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Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE LITTLE GIANT AND HIS SHORT LEGS.

A BALLAD--NOT BY TOM MOORE.

I.
There was a Giant small,
Further than this he was tall,
And he said unto his covet, let us try, try, try,
If we cannot succeed,
(Though we are of doubtful breed.)
I'm going to the White House 'ere I die, die, die,
It getting to the White House 'ere I die.

II.
No sooner said than done,
All the covet, one by one,
Assembled to determine what to do, do, do;
Some for love and some for hire,
In secret did conspire,
To try to put their little fellow through, through, through,
To try to put their little fellow through.

III.
At Charleston, the occurred!
All these covets gathered first,
And for fourteen days they labored with a will, will, will,
There they fought with might and main,
But alas! 'twas all in vain,
The path their Giant led them was up hill, hill,
The path their Giant led them was up hill.

IV.
But they didn't dare to think,
So they plied them to their work, (said)
But while they worked was heard a ghostly sound, sound,
"You're on a fool's errand here,
He cannot be President--"
His coat-tails, sir, are too near the ground, ground, ground,
His coat-tails are too near, sir, the ground."

V.
Then in wonder and surprise,
Stopped they all and turned their eyes,
From whence the voice proceeded, to find out, out, out;
Whence the voice, prophetic tongue,
That thus all their wits wrong,
By clouting their desires with a doubt, doubt, doubt,
By clouting their desires with a doubt.

VI.
Then, behold! a shape of air--
(Then Old Boston with a square--
And his look had been of a good deal of fun, fun, fun,
"See his legs," said he; "look here,
They're not just one foot in clear;
Don't you know that such an object cannot run, run, run?
Don't you know that such an object cannot run?")

VII.
Then the leader of the host,
Cured the swift receding ghost,
For the damage to their Giant he had done, done, done;
But still the ghost replied,
As to a specter had he died,
"Don't you know that short-legged monsters cannot run,
Don't you know that short-legged monsters cannot run?"

Miscellaneous.

Carl Schurz on Douglas.

One of the ablest and most eloquent defenders of Republican doctrine, in the West, is Carl Schurz, Esq., of Milwaukee, a German naturalized citizen. In a recent speech this gentleman reviewed the Popular Sovereignty doctrine of Douglas with mastery skill and effect. We give one or two extracts, showing the spirit in which this work is executed, though failing, of course, to do justice to it as a whole:

"But what does Mr. Douglas say? 'Slavery,' so he tells us in his Harper Magazine article, 'slavery being the creature of local legislation, and not of the Constitution of the United States, it follows that the Constitution does not establish slavery in the Territories beyond a certain something. What does that mean? If slavery is the creature of local law, how can the Constitution by its own force permit slavery to go into a Territory at all?'"

"Here is a dark mystery, a pitfall, and we may well take care not to fall into the trap of such sophistry. Why does he not speak of the admission of slavery by positive enactments? Why not even of the power of the people to exclude it by law? We look in vain for light in Harper's Magazine--(and it is indeed true, what Judge Black intimates, that that article is one of the obscurest documents by which ever a politician attempted to beg his followers; and by we may gather Mr. Douglas' real opinion from another manifesto preceding this. In his recent speech, delivered after his recent success in Illinois, he defined his position in substance as follows: 'The Democracy of Illinois hold that a slaveholder has the same right to take his slave property into a Territory as any other man has to take his horse or his merchandise.'"

