THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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"GO BACK, ROSE, YOUR TOO LITTLE TO COME."

There were three of us—Kate, Annette and myself—and we were going into the old wood to hunt for strawberries. Oh! it was such a delicious day in June. The birds sang till the air was fairly vocal with their melody, and all the green trees nodded their heads in approbation. The very brook seemed to have caught the general inspiration, and danced along the meadows, as if keeping time to the quickstep of the fairies.

Annette Somers and I had been invited to spend the half-holiday with our schoolmate Harrington. Deacon Harrington's old-fashioned brown house fronted toward the South. Behind it stretched a broad green meadow, and still farther back was a densely wooded acclivity, famous for flowers and berries in the geography of every child in Ryefield. I used to love to look at Deacon Harrington's old brown house, even in those early days, when I had not a well defined idea of artistic taste in my early head. I know now that it combined to an eminent degree the elements of the picturesque. The low roof which sloped backward nearly to the ground, was gray with moss. Ivy crept about the windows, and over the rustic porch twined the climbing roses, along with heavy clusters of trumpet-creeper.

There was a rude seat at the doorway, made of the little boughs of the white birch twisted together in fantastic fashion, and here grandmother Harrington was wont to sit, with her gray woollen knitting work. Oh! what a treat we used to think it to spend a half holiday with Kate Harrington.

"I wish I were you, Kate," exclaimed Annette, after we had spent half the long summer afternoon chasing butterflies, and arranging a vegetable baby-house, with hollyhocks for our ladies' parasols, and teapots manufactured out of veritable poppy-pods. "I wish I were you, and then I could be happy all day long, with nothing to trouble me."

"You could, could you?" and Kate's cheeks flushed, as she put away from them her heavy bands of black hair—"you think so, and that's all you know all about it.—I have a thousand things to vex me.—There's Rose, for instance. Mother expects me to be constantly taking care of her and she's the greatest little torment you ever saw. By the way, girls, let's start after those strawberries in the wood, now she out of sight for a minute, so she won't cease to go with us."

We were just about half-way across the meadow, when we heard a sweet voice crying:

"Please, sister Kate; Rose wants to go too."

I turned round, I remember, and thought how beautiful was the little creature coming toward us. She was very unlike her sister Kate. Kate was a brunette, but the little white-robed figure tripping across the meadow had a pale spiritual face, and long curls of golden hair falling to her tiny waist. There was a flush on her cheek, and a look of eager, beseeching interest in her large blue eyes; and she stretched her dimpled arms toward us, and kept crying in her earnestness:

"Please, girls, wait for rose."

A look of vexation crossed Kate's face and she called out in a tone of extreme irritability:

"Go back, Rose, you're too little to come! Go back! go back!"

Kate always had a way of being minded, and the little one put her fingers to her eyes, and silently turned toward the house. We hurried on in the direction of the wood, without giving a single glance backward. I think Kate's consciousness reproached her for her selfishness, and I know that my own pleasure was spoiled for the afternoon. We found plenty of strawberries red and ripe, among their bed of leaves. There were little blue-eyed blossoms, too, that kept reminding me of Rosie, and I was not sorry when the sunset shadows lengthened, and we turned to go home.

"We had gone down the hill out of the wood, and crossed several rods of the meadow-land, when Kate said, in a hoarse whisper:—"See there, girls, what is that white thing by the brook? Do you see it?"

We saw it, and hurried toward it. It was Rose. At first we thought she was dead—scarcely seemed the faintest breath to steal from her parted lips, and the pulsations of her heart were so weak you could scarcely feel them. She was in a kind of a trance-like sleep. It was some time before we succeeded in waking her, and then her limbs seemed chilled and stiffened by the subtle dampness of the meadow-land atmosphere. She could not stand. How many times that afternoon the little darling had begged us to "make a chair" for her with our hands, and we had answered that we couldn't stop. We made one now. She twined her dimple arms about our necks, and held on very tight, but she didn't speak, except once, and then she only said: "Ain't I most big enough, sister Kate?"

Mrs. Harrington met us at the door with a wild look of alarm. "Good heavens, Kate!" she exclaimed; "what's the matter with Rose?" And taking her from our arms, she discovered that her clothes were almost saturated with moisture. "Kate, child, why don't you speak? Has Rose been in water?"

