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Choice Poetry.

UNION PATRIOTS.

As--Ye Mariners of England. Ye patriots of the Union. Who love your native land...

OUR BABY.

At our house, at our house, we've a sweet little baby. As fat as a cocoon in the Fall...

Select Tale.

INITIATING A FREE-MASON.

BY HARRIET N. GRAVES.

"How did you make a Free-Mason?" asked Aunt Scroggins. "I was initiated into the Order of the Free-Masons of the State of New York..."

into the closet was made of glass, to let in the light as there was no window in it. "Well, the Lodge sometimes met in that large room; so one afternoon my husband came in and told me to have a good fire in the dance-room..."

ing the bandage from his eyes with the fury of a madman, he shouted at the top of his voice: "No yer don't, yer old devil! I ain't one of yer yet!" And glancing around with a wild look...

der of a great galleon of Andalusia came to be divided, and the gold, the jewels, the spices, and the gums were allotted to the happy adventurers. The great nobles and wealthy merchants were as eager for Spanish plunder as the Queen...

Domestic Happiness. Ah! what so refreshing, so something, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home? See the traveller--does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance...

The Poetry of Mary. A poet has said, "a rose by another name, with smell as sweet," and its truth, I believe, rests uncontradicted, as none have ventured, or presumed to deny it. And who, of tender sensibilities, I ask, that has walked the path of flowers, midst perfume and beauty, would assert for a moment, that the sweet blending lines of the violet and the lily, by any other name, would appear less beautiful. I fancy none. But ah! is it so with the name of Mary? No, for that name, plain and simple as it is, bears the passion and romance of this soul of mine, a charm of pure, undisguised, and glowing inspiration...

The Two Babies. Cannon thundering, bells pealing, flags waving, illuminations, military parades; peasants, nobles and princes--all crowding to that big house! What the mischief is all this fuss about? Some great victory perhaps? We do not know. Your name is Johnny, it is all about an hour old baby; but for all that you had better not speak of him, without taking off your hat; that baby is of some consequence, I can tell you, for all he lies there wheezing and sneezing, winking and blinking, like an astonished little pup...

Miscellaneous.

ROSE RAYMOND.

She stands by the window. Looks out on the sea; No moan beneath softly, No bright stars there...

English Buccaneers of Elizabeth's Time.

—Sir Walter Raleigh, the Filibuster. From a book which we have elsewhere noticed, entitled Lives of the British Historians, (by Lawrence,) we extract the following very fine descriptive passages. They occur in the biography of Sir Walter Raleigh, the greatest of Filibusters...

Jack-o'-Lantern.

—Every man has his Jack-o'-lantern; in the dark night, in bright noonday--in the lonely wild, or in the populous city--each has his Jack-o'-lantern. To this man Jack comes in the likeness of a bottle of old port, seducing him from sobriety, and leaving him in a quagmire; to that man, he appears in the form of a splendid phanton and a pair of gray driving into bankruptcy, and dropping him into the open jaws of ruin...

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

At the meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, lately, Gov. Price, in response to a toast, made a speech, in which he related the following anecdote: "On the day preceding the night on which General Washington had determined to cross the Delaware and attack the British in Trenton, an Englishman in the neighborhood dispatched his son with a note to General Rahl, to warn him of the approaching danger. The General being deeply absorbed in a game of chess when the note was presented, without withdrawing his attention from the game, thoughtlessly put the note in his vest pocket. After the battle the next day, when General Rahl was wounded in mortally, the note was found unopened in his pocket. Phil. Gazette."

TALKING AND READING.

Nothing is better than conversation as a corrective of self-sufficiency. In educated conversation a man soon finds his level. He learns more truly than from books to converse with living men, to estimate his powers modestly and justly. A book is passive; it does not repel pretensions; it does not rebuke vanity. Indeed, reading and studying become in too many but the nature of conceit. If some persons value themselves on the books they own, it is not surprising that others should value themselves on the books they read. As knowledge grows on the thoughts in books, so industry feeds on their words, and is proud, long, solitary. In conversation, a man is not long in discovering that he alone does not know everything, and that if he were to die, wisdom would not perish with him. The Vermont Papers.

REMARKABLE.

It is stated as a notable fact that--amid all the glory, and grandeur and sublimity of the Alps, the roaring of the mountain peak, the voice of the water fall, and the murmuring of the streams, the swift onset of the avalanche, the sunset-tinted snow, and the deep blue of the glaciers--Switzerland and the Alps have produced no great poet or painter! It is left for countries and localities comparatively barren of natural beauty and sublimity, to produce great conceptions.

IN WHAT DOES PLEASURE CONSIST?

An American paper, announcing the opening of a new cemetery, says, "Mr. --- had the pleasure of being the first individual buried there!"