"What? Slavery is the creature of local law, and yet a slaveholder has the right to take his slave property into a Territory that right? A slave does not become free, when voluntarily brought by his owner upon the soil of a territory, where no positive local law establishing slavery exists! How is this possible? How can even the elastic mind of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency unite these contradictory assumptions. [Applause.] And yet there it stands, and nothing that Mr. Douglas ever said can be more unequivocal in its meaning. And here again we may claim the privilege of drawing a few logical deductions from Mr. Douglas' own premises. If, as Mr. Douglas distinctly and emphatically tells us, a slaveholder has a right to take his slave as property into a territory, and to hold him there as property, before any legislation on that point is had, from what source does that right arise? Not from the law of nature--for the right to

hold a slave "is unfounded in the law of nature, and in the unwritten and common law," and even Mr. Douglas, little as he may care about nature and her laws, will hardly dare to assert that the system of slave labor is the natural and normal condition of society. It must then spring from positive law. But from what kind of positive law? Not from any positive law of a local and municipal character, for there is none such in the territory so far. Where is its source then? There is but one kind of positive law to which the territories are subject, before any local legislation has been had, and that is the Constitution of the United States. If, therefore, Mr. Douglas asserts, as he does, that a slaveholder has a right to take his slave as property into a territory, he must at the same time admit that, in the absence of local legislation positively establishing slavery, the Constitution of the United States, the only valid law existing there, must be the source of that right. What else does Mr. Buchanan assert, but that slavery exists in the territories by virtue of the Federal Constitution? Where is, then, the point of difference between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Douglas? Why all this pomp and circumstance of glorious war?--Whence these fierce battles between the Monticchi and Capuletti of the Democratic camp? Are ye no brothers?"

But Mr. Douglas is a statesman, (so they are all, all statesmen,) and pretends that the Constitution does not establish slavery in the territories, "beyond the power of the people to control it by law." What does that mean? It means that the people of a territory shall have the power, not to exclude slavery by law, for Douglas never uses that expression, but to embarrass the slaveholder in the enjoyment of his right, by "unfriendly legislation." The right to hold slaves, says he, in another place, is a worthless right, unless protected by appropriate police regulations. If the people of a territory do not want slavery, they have but to withhold all protection and all friendly legislation." Indeed, a most ingenious expedient!

And Mr. Douglas, after having emphatically admitted the right of property in a slave, where that right can spring from no other law but the Constitution, then dares to speak of unfriendly legislation! Where is his conscience? Where is his honor? (Applause.)

But Mr. Douglas says more: "The Constitution being the supreme law of the land, in the States as well as in the Territories, then slavery exists in Pennsylvania just as well as in Kansas and in South Carolina, and the irrepressible conflict is there, not only between the two antagonistic systems of labor, but between Mr. Douglas' own theories; not only in the States and Territories, but in Mr. Douglas' own head. (Laughter and cheers.) Whatever ambiguous expressions Mr. Douglas may invent, the dilemma stares him in the face (and here I put myself on his own ground); either slavery is excluded from the Territories so long as it is not admitted by a special act of Territorial legislation,--or if a slaveholder has the right to introduce his slave property there before such legislation is had, he can possess that right by virtue of no other but the only law existing there, the Constitution of the United States. Either Slavery has no rights in the territories, except those springing from positive law of a local or municipal character, or, according to Judge Douglas' own admission, the Southern construction of the Constitution and of the principle of popular sovereignty is the only legitimate one; that the Constitution, by its own force, carries slavery wherever it is the supreme law of the land; that Congress is obliged to enact a slave code for its protection, and that popular sovereignty means the power of the people to vote for slavery, but by no means against it. There is no escape from this dilemma.

Which side will Mr. Douglas take?--Will he be bold enough to say that slavery, being the creature of local law only, is excluded from the Territories in the absence of positive law establishing it; or will he be honest enough to concede that, according to his own proposition in his New Orleans speech, slavery exists in the territories by virtue of the federal Constitution? He will neither be bold enough to do the first, nor honest enough to do the second; he will be cowardly enough to do neither. (Applause.) He is in the position of that Democratic candidate for Congress in the West, who, when asked: "Are you a Buchanan or a Douglas man?" answered, "I am." (Great laughter and cheers.) If you ask Mr. Douglas, "Do you hold that slavery is the creature of local law, or that a slaveholder has the right to introduce his slave property where there is no local law?" he will answer, "I do." (Continued laughter and applause.)

