White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

PUGH'S ORATION OVER THE MURDERED CORPSE OF DOUGLAS.

The Cincinnati Times gets off the following capital travestie on Marc Antony's Oration over the dead body of Cæsar:—

"Mr. Douglas was the impersonation of Northern honor. His enemies have made him greater than his friends ever could. They might kill him at Baltimore if they chose, but his friends would carry his bleeding carcass to the North-West, and show him to the young men coming to cast their first votes, and tell them that this is another Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and this is Southern gratitude."—*Pugh in the Senate, May 22d.*

SCENE—*A Street in Chicago—Republican Wigwam in the distance—Douglas' body lying on a bier—Young Men surveying the corpse—Federal Officers smiling in the back-ground.*

Enter Pugh—arms folded and head bowed—he slowly clambers to the top of a street railroad car, and after surveying the crowd and wiping away a tear, speaks thus:—

Friends, Suckers, Democrats, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Douglas, and to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it not be with Dug. The grey-hair'd Buck
Hath told you Douglas was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Douglas answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Old Buck and the rest,
(For Old Buck is an honorable man,
So his Cabinet all; all honorable men,)
Come I to speak at Douglas' fun'ral.
He was my friend; I tied to him;
But Buchanan, the old profaner,
Swept him down before my weeping eyes.
He hath fought many battles here and there,
And largely from the Fed'ral Treas'ry drew;
Did this in Douglas seem ambitious?
When power politicians went up the spout,
He antied to the last cent in his purse:
Yet Davis says he is ambitious;
And old Jeff. is an honorable man.
You all did see that, down at Charleston,
Ev'n thrice the White House was within his grasp;
Yes, on his finger end. But did he grab it?
He didn't that; he wasn't ambitious;
No, friends, he didn't, sure as yer born.
I speak not to draw tears from Federal eyes;
I know that would be a fruitless task.
But you who loved him and will weep with me,
Out with your wipers, friends, and snort away. [Pause.]
O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!
You do not cry!
Whr, look into the coffin there with Douglas;
If that don't make you weep, pray what will?
1st Dem. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2d Dem. If thou consider rightly in the matter,
Douglas has had great wrong.
3d Dem. Hark ye, fellers,
Let us take out our wipers and have a cry.
4th Dem. Let's further hear. I have serious doubts:
You know, it may be, Dug. was not a Dimmycrat.
Pugh. But yesterday, the word of Douglas might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O, heavens! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I'd tell you, Democrats, of Secession wrong,
Which, you all know, is very damnable.
I'll give them one stout lurge—a Heenan left
Between the eyes; their daylight stop; and then
Leave you, with bigger fists, to do the rest.
See here's a parchment, with the seal of Douglas:
I found it in his closet, in the till.
It lets the secret out completely,
(Which, pardon me, explains his quick demise,)
And tells how Douglas, some four years ago,
Was honey-fuggled by these Southern men,
Who begg'd a hair from him for memory;
Yet, when t'ward the White House his eyes he strained,
They turned upon him, and down in Baltimore
Did rip him up.
[*Pause. Federal office-holders retire to take a drink.*]
Pugh. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this platform; I remember
The day and hour it was adopted:
'Twas on a Summer's evening, way down South,
'Mid flower perfume and nigger cries.
O, weeping friends, I thought 'twas all right then,
And telegraph'd to Dug. that it was so;
But, ah! I was too hasty, gentlemen;
For ere the wires had tick'd my message on,
The men who fire out from the hall did bolt;
And, rushing out of doors, they did resolve
To blow us all unhapp'ly up, you see;
And, as you know, they skeered New York clear out her boots.
Judge, O, ye gods, how badly this Pugh was hurt!
That was the unkindest cut of all;
For when we tried to fix the matter up,
It worse did grow, and when adjourn we did,
Quite squashed were we; then burst his mighty heart;
And, after two days' blow within the Senate,
And a hard old time at Baltimore,
Pierced by fire-eating wounds, great Douglas fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
For I, and you, and all of us do know,
The hand he early licked did give the blow.
You do not weep; ah! I perceive you are
Heathens like the rest; you will not worship bones.
Dod rot you all! When Douglas was going up, you worshipped him; but now he's done for, his wounds nor my great eloquence can move you not to pity.
You're worse 'an p'izen. Go to, fellers!

