Hillsdale Standard.

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PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION.

The following hit at the American people to hold meetings and pass flaming resolutions in regard to the actions of Government officials, is from the San Diego Herald.

A call was posted in the most conspicuous places in the city, for a mass meeting at the City Hall, on Monday evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the heroic act of Capt. Ingraham in saving the life of an adopted American citizen, in a foreign port. The following persons were announced as having been invited to address the meeting, viz:

Mons. Jean Jacques Romlaplen, a distinguished French exile.

Patrick O'B. Japers, Esq., a distinguished Greek refugee.

Herr Hans Nandam Schpoodleman—an exiled German of celebrity.

Sig. Dandilini Spozzini, ex-chief of the celebrated anti-despotic "cabali," an exile of Italy.

Ching Aling Tumchow Ki, an escaped Chinese rebel and refugee.

Gen. Krakovitch Blujazy Vitbich, an officer of the Hungarian Army of '48, and Assistant Commissary under Kossuth.

Pursuant to the above summons, a large and enthusiastic assemblage of the citizens convened in front of the Town Hall, long before the appointed hour. Precisely at 3 o'clock the meeting was called to order and opened by an appropriate prayer from the Rev. Hezekiah Hugh. On the motion of Prof. S. S. Sqizzins, Solomon Pike, Esq., of Missouri, was called to the chair, and several Vice Presidents nominated and elected.

The chairman after a few brief remarks on the object of the meeting, said, that he wished to express his regret at being obliged to state that four of the distinguished foreigners invited, found it impossible to attend, viz: the Greek, Italian, Chinese and Polish exiles.

He at the same time begged the excuse of his fellow citizens for the non-attendance of these gentlemen.

The following letter from Sig Spozzini, setting forth his regrets that he was unable to attend the meeting was then read.

Santinleruzi Di. 5.

'Signore Il President: Roesta maccoroni io sentomi una indispozzizioni. Vermicelli non lo! addesso ninil ini? titi? Mezzotinto violincell. Di tanti palpiti, felichi—o, o, dui sendi gli tuzzynuzymozzi. Hh non guluge, phizgigi glorissississimi libertati di Americani bombeganti. Intittyfrittinitzi Onipondioni aozzof ozzodoxxo, da?

Il sui sirvente,
D. Srozzini."

The noble sentiments here so boldly, though briefly expressed, called a loud cheer from the crowd, and a fear that the meeting could not endure any further display of patriotism at that time, the reading of letters from other distinguished absentees were dispensed with.

The chairman then offered a series of resolutions approving the conduct of Capt. Ingraham, in the Smyrnia affair, and tendering him, on the behalf of the people, the freedom of the city of Santa Cruz in a box, which were received with rounds of applause, and unanimously adopted. The chairman now brought forward and presented Mons. Jean Jacques Romfadieu the French exile, who would, he stated, address the meeting in English. He was received with three hearty cheers, and responded silently by three well defined shrugs. He then spoke as follows:

Messieurs Citoyens:

I am devoured by ze honor of zis percussion. I have a fazer, a mozer, and a leetle vife, and zey is all smozered by zis honor magnifique you do to me. I am un Francais!"

(A small boy in a tree here ejaculated—"H il Kerlumby!"

"Vat zo diable zat? Eh!—bien—I am Francais, I have shouldair ze car-r-r a bine—I have marche—and I have fight like nossing at all for the grande liberte. Vive la liberte! bote I have nevaire, nevaire, nevaire, jamais, feel so much happy as ven I read about zat action aussi perfaitment bravo of ze Capitaine Engroom,—nevaire by dam! by several large dam, Eh! Vos you sink a zat?

Bah! Mille tonneries! How sat ogly dible ze kink of Austriche moss, vot you call shake in ze bootes? Ha! sh! Eh? Vive l'eg lite! Je is proud to say zat I am a citioyen an natuerel (as you say) of zis grande republic. Oui, Monsieur, je is Americaine, and cef ze tyrants of France vant to ketch me—he, he, zey muss pull ze guts out of ze Americain eagle! Parbleu, zey may go to grass vis zeair bon bone! Vive les Etats Unis—Le President—His lady, (here he removed hat and bowed,) et vive les Americaine peoples! A has le tyr-r-rane! as as you say, go cet bootes! Ouf! Tral! Mortbleu u-u-u.

