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The Kansas News.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

VOL. 2—No. 51.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, JULY 30, 1859.

WHOLE No. 103.

JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANSAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CALLS, CERTIFICATES or BOOKS, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "EXCELLENCE" is our motto.

Blank Warrants and Mortgage Deeds, Bonds, Executions, Summons, Subpoenas, Attachments, Recognizances, etc., constantly on hand.

C. V. ESKRIDGE,
PROBATE JUDGE,
Register of Deeds,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
FOR BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS
Also—Commissioner of Deeds for the Western States, and
General Land Agent.
Persons at a distance having business with the undersigned, will direct their communications to him at Emporia, Kansas.
may 7-4 C. V. ESKRIDGE.

I. E. PERLEY,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, STOVES,
TINWARE,
Groceries, Provisions, etc., etc.,
COMMERCIAL ST., EMPORIA, KANSAS.
may 7-4

S. N. WOOD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Cottonwood Falls, Chase Co., K. T.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Chase, Morris, Breckenridge, Madison Butler and Hunter counties.
87-4

J. STOTLER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AT THE "NEWS" OFFICE,
no 51 EMPORIA, KANSAS.

LEWIS W. KUHN,
Register of Deeds,
AND **NOTARY PUBLIC,**
KEMENADO, MADISON COUNTY, KANSAS.
Jan 15-4

THOS. A. RUSSEL
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Office on Levee—KANSAS CITY, MO.
EP Collections promptly made. n53-ly

ARTHUR I. BAKER,
Attorney at Law,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Dealer in Land Warrants, Town Lots and Shares, Claims, &c.,
AMERICAN, BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS.
Pre-emption business promptly attended to—Money invested and debts collected—Legal instruments carefully drawn up and recorded—Claims filed on and Declaratory Statements promptly forwarded, etc., etc.
EP Mr. B. is also President of the American Town Company. deell-1f

H. S. SLEEPER,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.
County Surveyor of Madison County,
FLORENCE, KANSAS.
EP People of the Cottonwood please leave or see at the Office of L. D. Bailey, Emporia. n73

G. M. WALKER,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
County Surveyor of Breckenridge County,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Is prepared with superior instruments to do plans surveying, leveling and drafting on short notice. Bridge Plans and Bills made to order.

J. M. RANKIN,
Attorney at Law & General Bond Agent.
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Will practice in the several courts of record in this and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
October 9-4

P. B. PLUMB,
Land and Collection Agent,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Will invest money for non-residents, make collections, pay taxes, etc.
jun 5

M. F. CONWAY,
Attorney at Law,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
Will devote himself exclusively to his profession, and attend to any business which may be entrusted to him with fidelity and dispatch. Particular attention given to cases of disputed pre-emption titles before the Land Office.
Office in Collamore Buildings, Massachusetts street.
Jan. 2-4f

ALBERT GRIFFIN,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent,
MAHARATON, KANSAS.
Prompt attention given to all business in the Kansas Valley, west of the Potomac Reserve, entrusted to his care. aug 14-4

THOSE
Withing the Professional services of
DR. C. C. SLOCUM,
Physician and Surgeon,
Will please call at his residence half a mile east-east of Emporia. n6-1f

BLACKSMITHING.
COX & BAKER,
HAVING established themselves in the above business at Emporia, would announce to the people of the surrounding country that they are fully prepared to do all manner of work in their line of business, in the best manner. They flatter themselves that with their long experience at the business they will be able to give the fullest satisfaction to all who may favor them with their patronage. Prices reasonable.
Emporia, August 1, 1859.—4f

Wagonmaking and Repairing.
JOSEPH RICKBAUGH, having opened a Wagon Shop in Emporia, opposite to Cox & Baker's Blacksmith shop, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business, in a satisfactory manner. Wagons, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Ox Yokes, etc., made to order.
n6-1y

LUMBER AND SAWING.
The American Steam Saw Mill,
LOCATED on the south side of the Cottonwood River, and about one mile west of the Junction of the Neosho and Cottonwood Rivers, Madison county, Kansas Territory. A large supply of Lumber always on hand, and will be sold as low as at any other mill in the country.
Having a saw mill and all other machinery carefully new, I do not hesitate in calling it one of the very best mills in the Territory. Am ready at all times to accommodate all who may patronize me, with accuracy and dispatch.
jan 8-6m M. M. BAKER, Proprietor.