"No, ma'am; but she went into the meadow and got to sleep, and we found her there sleeping."

"Oh, there were anxious hearts in Deacon Harrington's brown house that night.—Very tenderly was the suffering little Rose cradled on her mother's breast, but not once did she speak coherently. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes sparkled with fever; her dimpled arms were tossed above her head and every little while, between her moans, she would stretch out her hands toward some imaginary object and say: "Please, sister Kate, isn't Rose most big enough?"

Three days passed—days of incessant watching and weariness, and toward evening the little Rose opened her blue eyes, after a restless slumber. She seemed much better, and the mother glanced hopefully up to the kind physician bending over her.

"I *cannot* say she's better madam. God knows I wish I could; but Rose must die before midnight!" and the tears stood in glittering drops on the good man's cheeks.

The mother's great grief was not noisy. She quietly lifted her darling from the bed and sat down with her in her arms. Kate stood by, sobbing as if already the brand of Cain were upon her brow.

"Please, mamma," said the little one at length—"am I big enough to go to Heaven?"

"Yes, darling," was the tearful answer. "Jesus loves little children."

"And, mamma, do you s'pose he'l forgive me for sitting down in the meadows to watch Kate, when you told me I must not ever stay there?"

"Yes, my pet, the good Saviour will forgive you for anything, if you are only sorry; but Rosie dosn't want to go to Heaven, and leave mother does she?"

"I heard somebody say I must go, when I was asleep, mother;—a beautiful lady, with oh! such white, shining wings, and she stretched out her arms to take me but I didn't go. I woke up just to kiss you and sister once more. Please kiss me, Katie, little Rose won't be naughty up in Heaven and I'll grow big before you come, Katy, so I can play with you up there!"

There were tears, sighs, and a little coffin. The rosebud opened its petals on the bosom of Jesus. The little earth flower was "big enough for Heaven!"

Burying a Bailiff.

The last story told of M. Alexander Dumas, the famous novelist, is a good one. It is well known that, in early life, Dumas was continually being hunted about from pillar to post by hungry bailiffs, anxious to arrest him and clap him into prison. He is now in better circumstances and need fear for them no longer; but the *souvenir* of his youthful days still clings to him, and he owes the remorseless myrmidons of the law a grudge.—Some days ago, a person with a solemn countenance presented himself at the house of the author of Monte-Christo, and requested an interview with that gentleman.

"M. Dumas," said the stranger, "I know you to be one of the most charitable of men, which encourages me to ask a kindness of you."

"Speak, sir; what is it?"

"I was once a bailiff, sir. An old friend, exercising the same calling, died yesterday, very poor. He did not leave enough to pay the expenses of his funeral. I have therefore come to ask a contribution from you, to aid in burying him."

"How much?"

"Fifteen francs."

Dumas opened a drawyer and taking from it a sum of money, handed it to the man.

"You ask me," observed the author, "for fifteen francs, to bury a bailiff. I give you thirty, in order that you may bury *two!*"

Egyptian, or Mummy Corn.

Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting specimens of the fruits of the earth in the Horticultural Exhibition recently closed, was some *Egyptian corn*, raised in the gardens of Gen. William H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plains, and kindly sent by him for exhibition, thus giving thousands an opportunity to see one of the greatest curiosities within our knowledge. The seed from which this corn was raised, was taken from *the folds of cloth wrapped round a mummy three or four thousand years ago*, and, wonderful as it may seem, after being entombed for so many centuries, like a resurrection from the dead, it springs up in new life and vigor. It is undoubtedly the kind of grain for which Joseph's brethren went into the land of Egypt—the same "corn" of which the Bible speaks. It is luxuriant in its growth, and the heads resemble wheat, but are very much larger, forming inverted conical clusters as large as the closed hand; the kernels are large and very sweet to the taste, and the stock and leaves are similar to our Indian corn. There seems to be no reason why it may not become a valuable addition to our cereal productions, and thanks are due to the gentlemen who are multiplying it and bringing it into notice.—*Boston Journal.*

CAPPING THE CLIMAX.—In the slave States, where the negroes have decidedly the advantage over the Irish in houses, habits, and general consideration, the scorn with which they look on them as "white trash," is exceedingly amusing. Nor is the feeling less keen in the free States, where social advantages are all on the side of the Irish population. We were walking up a hilly street in Newport, some time after our arrival, when a party of little mulatto boys coming out of school were engaged in blackguarding each other; one at length used an epithet to which, for a moment, his adversary could find no bad word strong enough to reply; when, trembling with rage, he shook his fist in his opponent's face, and stammered out, "You—you *Irish* nigger, you.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

☞About 1,000 immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, on the six days ending Oct. 3. In the number were 59 organ grinders with their monkeys. A large accession to the musical talent of the country.

