THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVII. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 21, 1856. NUMBER 37.

A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

While travelling not long ago in one of the South-Western counties in Virginia, the following thrilling incident took place. Starting in a stage coach, soon after breakfast, the morning being a delightful one in the latter part of the month of May, I took my seat on the box by the side of the driver, and behind me, on the top, was seated a bright intelligent-looking mulatto boy, apparently about 18 or 19 years of age. After being on the road a few minutes, I turned about and asked him where he was going. He replied he was going down a few miles to live with Master ——, who kept the stage-house at the west stand; that he had lived with him the last summer, and that his master had sent him down to live with him the coming season.

Turning from the boy, the driver remarked to me in an under tone, "the boy is deceived; I am taking him down to the slave-pen, a few miles on, where slaves are kept preparatory to being sent to Louisiana; this deception is practiced to get him from his home and mother without creating a disturbance on the place."

Shortly after we drew near to the place where the boy supposed he was to stop; he began to gather up, preparatory to leaving the stage, the few articles he had brought away from his home. The driver said to him in a decided tone of voice,—"You are not to get off here." The boy, in astonishment, replied: "Yes, I is; I'se got a letter for Master —— I'se going to live there this summer." By this time we had reached the house, and Master —— making his appearance, John (for that was the name of the boy) delivered his letter and appealed to Master —— to be delivered from the command of the driver. The Master made no reply, as this kind of deception was no new thing to him. After reading the letter and folding it up, he was about putting it in his pocket, when it flashed on the mind of the boy that he was sold and was bound to the slave-pen. He exclaimed, in agony, "Tell me, Master, if I'se sold?" No reply was made. He exclaimed again, "Tell me if I'se sold!" This last appeal brought the response:—"Yes, John, you are sold."

The boy through himself back on the top of the stage, and rolling in agony, sent up such a wail of woe as no one in the stage could endure; even the hotel-keeper walked away in shame, and the driver hurried into his box and drove off in haste, to drown the noise of his cry.

The passengers were all deeply moved by the distress of the boy, and tried in various ways to soothe his wounded crushed spirit, but his agony was beyond the reach of their sympathy.

When his agony had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, "Oh if they had only let me bid my mother good-bye. They have lied to me! They have lied to me! If they had a' told me I was sold and I could a' bid my mother good bye, I'd a' gone without making them trouble, hard as it is."—By this time we had passed on some two or three miles since leaving the last station, when drawing near to a pretty thick woods the boy became tranquil. Waiting till we had entered the wood a few rods he darted from the top of the stage and ran into the woods as agile as a deer, no doubt with the feeling that it was for his life. The driver instantly dropped his reins and pursued the boy. Proving himself no match, he returned, exclaiming, "You see, I have done what I could to catch him."

He mounted his box and drove on a mile or so, when he reined up his horses to a house, and calling to the keeper, asked, "Where are your sons?" He replied, "They left home this morning, with the dogs, to hunt a negro, and would not be home before night." The driver said to him that Mr. —— had sent his boy John on the stage that morning to be delivered at the pen, and that he had jumped from the top of the stage and taken to the woods. His reply was, "We will hunt him for you to-morrow." The driver said he wished only to notify him of his being in the woods.

As we drove on, I made the inquiry, "How long have you driven stage on this road?" He replied, "about fifteen years." "Do you frequently take negroes down to the slave-pen?" "Yes, frequently."—What will become of this boy, John?"—He replied, "He will skulk about the woods until he is nearly starved, and will some night make his way up to his Master's house, and in about two weeks I shall bring him down again to the slave-pen in hand-cuffs." After a pause, even this driver feeling his degradation in being the instrument of such misery, broke out in the exclamation: "This is a cursed business; but in this case this is not the worst feature in it. The man who sold him is his own father!"

Stephen A. Douglas, in his speeches, says much about amalgamation. George Nye, of New York, in his speech at Chicago, alluded to this propensity, and said it reminded him of an anecdote. Charles Fox once visited a lady of rank, who, in a pet, said to him, "I don't care for you three skips of a louse." Fox was good natured, so he wrote as follows:

A lady said to me in her own house,
"I do not care for you three skips of a louse;"
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
For ladies speak most of what runs in their head.

