

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE FAMINE-STRICKEN.

Beats hearts are fainting to the West—  
The hearts of golden corn,  
Who once opposition's waves did beat,  
And feed the tyrant, when  
The lowing trumpet daily hung,  
With loud grandest grim—  
Men who tho' all these years have sung  
Freedom's heroic hymn.

The souls of mothers who grew strong  
Reeked the storm of war—  
Who never faltered when the wrong  
The Truth's fair form did mar—  
Are trembling now, as hunger-cries  
From helpless babes up-come,  
While, weary with we on that line,  
Their hearts are stricken dumb.

At many a fire-side grimly sit  
A group, whose gloomiest guest,  
By many a door is waiting still,  
Upon a fearful quest:  
While Winter's storm do fiercely break  
Across the prairie bleak,  
And moaning blasts and whos wails,  
With wild and wailing shriek.

Famine within! Winter without!  
Hark! the mournful prayer;  
Listen to that anguished wail,  
The Western leaves bear.

"Father of Mercies! hear our cry—  
Our supplications heed!  
Heavy the burden that on us lie—  
Give us our bread!"

How many, Lord, upon the land,  
In desolation are!  
Through this thick darkness, let Thy Hand  
In Love extended be!

Teach those whom harvest richly blest,  
In pity sweet descend;  
May they whose furrows had ceased,  
Sow their golden seed!

Lord! raise us Thy patience give,  
Thy spirit freely pour,  
That in the suffering we live,  
May lift us to the more!

Not for ourselves, O! Lord! these fears,  
But for the millions here,  
Whose voices plaintive in our ears,  
Their eyes with longing year.

Hark! the prayer, its moment will!  
For lo! the cry, the cry,  
As upon every Western gale  
Its heavier woe doth lie,  
Perishing does do loudly call,  
Till fainting in the strife,  
A brother's aid he ask from all,  
To lift again to life.

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

### AN OPEN LETTER TO JAMES BUCHANAN.

Four years ago this day you entered the Presidential chair, the Chief Magistrate of the happiest and freest people on earth. The contest from which you emerged a conqueror, although distinguished by unexampled animation and serenity, was followed by expressions, on the part of friend and foe, of complete confidence in your personal integrity. Those who had opposed your election were profuse in announcing their disposition to give you Administration the fairest trial. The principles which prevailed in your triumph before your nomination in your speeches before your nomination, endorsed in your letter accepting it, affirmed in your inaugural address, and reaffirmed in your letter to Governor Walker, under date of July 12, 1857, and were so plain, so self-evident, and so convincingly right, that the American people were ready to hail in you the great successor and representative of those great men who laid the foundation of the Government. In the choice of your Cabinet you were supposed to be singularly successful. From the aged statesman at the head of your constitutional advisers, down to your Attorney General, there was no name that had not at one or another time been associated with high and honorable position. These gentlemen, selected from both sections of the Confederacy, each a type of his own people, were known cordially to sanction and heartily to cooperate with you in the policy to which you had been committed in the previous campaign. Every department of the Federal Government was in your hands. Both branches of Congress were controlled by a majority of your supporters. The Supreme Court of the United States was known to sympathize with you. Our commerce with all the world was in the most flourishing condition; internal trade in its manifold ramifications was prosperous beyond all example; sectional strife had terminated in a national victory, thus giving new guarantees for the preservation of a Union which at that time seemed held together by bands alike sacred and indissoluble.

This inspiring prospect should have elevated you above all unworthy passions and unwholesome ambition. When you mounted the Presidential chair you were not, according to your own account, quite sixty-five years of age. Too old to undertake the destruction of your country, you were young enough to make it more potent at home and more honored abroad. Your enemies for more than forty years had imputed to you many questionable qualities of head and heart; but your friends relied upon your Administration to repel this imputation. The first accused you of selfishness, ingratitude, and avarice; the second claimed for you the highest attributes of private character. The first had frequently predicted that, if ever clothed with the almost imperious power of the Presidency, you would devote yourself to the overthrow of the

party to which near your fortieth year you attached your political fortunes; the second contended that by your moderation and consistency you would not only immortalize yourself, but so consolidate the Democracy at the close of your Administration as to leave it without a respectable adversary. How you fulfilled the prophecies of the one, and how you disappointed the hopes of the others, the impartial historian will record on his imperishable tablets.