A Douglas paper in this city keeps the following falsehood, as the Douglas creed, standing at the head of its columns: "LET THE PEOPLE OF THE TERRITORIES DETERMINE THE QUESTION."--Douglas. In a speech made by Douglas February last in the Senate--called his great speech--and which was deemed his platform in view of the Charleston Convention, he used just these words, to wit: "I hold that no such thing as sovereign power attaches to a Territory."--Cleveland Herald.

WIDE AWAKE RALLYING SONG.

BY S. M. WILSON.

Att--"Nelly Bly."

Wide awake! wide awake!
This is no time for sleep!
Let every friend of Freedom now,
His wits vigily keep.
The foe is on his march again,
His council fires aglow;
Then rally now, ye gallant boys,
To battle with the foe.

CHORUS--Wide awake! wide awake!
Let us our torches take,
And show the foes of Freedom, boys,
That we are wide awake!

Wide awake! wide awake!
There's no such word as fail!
The scenes of our triumph, boys,
Are burns on every gale.
From East and West, through all the land,
Where Freedom yet holds sway,
The shouts of Freedom's conquering hosts,
Still cheer us on our way.

Wide awake! wide awake!
The foe is on his way!
There is no time for slumber,
If we would win the day.
Our cause is just, our hearts are firm,
And fixed on truth and right;
If we keep wide awake, boys,
We'll put our foes to flight.

Wide awake! wide awake!
The stars, with loving light,
Look down upon our gallant band,
Who battle for the right.
We bear no weapons in our hands,
Our motto's love to man;
And Freedom, Peace and Happiness,
Still follow in our van.

The President that Rewards Murder.

In the book of Proverbs, wherein is collected more wisdom about the details of life than in any other book of its size, it is written:

"A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them.
As Mr. Buchanan is not a wise king, but a very foolish President, it was to have been expected that he would treat the wicked very differently from the manner described in the proverb we have quoted; and a glance at his appointees confirms the supposition.

As has been shown conclusively by the Covode Committee investigations, Mr. Buchanan's confidential agents have been men base enough to seek to accomplish their ends by bribery and falsehood. Not that only, but Mr. Buchanan has appointed to offices of honor and trust those whose claim was the extent of their wicked zeal in partisan service. Disunion is a crime. But the lately appointed Minister to France was branded, when before the Senate for confirmation, as a Disunionist, and with this seal upon him was sent abroad by the friends of Mr. Buchanan to represent our country at a foreign court.

Mr. Buchanan has appointed to and retained in office men of known immorality and baseness of life. Disunionism may be said to be, after all, more a political offense than a moral. But licentiousness, profligacy and dishonesty have never prevented any applicant for office from getting the favor he sought of Mr. Buchanan, provided only he had done enough "for the party."

Those who saw the funeral procession in this city that accompanied the body of the murdered Luke to its resting place, will not soon forget the intensity of the motto upon the banner which the mourners bore: "TO ROBBERY HAVE THEY NOW ADDED MURDER."

As we read the subjoined list of Murderers, whom Buchanan has rewarded, that motto which then seemed an exaggeration, becomes the record of a fact in political history, and the mark by which Buchanan's Administration will be known. Here is the list. We copy it from the Indianapolis Journal:

S. W. Clark murdered Thomas Barbour during the Kansas war, by shooting him in the back. He was made a Purser in the Navy.

James Gardner, an abettor of Clark's in that murder, was made Postmaster at Lawrence.

Frederick Emery, who murdered Phillips at Leavenworth, and headed the band which murdered a poor German laborer in that town, and murdered and scalped Hopps, was made receiver of the land office at Ogden.

J. S. Murphy, who murdered Hopps, and scalped him, was made agent of the Pattawatomie Indians.

Ruah Elmore, who tried to assassinate Kagi, was made Judge of the United States Court in Kansas.