"Of course," said Gen. Nye, "I make no personal applications." The uproar was tremenduous.

☞ The St. Louis *Daily Leader*, the organ of the Catholic and Pro-Slavery parties in St. Louis, expresses the opinion that the abolition of slavery in the Eastern and Northern States was a "grave social, and political error." What other opinion could be expected—from that source?

☞ Within six months, it is said, eleven postmasters have been arrested in Ohio for robbing the mails.

One of the Republican Voters.

A case has just come to our knowledge of a man that fought with Washington himself in the war of patriots that shook off the yoke of tyrants, and who, for that act, has been pensioned by his ever grateful country in the just and full sum of eight dollars a month—ninety-six dollars a year—who has had the black ingratitude—"Black Republican" ingratitude—to vote against the "pure Democracy" of the country—against the "democratic doctrine" of making "all men free and equal" by extending the right to make and hold slaves. Yes, it is a very fact that a "pensioner of the government" did cast his vote at the late election for that terrible Jesuit and great enemy of his country, John C. Fremont. And this act of almost treason was done in the State of New York, in the county of Essex, in the town of Moriah, by a man of sound health (for his years) and in full possession of his mental faculties. Think of that, O, ye guardians of the United States Treasury, and cut off his pension, for he is a "Revolutionary pensioner" who believes and dares to say that "revolutions never go backward."

"John," said he, "is this election morning?"

"Yes, grandfather, are you going to vote?"

"Yes I am; I have not voted for several years, but I am going to vote to-day.—I have read of the importance of one vote, and the duty of all men in this crisis to vote, and I am going to do that duty. It is the last time that I shall have an opportunity to record my name against tyranny, and in favor of the glorious Republican principles that I have fought for in two wars. I am now ninety five years old, and I must vote for my candidate for President to day or never. So hitch up the wagon, and I will go with you, boys, and fire one more gun for freedom."

So he did. He got into the wagon with a little assistance—rode two miles—got out and walked up to the voting place, while a score of outstretched hands would, if necessary, have given their strength to sustain him, and each would have felt proud of the honor of handing him a Republican ticket; and as it was, his presence lent a degree of glory to the cause he came to support.

Approaching the judges, he said, "Sir, I want to vote."

"What name?"

"John Titus; and if you doubt—as some of the tories and dastards of the country have of the man I vote for—that I am an American citizen, go look upon the army rolls of my country. There goes my last ballot, and I can go home and lie down, satisfied that I have done my duty to-day, and am now ready for roll-call."

Such are the men that rolled up the glorious majority of the Empire State.

Two Raps too Few.

A man somewhat advanced in life, who was the other part of a strong minded lady, had great faith in Spiritualism. His wife openly proclaimed her infidelity, and with the consistency which often forms part of the female character, for a long time refused to be convinced of her errors through test or experiment. At last the persuasions of the husband induced from her a promise to make one of a circle at the residence of a celebrated medium, upon condition, however, that she should precede her husband in entering the house, and nothing should be said or done by him which should disclose to the "mejum" the fact that any connection existed between them.

The wife on entering found two gentlemen in waiting and the aforesaid medium. Soon after this the husband came in and a circle was formed, the lady, of course, taking precedence over the others. She ascertained that a spirit was present who would communicate with her, and was desired to ask any test question which she might think proper. After having been informed that she must put her questions so as to have them answered affirmatively by three raps, or negatively by one rap, she questioned as follows:

"Am I married?"

Rap, rap rap!"

"Have I ever been married but once?"

Rap!

"How many years?"

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap! ("Eight years,") said the medium.

"Have I children?"

Rap, rap, rap!

"How many?"

Rap, rap, rap rap! ("Four,") said the medium.

The lady was somewhat startled at the correctness of these answers, and freely confessed it. With a radiant face the husband then "braced in," and asked the following test questions:

"Am I married?"

Rap, rap, rap!

