# The Holmes County Farmer.

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## Poetry.

### NO GEMS I BRING.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON

No gems I bring from ocean's caves,
Or pearls of untold worth;
A nobler gift than these I bring—
A gift of heavenly birth;
And may it dwell within thy heart,
Where'er thou mayest be,—
The only boon that it doth crave,
Is to "Remember me."

Within this heart of mine there dwells
A pure and holy love;
Symbolic of affection, which
The angels feel above;
And though I roam in foreign lands,
Or journey o'er the sea,—
Let me be happy with the thought,
That you'll "Remember me."

Not as the snow that gently falls
Where streams of water glide;
But let my image in thy heart
As long as life abide;
And, as through all the scenes of life,
I shall remember thee;
Let me be buoyed with the thought,
That you'll "Remember me."

## Miscellaneous.

### THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"What do you want now, Mary? It's nothing but mother! mother! from morning to night. I declare I am tired of the name!" And the mother tossed her sewing into her work-basket impatiently, and turned with no amiable face to her child.

"O, mother," said Mary, in a pleading tone, "won't you please to let me take your little scissors to cut some dresses for my little dolly? I'll bring them back again."

"No, I shall do no such thing; you are always bothering me for something when I get a moment to sew; you'll want something else before I can take a stitch.—Run right away now and don't tease me."

The child turned away with a disappointed face, and the mother bent over her needle.

Presently a shrill cry from an adjoining room announced that the baby had finished his nap, and was by no means pleased with his quarters. Down went the sewing again, with the exclamation, "Now that baby must needs wake up with only half a nap, and there'll be no peace with him all the afternoon."

The hasty manner in which Master Charley was snatched up from his cradle, and the impatient "hush will you," that greeted him, was in no way calculated to quiet his nerves, and called forth still louder screams. After a wearisome hour of alternate scolding and soothing the young gentleman concluded to sit upon the floor and amuse himself with his playthings while his mother made preparations for supper.

When the work was about half completed the door was thrown open, and two red cheeked children rushed noisily into the room.

"O, mother!" shouted the eldest, "we are going to have a pic-nic—all the scholars—down by the grove, and take our dinners, and have some big swings, and —and"—

The boy stopped, fairly out of breath, and his younger brother chimed in:

"And the teacher is going to take me and Willie with him in his big market wagon, and he says you must bake us a cake, won't you, mother, and put raisins in it, and sugar on the top?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall; "I do believe there never was such a noisy set of children. You are enough to drive any one distracted with your mother! mother! Do sit down and be quiet while I get supper!"

"Won't supper be ready pretty soon?" asked Willie, following his mother into the kitchen. "I am so hungry."

"I'll risk your starving. Go away and don't bother me—go and play marbles with Fred in the other room."

For a few moments there was a comparative quiet, and the two boys rolled their marbles and discussed their merits; but their voices grew louder and louder, and finally Fred made a quick step forward, and brought his foot down upon the baby's fingers. Then there was music in earnest, and as the mother caught up Charley and tried to still his screams, scolded poor Willie for his carelessness, pushed both the boys into chairs, and took her work basket away from Mary, giving her a hasty blow that added her voice to the chorus, there came a quick step in the hall, and the husband came in. He was one of those genial, happily constituted men who always see the sunny side of everything, and on whom life and its cares press lightly. As he entered the room the loud, angry screams of the children sunk almost instantly to half subdued sobs, and their faces brightened in sympathy with his.

Catching the baby from his mother's arms, he commenced a merry play with him that soon brought smiles instead of tears, to the little fellows face, and Mary dried her eyes to join in his shouts of delight at being tossed to the ceiling by the strong arms that he trusted so perfectly. In a few moments Mr. Hall was seated with Charley in his lap, and the other children about him, each one eager to relate something of the daily occurrences, sure of finding ready sympathy from their father. The pic-nic was discussed with all its anticipated delights, and even Mary's doll came in for a share of the attention, as her story of "the dreadful headache dolly had got," was gravely listened to.

When all were in a good humor again, Mr. Hall quietly asked them what they were all crying about when he came in.—All looked sober for a moment, and then Willie hesitatingly answered:

"I stepped on Charley's fingers, and that made him cry, and then mother shook me and I cried too."

"Did you mean to hurt your little brother?"

"No, father, but Fred and I were rolling marbles, and I wanted to get a good aim, and I forgot all about baby and went backward right on to him."

"You must remember another time to be more careful when Charley is near you I knew a boy once who put his little brother's eye out, by hitting him accidentally with a play thing. You would feel very badly if you should spoil one of these bright eyes, would you not?"

"Yes, indeed, father," said Willie, throwing his arms about Charley. "Willie wouldn't hurt you for all the world little brother.

"Well, Mary, did you cry because the rest did?"

"I—I—got my mamma's little scissors."

"I am sorry if my little Mary has been naughty and disobeyed her mother."

"She didn't say Mary musn't touch," sobbed the child, "she say, not trouble mamma."

The tears were not easily checked this time, and with all the father's ingenuity, they burst forth at every slight provocation during the evening. When the last little head was left dreaming upon its pillow, Mrs. Hall drew her sewing-chair to the light with a sigh of relief, saying:

"Thank fortune for the prospect of a few hours of peace and quiet."

"You look very tired to-night; have you had a hard day?" inquired her husband.

"Hard! I should think so. Charles has not slept fifteen minutes to-day, and I never saw Mary so fretful and peevish."