It would be superfluous to recapitulate the thrice told tale of the downfall of yourself, your party, and your country. Even those who envied your friends, while those friends were rejoicing over your election, were shocked at the manner in which you prosecuted and hounded the men who, during many years of minority, had carried your cause upon their shoulders, until finally they placed you in the Presidential chair. No such spectacle has ever been presented in any country. You struck the most fatal blows at those who had rendered you the most devoted service. There was a rancor and a cruelty in your treatment of these men that no imagination could have anticipated, and no logician defended. Even those who attempted to maintain their usual kind relations to your person were repelled with haughty and freezing indifference, or subjected to your will by being made the slaves of your caprices, and the echoes of your treacheries. In proportion as you conducted this unprovoked warfare upon these citizens, you took into your confidence men who had never treated you save as an object of hatred and scorn.

Posterity takes little note of the treatment extended by a public man to life long supporters. It is not so tolerant, however, when such turpitude is accompanied and succeeded by persistent attempts to distract and demoralize a happy and united people. Had you but served the Republic—had you maintained your plighted faith to your principles—had you displayed a wise, comprehensive and practical statesmanship—had you insisted upon economy and integrity in your Administration, the judgment of the people would have rewarded you, and your recreancy to your friends would have been forgotten in the stern impartiality and justice of your policy.

The ruler of a civilized and Christian people may, in a moment of rash impulse, inflict incalculable injury upon his country. But you have no impulses. That which at first seemed to be the madness of the moment soon assumed the shape of settled malignity. When you consented to trample upon a holy and an undying truth, it is now evident that you had made up your mind to persevere to the end. No entreaties could move you to change your course. Even those whom you had wounded without provocation, repeatedly and humbly exhorted you to pause in your career. In vain. You seemed to have become the incarnation of Absolutism. The bloody fields of Kansas, the perishing industry of Pennsylvania, the arguments of the good, the thunder tones of the ballot-box, produced no more impression upon you than upon the walls of the building in which you sat, cold and heartless as those walls themselves.

Not content with doing wrong yourself, you insisted that all others whose interests you exercised the slightest control should likewise do wrong. Hesitation or refusal on their part to yield to your commands was punished with instant exclusion from places, or remorseless social ostracism. No one was too high to be reached by the shafts of your anger; no one too low to be ground under the heel of your proscriptive. You raked the official kennels for victims. Whether an honest man objected to your conduct who held position under you in a foreign land, or in your own State, or near the Presidential mansion, he was recalled or removed without an opportunity of defense. And in proportion as you persecuted the good, you compensated the bad. Thus, your own example became a grand premium to all who were ready to accept place at the loss of character.

When the money of the people was used to debauch the people—when the Chief Magistrate consented to degrade himself for the purpose of gratifying his revenge—the reckless men around your person accepted your own conduct as a license to them. Bent alike upon plundering the treasury and breaking up the Union, they organized a system of peculation unequalled in any civilized Government, and, with your aid, enlisted in the work of destroying the Democratic party. You pretend at this day that you were ignorant of their practices in the first, but you cannot deny that you stimulated and encouraged them in the second. The disruption of the Democratic party at Charleston and Baltimore was plotted in the White House; and when it was accomplished, although admonished that it must lead to the dislocation of the Union itself, you refused to throw yourself into the breach, and to accept the regular nomination of the party. Once more, you employed the patronage of your Administration in order to gratify your worst passions. You never forgave Stephen A. Douglas because he indignantly refused to endorse your defection in 1857; and when you contrasted the popular verdict which gratefully approved his course with the popular expression which condemned your own, you resolved that he should be defeated, even at the hazard of the annihilation of