(Here the distinguished French exile, becoming much excited, turned a somersault and tore out two handful of his hair.)

Parrdon citioyens, but I git moche patrouitisme. Pim! pow! Le jour de gloirie est arrive! Oh! Ah! De la patro—cuc-r-r-r."

At this moment the French exile was carried from the speaker's stand by his enthusiasm, and was seen no more.

As soon as the applause consequent upon this short speech, had subsided, the chairman came forward, leading by the hand Herr Hans Vandam Schpoodleman, the German exile.—After introducing him to his fellow citizens, as the "renowned Flamingo," (probably because he was of Flemish origin,) he begged their strict attention as well as patience, as Herr S. possessed the characteristic phlegm of his countrymen, and must take his own time in speaking. He was smoking a large meerschaum pipe. He gave four or five huge puffs, and then spoke as follows:

"Fellow Citizens, ant shentlemen nit der Jury. Ven I gets dis evening your note for to come here ant to schpeak, I was very schleepy. Every night ven I gits mine supper in mine pelly, unt mine pipe, unt mine pot of lager beer, I gits mighty schleepy. Aw! aw! (a deep yawn) Zo I schpeaks to mine vrow—'Jemima!' unt she say, 'vell Hans,' und I say 'vot you tinks,' und she say 'vot you tinks,' und I say 'I tinks der same,' und she say 'vell I tinks as you tinks,' und I say 'I tink so too,' und she she say so neider, an so I come.

Yaw, yaw, dat was great tings, ven I dat Captain Schymna dook boor Ingraham out of der Kosta. Hein Himmel, vot a guntree!—He yoost tell Austria go mit hell—goot, vera goot!" (Looking around on the crowd) "Mine cot vot a lot of beoples!—oh! but I am schleepy, I vish I was in bed mit mine vrow Jemima; oh, but dat would be *so nice!*" Here he fell fast asleep and was charitably removed by some officiating gentlemen.

The excitement in the crowd now became intense. The great attraction of the evening, the Magyar General, was about to speak in his native tongue, as he knew not a word of English. Gen. Vizk, the Hungarian is a ferocious looking man—you would take him to be a hero among thousands—and the cheering was deafening as he bowed to the 'sovereigns.' He spoke briefly, but to the point, as follows:

"Kkkeignwitchlt Bikfkitch.

Krakaw dgbfelkt snooklactack silver digl—Kkkb Geoplixen junciewitch. Xyex hsioksazinz bum! Witch britchos stiex shucks!—Gzuux brick kacs tillerich fix sklebyutbantsh zckzcklitch bkbudslut bim ezksbukfslienkitsawinjanksszeksofzconeheoffskil Lsjos, Kiowshiot skunkefdung. Ciebun flipflopflut malsbang corneracking tarpitch fogfitch bam Kkff, Kk."

Amid hearty applause and perspiration the great Magyar retired. The foreigners present had now all spoken, and the crowd were anxious to hear a little of the old "Anglo." Loud and repeated cries were heard for 'Sol Pike,' 'Mr. Pike,' 'Pike,' Old Pike.' This is our chairman—the greatest orator of modern times.—He is called 'old dictionary' by many on account of his great command of words. He is a lawyer of great celebrity, and when I tell you that he it was made the defence in the great "Puggins rail Fence case," I have said enough—you know what to expect. He at last came forward—his very low bow commanded silence, and he spoke:

"Fellow citizens:

When the effulgent orb of diurnal illumination in orient horizon proclaims the morning's dawn—when our emblatic bird, ere he cleaves the azure emphyrean, replumes his pinions for a nobler flight; 'tis o'er a land where freedom's fire ne'r leaves a dastards footprint on the spotless soil."

(A small but precocious youth here vociferated "hur-r-r-rah for the Starspangled Bladder!"

