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(By Request.)
THE PARSONS' PADLOCK.
 BY HIS SON, RICHARD FEENE.

Old Parson Feene was many years
 A stranger to sorrow,
 Till sickness declared him great,
 And stationed him in town.
 His rusty nails and aching joints,
 Now useless to him here,
 He thought to sell would serve him well,
 And aid his humble cheer.
 The mare was brought, a stable sought,
 To suit the parson's mind,
 And all the fare was laid out there,
 To which a horse inclined.
 The stable doors with meal and oats,
 Fed him and care and love,
 And but a lock would save my stock,
 From being stole away.
 So Dick, my son, make haste and run,
 And ask good neighbor Faife
 To favor me with lock and key,
 To make my stable safe.
 Ask but my wife, cried neighbor Faife,
 And you shall want no more,
 And then to make his ardent love,
 He rubber, biculet, door.
 My father smiled and said, my child,
 'Twill make me like a jail.
 It locks you see without a key,
 And opens with a nail.
 The mare was sold, and all the gold
 Had turned to lands and lots,
 'Twas said beside, she since had died,
 A victim of the bots.
 And good old Feene had many years
 Before you were a man,
 When in the street I chanced to meet,
 This Faife the hardware man.
 All hail! said he, I'm glad to see
 You looking well inclined,
 I often have thought of you,
 And—while 'tis on my mind,
 A padlock new was brought to you,
 Who never lent it back,
 And what it wanted cellar door
 Live open for the lock.
 Three blessed fate, by which we meet;
 Till you receive again my key,
 What was last, my father's ghost,
 Would dwell in pain.
 That dismal night, my father's spirit,
 Rose through my fevered brain,
 In judgments, chains, and endless pains,
 Till morning came again.
 When pulse in hand, I thought the stand,
 Where a vile axe and goos,
 Was stuck and tools, and locks and rules,
 Hated for want of use.
 With modest face and pleasant brow,
 I bade him goodly cheer,
 Then turned my head and gently said,
 I see you have padlocks here.
 Full fifty score, and getting more!
 No, but 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange!
 'Tis wonderful! 'tis by the Powers
 But, if you please, I'll look at these;
 What good will they do?
 The highest price it shall be nice,
 A fig for all the rest.
 This then you'll find will suit your mind,
 And all twenty pieces.
 The cheap, said I, and so I'll say,
 Forgetting the expense.
 For, though the ware is rich and rare,
 'Tis this I delight in most,
 These twenty pieces at all events,
 Will lay my father's ghost.

ATROCITIES IN INDIA.

The following extracts from a letter written by a private soldier in India to his grandfather, paint the horrors of the war now raging in that country in as frightful colors as anything we have ever read. The letter is dated Dinapore, July 13.

At Delhi, my dear grandfather, the diabolical cruelty of Sepoys is horrible to describe. They paraded all the European heads up and down the city in a cart, and at the Allahabad the 6th Native Infantry who had received praise in the morning for their loyalty to government, fell on their officers in the evening while they were at mass, and killed seventeen of them. The soldiers of the regiment they nailed to an anvil and made a target of his body, another officer was pitched to the ground with bayonets and fired on his body.

At another station there was one officer, and his wife—he killed seven of the miserable wretches with his own hand, and when he saw there was chance for himself or his wife, he shot her and then himself before he would let her fall into the hands of the Sepoys, because he was well aware what her fate would be—rape and then murder. At a station called Kyzabad, two native regiments of foot and one of horse with a battery of guns mutilated and killed some of the officers, one colonel's lady saw her husband shot in front of her eyes, she then went running mad through the jungle with her two infants. I had this from a survivor, but that escape in a boat with about twenty more Europeans, principally women and children, he saw the lady with her children on the bank, and called her to him and she looked at them for a moment and then ran screaming away, dragging her children after her. They could not land to pursue, because the Sepoys were coming down on them at the time to murder them. I have since heard that the lady had been rescued but it still a mania.

