forever. What if the English lion shall grow to grow? What if he shall presently fill the air with his roar? Armed with right and justice on our side, we fear him not. Our fathers did not fear before us. Let him roar—the American eagle, your own bird of liberty is even now planning her wings for the loftiest flight, and will soon utter bolder notes than England's lion ever heard."

The Growth of the Northwest.—The Territory of Wisconsin was set off from Michigan, and organized into a Territorial Government in 1837. Its whole surface is estimated at 47,000,000 acres of which a little more than 10,000,000 has been surveyed. The first sales of public lands took place in 1835; the amount sold from that time till January, 1842, was 2,009,415 acres, for the sum of \$2,761,762. The lead mines of the Territory will be an inexhaustible source of wealth. According to the census of 1840, the whole amount of lead produced in the U. States and Territories was 41,230,453 lbs.; and the capital invested was \$1,346,756. Of this amount Wisconsin produced nearly one half, or 16,129,350 lbs; and the capital employed by her was \$654,600. The assessed valuation of the real and personal property of all its counties, in the year 1843, amounted to \$9,077,300.