Lastly, and very recently, Calhoun Benham, who was the second of Judge Terry in the duel with Broderick, and aided both in the planning and execution of that deliberate and abominable murder, has been made District Attorney of California. He is as guilty of the blood of Broderick as the infamous scoundrel who shot him, and just before the duel, he insulted his victim by feeling him all over in the most offensive way to ascertain if he had an armor to defend himself from the bullet that the party had molded to kill him. The rules of the "code" require the seconds to examine the principals to see that no armor is used, but the duty is a mere form, never executed other than by a mere touch of the hand upon the breast. Benham made it a deliberate insult by searching as if he suspected Broderick really had armor on, with the purpose to discompose by engaging him to make doubly sure of a murder already certain.

The chief "clim" that these men had upon the President lay in the fact that they had not scrupled to commit

murder when "Party" called for the crime.

The murder of Hamilton by Burr was as nothing compared with the deliberate, premeditated assassination of Broderick. There was personal grievance in the former case. In the latter Terry was merely the first of a band of administration assassins resolved to take Broderick's life in duel. Terry was the first to challenge him. Had his bullet failed, other challenges would have been sent until the deadly end was attained. Broderick knew this, and as it seems to us wickedly and foolishly, went out with Terry.

But his error cannot palliate the crime of his murder. With his dying breath he charged his death upon the Administration party. That charge they have never sought to repel. And now James Buchanan, whose hair is already whitened for the grave, appoints the second of Terry, and his accessory in the murder of Broderick, to the District Attorneyship! His duty it is to prosecute those who violate the laws of the United States; yet he is himself a law-breaker and a murderer.

What animosity and violence of hate does this appointment betray! Broderick refused to bow down to Slavery and the dictates of the Administration. The Administration procure his murder, and then the President appoints the chief murderer's assistant who had deliberately insulted his principal's victim, to a position of emolument and honor. Over an open grave most men forget animosities. But this James Buchanan, who is so regular in his attendance at church, and so much to say about "Providence" and "Divine support," looking upon the grave of a man murdered by his supporters, rewards that one of the band who does the murder an ignominy! Bu shanan's cant of devotion shall avail him nothing. Through all the future time he shall be known as "the President that rewarded murder!"

A Taunt Replied to.

Hon. Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, in a recent speech said:

Gentlemen say that we cannot go to the South and make our speeches. [A voice--"There are some men that can." Not without being subjected to mob violence. If Thomas Jefferson should burst from the cerements of the grave and proclaim the same principles of truth and justice which warmed the Declaration of Independence, he would soon inherit the martyr's crown and glory on which his great name has rendered immortal. We may not go to the South and proclaim our opinions. Gentlemen say to me, "You could not go to the land which gave you birth and there proclaim the doctrines of the Republican party." To-day, gentlemen, the humble followers of the Savior cannot go to Jerusalem, Nazareth and Calvary, and proclaim the truth of the Gospel. Does that prove that Christianity is a lie? The truth is it is only an enduring witness against those who reject the truth of our holy religion. [Great applause.] We may not go to Kentucky and proclaim the God's truth as Henry Clay proclaimed it. That is simply an evidence that violence overcomes the intelligence of the people. Men are driven out for the expression of their opinions as a result--Look to Berea in Madison county, and see that mournful procession of exiles--men, women and children, having to pass beneath the very shadow of that monument erected to the memory of Henry Clay. Go, men, with your pick-axes, and stand up for the truth of the principles proclaimed by the man in whose honor the lofty pile was erected.

DID LINCOLN TEND BAR?--The Mendocino County Axis, a Democratic paper published at the place where Lincoln was said to have "tended bar," says:

Mr. Lincoln came to this county with Mr. Offut, and was engaged with him as clerk in a store, and afterwards became the purchaser of the establishment, in company with a man named William Berry, who is now dead. W. G. Greene, Esq., is present a citizen of this county, was their indorser for the purchase of the goods. Berry was a man of dissolute habits, and caused an early failure of the village concern.