Heedless of the interruption, Mr. 'Sol Pike' continued—

"Let allied powers of rotten dynasties, in the elder world, pour the cohortic regions, panoplied and steeled with hereditary pride, and contumelious ostentation, upon the Magyar, who emulating us, bears the red arm of liberty; let the ferocious Gaul rush with his surcharged bombards—the harbinger of desolation and woe—o'er fair Italy's smiling land of 'sunny smiles' and vines; let the bearded Russ with christian hate sweep with Cossack boot the sweet Sultans of the East; while other despots, perched in idiosyncratic georgeousness upon their thrones, proclaim a superfluous supercogation to the very—

A cry of fire here put an end to the speech and to the meeting.

The Execution of Francis Dick at Dayton, Ohio. His Confession.

On the morning of Saturday, August 18th, 1853, just at the dawn of day, old Mrs. Young and her son James, a boy of sixteen years old, were murdered at Dayton by Francis Dick.—He was arrested and twice convicted, and hung on the 8th.

On Wednesday he confessed to Sheriff Henderson the general fact that he was guilty of the murder for which he was about to suffer.

This much the Priest desired him to say, that the officer might be sure he was not executing an innocent man.

On thursday morning, Dick was visited by his brother—who is estimated a very worthy man. Both were much effected, Frank weeping as he talked. It had been suspected that he murdered a peddler at Troy, but this as a dying man he pronounced untrue. His brother he said was supposed to have died in a fit. He did not so die; he was poisoned. A boy about Dick's own age, who worked with him in the shoe shop disliked Peter, and putting some "snuff" in liquor gave it to him to drink, and it killed him.

When Dick married, his wife's father was living—an intemperate worthless old man.—One afternoon he and Dick were in Dayton together; and after dark they started home, but the old man never got there. He was found in the canal next day, with his skull broken.

Dick was suspected of killing him at the time; and in the conversation with his brother on Thursday, he confessed it. The old woman he said, was troubled by the old man, and thought he ought to be out of the way.—Dick thought so, too, but did not make up his mind to the deed until the day it was done.—The old man that morning had injured him deeply—and in a tender point. To resent this injury, and take a bond against his repetition, Dick planned the visit to town, knowing his victim would getdrunk, and might be easily shoved out of the world—with little room for suspicion of foul play. "I couldn't help it," was Dick's only apology for the deed.

In regard to the murder of his mother-in-law and "little Jummy," he stated to his brother that he made up his mind to kill the old woman two days before he carried the resolution into effect. His reasons, stated in this interview, were the same already detailed. Toward the boy he had no ill-will. He struck the old woman in the wagon and she tumbled out. Thereupon Jimmy jumped out and ran, calling to the top of his voice for his brother Angustus. Dick followed and caught him. "I didn't want to kill him," said Dick, "I only wanted to tell him not to 'holler;' but he fought me, and I struck him, not intending to kill him." He then returned to the old woman and "finished her."

The evening preceding the day of execution, Dick stated positively to one of the Sheriff's Deputies, that the implement used by him in murdering the old lady and boy, was Steffin's spade—the same which appeared against him on the trial.

In conclusion he said:—"I have brought disgrace upon myself and you. Mother is old, and will not live long. Only two of you will be left. I am sorry for what has happened; I wish I had'nt killed Jimmy, but I could'nt help it. I hope you will forgive me."

WHAT IS LIFE FOR.

Thus inquires the inspired Apostle—and immediately replies—"It is even a vapor which appeareth a little while and then vanisheth away." Bossuet one of the popular French preachers of the last century, discources on this topic in an eloquent strain.—[Pres. Adv.

"Human life is like a road that terminates in a frightful precipice; we are warned of it from the first step; but the law has gone forth—we must unceasingly advance toward the precipice. A thousand vexations, a thousand troubles, fatigue and distress us on the road; but if I could only avoid that frightful precipice! No, No! We must advance, we must ever run—such is the rapidity of years. We console ourselves, however, because from time to time we meet with objects which amuse us—running waters, passing flowers. We would wish to pause but on, on! And yet we see all that is passed, falling into ruins behind us;—frightful crash, inevitable destruction. We console ourselves, because we have carried off some flowers gathered by the wayside, which laid in our hand ere the evening approaches; some fruits, which we lose in tasting—enchantment, illusion! Still hurried thou approachest the gulf. Already everything begins to pass away; the gardens are less flowery, the flowers less brilliant their colors less lively, the meadows less smiling, the streams less pure; all fade all pass away the shadows of death appear, we begin to feel the approach of the fatal gulf. But we must advance to the brink—another step. Already horror has seized upon the sense; the head grows dizzy, the eyes wander on, on!—I would retrace my steps; impossible! all has fallen, all has vanished, all is lost.