I think, grandfather, that there have been more European officers killed here than there were altogether.

It will give you another instance of their horrible cruelty—one European officer, a commissioner at Delhi, with his wife

(who was pregnant) and four children; they tied the husband in a chair, and then cut the heads of his four children; and then, after having cut off the heads of the children, they cut the heads of his wife, and took the unborn babe from her, and struck the husband across the face with it, and then shot him. My dear grandfather, you would scarcely credit all those awful things; but I can assure you it is all too true.

I remain, my dear grandfather,
 "Your affectionate grandson,
 "RICHARD DOUGLAS."

RACY CORRESPONDENCE

Little Douglas does not get all the help he wants from headquarters in his preparations for the next Senatorial election. He has accordingly notified the President that he has but one relative in office, and that he does not wish the appointment of his father-in-law, Mr. Cutts, to count against Illinois. He complains that he has "felt keenly and deeply the neglect and injustice" of previous administrations in this respect. Other States have had a superabundance of spoils, while the ever faithful State of Illinois has been put on short allowances. He says in conclusion:

"If I feel bound to say to you, in all frankness and kindness, that any appointment you may make, for person you may retain in office, other than the citizens of Illinois—no matter how near they are to us—must not be considered as any compensation for the omission to appoint such Democrats from this State as I, in common with the rest of the loyal people, may recommend. I have not yet felt inclined to complain of the present neglect of the just claims of this State in the distribution of the patronage under your administration, having full faith that you would do us justice in the future appointments.

I have the honor to be, very truly,
 Your friend,
 S. A. DOUGLAS.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, PRES. U. S.

Mr. Buchanan having, in point of fact, just dismissed Gen. McClellan, the right hand man of Douglas, from a post he held at Washington, and having made nearly all his Illinois appointments in opposition to the wishes of the present majority of the Senate, the following, decidedly rich and very brief epistle:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1857.

My Dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 4th inst. by which you seem to apprehend that should I appoint Mr. Cutts 2d Comptroller, this appointment might be charged to Illinois. You need entertain no apprehension on the subject. Should I make the appointment, which is not important, it will be my own individual appointment, proceeding entirely from my regard for Mr. Cutts and his family, and not because Senator Douglas has had the good fortune to become his son-in-law.

From your friend,
 JAMES BUCHANAN,
 Hon. Secy. of State, Washington, D. C.

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

The last ray of hope has been dispelled by the late arrival of news from India, and we must now record, with feelings of the profoundest sorrow, that there is every reason to believe that the four missionary families of the Presbyterian Board at Futteh-gurh have perished in the massacre. They have been traced to the vicinity of Gawalpore, and it was hoped that when General Havelock arrived there, he would find them alive, and rescue them from the insurgents, but he reports that one white person was saved, and his name is given; so that the painful fact is pressed upon our hearts that our brethren and sisters, our dear friends, Freeman and Campbell, and Johnson, and Muller, and their wives and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, have fallen victims to the awful insurrection in India.

The Rev. John E. Freeman went out in 1838, and has been a faithful missionary for about nineteen years; he married Miss Beach, in Newark, New Jersey, who died about ten years ago. Mr. F. afterward married a valued friend, Miss Vreeland, a lady of great accomplishments and worth, with a large circle of friends in this city and New Jersey.

The Rev. David A. Campbell was from Wisconsin, and his wife from Ohio.

The Rev. Albert O. Johnson and wife are both from Western Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Robert M. Muller was from Philadelphia, and his wife was Miss Pierson, from Patterson, N. Jersey. All of them were among the most able and useful missionaries of the Board, and their loss is a blow to the work, compared with which the destruction of \$100,000 worth of property in India is not to be mentioned.—*New York Observer.*

TEN THOUSAND MINERS WANTED.