ON HAND, a large supply of Osgood Orange seed, warranted good.
HORNBY & FICK.
For Sale!
240 ACRES OF LAND near the Cottonwood, for sale cheap. L. D. BAILEY, Emporia, March 10, 1859.

LIGHTNING RODS, cheap, at
may 21

Address of the Republican Central Committee.

Fellow Citizens:—After a violent and painful struggle of four years, Kansas has arrived at the great political crisis of her existence.

With a population more than sufficient to meet the requirements of a State, with a Constitution formed by a Convention of the people, she is again about to apply for admission to the Union of the States.

Before, however, that admission can be effected, you will be called upon to participate in the most important election yet offered for your suffrage. Under the Constitution framed at Weandott is shortly to be elected a Representative to Congress, gubernatorial and other State officers, a judiciary for the State, and a Legislature, on whom will devolve the duty of electing two United States Senators.

Recent events have shown us that the fraud in which our Territory was baptized at its birth, and which characterized its early history, will follow it as long as it remains dependent.

The Federal Government continues as it began in its dealings with Kansas.

In spite of the indignant remonstrances of an outraged people, usurpation and not protection has marked every action of the power which holds us in its grasp.

It forces upon us without reference to our consent, a horde of office-holders, who are not the choice of the people, and a Federal Judiciary, into whose hands it delivers the power to subvert and control our Territorial laws, thereby establishing a judicial despotism, at war with justice and popular rights.

Eternal vigilance is still the price of liberty, and with this alone must we oppose Federal influence and official corruption.

The elections which are to be held during the coming fall, cannot result favorably to the great cause to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, unless every precinct in Kansas is carefully watched over by earnest Republicans.

Let our nominating convention be composed of tried and faithful men, that they may present such names as will the most surely meet the endorsement of the whole people.

Let the registry law be faithfully carried out and executed.

Let no man to whom Liberty and the prosperity of Kansas are dear, relax one moment in the work until the day when, with a Republican in Congress, no longer trammelled, as our Representative has hitherto been, by the mere power of remonstrance, without the more practical assistance of a ballot; with two United States Senators sworn and pledged to defend our rights on the floor of the Senate; with State officers who will worthily execute and administer the government, and with a judiciary, learned, honored, unswayed by partisan considerations, who will faithfully interpret the laws, thus giving dignity to the bench and confidence to the people, we may rest from the immediate labor, content in the consciousness of duty done and freedom vindicated.

In behalf of the Republican Central Committee of Kansas Territory,
SAMUEL C. POMEROY, Pres't
A. CARTER WILDER, Sec'y.

Late from the Mines.
The news from the mines is quite favorable. The parties who are running sluices seem to be well satisfied. The original Gregory claims, which were sold for \$21,000, are now nearly or quite paid for. The money—all taken out of them—has been paid in installments faster than called for by the contract. The Defrees company, from South Bend, Indiana, have sold out at a large profit. Several gentlemen from the mines started for Omaha, Tuesday, for the purpose of procuring a quartz mill from the States. I am assured that they took with them \$35,000 in dust. If so, the fact was not made public before their departure. It is possible, however, that they kept it a secret as a precautionary measure, for there are many desperadoes in the country.

Prospectors are starting out in all directions, and some promising new leads are discovered. They are mainly near the "snow range," where, in the ravines, there are yet snow banks six feet in depth. The shortness of the season there is unfavorable to mining. Some fine specimens of quartz are taken out. In one or two which I have seen, the particles of gold are not only visible to the naked eye, but so numerous as to render their own hue the general color of the stone. They are about twice the size of a Sharp's rifle ball. A specimen weighing two pounds, which was discovered a day or two since, is estimated to contain four ounces of gold. A friend who has seen it describes it as very rich. In spite of the favorable prospects, the number of dissatisfied immigrants who turn back to the States or go on to California is quite large.—Pike's Peak Correspondent of *Lawrence Republican*.

TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE.—Married life has its trials and its sorrows. Tempers may prove incompatible, and call for forbearance. Fortune may be chary of its favors, and enforce self-denial. Children may be ungrateful, and sting the poor heart that has pilloved them. Sickness may come, and haunt a household for years. But ask the poor man, struggling along with his debts, and the weary woman, toiling early and late, accomplishing the ruin of all her beauty and her buoyancy, if they would be placed apart, could competence be given them, and all their trials brought to an end. The answer would be: "There is something sweeter in this companionship of suffering than anything the world can offer from its storehouse of joys outside of it, and something which would make even severer trials than ours only iron bands to draw us more firmly together."—*Springfield Republican*.

"Bov, where does this road go to?" "I don't think it goes anywhere. I always sees it here every mornin'."

The leading papers of the South admit that the slave trade is practically revived.

The Glory of War.

The following incidents concerning the great battle of Solferino are from the pen of Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *N. Y. Times*, who was an eye-witness for a part of the engagement.

The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place, was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded—before we reached Montechiaro on the road from Brescia. As we had heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounded had been received in some skirmish. Soon after we met a one-horse carriage, in which was laid at full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying. On reaching Montechiaro, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain before Castiglione; and going at once to the summit of some old fortifications which once defended the town, we could see with our glasses the smoke of the engagement. We lost no time in pushing forward, although we were told that we could not reach Castiglione because the roads were completely occupied by artillery held in reserve. We went on, however, continuing to meet carriages and carts laden with wounded, and passing the French camps of the previous night, came to a point, at about half a mile from the town, where a park of artillery wagons was defiling from their camps into the road. Watching our chance, we drove in between two of the wagons, and so we entered town under cover of the enormous cloud of dust which they raised. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, dockeys, oxen, soldiers, sutlers, persons, and animals of every description. We pushed our way, marked hindrance, directly past the house, marked the *Quartier Generale*, or headquarters of the Emperor, and were thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross-street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so, were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered—hundreds had their hands tied up—and some carried ghastly wounds upon their faces. Some had tied up their wounds, and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air,—naked to his waist, and having a bullet-wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder. Most of them who were walking wore a serious look,—conversing but little with one another, though they walked two and two,—and few of them carried upon their faces any considerable expression of pain.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts, and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon-ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Many of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey—one being on each side. Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their sides, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment,—except now and then by a crowd of prisoners,—and it continued thus from about 10 in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after day. Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having them dressed, pass at once into the ranks and mingle with their comrades. I looked into the church as I passed by. All the seats, railings, &c., had been removed; mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor, and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds; Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine and otherwise ministering to their comforts; but morning, I am sure, will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain. If anything can be more horrible than a soldier's life, it certainly is a soldier's death.

Truth—Every word of it. Cut it out and learn it by heart.

"We should make it a principle to extend a hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duty, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant, backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom in the comparison of intellect and principle of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance."

The Senate of Connecticut has defeated a proposition to alter the constitution of the State, so as to abolish the distinction of color in the matter of suffrage by a vote of 16 yeas to 5 yeas.

The Gorge of Niagara River on a Tight-Rope.

On the afternoon of June 30th, Mons. Blondin, a Frenchman, walked boldly across the gorge of Niagara River, on a single rope, one end of which was fastened to a tree on American soil, and the other attached to one growing on Her Majesty's dominions. This daring feat was witnessed by thousands of spectators on both sides of the river. The point of ground selected for its performance is about one mile below the Cataract, or about equally distant from the Falls and Suspension Bridge.—The rope on the American side terminates in a forest known as "White's pleasure grounds," which are enclosed, and an admission fee of twenty-five cents was demanded. In this enclosure was about one thousand persons, while the river bank for one-half mile above and below, was covered with spectators of the exciting scene. On the Canada side there were apparently still larger numbers assembled, and more extensive preparations made for the occasion. The distance across the chasm on a straight line, where the rope was suspended, is about one thousand feet; and the rope, including the curve, is about 1100 feet in length. The rope at each end is about 175 feet from the water, but forms a curve so that the centre is about 50 feet nearer the water.