The story of Mr. Lincoln's "clerking in a common dramshop" is not altogether correct, as we are informed by old inhabitants, now residing in this place and acquainted with the facts. As was customary in those days, however, the "merchants," besides the usual supply of notions, calico, groceries, tobacco, &c., kept "always on hand" a barrel or two of Monongahela or Old Rye, "to be sold in quantities to suit the purchaser."

A MEDICAL METAPHOR.--It has been said that a man is known by his metaphors. We need hardly remind our readers that Senator Fitch is a physician, when we make the following extract from one of his late speeches. He said:

"If falsehood was cantharides, every (Douglas) tongue would be blistered so that it could never find a distinct utterance."

The census takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring State there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

A South Carolina Estimate.

The Charleston (S. C.) News thus estimates the prospects of the Presidential canvass:

Our readers may desire to have our opinion upon the probable results of the Presidential struggle. Of course, no one can absolutely foretell what the American people, at this fearful crisis, may determine through the ballot box. If they were fully aware of its new and momentous character, and that the peace of the country and the Union itself hung upon it, we would unhesitatingly say that Breckinridge and Lane would be elected. But the spirit of section and party rule them still, and prejudice and passion irresistibly pervade the contest. Under their influence, our conviction is apprehensive that Lincoln, the Black Republican candidate, will be elected. If the votes of the fifteen Southern States, and of California and Oregon, be claimed for Breckinridge and Lane, and they will most probably obtain them, they only amount to 127 in the Electoral College consisting of 303 votes. The other (176) votes, to be cast by the Northern States, must, under present calculations, be conceded to Lincoln. In those States there will be four electoral tickets, headed by Douglas, Bell, Breckinridge and Lincoln. The entire position to the Black Republican, already in a large majority in most of them, will be divided among the parties of the first three candidates, and leave Lincoln with a plurality in every Northern State. It would be doubtful, whether in a single contest between him and any one of them, he would not carry the whole. It is a great mistake to suppose that in a single contest Douglas could carry Pennsylvania against him--that was conceded on all sides at Washington. Breckinridge might do it. But as it is, Lincoln must carry it.

Our present impression is, that Douglas will not obtain a single electoral vote. His only chance is for Missouri--and by a chance. Bell and Everett may carry Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee, under certain contingencies, and the division of the Democracy into two parties. But the popularity of Breckinridge and Lane, and the disposition of the Democracy of each State to maintain its unity, will, no doubt, sweep those States.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.--The Chicago correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, thus describes two Cincinnati ward politicians:

Among the natural curiosities now present, may be mentioned Brother James and Mullet, both ardent friends of Salmon P. The one is low, slick and sleek to a remarkable degree, embodying the qualities of the far famed Oily Gammon and Smith. He speaks of and for Salmon P., claiming that no man living in Ohio should be nominated but Salmon P., for that would postpone his claim for the Presidency beyond the year 1864; and what right has any man living in Ohio to ask a position which Salmon P. claims, even if he can't get it? James, early and late, presses this consideration on the unenlightened delegates.

He has a way of his own to electioneer. He exalts Salmon P. Chase, speaks of his strength among the Kentucky delegates, and states that that circumstance should give him the united vote of the Ohio delegation. He speaks with emphasis, has a sardonic grin, and wears goggles--green at that--and goes for Seward to defeat Wade. He and Mullet made a great clamor when they were excluded from the sessions of the Ohio delegation. Mullet, I understand, held an indignation meeting in the rotunda of the Tremont House, at which he and Brother James were the principal speakers. Mullet holds that the man of Ohio who votes against Chase, "is dead for a deed," and he really means it. His voice of the John Randolph order, is raised to the highest key, and around him rock the curious. The more they come the fiercer he gets, until he loses himself and his audience by the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion. Alas for Mullet! A few more Conventions at which Chase is to be nominated, will use him up and crack that fragile voice. Chase has gone up, and Brother James and Mullet have gone under.