"I need not tell you that this road is *life*—this gulf is *death*.

ONE OF BARNUM'S STORIES.

[Mr. Barnum is at present writing an Autobiography of himself, which is published in weekly enstalments in the Bridgeport Farmer. This story from a recent number will serve to illustrate its style.]

My father, besides being in the mercantile line and keeping the village tavern, also run a freight wagon to Norwalk, and kept a small livery stable. He was fond of a joke, and had a sly peculiar waggish kink in his nature, which led him frequently to turn off some pretty cute tricks.

On one occasion a young man, named Nelson Beers, applied to him for the use of a horse to ride to Danbury a distance of three miles. Nelson was an apprentice to the shoemaking business, nearly out of his time; was not overstocked with brains, and lived a mile and a half east of our village. My father thought it would be better for Nelson to make his short journey on foot than to be at the expense of hiring a horse but he did not tell him so. We had an old horse named "Bob," that having reached an age beyond his teens, was turned out in a bog lot near our house to die. He was literally a living skeleton," and was much in the same condition of the yankee's nag, which was so weak his owner had to hire his neighbor's horse to help him draw his last breath. My father, therefore, in reply to Nelson's application, told him that the livery horses were all out, and he had none at home except a famous "race horse," which he was keeping in low flesh in order to get him in proper trim to win a great race soon to come off.

"Oh do let me have him, Uncle Phile,* I will ride him very carefully and not injure him in the least," said Nelson Beers.

"He is too valuable an animal to risk in the hands of a young man like you," responded my father.

Nelson continued to importune, and my father to play off, until it was finally agreed that the horse could be had on the condition that he shouldin no case be rode faster than a walk or a slow trot, and that he should be fed four quarts of oats at Danbury. Nelson started on his Rosinante looking for all the world as if he was on a mission to the "carrion crows;" but he felt every inch a man, for he fancied himself astride of the greatest race horse in the country, and realized that a great responsibility was resting upon his shoulders; for the last words of my father to him were "Nelson, if any accident should happen to the animal while under your charge, you could not pay the damage in a life time of labor."

Old "Bob" was duly oated and watered at Danbury, and at the end of several hours, Mr. Beers mounted him, and started for Bethel.—He concluded to take the "great pasture" road home—that being the name of the new road cut through swamps and meadows—as a shorter route to our village. Nelson for once forgetting his responsibility, probably tried the speed of his race horse, and soon broke him down. At all events, *something* occurred to weaken old Bob's nerves; for he came to a stand-still, and Nelson was forced to dismount. The horse trembled with weakness, and Nelson Beers trembled with fright. A small brook was running through the bog at the roadside, and Beers, thinking that perhaps the "race horse" needed a drink led him into the stream. Poor old "Bob" got stuck in the mud, and not having strength to withdraw his feet, quietly closed his eyes, and like a patriarch as he was he drooped into the soft bed that was awaiting him, and gave up the ghost witwout a single kick.

No language can describe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe his eyes. He tried to open those of the horse, but it was no go. He placed his ear at the mouth of poor old "Bob," but took it away again in utter dismay. The breath had ceased! At last Nelson groaned as he thought of meeting my father, and wondered whether eternity, added to time would be long enough for him to earn the value of the "dead horse" and unbuckled the girth, drew off the saddle and placed it on his own back, trudged gloomily toward the village

It was about sundown when my father espied his victim coming up the street with the saddle and bridle thrown across his shoulders, his face wearing a look of the most complete dispair. My father was certain that old "Bob" had departed this life, and he chuckled inwardly and quietly, but instantly assumed a more serious countenance. Poor Beers approached more slowly and mournfully than if he was following a dear friend to the grave.

When he came within hailing dastance, my father called out. "Why, Beers, i it possible you have been so careless as to let that "race-horse run away from you?"

"Oh, worse than that, worse than that, uncle Phile," groaned Nelson.

"Worse than that? Then he has been stolen by some judge of valuable horses! Oh, what a fool I was to intrust him to anybody! exclaimed my father, with well-feigned sorrow.