The rope is secured, or rather its vibrations prevented, by fifty-seven guy ropes on each side, (one hundred and fourteen in all,) and extending to the shore at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the rope. These are fastened to trees, posts, and other objects on the bank. The labor of stretching this rope across the river and then attaching the guys was immense, and attended with great peril. On our arrival on the ground yesterday, about eleven o'clock, Mons. Blondin, in day laborer's dress, was hard at work putting up his ropes for a performance on land before the feat of crossing the river. He is a man of great physical strength and activity. Everything that he touches seems to part with its quality of gravitation and partake of the spirit and rapid movements of the ambitious tight-rope walker. We informed him that we had come to write his obituary, anticipating his descent into the river. He thanked us in broken French for our kindness; but it was evident from his appearance of unconcern that he had no design of furnishing an "item" of that kind. After taking dinner at the International, at three o'clock, we returned to the ground, when Mons. Blondin was about commencing his exhibition on the pleasure grounds. He now wears a wig, elaborately curled; is dressed in a purple plush velvet vest, a gayly decorated cap, and white Turkish pantaloons. None who saw him perform between the hours of four and five, doubted his ability to cross the river successfully.

At five o'clock he appeared at the head of the cable, and gave the signal to fire the big gun, "Old Lady's Lane," which has borne that name since taken by Colonel Miller in the memorable engagement at that place. From some mismanagement, "Old Lady's Lane" wouldn't go; but the impatient and daring Frenchman did, amid the cheers of the multitude assembled on both sides of the river. Politely offering to take any gentleman on his back that desired to accompany him, and finding no passenger, he waved his hand to the band, which struck up an inspiring strain, and he boldly started down the rope over the yawning channel. He had doffed his cap, wig, purple vest and trousers and appeared bareheaded, in a flesh-colored shirt, tights and hose. When about one hundred feet from the bank, he paused, sat down on the rope and laid down on his back. For a moment the spectators of the scene held their breath, but were soon calmed by his evident assurance and composure. After a few moments' rest, Monsieur again arose and walked nimbly forward, stopping but once more before reaching the center of the river, when he balanced on one foot, again laid down as though for repose; but he soon arose, sat up and beckoned to the *Maid of the Mist*, which was below with a large number of spectators on board who preferred the "pit" to the "gallery." The boat coming directly under, he let down one end of a ball of twine, taken for that purpose, to which a bottle was attached by those on board. He then threw the other end on the other side of the rope, which the *Maid of the Mist* drew down, raising the bottle to the thirsty passenger, from which he drank, and threw the bottle into the river below.

From this point Monsieur made his way with rapid pace, without stopping, until he reached the opposite bank, where he was warmly greeted, and the anxiety of the crowd on both sides vented itself in prolonged cheers. As he approached the prolonging shore a brass band greeted him with "Get out of the wilderness." The time occupied in going over was 17 1/2 minutes. When accomplished, no man pretended that he had ever seen a feat performed requiring at once so much nerve, muscle and daring. On arriving on the Canadian side M. Blondin gave a performance on a tight-rope similar to that given on the American side.

At ten minutes past six o'clock a shout from the Canadian side called together what spectators remained, and Mons B. was seen setting out on his return. The return was made in much quicker time, as he only paused once in the middle of the river, to rest, making the passage in 7 minutes. On landing he was received with shouts of applause, the band playing "Yankee Doodle." Monsieur received these demonstrations of applause with French savoir-vivre, and was borne with enthusiasm to his carriage on the shoulders of admiring and enthusiastic friends.

The Senate of Connecticut has defeated a proposition to alter the constitution of the State, so as to abolish the distinction of color in the matter of suffrage by a vote of 16 yeas to 5 yeas.