the Union. You saw the Democratic party staggering under the double burden of being held responsible for the enormities of your Administration and of being identified with the cause of Disunion. Again you were admonished that perseverance in these proceedings must lead to the most direful consequences, and again you refused to listen to the voice of reason. Indeed, through your organs and your friends, you circulated the doctrine that it was far better that the general opponents of the Democracy should triumph than that the regular candidate of the party should be elected; and when this portion of your programme was fulfilled, when by means of your patronage, and with the aid of your mercenaries, you assisted to elect Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, you gave currency and credit to that fatal theory which has hurried our free institutions to the very precipice of Disunion. Preparations for armed resistance to the laws as a consequence of Mr. Lincoln's election were made under your own eyes, participated in by your own cabinet Ministers, advocated by your own newspaper exponent, and so far approved by those who held positions under you in the different States North and South, as at last to assume the air of a virtuous revolution. In that hour, when for a moment, you seemed to comprehend the magnitude of your crimes, did you step forward to execute your high trust, by anticipating the machinations of the Southern conspirators, by crushing Secession in the bud, and by making an example of every man who held a commission at your hands who dared to approve their proceedings? Alas! no. In your last annual message to Congress, whilst arguing against the right of a State to withdraw from the Union, you offered immunity to the enemies of the Union by declaring that you had no authority to punish them. Your Cabinet exploded in the midst of your own complications and your country's distresses, and then was disclosed a picture of crime, moral and political, such as no nation has ever been called on to witness. Compelled to summon to your side other counselors, animated by different sentiments, and resolved so far as they could to rescue the Union, you embarrassed their action by your timidity, vacillation and weakness. At this moment, while you are preparing to assist in the inauguration of your successor, it is doubtful whether you have left him even the fragment of a Government to administer. Your enemies might congratulate themselves upon the entire fulfillment of their predictions, if they were not called upon to mourn over the decay and downfall of the Union itself.

It may be said, these are harsh words to address to an old man. Your countrymen have been told that as you approach the close of your official term, you manifest some regret at the past; and within a short time it has been given out that the weight of years and cares has fearfully oppressed your spirits; but, Mr. Buchanan, the very last acts of your Administration have shown that still in their ashes live the wonted fires of your malignity and revenge. Many of your recent appointments have shocked the country. Even now, the name of one of the chief agents in all those proceedings which have contributed to rush the Republic upon the verge of ruin, is pending before the United States Senate for a high judicial position, and others who have been equally prominent in the proscriptions and treacheries of the four years gone by, have been honored with the most distinguished marks of your confidence. It will, therefore, be seen that you return to private life, just as you are approaching the Psalmist's age, without feeling a single emotion of remorse for the wrongs you have inflicted upon a patient and suffering people. I do not envy your reflections in the winter of your years; but like that Frenchman, when called upon to vote whether he would doom the tyrant of his country to the death he so richly merited, I conclude this epistle in his own words: "I commiserate the poor, and the needy, and the oppressed, but I have no pity for the oppressor of my country."

A Republican friend of ours, who does not want an office, having just returned from Washington, informs us that Old Abe is besieged by a swarm of hungry office-seekers unprecedented in the history of our country. He says that there are a hundred applicants for every office in the gift of the Government, and that the quota from Illinois exceeds that of all other States put together. Every Republican in Illinois who carried a lamp and wore a cape for Old Abe last fall, thinks he is entitled to an office. It is said that there are some forty or fifty applicants from Joliet alone, where Old Abe was in a minority of over six hundred. "Ten thousand thousands are their tongues, and only tests for ten."

It turns out that South Carolina is not the master spirit of the confederate States. She is looked upon by her confederate sisters, chained as she is to Fort Sumter, and suffering as she is in pocket, with something of pity. Georgia, whose port Savannah draws all the commerce Charleston loses, in the Empire State. The great men of South Carolina sent up to Montgomery to regulate the affairs of the nations of the earth, are decidedly crest-fallen, and the prevailing question is whether she shall proceed, in pure spite, to cut her own throat—that is, at Fort Sumter.

## MADMAN, SPARE THAT FLAG!

### A PARODY.

Madman, spare that flag!  
Tear not a single star!  
From sea to mountain's end,  
Its stripes have gladdened us.  
Twas our forefathers' hand  
That gave it its own life;  
Twas, madman, by its aid,  
Your eyes shall burn it out!

That flag of Liberty,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And would you strike it down?  
Cut not its Heaven-born folds;  
Our Country's wings are still,  
Strengthened with celestial aid!