"How long have I been married?"

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!

"Strange coincidence!" murmured the medium.

"Have I children?"

Rap, rap, rap!

"How many?"

Rap, rap!

"Wh-a-a-t?"

Rap, rap!

"Good Heavens! How many?"

Rap! Rap!!

The wife swooned, and the husband, when last seen, was walking on the Jersey flats. To this day the lady professes to disbelieve!

A PRETTY RIDDLE.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a young lady to her lover, "on condition that you will give what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me."—What did she ask for? A husband.

A THIN DRESS.—An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to "wrap themselves up in virtue." A cotemporary well says, "Many of them would freeze to death if they had no warmer covering."

Colored Persons not Citizens of the United States.

Application having been made to the State Department for passports to a company of colored minstrels, about to visit Europe professionally, a reply has been received by Mr. Rice, clerk of the Superior Court of New York, who made the application. The reply is from J. A. Thomas, Esq., Assistant Secretary of State, who says that Secretary Marcy refuses the request. His reasons are thus set forth:

A passport is a certificate that the person to whom it is granted is a citizen of the United States, and it can only be issued upon proof of this fact. In the papers which accompany your communication there is not satisfactory evidence that the persons for whom you request passports are of this description. They are represented in your letter as "colored," and described in the affidavits as "black," from which statements it may be fairly inferred that they are negroes. If this is so there can be no doubt that they are not citizens of the United States. The question whether free negroes are such citizens is not now presented for the first time, but has repeatedly arisen in the administration of the national and State governments.

In 1821 a controversy arose as to whether free persons of color were citizens of the United States, within the intent and meaning of the acts of Congress regulating foreign and coasting trade, so as to be disqualified to command vessels; and Mr. Wirt, Attorney General, decided that they were not, and moreover held that the words, "citizens of the United States," were used in the acts of Congress in the same sense as in the constitution. This view is also fully sustained in a recent opinion of the present Attorney General.

The judicial decisions of the country are to the same effect. In Kent's commentaries, vol. 2, p. 277, it is stated that in 1833 Chief Justice Dagget, of Connecticut, held that free blacks are not "citizens," within the meaning of the term as used in the constitution of the United States, and the Supreme Court of Tennessee, in the case of the State against Clairborne, held the same doctrine.

Such being the construction of the constitution in regard to free persons of color, it is conceived that they cannot be regarded, when beyond the jurisdiction of this government, as entitled to the full rights of citizens; but the Secretary directs me to say, that though the Department could not certify that such persons are citizens of the United States, yet if satisfied of the truth of the facts, it would give a certificate that they were born in the United States, and free; and that the government thereof would regard it to be its duty to protect them if wronged by a foreign government, while within its jurisdiction for a legal and proper purpose.

Child Killed by a Papist Priest.

The Cleveland Herald of Monday the 3d inst., notices the arrest of Frederick Baur, a teacher in St. Mary's Parish (Roman Catholic) School, on the verdict of a coroner's jury, that a child named Barbara Foreman, aged nearly 9 years, had come to her death on Saturday evening, from a whipping inflicted by him on the 22d ult., with a stick or cane. It appeared from the evidence of other scholars, that Barbara had gone to a "ragged school," as they are called, got up by some Protestants, on Sunday, for which the teacher whipped her. A witness says:

"The teacher whipped Barbara by laying her upon a chair on her belly, and beat her with a stick; he made her take hold of the rounds of the chair, as he whipped her; he used a piece of cane having a crook on it; taking hold of the crook he struck her about the shoulders and back, and struck her a few times lower down; cannot say how many times he struck her; did not see him strike her on the head; he took hold of her hair when he whipped her; she screamed and hallowed very hard and loud; his blows were real hard, and he made ugly faces while he was whipping her; she cried real hard until recess, when she went home with one of the little girls. She tried very hard to get up when he was whipping her, but she could not, because he was sitting on her so that she could not get up. She was on her belly on the chair, holding on to the lower round of the chair, and the teacher had hold of her hair crushing her down on it. The teacher told Barbara she ought not to have gone to the Ragged School, and whipped her for going to Sunday school; he called her up on the floor for going there, and whipped her for that. When Barbara went to her seat, after the master whipped her, she could not sit up straight, because she got such a whipping on her back, and Barbara said it hurt her to sit up."