[Exit Pugh, in a rage. Federal officers approach, treat the crowd, and give three cheers for the Great Old Party and the "hull" ticket.]

Miscellaneous.

"HONEST OLD ABE."

With this homely but most expressive phrase the people of the North-West are wont to designate the man whom the Republican Convention at Chicago yesterday, on the third ballot, and by a majority which instantly became unanimity, selected as our standard bearer in the great contest now opening for the redemption of the Federal Government from the corruption, weakness, and degredation into which long Democratic predominance has brought it. This rude designation, invented by unerring popular instinct, expresses the entire and confident affection which the heart of the masses feels for Mr. Lincoln wherever he is known; it declares the popular certainty that his is a nature of sterling stuff, which may always be relied upon for perfect integrity, it is not to be taken as a literal description; Mr. Lincoln is not an old man either in years or in character. On the contrary he is still in the full vigor and bloom of manly maturity.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and is now 51 years old. He is very probably of the race of the Massachusetts Lincolns, though his parents were of Quaker stock, that migrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia, whence his grandfather removed in 1701-2 to Kentucky, and was there surprised and killed by Indians while at work on his clearing. Like most pioneers, he left his family poor; and his son also died prematurely, leaving a widow and several children, including Abraham, then six years old. The family removed soon after to Southern Indiana, where Abraham grew to the stature of six feet and some inches, but enjoyed scarcely better opportunities for instruction than in Kentucky. Probably six months in all of the rudest sort of schooling comprehends the whole of his technical education. He was in turn a farm laborer, a common workman in a sawmill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers. Thus hard work and plenty of it, the rugged experiences of aspiring poverty, the wild sports and rude games of a newly and thinly peopled forest region—the education born of the log cabin, the rifle, the axe, and the plow, combined with the reflections of an original and vigorous mind, eager in the pursuit of knowledge by every available means, and developing a character of equal resource and firmness—made him the man he has since proved himself.

At 21, he pushed farther West into Illinois, which has for the last thirty years been his home, living always near and for some years past in Springfield, the State Capital. He worked on a farm as hired man his first year in Illinois; the next year he was a clerk in a store; then volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen a captain by his company; the next year he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature; he was chosen the next, and served four sessions with eminent usefulness and steadily increasing reputation; studied law, meantime, and took his place at the bar; was early recognized as a most effective and convincing advocate before the People of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay; was a Whig candidate for Elector in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852 inclusive; was chosen to XXXth Congress from the Central District of Illinois in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election; and in 1849 measurably withdrew from politics and devoted himself to his profession until the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena.—He was the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year, but they were not a majority of the body; so he declined and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was thus elected.

In the gallant and memorable Presidential contest of 1856, Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Fremont Electoral Ticket of Illinois. In 1858, he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State against Mr. D. with an ability in which logic, art, eloquence, and thorough good nature were alike conspicuous, and which gave him a national reputation. Mr. Douglas secured a predominance in the Legislature and was elected, though Mr. Lincoln had the larger popular vote, so that if the question had been decided by the majority of the people, the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards Slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

As a Presidential candidate, Mr. Lincoln enjoys peculiar advantages. While his position as a Republican renders him satisfactory to the most zealous member of the party, the moderation of his character, and the conservative tendencies of his mind, long approved and well known of all men in public life, commend him to every section of the Opposition.—There is no good reason why Americans and Whigs, and in short all who are inspired rather by patriotism than by party feeling, should not rally to his support. Republicans and Conservatives, those who dread the extension of Slavery, and those who dread the progress of Administrative and Legislative Corruption, may be assured that in him both these evils will find a stern and immovable antagonist and an impassable barrier. At the same time, as a Man of the People, raised by his own genius and integrity from the humblest to the highest position, having made for himself an honored name as a lawyer, an advocate, a popular orator, a statesman and a Man, the industrious and intelligent masses of the country may well hail his nomination with a swelling tide of enthusiasm, of which the wild and prolonged outbursts at Chicago yesterday are the fitting prelude and beginning.