THE TWO CLASSES OF DEMOCRATS.--Charles Lamb's two orders of men, the borrowers and the lenders, find a counterpart in the Democratic party. At least we infer as much from the following paragraph taken from the Boston Post:

"A Douglas paper, in allusion to Mr. Buchanan, questions and replies thus: 'Where are his friends? We are almost ashamed to answer that he has none, save those he has bought.' 'We will ask a question, and answer it, also. Who are his enemies? Those he refused to buy.'"

The only way to cool the brains of some hot-headed people is to scald them.--Lou. Journal.

Then we suppose you would recommend the cracking of skulls to ascertain whether some hot-headed people have brains?--Overs County Journal.

That you have none is discoverable without cracking your skull.

Hannibal Hamlin commenced life a farmer, then worked as printer, and finally studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1832.

About the age of thirty-six, the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

POLITICS AND "LADY OF THE LAKE."

[The "Wide-Awakes" of Ashmun, N. Y., having adopted a gross uniform, the Union, of that place, gives the reason therefor. The editor says that very likely it came to the boys by the "Lady of the Lake."]

LINCOLN GREEN.
Just as the mistletoe's seeds were sowed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln Green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claim--
'Tis Snowdon's Knight in Scotland's King.
(Lady of the Lake--Canto 4, Stanza 10.)

The sounds increase, and now we see
Four mounted Squires in Lincoln Green;
Two bear lance, and two who lead,
By hooped rein, a saddled steed.
(Canto 5, Stanza 17.)

He stood in simple LINCOLN GREEN,
The centre of the glittering ring--
And Snowdon's Knight in Scotland's King.
(Canto 6, Stanza 20.)

Patience mourns insulted laws,
And curbs the Dorcas for the cause.
(Canto 5, Stanza 18.)

Gone Back Again!

The Louisville Journal says an emigrant family passed through Bowling Green, Ky., last week, having painted on their wagon--"All over Iowa, and back at last." Yes, we heard of that family as they passed through the Northern part of our country. It consisted of a small man in butternut breeches and bare feet, but not altogether in a shirt--a scrawny yaller-haired woman, about six feet high, with half an ounce of snuff in one side of her mouth and a corn-cob pipe in the other--seven children, the oldest eight and a half years, generally dressed in straw hats and skimpy shirts on mild days--eleven dogs, including a litter of five pups--a rickety, creaky old wagon, with a cover composed of a counterpane and old calico dress, and containing the aforesaid litter of pups, with a barrel of red eye, a side of bacon and some corn dodgers as provisions, all drawn by little steer and an immense horse framework very poorly filled in. The woman sat in the front of the wagon, a long paw-paw gad in hand with which she alternately banged the "team," lapped her husband and coated the children into a sense of grateful obligations for her maternal care. "Dad" generally walked about fourteen feet from the wagon to escape the affectionate attentions of his wife, and heaved chunks and mud at the quadrupeds and short-shirted bipeds, except when he stopped in the rear to have "a shake," or wandered off to some house to beg cold victuals. We are informed that when last seen hereabouts, last fall, the family were making tracks to Old Kaintuck. "Dad" vowing he wouldn't live in no country where they didn't raise their own whiskey and niggers, and declaring that all he wanted was to get back home before the next Presidential election, which might be coming along any day while he was at that. His gist wanted to vote once more for General Jackson, and then gin up the ghost. We are glad to learn that he has at last got inside of Kentucky's borders. We understand he intends exhibiting himself and fascinating family, as the only band of emigrants from Kentucky who after seeing our State actually returned to live in the land of the "corn-crackers."--Davenport Gazette.

HONORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.--The Boston Post has discovered the reason why Hamlin was put upon the ticket nominated at Chicago. It seems that it is impossible to have Abraham Lincoln on a ticket without Hamlin being there also! The Courier has a conundrum about the election: Why cannot Abe be elected President? Because he lacks one letter of being able! The Springfield Republican thinks that the more letters he lacks of being a Bell the nearer he will come to an election.