On ocean's wave and beach,  
In battle and in blast,  
Our fathers shored beneath,  
Or sailed it to the mast.  
A tear for those who fell—  
For those who lived, renew—  
Oh! do not let it down.

Our heart-strings sound the dirge,  
And mourn o'er their loss;  
On field and deck, thy wing  
Has been a freedom's shield;  
Oh! spare the storm still blow;  
And, Traitor, leave the spot—  
While we've an arm to save,  
Your eyes shall burn it out!

## What Shall be Done with a Seceding State?—Henry Clay's Opinion.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 16, 1860.

I remember well how Mr. Clay used to talk, write and speak on this point. Though when on the brink of the grave, his eyes flashed with his old fire, his form rose to its full height, and his voice recovered its commanding tone, whenever Secession was even alluded to in his presence. He had no patience with the bare suggestion of the idea. He was for crushing out all agitation of such a topic. Were he living now, he would be for lopping off the hydra head of Secession by the strong arm of the Federal machinery at work in every State, and the Federal officers everywhere at their posts to administer justice, transport and distribute the mails, and collect the Federal revenues. He would have no parleying with actual traitors to the General Government. He would be for forthwith putting down or stringing up all nullifiers and seceders. Public enemies who dare attempt "peaceful secession" or "take the chances of revolution," would find no mercy from him. In April, 1851, I heard Mr. Clay emphatically declare to Mr. Prentice and other friends, in the reading room of the Galt House, that he approved the marching of the United States army into South Carolina, to resist her Secession, if she dare attempt it.

Henry Clay's general opinion of the way to treat secession and nullification, as I heard him state it publicly and privately, and as he expressed it in his letter of Oct. 3, 1851, to Daniel Ullman and others of your city, was this: "Oppose the standard should be raised, of open resistance to the Union, the Constitution, and the laws, what is to be done? There can be but one possible answer. The power, the authority, and the dignity of the Government ought to be maintained, and resistance put down at every hazard. The duty of executing the laws and suppressing insurrections is without limitation or qualification; it is co-extensive with the jurisdiction of the United States. No human Government can exist without the power of applying force; and the actual application of it in extreme cases. My belief is that if it should be applied to South Carolina, in the event of her secession, she would be speedily reduced to obedience, and that the Union, instead of being weakened, would acquire additional strength."

"PALMETTO" WHISKEY FROM NORTHERN DISTILLERIES.—For several days past, we have noticed dry loads of Cincinnati "Bent-head," the genuine "contraband," "strychnine," "kill-round-the-corner" rifle-whiskey, passing through the city, on the way to Charleston and other points in South Carolina and the South. What a commentary upon the non-intercourse fire-eaters. They are an "oral" nation down there, some of them—but they can't make their own whiskey. Porkopolis does it for them. It drinks just as well, they find, so long as the barrel bears the Palmetto stamp. It's a pretty shrewd idea of Porkopolis, though—sailing their "angle-foot" under Palmetto colors. It's a pretty cute way to "sell" the Carolinians and a little bad whiskey at the same time, by branding a Palmetto tree on one end of the keg. The stream of Cincinnati whiskey pouring into the South, while a tendency to fire the Southern head as well as the Southern heart.—Nash's Banner.

THE TWO PRESIDENTS.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, asserts that Messrs. Lincoln and Davis were both born in Kentucky, the former in the year 1809, and the latter in 1808. That each left his native State at an early age, one emigrating north the other south; both served in the Indian wars of the West; both commenced their political career about the same time, and were Presidential electors in the election of 1844, Davis for Polk and Lincoln for Clay. They were elected to Congress near the same time, '45 or '46, and were in the same year, and almost the same day, called to preside over their respective Governments—one as President of the United States, the other as President of the Confederate States.