"I do not think Mary is well, she seemed very feverish this evening. Mr. Marsh has two children sick with scarlet fever."

"O, there is nothing the matter with her," replied Mrs. Hall; but in spite of her words her heart beat a little anxiously at the thought. "I think sometimes she likes to bother me, and to-day it has been nothing but mother! mother! till I am so tired of it I almost wish I might never hear the name again.

"Do not say so, my dear, it makes me tremble to think of what might be. This would be a sad home if even one of those merry voices should never say *mother* again."

Mrs. Hall started; she had not thought of such a thing, and the serious construction that her husband had given to her hasty words shocked her. She was an affectionate mother, and really loved her children, although she failed to enter into their childish feelings with that appreciative sympathy that they needed, and often administered impatient reproof and even correction without stopping to determine whether it was merited.

It was generally understood by the children that to "bother mother," was the most serious offense they could commit.

She was often quoted as a model wife and mother, and, indeed, she was, so far as mere externals were concerned. No household was better clothed or fed, no home more orderly than hers, but she quite forgot, in her anxiety to see her children dressed with neatness and taste, that the little ones had moral natures that needed more careful training, affections that should be cultivated, not dwarfed, and cravings for sympathy that should meet an earnest return. Her husband's words had startled her, and after sewing a few moments uneasily she took up a lamp and went to look at Mary. The child was sleeping unquietly, with tears still clinging to her flushed cheeks, and a grieved expression about her mouth. The mother's heart smote her as she looked at the little helpless form before her, and she bent down and softly kissed the dimpled cheek, where she fancied she could still see the traces of her hasty blow. As she did so she started at its burning touch and uttered a cry of fear that brought her husband instantly to her side. It was easy to see that Mary was in a high fever, and after a few soothing words to his wife, Mr. Hall hastened to call the family physician, who decided at once that it was a case of scarlet fever.

"Have your other children ever had the fever, Mrs. Hall?" he inquired.

"Not one of them," was the despairing reply.

"Then I would advise you to send the older ones immediately away, they may possibly escape the infection, and it may be better to have the house quiet."

The next morning Fred and Willie were sent away several miles to the house of a relative, and the house seemed strangely, awfully still to their sad mother, who bent anxiously over the unconscious Mary, listening to the delirious raving when the fever was high, or shivering sobs and moans when it abated.—Little Charley was closely watched to see if the fever had tainted his blood, and for several days they hoped he would escape, but he awoke one morning with the crimson staining his pure cheek, and before night the fever crept and plowed in every vein. It is very pitiful to see a child suffer, especially an infant that knows nothing of the nature of pain, and looks so pleadingly to those in trust for relief, wondering much that the mother's love, which never failed before, should be powerless now. There was a love that was stronger, yet, that did not fail, and after many days and nights of painful watching, both children were pronounced out of danger. On the night that Mary's fever turned, Mrs. Hall sat by the bedside, almost holding her breath lest she should disturb the deep sleep into which she had fallen, and looking on the pale, wasted face of her child, she thought of all the course of sickness. She thought, too, of her own impatient words but a few weeks before, and remembered that during her delirium Mary had not once spoken her name.

There was a slight movement in the bed, and a child's voice called very faintly, "mama!"

Was there ever such sweet music to that mother's ears, ever such blessed tears as filled her eyes as she murmured, 'Thank God! I have heard the name once more!"

The sights and sounds of the sick-room slowly passed away, and the house rang again with childish voices; but the mother had learned a solemn lesson, and the hasty wish that had been so nearly granted was a warning memory whenever she was tempted to impatient words or thoughts.

### Speech of Stephen A. Douglas.

WASHINGTON, June 24. — Late last night a procession was formed at the Illumination, Douglas head quarters, and proceeded to the Railroad station to receive the Illinois and other Baltimore Convention delegates, who were accompanied by the Great Western Band, and came on a special train. They repaired to the residence of Mr. Douglas, and complimented him with a serenade and huzzahs. In acknowledging the evidences of their friendship, he said:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I thank you for this manifestation of your kindness and enthusiasm. The circumstances under which this vast crowd has assembled, spontaneously and without previous notice, demonstrates an earnestness of feeling which fills my heart with gratitude. To be the chosen standard bearer of the only political organization that is conservative and powerful enough to save the country from abolitionism and disunion, is indeed an honor of which any citizen may be proud. I am fully impressed with the responsibility of the position, and trust that Divine Providence will impart to me strength of wisdom to comply with all its requirements. [Applause.]

Our beloved country is threatened with a fearful sectional antagonism, which places the Union itself in imminent peril. This antagonism is produced by the effort in one section of the Union to use the federal government for the purpose of restricting and abolishing slavery, and a corresponding effort in the other section for the purpose of forcing slavery into those regions where the people do not want it. [Cries of that's true.] The ultra men in each section demand Congressional intervention upon the subject of slavery in the territories. They agree in respect to the power and duty of the federal government to control the question, and differ only as to the mode of exercising the power. The one demands the intervention of the federal government *for* slavery, and the other *against* it.—Each appeals to the passions and prejudices of his section against the peace and harmony of the whole country. [Cries of that's so, and applause.] On the other hand, the position of all conservative and union loving men is, or at least ought to be, that of non intervention of Congress with slavery in the territories. [Cries of that's the true doctrine, and applause.]—This was the position of the Democratic party in the Presidential contest of '48 '52 and '56. This was the position upon which Clay, