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Fillmore's Prospects.

The *Enquirer*, affects to consider us as only indulging in a little humor, in maintaining that the present contest is between Fillmore and Fremont. If our neighbor really entertains such a notion concerning us, we beg leave to protest that it is entirely mistaken. We simply assert a proposition which we conscientiously believe to be true, and which we believe to be susceptible of perfect demonstration. No candid man, who has free access to the organs of public opinion in both sections of the Union, will deny that the re-action in favor of Fillmore, which commenced on his return from Europe, has widened and strengthened with a rapidity unparalleled ever since, until, in nearly all the States, North and South, the enthusiasm in his behalf is unquestioned and unquestionable. It is therefore, a matter of absolute certainty that Mr. Fillmore's prospects are better at this present moment than that of either of his competitors. Indeed, there can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial and reasonable man that the contest, with all its grave and momentous issues, is essentially and emphatically between Fremont and Fillmore—the whinings and ravings of the Richmond Enquirer and its allies to the contrary notwithstanding.

The evidences are indisputable and overwhelming, that, in the great State of New York, Buchanan is not in the race at all. The Democrats there are deserting him by thousands.—The refractory and disaffected portion of the party in that State have already called a Convention, the object of which is to concentrate their entire strength upon the "woolly horse" candidate of the Black Republicans. And while this movement is in progress among the Abolitionized wing of the Democracy, what is the state of feeling among the national and conservative Democrats of New York? Why, seeing that there is no earthly chance for Buchanan obtaining the electoral vote of that State, they are beginning to appreciate the necessity, which rests upon all well-wishers to the Constitution and the Union, of so disposing of their suffrages as to prevent the vote of the State being given to Fremont. We consequently find an address to the Democratic electors of the State of New York, from one of their own number, urging them, by every consideration of patriotism, to cast their votes for MILLARD FILLMORE. We copy the address, and invoke for it the earnest attention of those who still entertain the absurd and now exploded idea that Buchanan is really in the contest in the Northern States:

TO THE DEMOCRATIC ELECTORS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Express:

"Hear me for my cause and be silent that ye may hear." I speak to you as one who ever since he had a vote has invariably cast it for the whole Democratic Ticket. I speak to you as one who loves the Union of these States above all party considerations. I appeal to you to save this glorious Empire State from the embrace of Black Republicanism and Disunionism. Do you ask how is this to be done? Bear with me then while I relate a little of my experience. I have just returned from a tour through Central and Western New York. I have found the party to which you and I are attached, most treacherously betrayed by those who have hitherto ranked as its leaders. In Central New York these leaders have almost in a body gone over to Seward's protege, Col. Fremont. The same is true of portions of the extreme west.—The masses have followed these traitors and the result is, the Democratic Party is well nigh annihilated. Not I perceive that we have a duty to perform to our country which overrides all party ties. The election of Fremont, I should consider as one of the greatest calamities that could possibly befall the nation. How can we best prevent it, is the very natural inquiry? I answer, *Save the State of New York*, and thus throw the election of President into the House. If the Democratic party are so unwise as to nominate a Buchanan Electoral Ticket, one important step is taken, the direct result of which is, to almost insure the State for Fremont. I have some confidence in the honest Democratic masses. I believe they love the Union, and mean that it shall be perpetual. I believe they love it far more than their party, and I hope and trust that they will adopt the only possible way of crushing out" its foes, and that is by voting for *Fillmore and Donelson*. A Democratic friend at my elbow, suggests that if we adopt this course it may lead to the *election* of F. & D. by the people. Well I grant there is a possibility of that, for the Tribune admits that Mr. Fillmore has an element of positive strength equal to 100,000 votes, but what then? We know Mr. Fillmore *to be true to the Union of these States!*

That consideration *alone* is enough to reconcile me to the bare possibility of his election.—But I have no sort of fear as to that. Let us send this election into the House, and James Buchanan is the next President, or, if not, John C. Breckenridge is.

Fellow Democrats, will you, in view of the facts as they are daily being brought to your notice, consent, by your votes, to aid indirectly in the elevation to the Presidency of all isms—John C. Fremont? Upon you rests the responsibility. SANFORD HARRISON.