We need hardly say that the election of Mr. Lincoln, though it cannot be accomplished without arduous and persistent efforts, is eminently a *thing that can be done.* The disruption of the Democratic party, now perhaps less likely to be repaired than before his nomination, the fact that he was put forward by one of the doubtful States, Illinois, and nominated in great measure by votes from two others, namely, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the universal desire of the country to settle the vexatious Slavery question in accordance with the views of the Fathers—all these are powerful in behalf of the Chicago ticket. But, as we said, efforts must be made. The organization must be perfected in every State, in every county, in every district. Tracts and newspapers must be disseminated. Public discussions must be held. The people must be animated, enlightened, inspired with a sense of the solemn duty resting on all patriotic citizens. Thus the great victory may be achieved, and the country may be redeemed from the pernicious influences that are hurrying it to ruin. Americans! Republicans!—Shall not all this be accomplished?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Personal Habits of Abraham Lincoln.

In his personal habits, Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritions. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He never was accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language.—A friend says that once, when in a towering rage, in consequence of the efforts of certain parties to perpetrate a fraud on the State, he was heard to say, "They shan't do it, d—n 'em!" but beyond an expression of that kind, his bitterest feelings never carry him. He never gambles; we doubt if he ever indulges in any games of chance. He is particularly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever; and in debt, he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar. He never speculates. The rage for the sudden acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been moderate, but sufficient for his purposes. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in pursuit of knowledge. In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous but exact, and, above all, religiously honest. He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged any one out of a cent, or ever spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money; but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and though not a communicant, is a pewholder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln belongs. He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—too exact in his notions to suit the atmosphere of Washington as it now is. His enemies may say that he tells Black Republican lies; but no man ever charged that, in a professional capacity, or a citizen dealing with his neighbors, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of modest means and simple tastes. A good sized house of wood, simply but tastefully furnished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own, and there he lives at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and for his honesty, ability and patriotism, the admiration of his countrymen.

If Mr. Lincoln is elected President he will carry but little that is ornamental to the White House. The country must accept his sincerity, his ability and his honesty, in the mold in which they are cast. He will not be able to make as polite a bow as Frank Pierce, but he will not commence anew the agitation of the Slavery question by recommending to Congress any Kansas Nebraska bill. He may not preside at the Presidential dinners with the ease and grace which distinguish the "venerable public functionary," Mr. Buchanan; but he will not create the necessity for a Covode Committee and the disgraceful revelations of Cornelius Wendell. He will take to the Presidential chair just the qualities which the country now demands to save it from impending destruction—ability that no man can question, firmness that nothing can overbear, honesty that never has been impeached, and patriotism that never despairs.—*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

DOUGLAS ON COWS.—A clever writer in the Scioto Gazette thus illustrates the duplicity of Douglas:

But that Stephen A. Douglas should object to a juggling dodge because of its duplicity is truly refreshing! It has been his study day and night for the last six years to conceal his real position (if he has any, which no man can prove,) by ambiguous phrases, capable of two or more interpretations. We have often thought if it became necessary for the Little Giant in a public speech or a political resolution to refer to a cow, he would never write or speak the word as other men, c-o-w—cow; but would put it in this style: "*the female quadruped which supplies the human family with lacteal fluid.*" See the advantage! *Egypt* would swear the Little Giant meant their favorite *camel*, and would grow enthusiastic. Lovers of "switzer cheese" would regard him as sound on the *goat*, and support him. The "*Arabs*" (we have a large class of them) would quote his language as proof positive he was a lover of *mares*; while the denizens of the Blue Grass Region would never for a moment suspect he could have meant any other animal than the bovine female.

In an eloquent and glowing tribute to the Union, made by a young Kentuckian, speaking of the awful results of dissolution, he says that the "youthful stars would hang their heads in shame." We presume the little fellows are not so very young, as they are able to be out of nights.

FARE AT THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.—Meet and drink.

RATIFICATION SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Up, again for the conflict! our banner fling out,
And rally around it with song and with shout!
Stout of heart, firm of hand, should the gallant boys be,
Who bear to the fray the Flag of the Free!
Like our sires, when Liberty called to the strife,
They should pledge to the cause fortune, honor and life!
And follow whenever she beckons them on,
Till Freedom exults in a victory won!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The battle-torn banner, that beckons us on!

