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Choice Poetry.

THE BURIAL OF BARBER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Barber, remember, to the ground
Must ever come more late,
In the prime of manhood's noon,
In the age yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Dear him up the hill,
With the Kansas flocks still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he comes to till,
With a freeman's throne and will,
And his poor but useful work!

One more look of that dead face,
Of his mother's ghostly smile,
One more kiss, oh, widowed soul!
Lay your left hand on his brow,
Lift your right hand up, and say,
That his work shall yet be done.

Faithful friends! The eye of God,
Fairest, friend! The eye of God,

Every heart that throbs with love,
Every heart that throbs with love,

You in suffering, in your crime,
Wait the just award of crime,
With the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not in vain a heart shall break,

While the flag with stars and stripes,
Throbs where it should protect,
And the Law shakes lands with crime,
That is left to us to do,
Hear ye the voice of Freedom's God,
And shroud the better time!

Faithful friends! The human heart
Everywhere that throbs with love,
Everywhere that throbs with love,

Will, to suffer in divine;
Pass the watch-word down the line,
Pass the counter-charge, "Excuse!"
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly dares,
Is the victor's garland worn.

Passer out to Freedom's land,
Lay your stain on down to rest;
Lay: him down in hope and faith,
And above the broken sod,
Once again to Freedom's God,
Piege yourselves for life and death--

That the blood whose well ye lay,
In the State and over to-day,
Shall be for free lands of Kansas,
And your goodly land secured,
By the good of slavery, shed
With a curing as with flame!

Rest the Rocker on his grave,
For the banner of the slave,
In its shadow cannot rest,
And let prayer-music and true,
Be your prayer and garranty
Of the freedom of the West!

Select Tale.

BEN BOLT AND SWEET ALICE.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown--
Who used to delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with love at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone."
--THOMAS DEWEY.

Don't you remember? Are those three magic words--a key-herewith we may unlock the flood gates of the heart, and send the sweet waters of the past over the plains and down the hills of the fair land, known in our heart-experiences as by-gone? Even so. There are as few as visions of a time when the bright, deep eyes of the young Spring gazed shyly at us from beneath the emerald mass of winter--when the blue violets stole their first tint from the blue sky above; when the cowslips of sunny May, and the golden hearted butter cups first jeweled the slender blades of grass; and the hawthorn grew white with its blossoms; when we roamed the woods the whole of that long, warm, lovable June holiday, weaving garlands and listening to the concert of birds in that dark, mistletoe-wreathed oak forest. There was one in years ago that prayed--"Lord keep my memory green," and the clinging tendrils of our hearts go ever back yearningly to this prayer.

Ben Bolt and fresh as the poet's prayer, had the heart of Ben Bolt been kept--from his early boyhood to the hour he sang by his old friend, and listened to the song of by-gone days. Not "through a glass, darkly," did he review those scenes of the past, but it was the going back of the boy-heart to other hearts of childhood.

ful notes, they were too young and happy to know that it carried desolation and heart-ache in its wail; yet did they learn it in after days. Then there came a few light, round snow-balls, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the storm spirits in their witch-like, changing by and by to soft, white flakes, that danced about ever so gaily. How the children's eyes grew bright as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry slides down hill, and the snow-balling that would make the play ground ring again! The last lessons were said, books and slates put aside, and in place of the silence, reigned gay and glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her jetty ringlets, and laughed through her sparkling eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of a curl he had teased for so long, because she knew Jamie had the prettiest side in the whole school. Ah, a bit of a coquette was the same gleeful, rooking Kate; and there was Sophie Dale, looking as venturesome as a kitten walking from a pan of milk, and as playful as a kitten, too, was she, in spite of her quiet looks; and the stately Elizabeth--queen Bess they called her, and I question if England's queen had a haughtier carriage--but apart from those who were eagerly looking for friends to take them home, stood Alice May--sweet Alice. Very beautiful and lovable was she with her winsome, childish face, blue eyes, soft, brown curls. She was so delicate and fragile, you might almost fancy her a little snow child, or a lost fairy babe.