The Guillotine.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* recently witnessed the execution of a murderer, by guillotine. He thus describes the horrid instrument of death—

"On arriving, we found ourselves in the centre of a large square, flanked by two lofty buildings of gray stone. On the left rose square towers of the prison for juvenile offenders, and on the right the massive walls of the New Bicetre. In front of the latter was the scaffold, and around it a double line of the Municipal Guard and of Sergeants de Ville. In the centre of the road, and facing the scaffold, was drawn up a detachment of dragoons. As we were among the first on the ground, and only a few paces from the guillotine, I had an opportunity of inspecting it rather closely, and a bystander readily explained to me its construction. It was painted red throughout, and consisted of a staging accessible by a flight of stairs, and rising some six feet from the ground, the summit surrounded by a low rail. In the centre of the floor thus offered were planted two stout uprights, a foot and a half apart, and eight or ten high.—These were grooved for the passage of the knife—a broad, dull blade, weighing, as I was informed, one hundred and fifty pounds—which was drawn up and attached to the cross-piece above, ready to descend on the pressure of a spring. On the floor, and facing the interval between these posts, is placed a long, low framework or car, which runs forward on grooves; and a plank hinged to one extremity of this car falls forward upon it. In preparing for an execution, this plank is raised so as to be at right angles to the car; and the criminal, on ascending the steps, is matched forward against the plank. Being suddenly pushed from behind, he falls with the plank upon the car, and the pressure of his body causes clamps to spring over him from below, effectually restraining all movement. The same impulse gives motion to the car, which glides rapidly forward; and the lunette (a half circle of wood) at once imprisoning the neck, the axe descends.

The dull grey light of dawn had pierced with difficulty through the veil of mist and rain which surrounded us, and in the distance we could make out the white tombs and monuments of Pere La Chaise. The crowd soon began to augment, as workmen going to their labors were attracted by the preparations, and the news soon spreading, ere long a dense throng filled the place.—Additional troops from time to time filled in, and another mounted detachment arrived and took up its station. Everything was done without confusion, with perfect silence.

As the clock struck eight, the gates of the prison opened, and two men in black came forward, supporting between them the criminal—a short, athletic man,—his throat and chest bared and his head uncovered. He mounted the scaffold with an uncertain and faltering step, fell for a moment on his knees, and then rising, was marched up to the upright plank. The executioner and his assistant took hold of him from behind, and, at a given signal, pushed him forward on the car. We heard the rumbling of the wheels, the click of the lunette, and saw a man standing behind the posts grasp hold of the head to steady it. The dull fall of the knife next reached our ears, and we saw a headless body tilted into a long box which stood ready to receive it. This was at once lifted into a cart and driven from the ground.

I have described the deed minutely, but the length of the account gives no idea of the actual rapidity. Not a minute and a half elapsed from the time that the criminal appeared at the gate of the prison, before his body was hurried from the spot."

AVOIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal Brother Crump brought upon himself from drinking too much, and especially regretted the injury it brought upon the Society at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor.

"Why, yes," said Brother Noel, "I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that spirits is a blessing?" "Yes," replied Noel, "spirits is a blessing; that some on us abuses."

"Well, now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessing?" "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Brother Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinkin' too much, and then agin I'd think, may be not. What is man? A weak wretch of the dust. So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was a goin' too far in spirits. I put the whole responsibility on him; I prayed, if I was a drinkin' too much, for Him to take away my appetite for spirits. I've prayed that prayer three times, and He hasn't done it. So I'm clear of the responsibility, any way."

GIDDINGS AT BAT AND BALL.—In Jefferson, Ashland county, Ohio, the residence of Hon. J. R. Giddings, the villagers amuse themselves every evening playing ball—a game in which the old statesman takes great delight. On the 4th, a matched game was played—fourteen on a side. The Sentinel says:

The highest number of scores was made by Joshua R. Giddings, a young chap of sixty-four, who led the field, having made a tally as often as the club came to his hand.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, for revenge is a much stronger principal than gratitude.

Why can't a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

Model Oration.