We hope it will be borne in mind in these "hard times," that the Galena Lead Mines are among the richest and most productive in the World—that the quantity of lead ore is inexhaustible, and only wants the labor to bring it to light—that miners' labor is worth thirty dollars per thousand in sovereigns as soon as it is on the top of the ground. The suspension of work on all the Railroads of the country, and the general depression of all the great industrial interests, must throw tens of thousands of men out of employment. We see to them all, come out of our land and take your spades, picks and gads, and go to the diggings. Within fifteen miles of Galena, ten thousand men can profitably employ themselves in mining this coming winter. The prices of living will be down to the lowest point, and a miners' outfit for the winter will cost but a trifle. Let no man complain of want of employment so long as our hills and valleys abound in lead ore, only awaiting the hand of industry to be converted into gold.—*Galena Advertiser.*

Teacher—"How many kinds of axes are there?" Boy—"Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, hoe of the Legislature, axe of the Apostles, and axe my pa!" Teacher—"Good! go the head of your class."

A MIXED JURY.

Some years ago, way up in Bourbon county, Kentucky, there was considerable business going on in Court. There was one case of murder or willful shooting of one John Barber, by one Amos Devilshaker. The case excited a great deal of interest with the public and consequently much feeling was enlisted in it. Now about the same time, another case of peculiarly intense interest was up before the court, in the same court-house; it was a financial case, in which J. Barber was indicted for a conspiracy with intent to cheat certain business men of the community, out of their honestly acquired cash. The jurors in each case being sworn in, the business of the two respective courts proceeded. After much litigation, questioning and cross-questioning, testimony and rebuttal testimony, the cases were summed up, the jurors charged by the judge and sent out to deliberate according to law and facts.

The second case was a rather plain one, but somewhat tricky on the part of one of the "twelve-men good and true," and a decided determination on the part of two old and rather wolfish jurors, kept the panel "hung," up and on, for some eight-and-forty hours. Now things were no less slowly working in the other case. The jury-room in which the financial case was being deliberated upon, was immediately over that of the murder case, the one in the 3d story and the other in the second of the building.

Tired out, monotonous dry, and weary of the monotony of the thing, one of the financial jurors managed to telegraph somebody on the rear ground side of the court-house, and soon a communication took place between those within and those without said jury room.

"What the—'s up?" quoth one of the murder case jurors, as he saw a long string of variegated flags, dangling down before their partially grated window.

"O ho!" says another, "going to raise their liquor!"

"Not so bad," says another awfully angry juror, "is that any other?"

"They are overhead; suppose we notify them we're down for a drink, or a game of cards?" says the foreman. The jury soon agreed on that point, and just then the variegated string which was composed of the sundry neck and pocket handkerchiefs of the upper jury, then began to ascend.

"Jug of whiskey, by snakes!" says one.

"Raise the window, and spatch it in!" adds another.

"Here she comes!"

"Stand by!"

"Take care, you will be out the window!"

"Hold my coat tails, captain, I'll snaffle her!" says the major, and leaning well out he grabs the jug. Those pulling it up, gave the knotted line a jerk, that nearly took the major out of his boots, but he held the jug like grim death to a deceased old man.

The lower were on the eve of giving "three cheers" for this triumph of strategy over art, when the foreman brought them to order by—

"Hush! h-h-h! the sheriff's at the door!"

"Gentlemen, have you made up a verdict?"

"Not a verdict!" say the jurors.

"How long are you a going to hang out, darn you, anyhow! Here you've been out since Friday morning; here's Saturday night, Devilshaker wants you to let him know whether he's got to be hung or go home to-morrow. I'll starve you out if you don't come down now," says the sheriff.

"Come in the morning, sheriff," says the foreman, "we'll settle the prisoner's lash to-night sure!"

The sheriff went outside the other jury room, but found rather dry and cross as he noted, but with no verdict. After gratifying them with the intelligence that unless they made up a verdict by next morning, he should be under the necessity of starting them out, he left.

Let us go up stairs among the financiers, and see how they are getting along.