Nearly all the children had departed, amid the joyful shouts and jingling of bells, but yet the sweet little child stood alone, until a rich, luscious voice called her by saying--"No one goes your way, Alice, do they?" "No, I guess not, Ben," she replied, in her fine, bird-like tones. "Well, the snow is too deep for you to walk, so I guess I will carry you home." "Oh, no, I am too heavy to be carried so far," and she laughed low and sweetly. "Heavy! no, you're just like thistle down, or a snowflake, Alley; I could carry you to England and back again, without being at all fatigued," and he tossed the little girl in his arms. "No, no, let me go; the boys will laugh at you, Ben," and she struggled. "What do I care? they may laugh at Ben Bolt as much as they like," and the brave boy drew himself up proudly, and pushed the chestnut curls from his broad, fair forehead: "but I did not mean to frighten you, Alice," he continued, as he saw how the little girl trembled. So she put on her bonnet and cloak, and Ben took her in his arms as if she had been a bird, while the little rhy thing nestled down on his shoulder, as he went stumbling through the snow, saying gay, pleasant things, that made the shy little girl laugh; and when, at length, he opened her mother's cottage door, he stood her on the floor, saying--"There! Mrs. May, I brought Alice home, lest she should get buried in a snow bank; she's such a weary little thing;" and before Mrs. May could thank him, he was out of sight.

What a brave, glorious snow storm it was though! The boys built a great snow house, dipping the chunks of snow in the water to harden them, so they might last longer; and they rolled large snow-balls for a pyramid, till it was higher than the school house. They worked bravely, but the brightest face and pleasantest voice among them was Ben Bolt's. Such riles as they had down hill and through the larger boys and girls to join them, because she felt fearful sometimes, yet Ben Bolt held her in his arms, and away they went, merrily as any of the rest. But the winter began to wane, and now and then a soft, mild day would come that lessened the pyramid and snow mounds materially. "Such a pity," they said, and washed winter would last all ways; but there was one little wren-like voice that prayed for violet, and blue birds.

The pyramid tumbled down, the snow boys grew thinner and thinner, and the boys just about its being in a decline, till one day it disappeared--faded away like so many Spring comes with its larks and daisies, and one delightful day the children went to Maying. Kate Ashley was queen, and a brilliant queen she was, too; but Ben Bolt gathered white violets, and braided them in the soft curls of Alice, and told her she was sweeter, dearer to a thousand May queens like Kate, Child as she was, his love and enchantment to the atmosphere of her existence. Then the long June days came, visiting the green earth with a coronal of roses, and making it radiant with perfume; and in the warm noontide hours the children strolled to the foot of the hill and, clustering together, told over their childish hopes of the future. Some were lured by ambition; and some dreamed of quiet country rapture; but there was one whose eye kindled and young face flushed with enthusiasm, as he spoke of the sparkling blue waters, and the brave ships that breasted them so gallantly. Ben Bolt was going to sea. Captain Shirley, a generous, whole souled being, whose heavy voice came the younger to tremble; in the way of boys and girls, with their heads bent attentively downward to their books and slates. The wild winter wind sang and whistled without, and though some few childish hearts tried to find words for its mourn-

ful notes, they were too young and happy to know that it carried desolation and heart-ache in its wail; yet did they learn it in after days. Then there came a few light, round snow-balls, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the storm spirits in their witch-like, changing by and by to soft, white flakes, that danced about ever so gaily. How the children's eyes grew bright as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry slides down hill, and the snow-balling that would make the play ground ring again! The last lessons were said, books and slates put aside, and in place of the silence, reigned gay and glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her jetty ringlets, and laughed through her sparkling eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of a curl he had teased for so long, because she knew Jamie had the prettiest side in the whole school. Ah, a bit of a coquette was the same gleeful, rooking Kate; and there was Sophie Dale, looking as venturesome as a kitten walking from a pan of milk, and as playful as a kitten, too, was she, in spite of her quiet looks; and the stately Elizabeth--queen Bess they called her, and I question if England's queen had a haughtier carriage--but apart from those who were eagerly looking for friends to take them home, stood Alice May--sweet Alice. Very beautiful and lovable was she with her winsome, childish face, blue eyes, soft, brown curls. She was so delicate and fragile, you might almost fancy her a little snow child, or a lost fairy babe.

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he pressed her convulsively to his beating heart, he replied-- "God will be merciful to us who love so dearly, Alice, darling." She knew it, but she knew also that God did not always answer the prayer falling from the hopeful lips. Sweet Alice! Adown the future she looked tremblingly, and she saw the fragile form and spiritual face, with white lilies braided in the soft brown hair, her eyes grew dim with tears, for she knew not if it was a bridal or a burial, for close beside the altar was the grave yard.