They come from the hillside, they come from the glen—
From the streets thronged with traffic and surging with men;
From looms and from ledger, from workshop and farm,
The fearless of heart, and the mighty of arm.
As the mountain-born torrents exultingly leap,
When their ice-fetters melt, to the breast of the deep;
As the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea,
They are coming—are coming—the Sons of the Free!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The war-tattered banner, the Flag of the Free!

Our Leader is one who, with conqueless will,
Has climb'd from the base to the brow of the hill;
Undaunted in peril, unswerving in strife,
He has fought a good fight in the Battle of Life;
And we trust him as one who, come woe or come weal,
Is as firm as the rock, and as true as the steel;
Right loyal and brave, with no stain on his crest—
Then, hurrah, boys, for "Honest Old Abe of the West!"
And fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The signal of triumph for "Abe of the West!"

The West, whose broad acres, from lake-shore to sea,
Now wait for the harvest and homes of the free!
Shall the dark tide of Slavery roll over the sod,
That Freedom makes bloom like the garden of God?
The bread of our children be torn from their mouth,
To feed the fierce dragon that preys on the South?
No, never! the trust which our Washington laid
On us, for the Future, shall ne'er be betrayed!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
And on to the conflict, with hearts undismayed!

Important to Pike's Peak Emigrants.

The Kansas City, Mo., Medical and Surgical Review, in an interesting article on the diseases to which emigrants to the Pike's Peak region are exposed, describes the following malady to which even the prudent are liable:

"Mountain Fever" is a disease said to be, and doubtless is, peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region; never occurring, according to Dr. Ewing, at a less elevation than 6000 or 7000 feet; certain it is, we have never met with it in any other section. In 1849 we treated a number of cases of this fever, occurring among the emigrants between the North fork of the Platte and the Sierra Nevada mountains; one of these cases, a well marked and violent one, in the person of an emigrant from this State, on Black's Fork of Green River, a few miles below Fort Bridger, U. T., the immediate field of observation in 1857-8, by Dr. Barthalow, of the U. S. Army, who has given an excellent description of this fever in his medical Topography of that section, published in the American Journal of Medical Science, No. 78, April, 1860.

For a description of the disease we will quote Barthalow, whose graphic account of the symptoms we fully endorse:

"All cases were ushered in by a chill more or less decided, which lasted a variable period. In the febril stage the pulse was full, quick, frequent, but soft, and sometimes dicrotic; skin hot, dry and mordicant; tongue heavily furred in the center, red and dry at the edges and tip. There were present also, intense cophal algia; aching in the back and limbs; suffusion of the eyes; loathing of food, and sometimes nausea and vomitig; delirium occurred in several cases during the exerbations. The remissions were characterized by debility, listlessness, and indisposition to the slightest exertion of body or miud, and a most painful aching of the limbs. The countenance at these periods was vacant, dull, and tinged with yellow; the pulse small, quick, irritable; the skin moist, perspiring, but sweating was never profuse.—Diarrhoea was a frequent symptom; the stools were thin, yellowish, watery, and offensive, occasionally greenish, dark brown, or black. Trine was usually scanty, and deposited an abundant lateritious sediment."

The treatment found most useful was, in the early stage, an emetic of ipecacuanha, followed if the bowels were costive by a mercurial cathartic, succeeded if it did not operate in five or six hours by a dose of castor oil or epsom salts, with spirits nitre dule, and mucilaginous drinks during the exacerbation. As soon as a remission is attained, the free admission (five grains every two hours until thirty or forty grains are taken.) of quinine will most generally suffice to break the attack. But in the treatment of this, as in all other diseases, occurring among miners and others whose diet is such as necessarily to induce a scorbutic tendency, let the practitioner and patient be warned against the free and protracted use of mercury; frightful salivations, which tend still farther to jeopardize the life of the patient, must and will result from a neglect of this precaution.

MITES FROM MOMUS.—Too true to be funny. The ties of unhappy marriages are cruel-ties.