The Atlas and Bee says the Republicans are going to a funeral. We judged so by the mourning Weed so conspicuous in New York.--Boston Post.

Our good neighbors forget to state that the funeral which the Republicans are going to is that of the Democratic party. It has an odd way of leaving out our important points.--Atlas.

A PRESIDENT TO LOOK UP TO.--When tall Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania was presented by Mr. Ashmun to Mr. Lincoln, as they shook hands each eyed the other's ample proportions with genuine admiration--Lincoln, for once, standing straight as an Indian, and showing his tall form in its full dignity.

"What's your height?" inquired Lincoln.
"Six feet three; what is yours, Mr. Lincoln?" said Judge Kelly, in his round, deliberate tone.
"Six feet four," replied Lincoln.
"Then," said Judge Kelly, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to, and I have found him at last in the land where we thought there were none but little gnomes."

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from Louisville, says: "Talking of Prentiss, I called on him the other day, and found that a quarter of a century had dealt gently with him--probably because he eschewed all hot and rebellious liquors in his youth!"

Maple sugar enough was made in Vermont during the last Spring, to sweeten the coffee, once, of every coffee drinker on the globe.

[From the Augusta (Me.) Journal.]

Letter from Abraham Lincoln.

The Republicans of Boston celebrated Thos. Jefferson's Birthday on the 13th of April, 1858. Among those invited to be present was the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, who responded in a letter of great power and of remarkable felicity of expression. We thought at the time that of all the political letters we had ever read, it was the most pointed and most forcible, and our great surprise is that up to this time, so far as we have observed, it has not been republished. After diligent search among some old "clippings" we have succeeded in finding it, and with peculiar pleasure lay it before our readers. It is a platform in itself, worthy of the indorsement of all who believe in the fundamental doctrines of Free Government as taught by Thomas Jefferson. Here is the letter:

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 6, 1859.

Gentlemen: Your kind note, inviting me to attend a festival in Boston, on the 13th inst., in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, was duly received. My engagements are such that I cannot attend.

Bearing in mind that about seventy years ago two great political parties were first formed in this country; that Thomas Jefferson was the head of one of them, and Boston the headquarters of the other, it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend politically from the party opposed to Jefferson should now be celebrating his birthday in their original seat of empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere.

Remembering, too, that the Jefferson party was formed upon its supposed superior devotion to the personal rights of men, holding the rights of property to be secondary only, and greatly inferior; and then assuming that the so-called Democracy of to-day are the Jefferson, and their opponents the anti-Jefferson parties, it will be equally interesting to note how completely the two have changed ground as to the principle upon which they were originally supposed to be divided.

The Democracy of to-day hold the liberty of one man to be absolutely nothing, when in conflict with another man's right of property. Republicans, on the contrary, are for both the man and the dollar; but in case of conflict, the man before the dollar.

I remember once being much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their greatcoats on, which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself out of his own coat into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

But, soberly, it is no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but nevertheless, he would fail, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashing fellow calls them "glittering generalities." Another bluntly styles them "self evident lies." And others insidiously argue that they apply only to "superior races."

These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect--the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the sappers and miners, of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us.

This is a world of compensations; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slaves. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

All honor to Jefferson--to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there, that to day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the hangers-on of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

Your obedient servant,
A. LINCOLN.
Messrs. H. L. Pierce, and others, &c.

The Liberator, edited by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the organ of Wendell Phillips and his associates, devotes a large majority of its time and space, to the most virulent attacks upon Mr. Lincoln.

We desire to commend the above paragraph to the especial attention of those brainless politicians, whose mouths are prolific with shouts of abolitionism, in connection with the Republican party.

At a recent Douglas demonstration at Detroit, the name of the Little Giant, made by strips of luster cloth, was pasted up at one end of the hall. This was the first real fuster we ever heard of hanging about his name.