There is a growing appeal from a Democrat to Democrats to save the Empire State from the foul embrace of Black Republicanism by voting for Millard Fillmore. The writer has just returned from an extensive tour through the central and Western portion of the State, and the result of his observation is, that the leaders of the Democracy, in all that region, have "treacherously betrayed" their party, and are going it with a rush for free-soil and Fremont. And not only the leaders, but he tells us that the "masses" also of the party "*have followed these traitors*," and that, as a consequence, "*the Democratic party is well-nigh annihilated.*" He justly concludes, therefore, that Buchanan is out of the question, and that it would be madness and even treason in the extreme, for the conservative portion of the New York Democracy, being so few in number, to appoint a Buchanan electoral ticket. Hence, he appeals to them, as lovers of the Union, to rise superior to all party considerations, trample under foot all party ties, and nobly perform their duty to the country, in this perilous crisis, by casting their votes for Millard Fillmore. We have no doubt that this appeal, based upon considerations of so important and pressing a nature, will meet with a hearty and general response from the patriotic followers of Dickinson and Bronson; and that the Hards of New York, almost to a man, will cordially be found extending to Fillmore a cordial and generous support. Duty points them to this course, which, indeed, is their only refuge from the corruptions of their own party. The contest being between Fillmore and Fremont, they will cast their suffrages for the former, because, in the language of Mr. Harrison's appeal, they know him "to be true to the Union of these States."

Now, it is evident that Mr. Fillmore's prospects are daily improving, while Buchanan's are rapidly declining. This is not only the case in New York, but in *all* the States, North and South. From Pennsylvania the intelligence in respect to Fillmore is of the most cheering and encouraging import. In that State, the German population, almost to a man, are enthusiastically rallying for Fremont, thereby rendering old Buck's chances hopeless and desperate beyond cure. This fact being perfectly patent, the adherents of all other parties opposed to Fremont will be compelled to unite upon Fillmore, in order to prevent the Keystone State from falling into the hands of the Black Republicans. Again, in the North Western States, The German population there are all siding with Fremont. It will be remembered that the German vote in the North has heretofore been given in a body to the Democratic candidate. But now it will be cast for Fremont, and thus leave the Democracy in a hopeless minority, alike in all the North-Western States and in Pennsylvania. Where, then, is the faintest chance of Buchanan carrying a single State North of Mason's and Dixon's line? We maintain that he has not the shadow of a chance of receiving the electoral vote of a solitary one. Under these circumstances, his remaining in the field is only a matter of form. We will not advise his friends to withdraw him, because we are aware of their infatuation and their obstinacy; but we do tell them that the ides of November will make them wish they had.

Buchanan being out of the question, where's the use of Southern Democrats throwing away their votes upon him, and thereby contributing materially to the success of Fremont. We know the leaders of the party will adhere to his fortunes to the bitter end. But say honest and uncorrupted masses, who have no selfish purposes to subserve, and whose hearts beat only for the welfare, the safety, and the glory of the country? We would fain invoke them to sunder their party ties for awhile, and rally with us to the support of Fillmore, upon the ground that he is a safe and patriotic man, and *can be elected*. To vote for Buchanan is to vote for a candidate who is virtually not in the field. Where's the wisdom or the patriotism of such a policy on par of Virginians and Southerners in the present alarming condition of the country? We put this question to them in all candor, and beg them to ponder it deliberately, and then determine, as all patriots should, to sustain him for the Presidency who has been tried, and found faithful and true to the Constitution and the Union.—*Rich. Whig.*

Buchanan in New York.

We have elsewhere endeavored to show that Buchanan stands no earthly chance in New York. Since writing that article, our eye has fallen upon the following paragraph in the Albany Statesman, which demonstrates beyond question the accuracy of the view we have taken in regard to his chances in that State. It says:

BUCHANAN GONE DOWN!

There is nothing more certain than that Buchanan has not the shadow of a prospect in New York. His case is hopeless in this State. History does not furnish an instance where a candidate has gone down so suddenly as Buchanan. A month ago he was formidable; to-day he is out of the question. There is no human power that can save him—and we have no idea that any other power will be exerted in his favor.

A SIGN.