"To bad," says one, "too bad, there's that thundering villain, Devilshaker, confined in that room below us, and he and the sheriff have nabbed our whiskey!"

"Look here, boys," says another—"I don't believe there's any prisoners in that scrape jury's there, out as we are for a verdict!"

"Well, what do you say," observes another, "suppose we drop 'em a line?"

"Good! Go it!" cry sundry voices.

"Get the handkerchiefs!"

"Here, now, hand over your handkerchiefs. Now, so, who's going to write?"

"I'll do it," says the foreman; and upon the margin of an old handbill was written, "are you Devilshaker's jury?"

The line was dropped to the lower wing with the bill; and soon responded to—

"Well, we are, no how!"

"Have you drunk all of our whiskey up?" was the next question propounded. "Up come the answer."

"No sir! Come down and get some!"

"Good! I say one of the upper jurors, let's crawl down to the boys! Ask them if they have a bench to stick out to drop down on!"

"Yes, come on, bring down your cards; if you've got any," was the response. The lower window was half grated, but there was an opening large enough to admit the body of a man. The bench was thrust into the lower room; communicating their brethren "up aloft," the six financial case jurors proposed that the yet unfinished "barrier" should be sent up, and six of the killing case jurors volunteered to form a committee and go up with the jug! Climb-

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

An English paper says: The arrangements for the reception of the Atlantic telegraphic cable at Keyham, the landing place for the cable, far exceed that the landing may be commenced next week. The spot selected is an open space between the old powder magazine and the South boundary wall of the works. On the area—101 feet by 40 feet 6 inches—sleepers 12 inches by 6 inches have been laid four feet apart, to receive a flooring of three or four feet planks. The sides are to be carried 3 feet high, and the whole to be divided into three compartments, which will be caulked, and the floor covered with pitch, to make them water-tight, for the purpose of occasionally testing the wire.

A wooden raft will be thrown over all. The three rafts are computed to receive 3,000 miles of cable. The quantity on board the *Agamemnon* is about 1250 miles, and the *Niagara* has 600, but a small quantity will be sent on a barge springing from the river, to the tidal basin. The discharge commences from the *Niagara*; and the wire will pass through boiling oil, and its delivery in the ordinary way will probably occupy six weeks, after which she will go to New York for repairs.

The new steam frigate, *Suzuchanna*, Captain Sands, which arrived with the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* on the 29th of August sailed from Plymouth on Wednesday for Spezia, the United States naval depot in the Mediterranean. During her stay, Captain Sands, with his first Lieutenant, Brown, Dr. Pickney, Pursey, J. B. Rittenhouse, and the other officers, have been the frequent guests of the heads of the Government naval departments, and have exchanged civilities with the inhabitants, who have been welcomed most cordially on board the *Suzuchanna*, while she lay in the sound.

Her return next year to assist in the effort to effect a closer union of the two continents will be hailed on all sides with satisfaction. Lieutenant Wells has been transferred from the *Niagara* to the *Boques*. Gen. Coleman, Assistant Surgeon of the *Suzuchanna* has gone home to change of the naval invalid, by the *Araucaria* via Southampton.

GEN. HASKELL.

The following from the Louisville Courier, in reference to Gen. W. T. Haskell, of Tennessee, will be read with regret by all. There is something saddening in a noble mind in ruin; that appeals to the sensibilities of every right thinking man.

Gen. William T. Haskell. We have already alluded to the fact that this distinguished and eloquent Tennesseean had become hopelessly insane. He passed through this city on Friday last, in charge of friends on his way to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, Va. While in the *Frankfort* cars, he rose and in the most eloquent and pathetic terms appealed to the gallant Kentuckians, among whom he was to protect him from the ravaging limbs of the riotous, and was pursuing him. He became so excited and wildly that his friends were forced to confine him.

The amount expended by American travelers in Europe, is estimated at \$10,000,000 annually.

FAREWELL MOTHEE.

For the Beaver Argus.