"No he aint stolen uncle, Phile," said Nelson.

"Not stolen? well I am glad of that, for I shall recover him again; but where is he? I am afraid you have lamed him."

"Worse than that," drawled the unfortunate Nelson.

"Well, what is the matter? where is he? what ails him?" asked my father.

"Oh, I *can't* tell you—I can't tell you," said said Beers with a groan

"But you *must* tell me," returned my father.

"It will break your hert," groaned Beers.

"To be sure it will if he is seriously injured," reblied my father, "but where is he?"

"He is *dead!*" said Beers, as he nerved himself up for the announcement, and then closing his eyes sunk into a chair completely overcome with fright.

My father gave a groan that startled Nelson to his feet again. All the sensation of pain, dispair, horror and intense agony were depicted to the life on my father's countenance.

"Oh, uncle Phile, uncle Phile, don't be too hard with me, I wouldn't had it happen for all the world," said Beers.

"You can never recompense me for that horse," replied my father.

"I know it, I know it, uncle Phile. I can only work for you as long as I live, but you shall have my services till you are satisfied," returned Beers.

After a short time my father became reconciled to his loss, he asked Nelson how much he supposed he ought to owe him.

"I don't know—I am no judge of the value of blood horses, but I have been told they are worth fortunes sometimes," replied Beers.

"And mine was one of the best in the world," said my father, "and in such a perfect condition for running—all bone and sinew."

"Oh yes, I saw that," said Beers despondingly but with a frankness that showed he did not wish to deny the great claims of the horse and his owner.

"Well said my father, with a sigh, "as I have no desire to go to law on the subject, we had better try to agree on the price of the horse. You may mark on a slip of paper what sum you think you ought to owe me for him and I will do the same; we can then compare notes and see how far we differ."

I will mark," said Beers, "but, uncle Phile, don't be too hard with me."

"I will be as easy as I can, and endeavor to make some allowances for your situation, said my father, 'but, Nelson when I think how valuable that horse was, of course I must mark something in the neighborhood of the amount of cash I could have received for him. I believe, however, Nelson, that you are an honest young man, and are willing to do what you think is about right. I therefore wish to caution you not to mark down one cent more than you really think, under the circumstances, you ought to pay me when you are able, and for which you are now willing to give me your note of hand. You will recollect that I told you, when you applied for the horse, that I did not wish to let him go."

Nelson give my father a greatful look, and assented to all he said. About a dozen of our joke loving neighbors were witnessing the scene with apparent solemnity. Two slips of paper were procured; my father marked on one, and after much hesitation Beers wrote on the other.

"Well, let us see what you have marked," said my father.

"I suppose you will think it too low," replied Beers, handing my father the slip of paper.

"Only three hundred and seventy-five dollars!" exclaimed my father, reading the paper.

"Well, there is a pretty specimen of gratitude for you!

Nelson looked humbled, and could not muster courage enough to ask my father what he had marked.

Finally one of our neighbors asked my father to show his paper. He did so. He had marked "*six and a quarter cents!*" Our neighbor read it aloud, and a roar of laughter ensued, which fairly lifted Beers to his feet. It was some time before he could comprehend the joke, and when he became fully aware that no harm was done, he was the happiest fellow I ever remember of seeing.

"By thunder!" said he, "I've got a dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents and darned if I don't treat that out as free as air; I never was scared so bad in all my life."

Nelson stood treat for the company, and yet having half his money left on hand, he trudged home happier, if not a wiser man.

*My father's name was Phile, but as it was the custom to call every body in those parts uncle or aunt, deacon, colonel, captain, or squire, my father's general cognomen was as above.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

No men are so deep but that shallow places can be found.

There is many a wide waste of vast intelligence yet undiscovered.

Control your thoughts while in retirement and your tongue when in company.

The feathered songsters are the cottager's music, and flowers are the poor man's poetry.

Misfortune is a filter by which true friends are seperated from the scum.

The man to whom the world owed a living has left his residence, the landlord with whom he last boarded being unwilling to assume the world's indebtedness.

Why is a muff like a silly gentleman? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing 'em.

The most unpopular truth in the Bible is the record of ladie's ages.