☞At the recent Annual Conference of the Wesleyans, says the English Churchman, the practice of ministers smoking was condemned, and also dancing, which it was said had become very prevalent in many Wesleyan families.

An Incident in the Early Life of Daniel Webster.

In Mr. Webster's boyhood there lived in his native town a man by the name of Hammond, a rough, uncultivated, but kind-hearted, honest fellow—half farmer and half backwoodsman. Hammond's boys were expert in gunning, and fishing, and Mr. Webster, who always had especial fondness for such sports, was often accompanied by them in his excursions, and became well acquainted with the family.

After a time the Hammond's emigrated to some wild region near the Canada frontier, and for several years Mr. Webster lost all trace of them; but, during one of his college vacations, a desire too see his old friends again determined him to search them out. After some trouble he succeeded in discovering their place of abode, and a somewhat fatiguing journey brought him to the log cabin of the eccentric old wanderer, who had fixed his residence as far as possible from the settlements, which were becoming to densely populated to suit his ideas of comfortable life. Hammond and his good dame, with their stout boys, were of course delighted to meet Mr. Webster again, and the rude hospitalities of the cabin were extended with open hands. The family was poor—much poorer than he had expected to find it, but not the less cheerful and happy were its members.

Supper was at once provided by the kind hostess, for, said Hammond, "Dan'l's hungry, and we must do the best we can for him, wife." Young Webster had a keen appetite and enjoyed the meal, but for the first time in his life partook of a dish which even Parker, with all his ingenuity and originality in providing tempting *entrees*, never would have dreamed of. This was nothing more than grass fried in lard, which formed the principal portion of the meal.

The "fodder," having been duly discussed and cleared away, Hammond entered into conversation with Mr. Webster, and among other things was anxious to know what pursuit his young friend intended to follow. Mr. Webster replied that he had not definitely made up his mind, but supposed he should either be a physician, a minister, or a lawyer.

"Dan'l," said Hammond, "You've a good head, and can make a figure in the world, if you don't throw your chance away. Now, I've had some experience, though I haven't much larnin', and I'll give you a bit of advice for old acquaintance sake. 'Don't you go to bein' a doctor—it's hard work, gettin' up o' nights and trottin' round with those eternal saddle-bags. Nor I wouldn't be a minister neither—it's a poor kind of livin' and you'd be tired of this everlastin' preachin'; and as for the lawyers, they are all infernal rascals. Now, Dan'l, I'll tell ye how ye can make a fortin' and won't charge nothin' for it, neither:—be a conjurer.—Dan'l, be a conjurer. You're just the right sort of a chap for conjurin', and them fellows make a power of money.—A good many of the people lose their cows, and there's a way to tell how they've gone; I don't know how, but you've book larnin,' and can find out and know everything jist as these chaps do, and beside, you can tell fortins. Take my advice, Dan'l, and be a conjurer."

Mr. Webster was greatly diverted, but took care not to offend his worthy old friend, who was exceedingly earnest and sincere in giving his simple views. He promised to reflect and decide carefully. After partaking again of *fried grass* at breakfast, he took an affectionate leave.—Hammond's parting words were, "Don't forget, Dan'l, *Conjurin's* the thing for you."

A MODERN SODOM.—The New York *Express* is our authority for saying that the suburbs and streets of the city, present more desecrations than ever, of the Sabbath Day. The upper part of the city, last Sunday, looked not a little like a race course. All sorts of vehicles were out—from the aristocratic coach to the dog cart. In firing at targets and gunning, a very large business was done. The open lots are used freely for target firing, to the peril of passers by. The grog-shops were never so free and open as they are now all day Sunday. There is no disguise about them. There is not even the decent respect paid of closing the shutters. Sunday night presents, therefore, a very large amount of drunkenness in the streets. The numerous German dance houses, the lager beer shops, and "the free concerts" were lively and noisy till a late hour.

IMPORTANCE OF ONE VOTE.—One vote in the United States Senate annexed Texas to the United States. Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, cast that vote. One vote in the Indiana Legislature elected Mr. Hannegan to his place in the senate. That vote was cast by Madison Marsh of Steuben county. Mr Marsh was chosen to the Legislature of Indiana by one vote. Hence one vote cast by a private citizen at a primary election in Indiana, annexed Texas, led to the Mexican War, the acquisition of California, New Mexico, Utah; added two hundred millions of gold and several hundred millions of land wealth to the country.

☞Religious toleration in Turkey, notwithstanding the opposition of the fanatical Turks, is proving a reality. Since it was established, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. the Sultan alone contributed $5,000 for one building in the Island of Candia, and in fact every thing is done by his government and himself, to conciliate his subjects, and improve the condition of the empire. Such toleration as this might advantageously be imitated in most of the christian countries of Europe.

☞The German newspapers in the United States are said to number 250, which is ten times as many as there are printed in all Germany.

A Fremont Voter Driven from Virginia.

LETTER FROM CAPT. STANNARD.

From the New-Haven Palladium, Nov. 18.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As various and somewhat incorrect reports are in circulation respecting what occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, in consequence of my vote in that city at the late Presidential election, I desire to make a correct statement of the facts.

I formerly resided at Fairhaven, where my family are now, and ever have been; but having myself been engaged for several years past in the commission business in Norfolk, and having paid taxes there, and to the best of my abilities discharged my duties as a citizen of that place, I have considered it my residence, and in the Spring of 1855 I offered to vote at their election, when, upon a full statement of my case to the proper authority, and with their knowledge that my family were here, it was decided that I was entitled to vote there, and I did so.

I have never in any way meddled with the subject of Slavery—having no inclination, nor, as I believed, any right to do so—consequently there has been no ill-feeling toward me on that account.

Before the election, many political meetings were held in Norfolk, but I did not attend any of them, nor did I converse with any one on the subject, except on one occasion, in answer to an inquiry made by a friend, and then for a moment only.—But although neither an abolitionist nor a politician, I examined the subject as a question of duty, for me as well as for every citizen of the United States, and I made up my mind that the election of Fremont would be best for all sections of the country, and determined to vote for him—not dreaming that, under our Republican Government and in the Democratic State of Virginia, any one would question my right to do so.

On the day of the election I heard one gentleman ask another at the Post Office who he should vote for, and he replied, "For John C. Fremont," and the other said he should do so too. They may not have been in earnest, but I then supposed that they were, and I had no reason to doubt that others would vote the same way; in the afternoon I wrote a vote for Fremont and Dayton, and went to the place of voting. My right to vote was again examined, and on a statement of my case it was admitted, and I then, as their rules require, wrote my name on the back of my vote, and handed it to the Inspector, who, as it is customary, read aloud and first my name, and the names of my candidates. As soon as he declared that I voted for Fremont, a large number of voices from the crowd shouted, "Hang him," "Hang him," and the Inspector handed me my vote and said, "There is no such ticket voted here—we cannot receive this." I replied, "Very well," and took my vote again. Some threats, which in the confusion that took place I did not distinctly understand, were made by those standing near me, and the presiding officer exclaimed, "Don't touch this man" and then said to two persons who were, I presume, policemen, "Take him away from the polls."

The officers seized hold of me and hurried me through the crowd, and then left me, and I proceeded through a violent storm of wind and rain to my boarding house, and thence to my store. I afterward returned to the house, and when at the supper table I heard persons speak of the vote which had been offered at the polls for Fremont—those who spoke of it not knowing by whom the vote was offered, and therefore speaking freely of it in my presence. From what I saw and heard at the polls, and what I heard at the table, I was apprehensive that I had misunderstood my rights as an American citizen, and that I had, though unconsciously, so offended public sentiment by my vote as to be in danger of popular violence, and I therefore went from the table to my room and locked the door.

Soon after I heard some one inquire for me, and the landlady sent a servant to my door to say that a gentleman wished to see me. On learning that he was alone I invited him into my room, and he said that he came by request of another person (whom he named) to ask me if I had offered to vote for Fremont. I replied, 'Yes.' He then inquired, 'what was your motive?' And I told him I conscientiously believed it my duty to do so. He then said, "I am requested to advise you not to appear in the street to-night," and I replied that I should not go out of the house.—He retired, but soon after returned and said, "Mr. F. wishes to see you at the door." I told him that I should not leave my room that night, but if Mr. F. wished to see me he might come to my room. He then left me and another person came to my door, and informed me that Mr. F. was not at the front door, but that several men whom he named were there, and I knew those men to be some of the most desperate characters in Norfolk.

This was in the evening, and by the city lamps I could see from my window a collection of persons in the street, whose numbers increased till late in the night, and I heard their threats of violence to my person and destruction to my property. Toward morning a fire occurred, and an engine passed near by, which drew after it a portion of those around the house, and attracted for a time the attention of others, and I took the opportunity to leave the house unobserved and went to a place of concealment. While in my hiding place, some friends took pains to ascertain whether it was prudent for me to appear again in public, and they found such a state of excitement and exasperation existing in consequence of my vote that my life would be in danger if I was discovered. They also found that the customary routes of travel to the North were closely watched, although many believed that I had already left the city.

Early in the morning of the second day after my unfortunate vote I escaped from the city by an unusual route, and in disguise, and made my way to my family; and I hope now when the excitement has passed I may safely return to Norfolk, at least to remain until I can settle up my affairs in that place.

TIMOTHY STANNARD.

Fairhaven, Nov. 17, 1856.

"NEVER COURT BUT ONE!"

I have finished it, the letter.
That will tell him he is free;
From this hour, and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gayer,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting,
He should never court but one!

Every body in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Anna Lee.
They say he smiled upon her,
As he canter'd by her side,
And I'll warrant you he promised
To make her soon his bride.

But I have finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would, for flirting,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight, and the evening
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there, too, for me!
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll act as if we never
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will;
If he does, I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming near—
Can it be?—yes 'tis a figure,
Just as true as I am here!

Now, I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
For perhaps 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There, he's coming through the gate-way,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell him still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

Prince Albert Locked Out

A foreign correspondent of the Daily Times, relates the following amusing anecdote in one of his letters:

A good story that I have never seen printed, was related by a gentleman in one of those pleasant after dinner talks on the deck of the Asia, and if you like to print small gossip of the Queen and her royal family, you shall have it.

Prince Albert, it seemeth, did once get into bad habits of staying out late at night, and not coming home till morning, whereat her Majesty, his wife, grew much anxious and grieved. It was not certain that he was at the cider cellar, nor could she prove that he did not come home in the proper condition, for she endeavered to get into his rooms, on some such occasions, and failed most signally. By way of episode, the story is that the reason of her failure was this: She knocked and said "Albert, open to your Queen." But Albert was silent. "Albert, your Queen is at the door." No reply. And so she tried, morning after morning, until one day after trying that form of address several times, she suddenly bethought herself to say, "Albert, will you let Victoria in?" Whereupon the door flew open, and she rushed into his arms instanter. But his breath was unimpeachable that morning, though he had come somewhere about the small hours. It wouldn't do and she tried a new plan.

"She ordered the gates of Windsor to be closed at eleven, and no one to be admitted without calling her, and then she went to her room. All night she waited, but no husband came, and after a brief doze and with a furious headache, she sent for the keeper of the gates, and learned that the Prince had come at three or four, and learning her orders, left word that he would by no means disturb her, and went his way for a jolly night of it.

"This occured again the next night, and the next morning his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, was startled at an early hour, by a visit from his Royal Highness. His Grace, the Duke, drove out rapidly to the Hon. Mr Bank's, and a council was held. The question was important: Can the Queen lock Prince Albert out? It bothered the dignitaries. They had no precedents, and so they decided it as any five men, or four, three, two, or one would decide it, by saying of course not, and so the gates were left open, and the Prince had his evenings to himself, as any good Dutchman that loves lager beer ought to have."

THE COST.—The cost of the late war to Great Britain is now ascertained to have been, in round numbers, £80,000,000. No permanent addition was, however, made to the national debt.

DISMISSED.—Prof. B. S. Hedrick, of the N. Carolina university, who recently avowed Republican sentiments, was, on Saturday last, dismissed by a unanimous vote of the trustees of that institution.

Tragedy in Americus, Ga.—Dr. B. H. Perkins, of Cuthbert county, Georgia, went to Americus on the 8th inst., with $1,500 to pay a bank debt, but was entrapped into a gambling house and lost it all. In a moment of desperation, he ended his life by opening an artery in his arm. The affair created great excitement, and a public meeting was called by the mayor and resolutions adopted to rid the town of gambling houses.

☞The latest accounts received from the Mormons at the Salt Lake, say that, in consequence of the destruction of the crops repeatedly by grasshoppers and drought, many of the recent emigrants to Utah are becoming discouraged, and returning again to the States.

The Powder-mill Explosion at Acton.

A Concord correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes as follows respecting the recent powder-mill explosion at Acton:

"One man was torn into fragments. A second was thrown to a great distance and stripped of every thing but his India-rubber shoes. Poor fellow! He had been at the dangerous work but one day. He was an excellent young man. The mill that first exploded was running with no one in it at the moment. When this went off the air was filled with flying, blazing timber, which in an instant communicated to two others. In one of these were the two unfortunate men who were killed. The other mill (the dry house) had but little powder in it, which blew off the roof. It then took fire and was consumed. A fourth mill had two hundred kegs of powder inside, but was not ignited, although the entire boarding was stripped off and many beams broken. The men were at work in the wheel-pit, and crawled out in the stunning noise to see the fragments flying in all directions.

"Three mills exploded. The wind was very high, and the woods took fire. It was expected that the shattered mill from which the men had escaped would blow up every moment. The fire was seen within a rod of it, and the powder was exposed to the least spark. After watching for some time, a man, at the hazard of his life, took a bucket of water and crawled on his knees to where the fire was blazing and extinguished it. It seems a little singular that from every building at a distance which suffered from the concussion the pressure was outward. Boards were broken out, windows fell out; one front door of a large house, a quarter of a mile distant, burst out. Great damage was done to neighboring buildings. I saw a chimney that was affected curiously. It was set off one side towards the mills just one brick, and left standing."

How Some Exist in the Cities.

The following, from a Philadelphia paper of Wednesday last, will give a slight picture of "real life" in the Cities:

A woman named Ann Middleworth, appeared before Alderman Enen this morning, and procured a warrant for the arrest of John and Ellen Winters, she charging them with assaulting and threatening her. Constable Collins, who arrested them, found them living in a filthy cellar in Water str., below Dock. The cellar is so low that a person cannot stand upright in it, and there is no fire-place in it. A small quantity of wood was burning on the ground, the smoke escaping the best way it could.—Winters and his wife were brought to the Mayor's office; also, their two little children. The mother had a black eye, had a small infant in her arms, and bore the appearance of again being a mother at no distant day. She charged her husband with kicking her in the face. The Aldorman committed him to answer the charge of assaulting Mrs. Middleworth, and sent his wife and children to the Almshouse.

ANOTHER WHEELBARROW BET.—*A Buchanan Girl Lost a Barrel of Shavings*—Some time ago a girl who lives in one of the best and richest families in this city made a wager of a barrel of shavings with a man that Buchanan would carry New Hampshire. Last evening, without giving him previous intimation, she wheeled with her own hands on a wheelbarrow the barrel of shavings to his door, about an eighth of a mile. If the public had known of the event, doubtless the Amoskeag Veterans, the City Guards, and the whole fire department, "without distinction of party," would have turned out to receive a girl with a barrel of shavings, a la State Street, when Poore came with his apples. Noble girl! If Ben Perley Poore should be Governor of Massachusetts, because of his pluck in paying his bet, this girl ought to be the wife of James Buchanan, and live in the White House.—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.*

A Western Town.—The town of Superior, in Wisconsin, was first settled in June, 1854, and in September of the same year the first sale of lots took place. In January, 1856, the population was 500, while at present there are 100 families cultivating farms, 1200 of a population, all the comforts and luxuries of older towns, and a weekly newspaper. It is the terminus of two railroads, which part at Chicago, (Ill.) running through the entire length of the State, along its eastern border, and also through the middle and western sections.—Pretty well for one year!

Hard to Choose.—I must give you one more fun-let concerning a little "four-year-old" friend of mine. It seems that a clergyman had been stopping for some time at his father's house, and on going away called little Eddy to him and asked what he should give him for a present. Eddy, who had been brought up in the fear of God, and had a great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered hesitatingly; "I—I—I think I should like a Testament, but I *know* I should like a *gun!*"

Affecting Remonstrance.—A gentleman Down Easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smile of the rest, in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under his ill success, when laying down his utensils, he burst out with the following:—"Strangers, you needn't laff; if you haint got no regard for the landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

Kansas.—Gov. Geary has returned to Lecompton, having arrested about fifty-five of the rebels and robbers in the southern portion of the territory. Every thing now appears to be quiet in Kansas.

Execution in Mississippi.

Unusual Scene.—William Robertson who murdered Franklin Williams, with the aid of the murdered man's wife, was executed at Holmesville, Miss., on the 8th inst. The condemned man, it appears, addressed the crowd from the scaffold, endeavoring to awaken their sympathies in his behalf, and closed his long and very incoherent harangue with an appeal to them to manifest a desire that he should be remanded to jail and have a new trial; in furtherance of which he requested those in favor of his proposition to stand aloof from the crowd, as he felt assured the sheriff would not proceed with the execution if the popular sentiment should be found to be against it.—The apparent acquiescence of the sheriff to this startling and unusual proceeding stirred the crowd to an exhibition of some little excitement, and cries of "new trial!" "hang him!" "hang him!" were heard on both sides, and for a moment we feared mob law would run riot around the very precincts of our courts of justice.

The announcement of the sheriff, however, made to the prisoner that he could expect nothing from the people, in this emergency, however much his own or their sympathies were evinced for him, and his proceeding at once with his duty accordingly, quelled the rising tumult, and it was not until this moment that the prisoner appeared to look death in the face. His cheek blanched—his frame shook with tremor—his limbs trembled, and he fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands, while the attending minister, Dr. Laney, approached him upon the scaffold, in performance of his last and duty, and kneeling beside the prisoner, with his hand upon his bowed head, and sent up in his behalf an impressive appeal to heaven. After this solemn service, the prisoner continued upon his knees until the moment he was launched into eternity.

A Trick of French Thieves.—A trick was played off a few days ago at the Fair of Breaute (Seine Inferioure.) A well dressed gentleman sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched-looking man who dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver.—"How can you be so foolish," cried a man standing by, "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, throwing down his crutches ran off as fast as he could. The other amidst roars of laughter from the bystanders, ran after him, menacing him with the cane, and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town, and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having allowed himself to be so victimized.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Col. Benton on the Extension of Slavery.

Col. Benton, in an address delivered at St. Louis, just before the election, said:

"Do justice to all, administer the Constitution in its proper spirit, give to all its compromises full and free sway, and upon that I rely that the people will cling together, the small party will be unable to make themselves felt. (Loud applause.) Nullification in the south, nullification and secession in the south—abolitionism in the North—and by abolitionism, I include no man that is against the extension of slavery where it does not now exist. (Cheers.) I am one of that class myself. (Cheers.) I have avowed that on every occasion, and I say it to you, fellow-citizens, that one of the occasions in which I saw Henry Clay rise higher than I thought I ever saw him before, was when, in the debate on the admission of California, a dissolution was apprehended, if slavery was not carried into this territory, where it never was. Then Mr. Clay, rising, loomed colossally in the Senate of the United States, as he rose, declaring that for no earthly purpose, no earthly object, could he carry slavery into places where it did not exist before. (Cheers.) At the same time he would bare his breast against any infraction against the rights of the slaveholders wherever it existed.—(Long continued applause.)

It was a great and proud day for Mr. Clay, towards the latter end of his life) and if an artist could have been there to catch his expression as he uttered that sentiment, with its reflex on his face, and his countenance beaming with firmness of purpose, it would have been a glorious moment in which to transmit him to posterity—his countenance all alive and luminous with the ideas that beat in his bosom.—[Loud applause, which interrupted the speaker.] That was a proud day. I could have wished that I had spoken the same words. I speak them now, telling you they were his, and adopting them as my own."

An Appalling Statement.—A ragged school association in a public appeal state that there are in London 1,400,000 who never attend public worship, 150,000 habitual drunkards, 150,000 open profligates, 20,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers, 30,000 destitute children, and 30,000 receivers of stolen goods. More than 10,000 young men, under eighteen years of age, are annually committed for theft in Great Britain.

An Extensive City.—It is estimated that the next year's tax bill for the city of New York will amount to ten millions of dollars. One of the charges against the administration of John Quincy Adams was that the expenses of the Government amounted to thirteen millions a year.