## South Carolina Always Cowardly.

### The Boston Transcript thus sums up certain well known historical facts:

The "Colonial" Flag, we read in the newspapers, was "hailed with intense enthusiasm in Charleston." We do not doubt this fact—the "Colonial Flag" was always popular in South Carolina, and during the American Revolution that State, with a Northern army to assist her, could not even preserve her capital from falling into the hands of the British. The inhabitants of Charleston, as a body, preferred to return to their allegiance to the British Crown, rather than to aid Gen. Lincoln to save it. So general was the defection to the patriotic cause, and so many of the people of South Carolina bowed their necks anew to "Colonial" vassalage, that Sir Henry Clinton considered his triumph complete, and communicated to the British Ministry the intelligence that the whole State had yielded submission to the royal army, and had become again a part of the British Empire.

Soon after the fall of Charleston, and when disaffection to the American cause was so general, two hundred and ten persons, who styled themselves to be the "principal inhabitants" of the city, signed an address to Sir Henry Clinton, in which they stated they had every inducement to return to their allegiance, and ardently hoped to be admitted to the character and condition of British subjects! The Continental Congress called upon South Carolina for 16,932 soldiers during the Revolutionary war. She supplied only 6,660, or ten thousand less than her quota of troops. Massachusetts was called upon for 52,678 soldiers. She furnished 67,907, or upwards of fifteen thousand more than her quota! Indeed, Massachusetts, during the conflict in behalf of national independence, furnished more men to the army than every State south of Pennsylvania; and when the war balances were adjusted, after peace was proclaimed, it was ascertained that Massachusetts had overpaid her share in the sum of \$1,248,801 in specie.

## Atrocious.

The following startling and highly inflammatory dispatches appear in a newspaper "out West," to which they were specially telegraphed:

Late! Late!! Latest!!! Highly Important from Charleston.—Our Special Dispatches by the Underground Line! CHARLESTON, SUPPER-TIME, Feb. 14.

All the babies in the entire South are in arms, and many are now employed at the breastworks.

TWO AND A HALF MINUTES LATER.

Hundreds of the noblest women in South Carolina are behind the breastworks, and they boldly express their determination to remain there.

THREE QUARTERS OF A MINUTE LATER.

A number of young ladies were in arms the greater part of last evening, and many more are extremely anxious to follow the self-sacrificing example of their sisters. Shame on the young men.

ONE-QUARTER OF A MINUTE LATER.

We have learned from a reliable source that the study of military tactics will be introduced into the female schools of this State immediately, as the spirited girls declare their willingness to take charge of the South Carolina 'infantry' which is to be raised.

A report from the interior says that the negroes 'wear' drilling, but it is a confirmation. Everybody is in a blaze of excitement, and the gas company has suspended in consequence.

CONCLUDED TO REMAIN.—The Alexandria Gazette says that a gentleman of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, a strong secessionist, in February last, being dissatisfied with the course things were taking in Virginia, went to Mississippi for the purpose of buying land, and to remove his negroes to that State. He had just returned, and called on the Delegate from his County, to say, that though he had thought Virginia was slow, "I hope she will be slower still;" that he saw but few of the substantial, wealthy proprietors in Mississippi who were not dissatisfied with the course of events South, at the prospect of heavy taxation, and of no benefits under the new order of things that they could not expect under the old Union; and told him "that if Virginia and the Border States got such guarantees as would be satisfactory to them, they had no doubt that Mississippi and the Gulf States would return." He concluded to remain in Virginia.

GREASELY SWEARING.—There are still a few persons who entertain the idea, concerning Horace Greeley, which was prevalent among country school-masters, believers in anti-slavery sentiments, consumers of Fowler literature, and temperance apostles—not to speak of the short petticoat and bran bread reformers—ten years ago. They are shocked at the statement that Greeley is swearing loudly about Seward—"Greeley swears—impossible!"—But he does though. He "swears" with decided vim, and d—s matters and things in general with a venomous emphasis that would astonish those who believe him to be but a short remove from a saint. The bitterness with which he calls those who differ with him "d—s cowards," is exceedingly refreshing.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Andy Johnson, the glorious Tennessee Senator, commenced business as a tailor.

## "OUR FLAG WHEN WE PART."

Oh! what will become of that flag when we part!  
Shall it drop o'er the tomb of our national fame?  
Shall it stream o'er the wreck, when each hope of the hour  
Has abandoned that wreck to oblivion and shame!

When that banner of glory forever is furled,  
Shall each gun be re-erect and trashed about  
Shall the bright constellations that lighted a world,  
Be replaced by a distant and desolate star?