Farewell, mother, fare thee well!
 Happy be thy spirit now!
 Go, and with thy Savior dwell,
 In His glorious presence bow.
 Farewell, mother, fare thee well!
 Live forever upon high,
 Where no angel-tongue can tell
 Of the joys that never die.
 Farewell, mother, fare thee well!
 Be thy sorrow at an end,
 Think of me in this low dell,
 As I pass, onward bend.
 Farewell, mother, fare thee well!
 I'll still remember thee;
 To the holy angels tell,
 How I triumph o'er the grave.
 Farewell, mother, as I go,
 Farewell, as my constant guide,
 Through this wilderness of woe,
 In my heart and by my side.
 Farewell, mother, till we meet
 In the paradise above;
 Face to face each other greet
 In holy peace, joy and love.

KANSAS.

The latest intelligence from this territory, says the Pittsburgh Gazette, leaves no doubt of the fact that the Federal and Territorial officers have already commenced the game of throwing out returns as illegal, on all manner of frivolous pretenses; and it now seems probable that they intend to do so for another "Democratic" majority by cheating in the official canvass, having failed to do so by the most flagitious cheating in the popular vote. The *Leocompton* correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* writes: "The bulk of the Franklin County vote has thus been rejected. It is a current report here that the vote of Anderson County, in which there were only two pro-slavery votes thrown, will also be rejected; that the vote at Emporia and a host of other Free-State precincts in the valley of the Neosho, will also be rejected. In fact, there has been so much certainty as to what will or will not be received and counted, that the battle is to be fought over again; by fraud and chicanery, but this time the game is all in the hands of the enemy. Perhaps a suspicion that the Free-State men will not tolerate too free an exercise of this juggling art may prevent such an extensive exercise of it as will be required. It had been confidently hoped by the bogus Democracy that the frauds practiced by them in the election would be sufficient to insure them a majority in both branches of the Legislature. Failing in this, they have begun a desperate game of doctoring returns, and while there is no doubt as to the actual result of the election, there is a serious ground as to the action of secretary Stanton."

The correspondent of the *Times* writes to the same effect.

The late returns are somewhat more pro-slavery than those just given us, and the Leocomptoners are claiming a majority in both Houses from the figures. Brown, Nauha, Atchison and Doniphan counties they feel sure of, and we grant them all but the fifth, which may yet be doubtful. In Franklin County they had no County Commissioners; whose duty it is to appoint voting precincts, besides the county seat. Therefore the people in convention decided to vote at several other places. Now it proves that all the votes cast in the county except those polled at Centropolis, the county seat, will be thrown out. Here was a county of over a thousand voters, with only one precinct granted them, while Johnson county on the border, where we cannot have over from two to four hundred legal voters, has seven or eight legally appointed precincts, for the special accommodation of Missouri. These are some of the *beauties* of the arrangement provided us, by that party who claim to be the incarnation of Squatter Sovereignty.

Some of the returning outlanders passed through here yesterday on their way back to Missouri with *negroes* even in attendance. A train from New Mexico also came through our town, and some of the families said this was the first train they had seen for seven years.

One of our most reliable public men in Kansas, is just from Elkport, who says he was there on the day of the election, and saw the election. Gen. Walker was there in person with a company of dragoons. Now mark the sequel. It was apparent to all that a large force of imported voters was there from Missouri, and Walker was applied to, and asked to interfere to prevent it. What followed? A majority of 500 pro-slavery voters were cast in a town of a few 200 legal voters, and instead of Walker's signing us protection, as a high-minded and honorable dispenser of an important public trust, he permitted the invaders to indulge their most unscrupulous propensities for voting, and worse still, he told the soldiers to vote, and they did vote, in violation of a law of Congress. This is a most unparalleled outrage. Now let us see who will attempt an apology for it?

Gen. S.—A messenger just in from Leocompton states that several gentlemen have arrived there from Johnson county, with official returns, and they claim to have carried the county by 1,800 majority. If true, it gives them all the members in both Houses for this district. I do not vouch for its correctness, but it is probably true?