We learn from the Georgia papers that at the Fillmore ratification meeting held in Atlanta, Georgia, on the 1st inst., Col. John L. Harris, a prominent Democrat, made a stirring and able speech in support of Fillmore and Donelson!—The "ratting" from old Buck has commenced in earnest in both sections of the Union. The people everywhere begin to feel that Fillmore is just the man for the times, and they are determined to make him President in spite of both factions of the Democratic and traitorous Black Republicans. Roll on the ball!

A Freesoiler in Kansas—What he says of the Territory.

The Lawrence Courier, a Fremont Journal, has the following Kansas letter from S. B. Barnes, a Massachusetts free soiler, who, for a wonder, writes of something besides insurrections,—Sharpe's rifles and bloodshed:

"Lawrence is not destroyed. The free State Hotel, the Herald of Freedom office, and Governor Robinson's house are all the buildings that have been destroyed. It is rumored here that the Herald is to be re-established, and that Gen. Pomeroy is coming with men to build up the hotel.

"I was not in the company that went down to Topeka, but I reckon if the invaders should come up here I should fight like a bull dog.—We are not suffering from these difficulties yet. We have plenty to do and the money in our hands when the work is done. Here is a prime chance for all mechanics. Help of all kinds is very scarce—wages very high. Steady employment can be had with good pay by almost any one. Send them along. I wish you could find two young fellows that would come out here and go into stock raising and farming. There is a man between here and Fort Riley that has 75 cows. He is raising all the calves, and sells butter at the fort for fifty cents per pound, and milk for forty cents per gallon.

"The land will not be surveyed until next fall or in the spring. I think we shall have plenty of time to earn the pay for our lands before they come into market, and if possible to secure one section at least. There are no speculators here yet. One would have a poor show here when the land office is opened. If one should show his head at the office trying to wrest the settlers' land from them, I am thinking he would be shot like a dog. When a man jumps another's claim he is ordered off, and if he does not go off he is put off.

"The fields look finely now; corn is in the silk; beans large enough to shell; peas too hard to eat. If you could see our fields of corn now I believe it would make you wish you were the owner of one. You never saw things grow as they do here. We can almost see them grow.

"I wish you could send out a few good girls that are not afraid to jump into hard work for big pay. We ought to have one or two in the hotel, and as soon as I get through a job at logging I intend to go on to my claim to live, and I want some one to keep house for us, for when we keep bachelor's hall it takes about half of one's time to work around the house, and we shall be obliged to live so if some of our smart girls do not come to our relief. Send them along. Homes for the million if they will only come and occupy. Let them come and satisfy themselves. There is an opportunity to make money here if one has a mind to work—mind that. You will not have to work any harder here than in New England, and you will get better pay, and get it when you have done the work. Come along, come along. Don't forget to send along the girls."

A LONG LEASE.—An exchange remembers seeing a bill in a shop window, a few years ago, which ran precisely as follows: "These premises to be let on a lease—one hundred and fifteen feet in length."

A San Francisco Ballot-Box.

We last week had an opportunity of examining a San Francisco ballot-box, made exactly after an original, as now in the hands of the Vigilance Committee. The material is cedar, and the size in the clear, about twelve inches by six, and six deep. The external appearance presents nothing remarkable to the eye of a hasty observer. It has a lock and key, and in many respects resembles the ordinary ballot-boxes used in the elections of Philadelphia. But the mysteries of this box, when fully explained, make it capable of producing extraordinary results. In the first place, when locked, and the key placed in the hands of some responsible person, it may be opened with perfect ease, by pressing upon the sides. In the second place, it has a false bottom, capable of concealing a large number of tickets, as well as a false side adapted to the same object. Thus, there are three deceptions connected with it, and all designed for fraudulent purposes. In the case of Casay, who some months since was elected to an office, it was not known on the day of election that he was a candidate at all. But his friends placed a suitable number of tickets in one of these fraudulent boxes, and thus when the polls were closed, he was, much to the astonishment of the uninitiated, reported as the successful candidate. This game has been going on for years. Hence the return of so many individuals of no character to lucrative and responsible offices. The people were at first perplexed, because they did not understand the matter; and when at last a discovery of these iniquitous frauds was was made, the indignation became so intense, that the Committee of Vigilance was called upon to re-organize, and pursued the course that is already known.—The box alluded to is now on its way to Washington, having been confided, for that purpose, to the hands of a gentleman of Philadelphia. Its accuracy, as compared with the original, is vouched for by six members of the Committee of Vigilance. The object is to show it to the officers of the National Government, in order that they may understand and appreciate the villany that has so long been practiced at elections in California. It was manufactured by Mr. E. L. Fell of San Francisco.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Eating and Drinking.