Rather keep its proud trophies, and over them cast  
This all of our honor—this shroud of our shame;  
Fire the pile! Sing the sabre abroad on the blast—  
It was born amid storm—let it perish in flame!

## The Ever-Memorable 23d.

We presume it is not necessary for us to say that George Washington was the greatest man, take him for all in all, that ever lived. He was coolly, grandly great. He made no unbecome speeches from dry-goods boxes on street corners. He did not straddle the American eagle and sail through a vast expanse of wind, bosh and nonsense. He didn't make an ass of himself by writing long and empty letters to the newspapers. He didn't assassinate Shakspeare and strangle Latin, as do the patriots of the present day. He didn't go around with his coat pockets filled full of Arkansas "toothpicks" and "pistols." He had no tools and lickspittles, whom he secretly labored to get appointed to fat places, and then take the lion's share of their pay himself.—George was far from being "a snucker." He didn't, as so many of the patriots now—a-days do, quarter all his family, including his "aunt in the country," upon the Government. Nor did he chop off the heads of postmasters, custom-collectors, light-house tenders, &c., for daring to say their souls were their own, and for expressing their honest opinions on State and National questions.

There was no cant about George—no hypocrisy. He was the same everywhere. We find almost everything to admire in him—hardly anything to censure. He paid his debts. He didn't fight the Tiger. He was innocent of being a model husband. He never swore but once—at Monmouth—and then he did it scientifically and with force. He was great "on the fight"—not rash and reckless, but cool, determined and terrible. He was every inch a statesman, and in short, he was about as nearly perfect as possible. We would rather see a pair of his old boots in the White House, than the whole live bodies of several aspirants for that place that we have in our mind's eye at the present writing.

Great was George Washington. He sleeps at Mount Vernon, with his mantle wrapped around him, and as Mr. Prentice said of Clay and Jackson, there is not the slightest danger of his mantle being disturbed by any gentleman of the present day.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

COAL OIL.—The oil fever is beginning to attack some of our people, and shafts are being sunk wherever there is a guess upon it. All the world abounds in oil, and why not Canton? Men go to sleep with their hair full of oil, and of course their dreams are of an oleaginous cast. Every man you meet carries a bottle of the villainous smelling stuff in his pocket, and talks learnedly of stratum and sub-stratum, of sandstone, granite, shale, slate, and all the primary, secondary, and tertiary formations. There ain't one of them but who can account for the milk in a cocoon. It has been evident to a great many, for a great many years, that oil abounds in inexhaustible quantities somewhere in the bowels of the earth, and only waiting to be tapped. Schwalm stone quarry is suddenly invested with an importance it had never before enjoyed; gangs of people visited it and returned with a pocket full of rocks; these are subjected to microscopic examinations, and finally thrust into the fire, and the indubitable evidence of oil fried out. It can easily be predicted that if the anticipations of the oil explorers are fully realized, there will be a great revolution in the whole fabric. Some of the Philosophers think this country was once an inland sea inhabited by the monsters of the deep, and that oil as found was the death bed of an antediluvian whale. Oil is imperishable, every vestige of the animal is gone but the grease. It looks reasonable.—Canton Repository.

ROUND OFF THE HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.—We have now heard the plea in self-defense of two of Mr. Buchanan's ministers. Thompson has made a full confession of his treason, and glories in it. Floyd sets up the pitiful wail of a scoured dog, and expresses his profound dislike of a merited castigation.—All that is now wanting is a frank statement from Buchanan himself. The ex-President should tell us how he was bullied by the Southern madcaps, and how, in his vacillation and terror he succumbed to the threats of traitors. Such a document would round off the history of the late Administration pleasantly, and give the future historian of the country rich material for writing a fascinating history of the ins and outs of the great Treason of the country.—N. Y. Post.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MINNESOTA has changed the name of Toombs County, in that State, to Anderson County, complimentary to the gallant Major, of Fort Sumter.

In St. Petersburg, the annual revenue to the Government from houses of ill-repute, which are always fared, is said to be about \$500,000.