They were not wanting who wondered at Ben Bolt's choice, and thought it strange he should take Alice May in preference to the fairest and wealthiest. Some there were who held their heads loftily when they passed her, but her heart was away on the blue waters, and she heeded it not. How she watched the days in their passing. She noted how the Summer waned--how the field of waving grain grew golden in the sunlight--she heard the glad voice of the reapers; and when the leaves were falling, the merry children went not gathering in the woods; then the noiseless snow fell, and lay on the hill side as in the olden days, until the general spring-tide melted it away, and the violets and harebells dotted the fields--so passed a year.

She was growing fairer and more beautiful--too brilliant for anything earthly. Once she knelt at the altar in the little church, and listened to the words uniting her with the Saviour's redeemed on earth, but it was only an outward form, for her heart had long been in keeping of angels. Again she watched the waning of the Summer days, and when the soft winds swept over the silvery rye fields, she thought of the ocean afar, with its broad waves. All through the Winter days she grew more spiritual in her beauty, and the slender white hands were often folded on her breast, as she prayed for those who would soon be left desolate; for she knew she was dying.

It did not startle her; she had felt long ago, that the fair green earth would hold her painless heart, ere it had left the cloister of girlhood. Life was sweet and beautiful, yet in her silentness, death had no agony, save her sorrow for those who would soon be left desolate; for she knew she was dying.

Miscellaneous.

SENATOR DOUGLAS' TREAT.

BY A. C. MILLS.

"We intend to endorse you."--Burlington.
The threats of crows tyrants new
Have power so more to awe us;
"The times have changed," the Southern and
We own no longer as our law.

Not as the former days are these;
The spirit that hath slept so long,
While traitors sold us, wakes at length,
To stern defiance of the wrong!

Behold us! What! can ye behold
The bounding pulses of the free?
Hope ye to crush with pompous threats
The awakening soul of Liberty?

Think ye the soil the Pilgrims trod,
With free hearts, and true as steel,
And gave to Freedom and to God,
Mark fallen to a crown through?

Think ye the fire our fathers lit,
Was but a false and transient flame?
Hath Webster's Hill a meaning yet?
Is Freedom but an empty name?

Behold us! Chain the tempest winds,
And bid the ocean cease to roll!
Behold us! No! We pour the threat--
The offering of a prepared soul!

There is a spirit in our time,
Sereas and fearless, calm and deep;
Long hath it slept, but rises now,
Like a huge giant from his sleep!

The North, in all her countless hills,
With this stern spirit is endued;
Her love of freedom, deep and strong,
Cries out, "We will not be subdued!"

A Reporter's Farewell to the Prince.
Good-bye, Wales; give our love to your mother. Good-bye; be virtuous, and you will be happy! You have seen some very sensible men in this country, Albert Edward, and you must remember them; you have seen nearly all of our snobs and lick-spittles, and you will not remember them. Nobody, besides such, expects you will. You have heard that tale, "God save the Queen," a great many times. Remember; but you have consistently whistled Dixie's Land. You have been very much squashed, Albert Edward, and it will be good for you. You have been rubbed against, and it will make you bright. A great many stories have been told about you, Mr. Wales, some of which are true, and some false. You have worn very good clothes, but not a handsome hat. You have ridden about with some very good horses, and you have received some of our choicest turtles to take home. You have visited institutions which you didn't care a snap about, and you have danced with some of the best dressed old ladies to be found in America. You like to dance, but you don't dance the "Lancers" very well. Still, you are a pretty clever fellow. If you lived in this country you would stand a chance to be ruined, Albert Edward. You would certainly join a free company, and then you would be sent to the Common Council, and then you might be elected to Congress, and then you would be done. Reporters have bothered you very much, you say, Albert Edward. They have bribed your chambermaids, and bought up men of your suite. You have been a god-send in the way of "items," Albert Edward, and in behalf of the reporters of Boston, I bid you an affectionate farewell. "Ich Dien" is played out on this side, Albert Edward, and you have taken something of E Pluribus Unum. One thing to your credit, Albert Edward; you have paid your bills with remarkable promptness, and you have done your tour in good shape. You seemed to have any quantity of money, and you put it out freely. You have been going it, and now you are gone! Good-bye.--Boston Herald.

SENATORIAL JOKE.--A friend recently from Washington related to us the following incident that transpired a short time ago in our Senate Chamber, and which made some amusement among the members.

Mr. Gillette, our Senator, sits near Toombs, of Georgia, and they frequently pass a good humored joke. A few mornings ago, just before the Senate was called to order, while several of the members were standing near, Toombs said to Gillette--

"They say, Gillette, that you abolitionists are mad with the Almighty for making negroes black."