Recommend to your children; virtue that alone can make them happy—not gold.

The favorite cosmetic for removing freckles in Paris is, an ounce of alum and an ounce of lemon juice in a pint of rose water.

You might as well expect to drive a ploughshare through a wasp's nest in open day, and not be stung, as to be truthful without giving offence.

Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, when exposed to the sun breeds small serpents; or at least, slimy eels.

Great Riot between Americans and Irish.

A telegraph dispatch from New Orleans, dated the inst. says:

Our city has been the scene of some terrible riots between the Americans and Irish, in which several lives were lost, and many badly injured.

There are many rumors and exagerated reports in circulation in regard to the cause of it. From the best information I can obtain, I learn that the first outbreak occurred on Sunday evening growing out of a political discussion between a party of Americans and Irish. A savage fight ensued, in which firearms and clubs were freely used. A number of the participants in the riot were badly wounded before it could be quelled by the police. On the following day one of the wounded died, and much excitement followed in consequence.

The excitement continued on the increase throughout Monday, and as night set in the riot was renewed with greater violence—each party apparently being prepared for it. The news spead rapidly through the city, and it was reported that several had been killed, but this report fortunately proved to be premature.—Pistols and guns were fired into the crowds, and many of the rioters received serious injuries. The police again succeeded in making several arrests and restoring order.

The rioters again assembled on Tuesday evening, when the struggle was renewed with redoubled ferocity. Two of the rioters were killed on the ground, and quite a number of them were carried off—some of them shockingly wounded.

The riotous fever continued to increase during Monday.

The Mayor ordered out the National Guards and the entire police force.

This had the effect of intimidating the rioters, and up to the time of sending this dispatch no further outbreak had taken place.

The Military however, are still held under arms, to be ready in the event of a renewal of the disgraceful riots.

THE "MAST."—It is an extraordinary fact, that though the dry character of the season has cut off the late crops, there is a most astonishing mast. The oak trees are loaded with acrons, and some of them we are told will yield ten bushels. These acrons, we are informed by those who ought to know, that, for the purpose of fatting hogs they are nearly equal to corn particularly is this the case with the acrons from the white oak. Where our farmers liv in the neighborhood of forests they will be able to make nearly their usual quantity of pork, especially if they have sufficient corn to feed their hogs a few weeks.

Mast fed park is not however, in as high esteem as that which is corn fed; but a good deal of the former will be brought to market the coming fall.—[Springfield Journal.

☞ A great race came off on Long Island last Thursday, between a Virginia gelding and a Kentucky colt. The latter took the purse of $4,000 easily, making the three miles in 5.-58. About $30,000 exchanged hands on the result of this race—the losers being mostly Virginians, whose horse was beaten. This week the regular Fall races commence. Some of the most celebrated horses in the Union are entered, and immense amounts of money are ready in the hands of the 'fancies' for betting.

A PUZZLED YANKEE.

The following extract of a letter from a Yankee correspondent of the *Galveston News* is highly amusing:

Well, I put up with a first rate, good natured fellow that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looked as though she lived on laffin,' her face was so full of fun. After a while—after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden and about the weather, in come three or four children, laffin' and skippin' as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine lookin' fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I put a lot of sugar candies, for the children as I went along.

'Come here,' said I 'you little rogue, and tell me what your name is.'

The oldest came to me and says: 'My name is Peter Smith.'

'And what's your name?'

'Bob Smith.'

The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith.—I gave 'em sugar candy, and Mrs. Smith was tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, did'nt say much.

'Why,' says I, "Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for t' em four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly.'

'No,' says she laffin', 'I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much.'

'No, no,' says I, 'they're rale good children; and by gracious,' says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith 'I never did see anything equal to it,' says I your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir,' tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that, her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house a laffin.'

'Do you think so, Col. Jones?' said she looking toward Mr. Smith, and I thought she'd go off in a fit.

'Yes,' says I, 'do really.'

'Ha, ha, haw!' says Mr. Smith kind o' half laffin' 'you're too hard on me now, with your jokes.'

'I ain't Jokin' at all,' says I, 'they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers—every one of them! and their hair was as curly as the blackest nigger's! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort of potted them niggers as playthings.