This statement was corroborated, and from the testimony of the child's step-mother, and of the physicians who made a post mortem examination, it would seem that her death was produced by the beating.

DEMOCRATIC LICENSE.—A number of amusing incidents occurred at the different precincts on last Tuesday, says the Wheeling Times. We heard of a German who inquired at the Court House in this city previous to the election for "license."—Upon being asked what sort of license, he replied, "Democratic license." He wished to take out his naturalization papers.—The ignorant fellow was under the impression that his "papers" were a "Democratic license," and that by voting for another than the Democratic candidate he laid himself obnoxious to the rigour of the law.

☞ In Prussia males are not permitted to marry under twenty five, nor females under twenty four years of age.

THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it!

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it;
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it!

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
A baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a buton on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh, dear! the baby's waking.

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!—
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh! dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon bell rang—
Hush, hush! dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, halfsick wife,
Can't always smile so *winning*.

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, *a-lass!* was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman and scrub generally—doing the work of six—
All for the sake of being supported.

WINTER SONG.

If the winds blew,
And the snows snow,
And the fire snap spite,
Love is alive on a winter night!

When the stars glisten,
Listen, oh listen!
If the world be white,
Ho! there is fun on a winter night.

Let the winds blow then,
Let the snows snow then,
And the world wax white,
All is right on a winter night!

Squire H——'s Indigestion.

Old Squire H—— was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts. And a more amazing eater never lived in any interior town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wonderously. In the course of the forenoon he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie and cheese. At noon, his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickels, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon's luncheon was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to supper, his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed, he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe cholic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W——, one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old Squire. "Faithful Bolles," said the worthy, "I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roasted apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me." Bolles never told this story without laughing.—*N. Y. Messenger.*

☞ R. S. Whitfield, resident medical officer of St. Thomas' Hospital, states that the corporation of Antwerp now receive 120,000 francs a year for the sweepings of the streets and the contents of the esspools, contractors converting the nuisance into powerful guano. Formerly the corporation used to pay 20,000 francs yearly to get rid of the city refuse. At Paris and Milan, "town guano" is manufactured, which has extraordinary powers as fertilizer.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Whoever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almhouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

Very Enduring.—A late advertisement in an Irish paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, amongother things observed, "that the sashes would last forever, and afterwards if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

☞ A boy named Mooney, about thirteen years old, while engaged in driving a mowing machine at Hamilton, New Jersey, on Saturday afternoon, dropped asleep and fell off amongst the machinery, which mutilated and injured him so as to cause death in about three hours.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1856.

Several months ago, one Dr. Michael P. Moore, of 151 Chambers street, was accused of attempting the death of Mr. Alfred S. Livingston, of Trenton, N. J., by hiring two negroes to kill him. The negroes, however, divulged the secret, and Dr. Moore was arrested, but owing to some legal technicalities he was discharged from custody and the affair quite forgotten by the public, until suddenly brought again to their notice, by the deposition of Benjamin P. Moore, a brother of the accused, who unfolds a singular tale of guilt and mystery. He deposes that the Doctor visited him at his farm in Southport, Connecticut, in the month of April last, and mentioned to him that Mr. Livingston (with whom deponent was not acquainted) lived in Trenton, and had $40,000 in his house; and further suggested, that if deponent would go to Trenton, ingratiate himself in the favor of Mr. Livingston, and take an opportunity to kill him, the $40,000 could be divided between the brothers, and they could live on it like "fighting cocks!" Mr. Benjamin Moore, had, however, too much conscience to enter into this agreeable little pecuniary speculation, and as the Doctor has subsequently expressed a determination to get Livingston out of the way, by foul means, he has considered it his duty to inform against him. The accused has been again arrested, and committed to the Tombs in default of bail.

Senator Lewis Cass.