## Pen Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

Though descriptions of Mr. Lincoln's features, of his family and dwelling have abounded since his nomination to the position to which he is now elected, our readers will not be displeased with the following sketches by a Springfield correspondent of the New York World:

The visitor is ushered into a moderately wide hall, from either side of which doors lead to the rooms of the mansion. The one in which visitors are usually received contains a library of law and other miscellaneous books, and upon the opposite side is the drawing room, simply yet elegantly furnished, and commanding an outlook upon the garden, which, though bleak enough at this season of the year, must in the summer be extremely beautiful. Everything about the house betokens the residence of the well-to-do, comfortable citizen of the West.

Mr. Lincoln himself has been so often described, so often crayoned, painted, pencil sketched, and photographed, that his personal ought by this time to be perfectly familiar to that many headed monster, the general public. One cannot lay his hand on his bosom and say that Old Abe is a handsome man; but there be those, and judicious observers too, who would hesitate before pronouncing him ugly. His face is quick and mobile in expression, his eyes, dark and lustrous, set deeply in his head, like Webster's, speak before his lips are opened. His cheek bones are high and prominent; the lower portion of his face thin and drawn into hard wrinkles. The deep lines around his mouth are probably as good a certificate as he would desire of that strenuous toil through which he has made his way up to fame. His great stature—six feet and three inches—gives him an aspect of lankness and thinness which does grave injustice to his really stalwart, commanding proportions. He has a general reputation, wherever he is known, of being as "tough as whip-cord." The qualifications for legal eminence at the West were, in the early days, partly muscular. It is not unfrequently occurred that the presiding Judge found it necessary to dismiss the court for a time in order to whip refractory witnesses, or impress upon boisterous counsellors the fact that if respect was not due to the judicial acumen of the court, at least its ability in a rough and tumble fight was not to be disputed. It is not probable that "Old Abe" ever found it necessary to cap his arguments by thrashing the opposing counsel, but had he ever done so, all I can say is I would much rather not have been that counsel.

Legends of his prowess, in the days when he adorned the pursuit of fatboat navigation, are yet current among his early companions. Probably, to his physical courage and daring he was indebted for his accession to the leadership during the early Indian troubles upon the frontier. His capacity as a leader was often tried, during those short campaigns in the wilderness, and was never found wanting. If he carries to the executive chair the pluck and daring which enabled him to hold his own against the rampant flatboatmen, with whom, from time to time even the most peaceful of the craft would now and then come into hostile collision; if he takes thither the adroit finesse and executive decision which enabled him to evade an ambush of Indians in the Black Hawk war, and to beat the dusky warrior at their own system of fighting, whenever they revealed themselves, he will make just such a President as the present crisis demands.

The future lady of the White House is, perforce, a personage to whom just now the liveliest interest attaches. That she will adorn and grace even the exalted position to which she bids fair to succeed, none who have had the fortune to see her can doubt. She is yet apparently upon the advantageous side of forty, with a face upon which dignity and sweetness are blended, and an air of cultivation and refinement which familiarity with the courtly dwelling rooms of London, or the aristocratic saloons of Paris, would hardly lend an added grace.—She is admirably calculated to preside over our republican court. If once we are permitted so far to describe her personal appearance as to meet half way the respectful curiosity which is felt upon the subject, the description would be: that she is slightly above the medium stature, with brown eyes, clearly cut features, delicate, mobile, expressive; rather distinguished in appearance than beautiful, conveying to the mind generally an impression of self-possession, staleness and elegance. I distrust my own opinion on subjects of this kind, but I concur in the belief prevalent hereabouts that she will make an admirable a leader of the stately dames and lovely demellees of the national capital as the most fastidious social martinet could desire.

THE FIRST LEAVE AT THE SOUTHERN WHITE HOUSE.—The Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says of Mrs. Jeff. Davis' first leave, that it was largely attended by the fashionable belles of Montgomery, and a great number of the distingue who are flocking to the capital. She is a lady of medium age, not remarkable for beauty, but wears a polished and dignified elegance and grace which attracts and pleases far more than physical perfection. Her civility of manner and the cordial reception she gave to her numerous visitors, has given her great satisfaction, and is an assurance for many future pleasant sojourns.