I never felt so streeked as I did when I found out how thing stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things I could a got over it, but kissin' 'em showed I was in earnest. Though I was soft soapin' 'em all the while, how to get over the scrape I didn't know. Mrs. Smith laugeed so hard when she saw how confused I was that she almost sufficated.

A little afterwards, there was a whole family of relations arrived from the city, and turned the matter off; but the next morning I could see that Mr. Smith did not like the remombrance of what I said, and I don't believe he'll vote for me when the election comes. I spec Mrs. Smith kept the old fellow under the joke for some time.

THE PRINTER.

The night grows late, the streets are hushed—the moon-beams fleck the deserted pavement—and sleep strews its slumberous poppies over the inhabitants of the silent city. All are at rest save the printer, who is busy at his case.

Dreams lovely as winged cherubs, hover about the repose of man maiden, visions as first lilies and beautiful as the matron and the child—but to the printer all is reality, toil and weariness.

How nimbly and cheerfully does he adjust the faithful types, as if he took "no note of time"—as if the duties that are wearing out his life were more a diversion than a laborious avocation. But amid their monotonous discharge, believe us, the printer thinks of home and sweet rest and sighs within himself for the letter lot of which others are possessed. And yet there is no repose for him, though the night tramps on, and the jocund dawn will soon appear.

Why do his motions grow less rapid?—why moves his fingers in so deliberate and mechanical a way? Whence is the smile that lingers at his lip, like the first sun-beam at the gates of morning? There is a gentle presence at his side—an eye, blue as violets, glancing into his own—accent, sweet is music, entrancing his ear, and reaching his very heart.

It is but a moment—it is only a revery—it did not even win him from his occupation—it only caused his hand to falter, not to cease—the printer awakes to busy toil again.

Ye who receive your sunrish favorite and wander, perhaps listlessly, over its pages, remember that it is the fruit of toil which was active and untiring while you were quietly sleeping—that your convenience and comfort are bought with the price of weariness.

There is an "electric chord," which being charged with sympathy, will carry the gentle burden even to the most distant hearts. We bespeak its agency in behalf of the faithful printer.—[Buff. Ex.

THE MURDER ON FRIDAY NIGHT.—The name of the man who it is supposed was murdered in this city on Friday night last, and his body afterwards placed on the Galena Railroad track where it was run over and shockingly mutilated by a freight train, was Anthony Baker.—He was an Englishman by birth, and represented himself as recently from Germantown, Pa., and on his way to Woodstock., Illinois.—He was considerably intoxicated during the evening while at the Yorkshire House, where he showed his money, which probably tempted some fiend to murder him for the purpose of getting it. One of the pockets of his pantaloons was cut open, and his money belt, which was found near him was also cut.

Two men were arrested on Saturday night, supposed to be implicated in the affair. Their names are John Crossfield and William Barrill. The case will come before the Grand Jury this afternoon.—[Chicago Tribune.

A SCOUNDREL IN LIMBO.—We noticed the mysterious disappearance from Buffalo of a man named ADAMS, who was on his way to Chicago. He has "turned up." He says he was induced to drink; that his liquor was drugged; that he woke up to find himself on a boat bound for Monroe; that his money was gone, and that he returned to Buffalo as soon as he could. A fellow, with several alliases, has been arrested in Buffalo, suspected of having drugged the liquor and robbed his victim, although the arrest was made for having played the same game with another person.

[Albany Journal.

HANGING A SLAVE FOR FIRING A BARN.—On Saturday last, the negro Tom, belonging to Mr. A. Carlin of this parish, was tried by a jury of slave owners, in pursuance of the act of '16, for burning a stable belonging to his master. The case was a clear one, and he was sentenced to be hung on the 15th of September next.

[Planter's Ban (Miss.) August 22.

Open Bosoms.

Fashion as the world knows, is and always has been a fickle and inexplicable jade, whose extravigancies and inconsistencies a goodly number, especially of the fair sex, have ever shown themselves anxious to follow. fashion, so long as she induces a departure from convenience and good sense only, merely excites our laughter or contempt; but when with her firm and long established prestige, she influences her gentle votaries to part company with meek eyed Modesty, she richly deserves to be decried.

To eschew as useless a homely, and come at once to our point; why is it that ladies of fashion and position, as they are happy to be considered, can so far forget what belongs to proper decorum and delicacy, as to adopt a style of dress to which it would seem no truly virtuous woman can submit without blushing? Why is it that they can expose to the gaze of every roue and idle lounger a portion of those charms, which no condition of social ethics, no regard for *bienseance*, no jealous love of honor should for a moment tolerate?

Have the days when modesty was regarded as the cheifest of woman's jewels, passed away? Has purity of mind, and much more purity of semblance, ceased to be held in estimation among the fair daughters of our land? We trust not indeed; though daily occular experience would point another faith.

It has long been a mystery to us—and its solution we have resolved in vain—how women—not *ladies*, for that is a false, flimsy and unpoetical term—who think rightly and would cause holy thoughts in others, can so far forget what self-respect claims, and what modesty demands, as to expose in the most tempting shape and attractive fashion, a part of the human form with which only the dearest and most tender ties should render man familiar. Are their motives innocent, or is their judgement deficient? One or the other surely must be the case.

We are not squeamish nor prudish, we think; and perhaps in our anti-journalistic capacity, we might have no objection objection to the prevalence of a fashion that is so generally admired by rakes and lovers of the mysterious beatiful in nature—well it may be too, furthering as it does the designs of the former and the gratification of the later; but as supporters of proper delicacy and well wishers of society, as admirers of genuine female loveliness ond conservators of public morals, we advocate the abandonment of "open bosoms"—not in a metaphorical sense—which are most artistically arranged

To double every charm they seek to hide.

Fielding well advises women who would be always secure, to guard zealously the mest romote outworks of their virtue; for those conquered, the citadel itself stands in emminent danger. His thoughts has a wonderful pertinence to our present subject, we opine.

Men must indeed be Josephs now-a-days, since they are confronted hourly by manifold temptations that would endanger the most rigorous Carthusian's peace.

Do our fashionable ladies go half-clad for the purpose of having what is denuded gaved at? Have they determined to expose their bosoms to the of curious connoisseurship? Are they rivals of each other to attract the warm and licentious glances that we have always been taught true chastity sought to shun?

We are not of the daughters of Eve, and hence cannot answer ourselves. Will some charitable lady of fashion enlighten us and inform us if the days of Charles the Merry, and Louis the Voluptuous, have dawned again?

We are earnest in our enquires, and if our laudable curiosity in this cannot now be satisfied, we may make inquiries to obtain a response; and in conclusion, we indulge in the hope that some of the fair daughters of our Western Metropolis will gratify our humble selves without delay.
—*Cincinnatti Daily Times.*

LATE FROM KANSAS—RETURN OF A PIONEER.—Mr. Newell Philbrick, of this city who joined the first pioneer party to Kansas, arrived here yesterday, from the far West. He brings just about the report we should expect from a steady, cool-headed man. He says that the company journeyed up the Kansas River, about forty miles from its mouth, with ox teams. Thus he describes, and we should suspect very truly, as the hardest part of the route. They stopped at the location selected by the Emigrant Aid Company, staked out their claims, and commenced building their log cabins. Two young men, from those who went out intending to remain, became home-sick, sold out and left. All the rest were in good spirits and condition. The agent of the company secured a claim half a mile square for the future erection of a store, receiving house, &c. Back of and around this the pioneers staked out their claims, half a mile deep and a quarter of a mile front. The soil is rich, and the climate rather warm. Limestone is near by, and Mr. Philbrick thinks, in consequence of the scarcity of timber, will be much used for building. Some dozen families from the Western States have already got up their cabins, and are settled within a short distance of this location. Mr. Philbrick has staked out his claim, and comes back to see if his family will return with him about the first of October. He says it is not an easy place to live in at present, but nothing but industry, and two or three years' time are wanting to secure a beautiful farm to every settler.—*Worcester Spy, Aug. 31st.*

☞ Quite a number of persons have very suddenly died, within a few days, at Baltimore, from eating crabs and other fish caught in the harbor. At this season of the year the water of the bay, in front, of the city, is little better than a stagnant pool of corruption, and the fish are consequently unhealthy, if not poisonous. *Oyster eaters will bear this in mind.*