"Your informant is slightly mistaken," replied Gillette. "We are only mad with you slaveholders for making them white."

The allusion to the bleaching process that is going on among the colored population of the South, was at once understood by all, and Toombs joined with much good humor in the general laugh.--Hartford Courier.

Sombody gives the subjoined sketch of the diminutive giant of Illinois. It is capital--the man himself!

"His head is large; mouth full of character; the expression of his face bold and defiant. He looks as though it might take a legion of devils to frighten him. There is a blending of the animal and intellectual in the expression of his face. He speaks deliberately and with great force. He throws all his emphasis into a leading syllable, sliding over the components of a word. One listens--such is his power--in spite of the fact that he don't believe a word uttered by the speaker."

Prentice on Election Morning.

The Louisville Journal let itself loose into a perfect phreny of political "appeals," many of which are capital. We give a few by way of sample of two hundred others:

The election of Mr. Lincoln would be an evil. The dissolution of the Union would be an evil of a thousand times greater magnitude.

We expect to see Wigfall drop one of these days with his head in a sling or a sling in his head.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and so the silent operation of the ballot box to-day will gladden the whole country.

Yancey & Co. would precipitate the South into revolution. Let us precipitate them to-day into the bottomless pit of political perdition.

Let it be said of to-day's history, "Cesar has his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell," and John C. Breckinridge his Yancey.

The Breckinridge party have no platform. After the election the Union men will lend them as many as there are traitors to drop with hangman's knots around their necks.

It is not enough that we beat the Disunion ticket in Kentucky to-day. We must bury it beneath a majority as tall and ponderous as Mount Etna.

The Aurora (Ind.) Commercial mentions the death of Mrs. Linn of that place who lived six days after her neck was broken. If the Breckinridge party is as tenacious of life as Mrs. Linn was, it will probably live until next Monday.

The people of the South all protest vehemently that they will tolerate no modification whatever of the fugitive slave law. Yet do not the advocates of Breckinridge and disunion go for the utter abolition of the fugitive slave law?

The editor of the Memphis Avalanche talks about seeking "companionship with the grave worms." Pray how long would the grave worms continue grave in such sunny company? Wouldn't their gravity be very speedily upset?

The incendiary who sets fire to a house at midnight, is innocent in comparison with him who attempts to promote a civil war in which he knows that tens of thousands of houses will be burned.

The secessionists would under every tie which binds us together as one people, while the Union men would draw closer and render more enduring the fraternal love and cordial respect of the different sections of the country.

A Breckinridge editor in Mississippi sneers at a Douglas speaker as "a shoe-maker." We don't know that the shoe-maker can possibly swallow a regular shoe-maker, but he writes as if he swallowed a great many cobblers every day.

The question is put to the office holders whether they will resign in the event of Lincoln's election. We refrain from pressing the question on our neighbor of the Courier "for obvious reasons."

God grant that Abraham Lincoln may never be our President. But why should a nation that has calmly tolerated Van Buren and Tyler and Pierce and Buchanan in the Presidential chair, fly fiercely into fragments on account of the election of Lincoln?

We give notice that we intend to continue the publication of the Louisville Journal until the 4th of March, 1865, and we shall print it in the United States. We don't relish the idea of collating New Albany and Jeffersonville items under the head of "Foreign News."

"The South alone should govern the South," is now the cry of those who once professed a holy horror of the motto, "Americans shall rule America." To all such we say Americans will rule the North and South, and compel them to do the duty of Union-abiding citizens.

A special dispatch to the Charleston Mercury says Senator Wigfall, of Texas, has informed President Buchanan that he will not resume his seat in the United States Senate if Lincoln is elected to the Presidency. A few more such efforts from a Republican victory would almost reconcile us.

It appears that the traitors of the cotton States mean to have their States put out of the Union without letting the people be appealed to on the subject at all. The present plan of a large proportion of them is to prevent the people from speaking their will through State Conventions and to have each cotton State Legislature legislate the State out of the Union. If the loyal men of the South succumb to this, they have no more manhood than so many sick girls.

A correspondent at Woodstock, McHenry County, sends us the following as an actual occurrence which transpired at that place a few days since:

A son of Erin was taking out his first naturalization papers last Friday. After taking the oath which the law requires, he "sincerely attached to the principles contained in the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed towards the well-being and happiness of the same," the clerk asked, "Do you know what the Constitution is?"