A hat store down town advertises Bloomers *and* Flats. Is not this using two words where one would answer as well?

A KNELL FOR THE UNION PARTY AFTER THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—We have lost. Let that Bell be tolled!

MUCH TO BE REGRETTED.—The Herald tells that "Brigham Young is the only check to the institution of Lynch." This causes us the most profound regret, as we had hoped ere this, he might have offered it one of—ought we not to say—its most illustrious examples?

OPEN TO CONVICTION.—Peter Funks and Bogus Ticket Agents.

Funny Questions.

The following excellent take off on the questions proposed to be asked by the takers of the census of 1860, has been variously credited to the Buffalo Express and the Cleveland Plaindealer. Without attempting to settle the question of paternity, we present it as we find it:

Where were you born, and when, and were you present on the occasion of your birth?

Have you any brothers and sisters; if so how many; what proportions of "seck," and which do you like best of the lot?

Do you own any free negroes; if so, how many, and are they all Black Republicans?

Have you a father on your mother's side?

Did you ever black said progenitor's eye?

Did you ever put strychnine in your grandmother's cough drops?

Were you ever elected Inspector of election?

What was your majority, and what did it cost you?

Are you a married person, and how do you like the institution?

Have you any children; how many; and what is a certain remedy for the snuffles?

Do you grow any corn; if so how much? What proportion of it do you consume in the form of whiskey, and how much do you waste in making bread?

Can you get a note discounted at any of the banks in this city at thirty days?

Did you ever drive a ten penny nail in your little sister's head?

How old were you when you first began to whip the old lady?

How much are you worth anyhow?

What is the cash value of a one dollar bill?

Were your father and mother both white men?

What is your opinion of the common Council?

Are you acquainted with Artemus Ward, and how much does he owe you?

Did you ever have the scarlet croup, and what did you do for it?

Can you stand on your head, and how long? If a good while, how much longer if necessary?

How're your folks?

Are you acquainted with Mr. Squills; if so, how long?

If half an acre of ground will yield one hundred bushels of ruta bagas, how many banks will it take to discount a thirty day note payable in New York?

How much have you accumulated by loafing around courts, for the purpose of getting on juries?

Do you use a sewing machine? If so, state whether it is alive or dead.

Do you regard James Buchanan as "sound on the goose?"

Do you like ham?

If your family eats a ham in three days, how long will it take them to eat a couple of hammers?

Is your sister well?

Can you lend me five dollars?

Did you ever have the measles, and, if so, how many?

Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

How many times has your wife "wished she was dead," and did you reciprocate the wish?

Do you use boughten tobacco?

Were you and your wife worth anything when married, and if not what proportion of her things were your'n and what things were hern.

Were you ever in the penitentiary?

Are you troubled with biles?

How many empty bottles have you in the house?

How does your meerschaum color?

State how much pork, Impending crisis, Dutch cheese, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, Gayety paper, slave code, catnip, red flannel, Constitution and Union, old junk bottles, perfumery, coal oil, liberty, hoop skirts, &c., you have on hand?

Persons liable to be "censured" will do well to cut the above out and put it up in a conspicuous place.

PRENTICE-IANA.—Mr. Douglas' Chicago organ calls Mr. Lincoln "a nonentity." Well, if a nonentity gives Douglas such a terrible fight in 1858, beating him several thousands in the popular vote, we wonder what an entity would have done.

The late New York postmaster was a great gun of the Democracy, but these Locofoco guns when fully *loaded*, often go off of themselves without waiting to be discharged.

The Washington Constitution says that the administration "are trying to put an end to the robbing of the Treasury." Yes, by making it not worth robbing.

What office-holder can read the developments of the Covode Committee and doubt, that, under certain circumstances, the most scandalous thefts are not only approved but practiced by the President and his Cabinet?

"O, Willie we have missed you," as the disconsolate Sewardites sing when they take their harps down from the willows, and attempt to keep step with the music of Old Abe Lincoln.

It is said that Buchanan has quite a taste, caused perhaps by childishness, for drawing and sketching, more especially for engravers. We always thought him a *designing* sort of a man.

THE DOUGLASES.