The *Leavenworth Times* hints at the same fraud.

We understand that the returns which have already been sent to Leocompton show a smaller vote than was polled by the Free State men. How much the millions of the slave power may temper with the returns, and what may be the result of their villainy is beyond conjecture.

With these facts in view, it seems idle to crow, yet over a Free State victory in Kansas. Our friends, there, have shown that they are immensely in the majority;

LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

The road from Berlin to Wittenberg passes several points of interest. Two little fields are seen; in which the Prussians show considerable pride—Gross Beeren, where an obelisk marks the site of the victory gained by Bulow over the French General Oudinot, in 1813; and Dearnitz, where the same General defeated Ney and Oudinot, taking some 10,000 French prisoners, and thus saving Berlin from being seized. Of the latter field I had a fine view, as I passed the gently undulating ridge where the conflict took place.

I was travelling towards Wittenberg, and soon I was reminded that I was on ground famous for scenes connected with the Reformation. There stood the old Court of Lions, and in a pine forest stood by its side a robber knight, Hans von Hake, who had the chest in which Luther had his money gained by the sale of indulgences. The cautious and cunning knight had previously purchased of Tetzel abolition for all the sins he had previously committed and for all that he should commit. A little farther on, lying in a pleasant valley, and surrounded, as all the old-German towns are, with its fortifications, is Juterberg. In its large old church, called St. Nicholas, marked by two towers, one of which is surmounted with a spire and the other with a dome, it is said the identical chest, hooped with iron, and with a slit in the top to drop the money in, is still preserved. When the day shall come that the Roman priests in America will engage in the same traffic, this chest may be used as a pattern, for it has antiquity on its side. But will that day ever come?

But here I am in Wittenberg, the home and field of labor and burying place of Luther and of Melancthon. A short walk on a shaded avenue brought me from the railway station to the city gate. All was quiet. Though the city claims, as my guide informed me, 13,000 inhabitants, yet not a single wagon drove from the station to the town. The grounds around the city were well cultivated; and as in all Germany, here women were working in the fields, digging potatoes and carrying them in large baskets upon backs. I was surprised at the strength of the fortifications, until I remembered the struggles which the city has witnessed. In 1760 one-third of the town, with many public buildings, was destroyed by the Austrian bombardment. Under Napoleon it was seized by the French and was only recovered from them in 1814 after a siege of ten months, and a conflict in which the suburbs were destroyed. A portion of the inner wall is old; but the greater part of the principle wall, with the bastions and outer earthworks, date from 1806 to 1816.

I first visited the site of the old oak tree outside of the Elster gate, under which Luther burned the Pope's Bull in 1520, in the presence of the students of the University, then numbering some 800, as well as by the people of the city. The old tree has gone; my guide said it was cut down by the French when they occupied the city. But on its site another oak tree was planted, which now measures some 12 or 14 inches diameter, and which is protected by a fence.

Returning to the city, I entered the old University building, to see the rooms where Luther lived. It was originally an Augustinian convent, but was fitted up by the Elector of Saxony for a University. The University no longer exists here, having been removed to Halle some forty years since. A portion of the edifice is occupied by a Boy's school, whose busy tongues I heard as I passed the door, while the principal part is devoted to a seminary more recently established for young ministers. Entering a side door and ascending a stairway, three rooms were shown as those occupied by Luther and his wife. In one is an old table, exceedingly plain, on which he wrote. Near it a double chair or bench, without ornament, having two seats—on one of which he frequently sat, while his Catholicism occupied the other. On another bench lie two large mass books which he had once used. On the walls hang portraits of Luther, with his full, broad face—of Melancthon, with his long, slender, studious features; and of their friend and protector, Frederick, the Elector. Over the door is written in chalk, "Peter!" said to his now protected with a glass covering.

In another room is a large writing, signed done by Peter the Great, and which is now protected with a glass covering. Here is shown his hand writing, his big burly face, his seal of his hand, and some needle work by his wife, one piece being his portrait. Also a drink mug, and the stem and fragments of a beer drinking glass. It is said that Peter the Great, when a young man, visited this place, and being shown the glass, attempted to carry it away; but being refused permission, he dashed it in anger to the floor. If all the stories told of the Russian Emperor were true, he must have been a *fine* young man, for they show in Brussels, the well known which he fell when he was drunk. In this room is a large stove, said to have been made by Luther's directions. It is of stone-ware, and is some eight feet high, and is covered with figures of various kinds, such as the four apostles, representations of Geometry, Music, Mathematics, &c.

In the third room is shown the Lecture desk which he used in the Hall of the University. There are two desks of different elevations, somewhat like the pulpit and reading desk in churches. On the front of the upper is a likeness of the Elector on the lower, four circles representing the four faculties—Theology has simply an open Bible, with the inscription, *Verbo solo* (the Word alone) Medicine, two figures and the inscription, "All medicines are from God's Law is represented by the figure of Justice

LETTER FROM SENATOR SUMNER.

The following extract from a recent letter of Charles Sumner, indicates the interest which he feels in the pending political struggle in this country.

HITZLEBERG, Sept. 11, 1857.

My Dear—Weeks have now passed since I have seen a letter of a newspaper from Cleveland. I trust you have been travelling a good deal, and I am now furnished. On my arrival at Antwerp, I trust to find letters at last.

I have been ransacking Switzerland; I have visited most of its lakes, and have crossed several of its mountains on mule-back. My strength has not allowed me to cumber upon any of those foot expeditors which are the charm of Swiss travel, and by which you reach places out of the way; but I have seen much, and have gained health considerably.

I have crossed the Alps by the St. Gothard, and then re-crossed by the Grand St. Bernard, passing a night with the monks and dogs; I have passed a day at the foot of Mont Blanc, and another day on the wonderful Lake Lemano. I have been in the Pyrenees, in the Alps in the Chamois. You will next hear of me in the Highlands of Scotland.

I see our politics now in distant perspective, and I am more than ever satisfied that our course is right. It is slavery which degrades our country and prevents its example from being all conquering. In fighting our battle at home we are fighting the battle of Freedom everywhere. Be assured I shall retreat, not only with renewed strength but with renewed determination to give myself to our great cause.

Ever sincerely yours,
 CHARLES SUMNER.

The People Sold by a Sheriff's Sale.

It seldom occurs that a business man is bonneted by his sales who the Sheriff officiates as his "sole agent." Everybody will crowd to the Sheriff's sale because they know that the property of some unfortunate is to be *scattered* without reserve. We have a case in point, in which a "cut-throat" who had become embarrassed, was placed upon his feet by being sold out at a Sheriff's sale.

On a very crooked little river, in this county, and not many miles from this city, a young man of a fellow established a distillery, about six years ago. During the month of August last, he met with innumerable misfortunes, and in consequence found himself unable to meet his "paper" as it became due. He redoubled his efforts in order to regain his losses. Some creditors granted him time—others would not, but threatened to "seize." His entire stock, if sold under the hammer, would not meet the half of his liabilities. Bullwer caused "Richie" to say a very pointed thing, and the distiller remembered it—"When the lion's skin falls shirk, it cut with the fox's." To work he went—filled all his empty barrels well full of water—then put in sufficient whiskey to scent it—and reserving a few barrels to give buyers "spits" to bid "high," he was prepared for the "auction." The day of sale arrived, and with the Sheriff and speculators without numbers. The distiller distributed some of the "reserved whiskey." It was pronounced superb. The bidders were "high," and the bidding "spurred," and the whiskey went off at "outside" figures. The execution was anticipated, the creditors were all paid, the distiller had a large profit, the liquor was all "sold," and so were the purchasers.—*Cleveland Leader.*