"Son of Erin"--"Oh, sure, an' I do." "Clerk"--"What is it?" "Son of Erin"--"Shure, an' it's a long strip of paper with Dooglas' name at the end of it."

PUTTING TIME.

The nuts are ripe and the day is done.
The purple hills in the sunlight shine,
And the brown notes rattle the trembling tops
Of each gnarled tree in the forest open.

The copse is filled with the happy noise
Of laughing girls and climbing boys;
And the beauteous bumble yield their fruit,
That heavily drops at each old tree's root.

Under the bow of the copse-crowned hill,
Ethel and I sit silent and still,
And hold in mind her small white hand,
The smallest and whitest in all the land.

Gather your fruit, ye lads above,
And sing the nuts at the girls you love;
The only fruit that to me was dear,
I have gathered to-day, in the white head here.

Broderick Avenged.

The Philadelphia Press contains an eloquent and bitter article under this head, which concludes as follows:

And now, almost on the very anniversary of the day that Broderick fell, California and Oregon have spoken their verdict in favor of the principles of which he was the exponent, and against his foes.

The election of two Broderick United States Senators from Oregon, which took place on the 21 of September last, is that result which tells how fondly and how secretly the people of that State cherish the memory, and remembered the virtues of the dead patriot. Colonel E. D. Baker, the new Republican Senator, is the same who pronounced the splendid eulogy over the remains of Broderick in the city of San Francisco; the same who, on that sad occasion, boldly arraigned the men who murdered Broderick; the same who drew tears from the thousands who came to participate in those memorable obsequies. When Baker closed his mournful task, he went forth to make good his declarations. Leaving California, which at that period was wholly bound in the fetters of the Administration, he passed over to Oregon, and there, against almost hopeless odds, raised the flag of popular sovereignty, and, with the aid of the Democrats who believed in that doctrine, canvassed and revolutionized public sentiment. His colleague is a Democrat of the Broderick school. Col. Baker will occupy the vacant seat from Oregon, on the opening of the short session of the present Congress, and will serve for five years, and Mr. Nesmith will be the successor of Joe Lane, the Secession candidate for Vice President, after the 4th of March, 1861, and will serve for six years.

How Joe Lane will feel in view of this demonstration we cannot anticipate. The blow upon him is as severe as the tribune to a noble principle is great. It was Lane that commanded the Oregon delegation to "go out" of the Charleston Convention. It was Lane that accepted the nomination of the Secession at Baltimore; and it is Lane who now leads one wing of that combination which seeks the defeat of the Democratic party, while threatening to overthrow the Union of these States. Will not General Lane pause before the warning voice of Oregon? Will he not call back his cohorts in their double warfare upon Douglas and upon the Republic? The administration has come at an opportune moment--just a few weeks before the Presidential election. Will he heed it?

Let us not be surprised if the next expression of public opinion on the Pacific coast should be the repudiation of William M. Gwin, the most conspicuous of all the foes of David O. Broderick; and if all this should happen we shall then confidently look forward to the happy day that will inaugurate an entire change in the Senate of the United States, and forever destroy that band of Senatorial conspirators, who, three years ago, began the assault upon the old Democratic creed, and are now busily engaged in a desperate onslaught upon the Union itself. Whosoever triumphs, this Oligarchy must be broken down.

THE QUESTION IN AN EGGSHELL.--Was it the egg or the chicken that first made its appearance on the terrestrial globe? In other words, did the first chicken come out of an egg, or did the first egg come out of a chicken?--Boston Post.

The above question (says the Pennsylvania) was propounded by the malignant officeholder, Colonel Greene, of the Boston Post, in hopes of getting Mr. Douglas befogged on the hen question. The answer of the Little Giant was worthy of him. He said it mattered not which way the hen convention might decide the question, still the right of the chicken to come out of the egg, and vice versa, was perfect and complete under the Nebraska bill, which left all two-legged creatures subject only to the Constitution of the United States. This happy reply of the Little Giant is expected to secure him the support of all the hen-pecked husbands in the United States. It raised a tremendous cackle among the Shanghai in New England.

HARD TO GET.--Scene is a news depot--Customer.--"What sort of papers do you sell here?"
Boy (with eager expectation)--"Oh, we keep all sorts. Call for whatever you like."
Customer (coolly)--"I'll take one containing some late Fusion victories, if you please."
Boy (crest fallen)--"There you've got me!"

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough of it."