An English gentleman of some note, on visiting New England a few years ago, remarked upon the propensity of the Americans for good living. He said that the greatest difficulty which he had experienced since his arrival in this country, was how to resist the temptations to eat of the great varieties of rich food which surrounded him on every side. And this close observer of human nature was right—the Americans, as a people, are exceedingly fond of good eating and drinking. Indeed, this is their chief and most approved mode of testifying joy on any extraordiny occasion. If a distinguished man, a soldier or a statesman, is supposed to have deserved some mark of distinguished honour, he is invited to a public dinner, and is feasted to his heart's content amid the cheers of his assembled and enthusiastic friends, who regard every appropriated mouthful of the choice viands, or swallow of sparkling champagne, as a further extinction of the debt of gratitude which they owe him for his services.

And in private life, if a gentleman invites a few friends to assemble at his house, instead of providing an intellectual entertainment, such as would do honour to human nature, he caters merely to gratify the sensual appetites. Not only his most important, but his only care is to provide for the occasion a great variety of expensive delicacies to tickle the palate—and the more successful he is in thus laying temptations in the way of his guests to eat and drink far more than nature craves, the greater is his own gratification of his guests, who laud him without measure for his excellent taste and unbounded hospitality.

In like manner, if a lady gives a party, the first question she asks herself is, what entertainment she shall provide. She accordingly sets her wits to work to devise a variety of *refreshments*, which shall be abundant and genteel; and her pride and gratification are in direct proportion to the variety and excellence of the means produced to gratify the unnatural longing of an epicure. And the guests, for days afterwards, in canvassing the character of the entertainment, instead of speaking of any intellectual pleasure which they derived from the party, dwell with much gusto on the variety of cakes, ices, comfits, syllabubs, fruit, wines, &c., which were produced and demolished on the occasion.

Eating and drinking, therefore, to our shame be it said, seem to be an important part of the business of our lives, and a foreigner may be forgiven for supposing that we conceive the *ne plus ultra* of human happiness to consist in a well-furnished table.—*Portfolio.*

Secret of Success at the Bar.

I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said, that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client: if I drive into the heads of the jury one important matter, I drive out matter more important than I had previously lodged there."—*Buxton.*

No Enthusiast.

Rowland Hill's manner, and the power of his voice, were almost overwhelming. Once, at Wotton, he was completely carried away by his feelings, and raising himself to his full stature, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them, irrecoverably in eternal woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel."

Curious Facts.

Serpents are said to obey the voice of their masters; the trumpeter-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel; and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and escorting them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Isle there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois, bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in no small degree, to a peculiar species of a pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois; knowing the hunter to be not far distant, sets off with the greatest speed, and seeks the highest peaks of the mountains. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunters, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are also no less remarkable. The writer already cited says:—"I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to its mate hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female quitted her nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.—*New York Rev.*

Street Education.

The city missionary visited an unhappy young man in jail, waiting his trial for a state prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my *street education* that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young." Is this so? Beware then, boys of a street education, and stay at home. And let parents see to it, that home training is pleasant and strong, and sound enough to grapple with and conquer the bad and dangerous influences of street society.

Power of the Human Eye.

George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily.—Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here, which is the terror of the neighborhood; will you try your powers on him?" Pitt agreed to do so, and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after. During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage, on the road not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs bounding towards me. I recollected what Pitt had done, and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again.—*Rogers' Table Talk.*

A DAMPER.—A young man volunteered his services to see a young lady home from a party. On the way he cudgelled his brain for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner. "Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf." The beau manifested during the rest of the walk.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE: "GIVE THE PAROLE."