A Douglas of the old time paid
To Scotland's King his court;
The King he made the Douglas run
Beside his horse in sport.
The Douglas strove, the Douglas ran,
The jolly King spurred well,
Till bruised and spinched from heel to head,
The baffled suitor fell.

The Douglas of our day went down
To Slavery's royal hold;
Beside the monarch's bridle-rein,
He ran like hils of old.
With legs too short to win a race
Wherein the longest tire,
The Douglas ran, the King spurred on,
And left him in the mire!

Humors of the Campaign.

THE RACE OF GIANTS.—In his speech before the Central Campaign Club, last night, Ex-Senator Truman Smith alluded to the size of "Honest Old Abe," when some one in the audience called out: "He is six feet three." "Yes," said Mr. Smith, "and the most entertaining sight I wish to see is the real giant striding across the country with the duck-legged Little Giant trying to keep up to him. It is easy to see how that race would end.—*Evening Post.*

THE FIRST ACT OF LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.—When the news of his nomination first reached Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's friends rushed to his house, and asked him how many guns they should fire, whether one hundred or one for each State. "Well," said he, "I must begin my administration on the principle of retrenchment and economy. You had better fire but one gun for each State."

THE YOUNG LINCOLN'S.—An account of the official visit to Mr. Lincoln to notify him of his nomination, has the following:

As they were passing in at the gate and up the steps, two handsome lads of eight and ten years met them with a courteous "good morning, gentlemen."

"Are you Mr. Lincoln's son?" said Mr. Evarts, of New York.

"Yes, sir, replied the boy.

"Then let's shake hands," and they began greeting him so warmly as to excite the younger one's attention, who stood silently by the opposite gatepost, and he sang out, "I'm a Lincoln, too," whereupon several delegates amid much laughter, saluted the young Lincoln.

A GOOD KIND OF A "HAM."—*Abraham*—the man nominated at Chicago.—*Springfield News.*

We propose to amend by adding *Hamlin.*—*Marysville Tribune.*

The problem is solved. When an irresistible force meets an immovable body, what is the consequence? They adjourn to meet again in Baltimore.—*Hartford Press.*

Death of Peter Parley.

The telegraph announces the death, in New York, on the 10th, of Samuel Griswold Goodrich, who under the pseudonym of Peter Parley, is very widely known. Mr. Goodrich was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, August 10, 1793. Early in life he was engaged in the publishing business in Hartford. He visited Europe in 1824, and on his return settled in Boston, where he commenced the publication of his Peter Parley series of juvenile books. From these, and from other books and periodicals which he wrote or edited, he derived not only a wide popularity, but a considerable income.

It is the merit of his juvenile works that they are reliable sources of knowledge as well as funds of entertainment. They please their readers and at the same time instruct.

Much of what is really valuable in these works is undoubtedly due to the breadth and accuracy of the learning of the late Mr. Kittell, who was at the time of his death editor of the Boston Courier. Mr. K. did the work and Mr. G. received the honor and emolument in more than one instance.

The young men and women of the present day owe a great many of the plessant hours of their childhood and a great deal of the store of information they possess—be that more or less—to Samuel Griswold Goodrich, and they will heartily regret that their children will not have the pleasure of reading "Peter Parley's Last Book," or the last number of "Merry's Museum."—*Cin. Gaz.*

THE "CONSTITTTIONAL UNION" TICKET.—JOHN BELL,
Nobody's man!
Stands on nobody's platform!
Fights nobody!!
Loves nobody!!!
E Pluribus Unum!!!!

EDWARD EVERETT,
Writes for the N. Y. Ledger!
Writes for the N. Y. Ledger!!
Writes for the N. Y. Ledger!!!
Writes for the N. Y. Ledger!!!

The Illinois Journal contains the following obituary notice of a once popular animal.

DIED.—At Charleston, S. C., on the 2d inst., the old and well known horse Democracy.

The above horse was sired by Thomas Jefferson and dam(n)ed by S. A. Douglas.

A Democratic editor out West says that should the city of Providence, R. I., continue strongly Republican, he will disown it as his native city. For once, it is to be hoped that the contingency will happen which will make a man repudiate Providence.