To those who may not have had an opportunity of hearing a regular oration on the late Fourth, and who may desire to have their patriotic strength renewed by the reading of something really inspiring and highflutin, we submit the following, which the *Border Star* man says was delivered on that day, at the Delaware crossing of Kaw river by a volunteer orator:

Feller Citizens.—This is the ever memorable, adorable and patriotic Fourth of July—(cheers)—the day upon which the eagle of liberty first chawed up its iron cage and with a Yankee-doodle scream pounced upon its abhorrated tyrants and tore their despotic habiliments into a thousand gibles! (immense applause.) This feller-citizens, is the Fourth of July—worthy to be the first day of the year, and a day which will be emblazoned by our latest posterity when all other days will be sunk into oblivious non-compus-mentus! (renewed cheering.)

This is the Fourth of July, feller-citizens, on which our ancestral progenitors unanimously—(cheers)—and victoriously—(cheers)—fought, bled, and died, (great applause), that they and their children, and their children's children, might everlasting eat their own vine and fig tree without being molested or making anybody afraid. (Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.) This is the Fourth of July, feller-citizens, and who can on this prognostic anniversary, sit supinely down and not revert their mental visionaries to the great epochs of the Revolution—to the blood-be-spangled plains of Bunker Hill, Lexington, New Orleans, Boney Vista, and Black Jack, (great cheering) and follow the heroic heroes of those times through trackless snows and blood-red deserts to the eternal mansions of free trade and sailor's rights, and the adorable enjoyments of the privileges and prerogatives which now fall like heavenly dew on every American citizen, from the forests of Maine to the everglades of Florida, and from the fisheries of the Atlantic coasts to the yellow banks of Pike's Peak; (prolonged shouts) where the screams of the hyena mix up with the jingling of golden dornicks, and the mountain goat leaps from rock to rock—and—and—thank you, gentlemen, for your considerable attention. (Tremendous cheering—the Yankee fiddler struck up "Piscayous Butler," and the crowd moved off to partake of a free treat at the corner grocery.)

Adopted Citizens Abandoned by the Democracy.
German citizens of New York are very much agitated about the new position of the Democracy on the question of the rights of adopted citizens while abroad.

Gen. Cass has written two letters on the subject, and both of them ignore the principle, that the flag of the country protects them wherever they may go or be. One of these undertakes to define the position of the United States. In his letter to A. V. Hofer he says:

"The position of the United States is that native born Prussians naturalized in the United States, and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties except such as were existing at the period of their emigration."

The exception covers the case, and this, too, by Gen. Cass's own admission.

"Most of the European nations have a military organization by which their citizens are compelled to serve in the army by conscription, as in France, where the duty is designated by lot, or by draft; as in Prussia, where every person is required to take his turn as a soldier.

How then shall the Frenchmen or Prussian, as a naturalized citizen of the United States, escape if "voluntarily" he returns to France or Prussia?

He comes to us—he swears allegiance to the United States—he renounces all loyalty to his native land—and yet, where is his protection? Our Government gives him none. It tells him, if you owed military service at the time of your emigration, you must pay it, "like a fugitive, you are caught in your native land."

This is a cowardly position and a mean doctrine, neither having any basis in justice or any sympathy with freedom. Perpetual allegiance is only a cunning device of despotism at best, and for Government to declare to the world that it respects the principle, that it will not or dare not protect any citizen of the Republic wherever he may go or be, is an insult alike to the dignity of the nation, the chartered rights of the Republic, the nature of our institutions and the intelligence of our people.

We are not surprised at the doctrine of the Democracy as thus expounded. It is the foe of free labor and of free men at home, and of course it will not protect them against the despotisms abroad.—*Leavenworth Times*.

A Yankee lad, whose father was a farmer, went into a barn to play a short time ago, and being detained a prisoner by a thunder storm, he fell a sleep on a bag of guano. The old gentleman, when the storm was over, went into the yard to look after his son, and met a giant, eight feet high, coming out of the barn.

"Hallo! who are you?" he cried; "what are you doing here?"

"Why, father," squawked the Goliath, "its me, don't you know Tommy?"

"You!" the astonished parent exclaimed; why Tom, how on earth did you get stretched out so long in so short a time?"

"Why, father," replied the boy, looking down upon the gaping old man, "I slept upon that bag of guano you put in the barn; and that and the lightning together has done the business."

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I am going a shopping to-day, and want a little change." "Poon!" responded the savage, "that would be no change at all; you go a shopping every day."