A laughable illustration of practice following theory, and precept carried immediately into example, occurred a few nights since in one of the royal dockyards. The Superintendent—a mild, but zealous disciplinarian, who is admitted to be thoroughly acquainted with the most insignificant details of his noble and gallant profession, from the duties of the energetic boatswain to those of the dignified commander-in-chief—was briskly passing a sentinel, on his way to his official residence, when he turned upon the stafwart guardian of the royal establishment, and demanded the reason why he did not challenge him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him to be the Superintendent; he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and, warming with excitement, the gallant Superintendent exclaimed, "Challenge all! Challenge me, sir." "Well, then," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his musket, and bringing it to the charge, "I do challenge you; give the parole, sir," and the hasty Superintendent having, in the course of his practical instructions, allowed the parole to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner, and driven into the sentry-box. So situated, the worthy preceptor was soon allowed another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman passing demanded why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman. "You foolish fellow," said he, "why, it is the Superintendent;" but the only reply from the sentry was the vociferous demand, "Give the parole." The policeman, deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry, had also forgotten to learn the parole, and he, too, was ordered into the sentry-box, from which he and his distinguished fellow-prisoner were only rescued when the sentry was relieved from his post.

United Service Gazette.

Anecdote of Mr. Webster.

Mr. Webster was fond of a joke, but only of a harmless one, and a benevolent one. He had in Northfield, across the river from his Franklin farm, a small piece of sandy, barren land, with a poor house upon it, in which a very destitute family had been living some time without paying any rent. Upon one of his visits to the place, the good woman expressed her anxiety about being able to remain. She expected to be turned out, and did not know where to go. She hoped Mr. Webster would not be hard with her. He heard her through, and told her with great gravity, that he knew it was a hard case for her; he wished to consider her, and did not mean to be unkind; but he had a great many to provide for. At the same time putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a five dollar bill, and handed it to her, saying he was sorry he could not do better by her, but if she thought she could afford to stay on the place another year for that, he should be very glad, and rode off.

African Logic.

An old farmer——one who feared neither God nor man—had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory. "He would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity"—that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging for de werry purpose."

A Day of Horrors.—Thursday, July 17th, 1856, will long be remembered for the occurence of three most terrible calamities. On that day some sixty persons were crushed or roasted to death on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, while more than a hundred were maimed or badly burned; twenty-seven persons perished on Lake Erie, by the burning of the steamer Northern Indiana, and seventeen on Lake Ontario by the burning of the Tinto. Three such calamities in one day have never been before known, and we trust will never be known again. It was a fatal day, and will long be remembered with sorrow.

A Sad Picture.—The American ship War Hawk arrived at Havana on the 13th inst. from Swatoa and St. Helena, having a cargo of 568 Asiatics, under the usual fictitious contracts for eight years' service. The vessel was put in quarantine for twenty-four hours, and commenced discharging her cargo on the 15th inst. 610 subjects were put on board the vessel; 42 killed themselves by jumping overboard, or with poison, always secreted about their persons; one or two died of disease usual on board of crowded vessel. This trade is only the slave trade under another name, and the attempts now making to put an end to it arise from a proper spirit of benevolence and humanity.

Hugh Corrigan, convicted in Westmoreland county (Pa.) for the murder of his wife, for which he was under the sentence of death, committed suicide on Saturday in his cell in the jail at Pittsburg.

A RUSSIAN DINNER.

The Courrier des Etats Unis publishes in its Paris correspondence an extract from a letter written by a staff officer of the French army, dated May 6. The letter shows the cordial relations which are established between the two armies, and describes a dinner given by the Russians to the French officers. We copy the account of some of the arrangements of the dinner:

"As soon as we arrived we were invited to go to the table. The dining-room was arranged in the meadow, under a tent, and, as the weather was magnificent, it was much more agreeable than it would have been in the house.

"To provoke an appetite they begin, in this country, before sitting down at the table, by going to a corner of the dining-room to drink brandy and gin, and to eat in the fingers, sardines, cheese, and a heap of things seasoned with pepper and vinegar, which were enough to take away all desire of eating, inasmuch as it was all drank from one little glass, and every body used the same fork or the same spoon, and swallowed the sardines whole at one mouthful, without bread or stopping to take out the bones. These preliminaries over, we were seated at a well furnished table. I had the place of honor between Gen. Wrangel and another General. The table was covered with bottles of wine, but not a drop of water. All this wine came from our merchants at Kamiech.