The Philadelphia North American well says: General Cass, the "original proprietor and projector" of the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, or non-intervention, has at last been beaten and shelved in his own State of Michigan. The Presidential canvass of 1848 settled his national hopes, and the victory of the Republicans now prevents his return to the Senate. There are many persons who will regret this, for General Cass has long been regarded with the highest respect and esteem as one of our leading statesmen. But the country will really lose nothing by his retirement. He has possessed the power to do much, but has shrunk timidly from the responsibility of a leader, following willingly in the wake of others. In 1850 he followed Foote, and in 1855 he helped Douglas to repeal the Missouri Compromise. Toucey is done for in Connecticut, Cass in Michigan, Dickinson in New York, Pierce in New Hampshire, Douglas in Illinois, and a few years more will seal the fate of that whole tribe of misguided northern statesmen.

A Rich Elopement.

Two Bridegrooms to One Bride.—A St. Joseph (Mo.) correspondent, writing on the 23d of October, says:

Last night our gossips were thrown into ecstacies over an elopement, which certainly was one of a most extraordinary character. It seems that two young gentlemen were addressing a young belle up town, and that she smiled equally upon both. Yesterday morning she was to be married to one and last night to the other, and, strange to say, she kept both engagements. At 9 A. M. one bridegroom was made happy by her pledge of hand and heart, and at 9 P. M. the other was made happy by the possession of her person. They fled at dusk, and were wedded at Bloomington, just twelve miles distant, and continued on their way to realms unknown.

Clergymen of the Olden Time.—The Rev. Solomon Williams, of Northampton, Massachusetts, when he died, aged 82, preached six years before his death his half-century sermon, and it is stated as a fact without a parallel, that his great grandfather, grandfather and father also preached like sermons. The pastorates of the four clergymen of this family extended beyond two hundred years. The Rev. Thomas Allen, a minister of Pittsfield, Mass., for 45 years, in addition to numerous published sermons, left 2,700 sermons written in short hand, which no one has yet been able to decipher.

Wood vs. Coal.—Coal, as is generally known, is the produce of buried trees. A *Traveller Underground* has calculated that an acre of coal three feet thick is equal to the produce of 1,940 acres of forest! The first coal mines were worked in Belgium in the year 1168, and very soon after in England. There is now raised five times as much coal in Great Britain as in any other country; and it is now estimated that there is in these isles more than 4,000 square miles of coal fields yet to cut out.

Duelling at a Low Ebb.—The New Orleans Crescent gives the following fact and moral upon

"*The Force of Example.*—No man can measure the amount of injury which has been inflicted upon the morals of the country by those disgraceful quarrels at Washington, during the sessions of Congress.—The spirit of duelling which had almost died out even among the most hot headed of the South, has revived with three-fold vigor throughout the length and breadth of the land. It pervades all classes and races. As an instance proving this fact, we copy the following paragraph from a California paper:

"Two Digger Indians fought a duel a few days since, at Volcano, with bows, and arrows; both were slightly wounded."

Shade of Sir Jonah Barrington! Digger Indians on the field of *honor!* Has the code become so common that it is understood by these libels upon humanity? We should not be surprised if we should next hear that Ourang Outangs were taking a bout with small swords."

Serious Charge.—The Postmaster at Plattsburg, Mo., was arrested last week and held to bail in $4,000 on a charge of opening a letter and communicating its contents.

☞ Members of Congress are already beginning to arrive at Washington.

☞ Quite a number of deer have recently been killed in the lower counties of West Jersey.

A Bit of Romance.