The Republican Wigwam at Chicago.

This gigantic structure, the largest audience room in the United State, owes its erection to the liberality and welcome with which our Chicago Republicans have hailed the occasion, which, in Chicago, now within a few days hence is to usher in the great campaign of 1860, by naming the gallant standard-bearers of our party, who are destined in November to bear its colors to victory.

The great Wigwam is not simply intended for the sessions of the Convention. It will know many glorious rallies during the Summer and Fall to come. As it stands, it is the worthy object of pride to all our citizens, even those of the opposite politics recognizing the added fame it will win for our city, in the credit it reflects upon our residents.

The longest front of the building is on Market street. Both fronts are simple and plain, yet neat and in keeping with the character and designs of the building.

The entrances are broad and ample, and the area within admirably well adapted to meet the purposes of the edifice. Advantage has been taken of the height of grade on both streets, about ten feet, to give the amount of slope to the floor by a series of wide platforms to the space in front of the stage. The platform is wide and deep, and thereon is to be held the Republican National Convention of 1860, as the immense stage will accommodate from six to seven hundred persons. It has on either end, as will be seen, ample Committee rooms. In front of the platform is enclosed space for the music.

A judiciously arranged and excellent feature of the Wigwam is the immense gallery extending on three sides. The pitch of this is such that from every part a perfect view of the speaker's stand can be gained. The supports of the edifice are ample enough to banish all suspicion of insecurity, yet such as to interpose the least possible interruption to seeing and hearing.

The entire cost of the building is between $5,000 and $6,000. Its capacity has been fixed by good judges, based on careful estimates, at from ten to eleven thousand. Its interior was left rough and unplained, the wall back of the platform being the brick wall of the adjoining store.

Upon this rough interior, the light, graceful and entirely successful handiwork of our Republican ladies has been bestowed, until when for the first time the effect of gas light was added Saturday evening, the effect was brilliant in the extreme.

Around the front of the gallery are the coat of arms of the States, and between them wreaths of evergreen. The pillars and supports have been painted white, and wreathed with evergreens, and from each to each have been twined draperies in red, white and blue, with artificial flowers and minature national flags.

The pillars supporting the roof, which form a continuous row along the front of the platform, bear on one side to the audience, busts of distinguished men, supported by figures of Atlas. The speaker's stand is a double dais or platform on rollers, to be pushed back to the rear of the great stage when the Convention is in session, or brought forward when the great area in front is filled for a mass meeting.

This latter was the case last evening. The dais bore elegant appointments of furniture and statuary on either side.—The chief decoration has justly been bestowed upon the stage. The brick wall at the rear has been painted and divided into arched panels, in which are colossal statuary paintings. Over the centre of the stage is suspended a large gilt eagle. Altogther the Wigwam is a success in design and its carrying out.

WHERE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS FIRST SAW EACH OTHER.—An anecdote is related of Lincoln and Douglas, alike illustrative of the bitter personality of the latter, and the cool, self-possession of the former. It is well known that in early life Lincoln was, at one time, a grocer's clerk. In the campaign of 1858, when these two gentlemen were stumping together the State of Illinois, Douglas in one of his speeches stated that the first time he saw Lincoln he was behind a bar. When Lincoln arose to reply, he referred in a good natured manner to the Senator's personal remarks, and informed the audience that the first time he saw Douglas he was on the other side of the bar, *leaning against it for support!*—This brought down the house, and the "Little Giant wilted!"

POLITICAL PLEASANTRIES FROM THE CHICAGO PRESS.—Stringfellow, of former Kansas notoriety, has quit public life and gone to raising hemp in Missouri. We are of the opinion that the hemp would look decidedly better raising him.

It seems a little funny to think that one side of "the goose" at present has two wings to it.

The Louisville Journal tries to make itself witty over what it is pleased to call "Lincoln's long, penetrating nose."—We can assure it that the *prominent* feature in that glorious old man's physiognomy is just now the *scenter* of attraction.

The State of Arkansas is the only State in Union without a telegraph, and she has not a foot of line within her border.

"Governor Fussation" is the name irreverently applied to Henry A. Wise by Owen Lovejoy, in his late sensation speech.