"The first dish served was a Russian pie, a hot pie, composed of hashed meat mixed with rice, eggs, caviar, and other condiments. It was very good. After this came soup in cups; the soup was seasoned with cinnamon. Then came hot hams, pieces of roast beef of forty pounds weight, &c. Three quarters of an hour between each dish and toast; jokes and drinking to fill up the intervals. Sweet dishes in French fashion, puddings with white vanilla sauce, sugared oranges came at last, and gave us hope of the repast coming to an end. A grave error this! Our plates were taken away, and we were served with roast turkey and salids. We had to do violence to our stomachs under penalty of being considered impolite, and devoured our turkey and salads, as if we had been starved, and to complete our satisfaction the salads was dressed with sugar and vinegar.

"We drank to the health of the Emperor Napoleon first, then to that of the Emperor of Russia, then to Marshal Pelissier, then to Gen. Wrangel, and then to the living, and then to the dead, for the space of five hours without leaving our seats. We left the table at six o'clock.

"We had ten leagues to ride on our return; so, after having smoked some cigars, we resumed our horses and reached home at ten in the evening. Our horses had not dined as well as we had; they had not given them a grain of barley."

The Russian camp where this feast took place was situated in a beautiful spot in the midst of the Koralian defile.

A Man and Team Attacked by Bees.—The *Nebraska City News* of July 5th says:—Mr. S. Hooper, residing near McKissack's Grove, Iowa, while driving his team pass the house of Eli Slusher, last Tuesday, was attacked by bees. They made the attack apparently in three distinct strings about the size of a man's arm, first attacking the horses. Mr. Hooper still held to the team until Messrs. Gilmore and Slusher came to his assistance. One horse, in endeavouring to extricate himself, broke a blood vessel and died shortly after; the other is severely injured. They next attacked Mr. Hooper and those who came to his assistance. Everything was done that could be to extricate the unfortunate man, but not until Mr. Hooper and Mr. Slusher were so severely injured that but little hopes of their recovery is entertained. The symtoms and sufferings of the unfortunate men resemble those of hydrophobia.

LIEUT. WM. BEARD.

In the Border Ruffian (formerly the Westport Times) we find the following notice, the chief portion of which has been already published:

"MORE RIFLES TAKEN.—A day or two since the steamer Arabia passed Kansas city, on her upward trip; at Kansas city a number of Southerners took passage for Leavenworth city. During the trip a young and spirited South Carolinian, Lieut. Wm. Beard, thought that all was not right on board, and putting his wits to work, he soon learned from a 'cute chap,' that there were not only Abolitionists but Sharpe's Rifles on board. Lieut. B. kept a watchful eye on the 'Council Bluff' passengers, and as soon as the boat landed at Leavenworth, the Vigilance Committee relieved said passengers of *twenty two* Sharpe's Rifles, together with some side arms, powder, lead and shot!

Great praise is due Lieut. Beard for his energy, perseverance and ingenuity, for, had it not been for him, the rifles would, in all probability, have passed unnoticed, as they were carefully concealed."

FOR KANSAS.

Maj. Wilkes left here this morning on his return from Chester, where he was very successful in stirring up an interest for Kansas, and liberal contributions were made. He will be at Hunt's Hotel on Monday evening next, 4th August, on his way to Kansas, when he will be pleased to meet emigrants and receive contributions.

Carolinian.

The Conquerors of Beaver Island.—The following manifesto has been issued by the party who expelled the Mormons from Beaver Island, in Michigan:

"The dominion of King Strang is at an end. The band of marauders once occupying the Beaver group of islands, under the administration and directions of Jas. J. Strang, their reputed prophet, have fled at the approach of the Sheriff. The land is redeemed; a kingdon no longer exists upon the borders of one of our most populous States. And we rejoice to know that the resources of this upper region will be properly and speedily developed under the operation of our State laws. The institutions of our country secure protection to all her citizens especially to their religious freedom; but when its tenets are criminal and directly antagonistical to our laws, and subversive of our Constitution, we as citizens would prove recreant to our duties to permit a longer continuance of the evil. It should be a matter, therefore, of public rejoicing to all persons living contiguous to the Lakes that this nest of banditti has been exterminated; and we would take this occasion to caution the citizens of Wisconsin against many of them who have fled within her precincts."

UNION AND INDEPENDENCE.—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the American Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together."

"Yes observed Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep the babe so full of butter as you do."

"Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter."

"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on your knee for about two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for the want of churning."

A German writer says: "The people of the United States can burst more steam boilers and chew more tobacco than any five nations on the globe.

For Governor,
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