A young married pair arrived in the city, says the Albany Knickerbocker, yesterday, from Buffalo, whose departure from that place was attended with a scene whose unpleasantness was aggravated by its publicity. The bride is the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic merchant of Buffalo, and one of the most lovely and accomplished women of that city, where loveliness and accomplishments seem natural to their sex. The husband is a very respectable young gentleman, every way, save in wealth, an equal to the lady. The marriage being opposed by the lady's father, was privately solemnized by a clergyman yesterday morning, and the bridal party had just arrived at the railroad depot to take passage for New York when they were overtaken by the brother of the bride, who did not know of their marriage, and was led to believe that his sister had sacrificed herself. A rencontre ensued between him and the husband, during which he (the brother) drew a pistol. It was immediately taken from him and fired in the air by the groomsman, who was in attendance; and the parties separated by him and another gentleman. The husband then claimed an explanation with the brother, exhibited the marriage certificate, and at once relieved his fears. The brother then ran to the father, who hastened to the cars, read the certificate, and, after fretting a little, gave his blessing to the happy pair, and got ashore just as the last bell rang.

Death of a Veteran.

Brevet Brigadier General JAMES BANKHEAD, of the army, died at Baltimore on Tuesday night last, aged about seventy-three, being at the time of his death in command of the military department of the East. He entered the army as a captain of the 5th infantry in 1808, and served with distinction through all our subsequent wars and all intermediate grades to the colonelcy of the 2d artillery, and was brevotted brigadier general for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz" in 1847. Gen. BANKHEAD was a Virginian by birth, and spent some years of his youth in Europe in the family of President Monroe, while that gentleman was Minister abroad. He possessed all the higher and nobler qualities which characterize his native State, and died respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Death by Camphene.—At South Gardiner, Me., on Thursday [illegible], Mrs. Lorenzo Cheney took a fluid [illegible] into the cellar of her hous[illegible] posed, her foot slipped [illegible] the lamp on a barrel, s[illegible] over her person and se[illegible] clothes. She immediately ru[illegible] tree[illegible] clothes all in a flame and ran towards a neighbor's house. There was a high wind blowing, which increased the flame, and before aid could reach her she was horribly burned. She lived about six hours, suffering excruciating agony.

Hasty Burials.—Another warning against the too common practice of hasty burials occurred in Sandusky county last week. Daniel Stearns, Esq., who had been ill with fever for some time, to all appearance died on Friday afternoon; all the arrangements were made, and the friends and clergyman were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the supposed deceased, when the body appeared warm to the touch. Restoratives were administered, and in a few minutes the man, who had come so near being buried alive, was sitting up. He is now in a fair way of recovery.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

Singular Political Wager.

On Friday afternoon Major Benjamin Perley Poore, the late Fillmore candidate for Congress in the Sixth District of Massachusetts, arrived in Boston with a wheelbarrow and barrel of apples, which he had wheeled all the way from Newburyport, a distance of thirty-six miles, in two and a half days. The job was in fulfillment of a bet with Colonel Burbank, the Fremont State Senator elect, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont. The Major, wheeling his apples, was accompanied up State Street by the Fillmore clubs of Boston and Charlestown, a military company, and a mounted cavalcade of citizens. The novelty of the performance attracted many thousands of the people, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and tumultuous applause from all sides. He delivered the apples to Col. Burbank on the steps of the Fremont House, when both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches, mounted on the barrel. Ten thousand people were present.

Paper and Rags.—There are in the United States 750 paper mills in actual operation, having 3,000 engines, and producing in the year 250,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents per pound, $25,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper 400,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 1½ pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The value of these rags, at four cents a pound, is $16,200,000.

☞ Here is an old English riddle, but it is still worth guessing:

"More fickle than the wind blows,
More fragrant than the damask rose;
What strikes with dread the honest tar;
What Nelson fears amidst the war;
What's colder than the frigid zone;
What's sweeter than a mutual kiss,
Will instantly unravel this."

Have we a Knight Among Us?—A correspondent in Copenhagen informs us that the majesty of Denmark has conferred a Knighthood of the order of Danneborg on our countryman, Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, who is, therefore, Sir Samuel, if he chooses to be called so, instead of Mr. Morse.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Mr. James Matthews, proprietor of a livery stable at Pittsburg, was kicked by a horse last Friday and died on Saturday.

SPEECH OF CHARLES SUMNER,

Upon the occasion of his reception by the People of Boston on the 3d instant.

It is pleasant to behold once more the familiar places of home—the state house, the common, and the well-known streets. It is still more pleasant to behold the countenances of friends. And all this pleasure is increased still more by the welcome which you now give me, in behalf of the beloved Commonwealth which for years I have served honestly, earnestly and constantly in an important field of duty, where I was placed by an unsought suffrage. Sir, I thank you for this welcome. I thank also, the distinguished gentlemen who honor the occasion with their company. I thank, too, my fellow-citizens, all who now in uncounted multitudes give me the succor and strength of their sympathies; and my soul overflows especially to the young men of Boston, out of whose hearts, as from an exuberant fountain, this broadspreading hospitality takes its rise. My earnest desire, often expressed, has been that I might be allowed to return home quietly, without show or demonstration of any kind. And this longing has been enforced by my physical condition, which, though vastly improved at this time, and advancing surely to complete health, is still exposed to the peril of relapse, or at least to the arrest of those kindly processes of nature essential to the restoration of a shattered system. But the spontaneous kindness of this reception makes me forget my weakness—makes me forget my desire for repose. More than five months have passed since I was disabled from the performance of my public duties. During this weary period I have been constrained daily to repeat the lesson of renunciation—confined at first to my bed, and then only slowly regaining the power even to walk. But beyond the constant, irrepressible grief which must well up in the breast of every patriot as he discerns the present condition of his country, my chief sorrow has been caused by the necessity to which I was doomed of renouncing all part in the contest for human rights, which, begining in Congress, has since enveloped the whole land. The Grecian chief, grievously ill of a wound from the stealthy bite of a snake, and left behind while his companions sailed to the siege of Troy, did not repine more at his enforced seclusion. From day to day and week to week, I vainly sought that health which we value most only when lost, and which most perpetually eluded my grasp. For health I strove; for health I prayed. With uncertain steps I sought it at the sea-shore, and I sought it on the mountain tops.

"Two voices are there! one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty."

I listened to the admonitions of medical skill, and courted all the bracing influences of nature, while time passed without the accustomed healing on its wings. I had confidently hoped to be restored so as to take my seat in the Senate, and to be heard there again long before the session closed. But Congress adjourned, leaving me still an invalid. My next hope was, that I might be permitted to appear before the people during the present canvass, and with heart and mind plead the great cause which is now in issue. But here again I have been disappointed, and the thread of my disability is not yet spun to the end. Even now, though happily lifted from my long prostration, and beginning to assume many of the conditions of health, I am constrained to confess that I am still an invalid, cheered, however, by the assurance that I shall soon, with unimpaired vigor, be permitted to resume all the responsibilities of my position.—Too much have I said about myself; but you will pardon it to the occasion, which, being personal in its character, invites these personal confessions. With more pleasure I turn to other things.

It should feel that I failed in one of those duties which the heart prompts and the judgement confirms, if I allowed the first opportunity to pass without the sincerest acknowledgements to my able, generous and faithful colleague, Mr. Wilson. Together we labored in mutual trust, honorably leaning upon each other. By my disability he was left the sole representative of Massachusetts on the floor of the Senate, throughout months of heated contest, involving her good name and her most cherished sentiments. All who watched the currents of debate, even as imperfectly as I did in my distant retirement, know with what readiness, courage and power he acted—showing himself, by his extraordinary energies, equal to the extraordinary occasion. But it belongs to me particular to recognize his unfailing sympathies for myself, and his manly assumption of all the responsibilities of the hour. I am not here to indulge in a eulogy, or to open any merit roll of service; but the same feeling which prompts these acknowledgments to my colleague, embraces also the Commonwealth from which we have received our trust. To Massachusetts—mother of us all, great in resources, great in children—I now pledge anew my devotion. Never before did she inspire equal pride and affection; for never before was she so completely possessed by those sentiments which, when manifest in Commonwealth or citizen, invest the character with its highest charm, so that what is sown a natural body is raised a spiritual body. My filial love does not claim too much when it exhibits her as approaching the pattern of a Christian Commonwealth, which according to the great English Republican, John Milton, "ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body." Not through [illegible] but through the [illegible] street, the spindels [sic] of Lowell, or even the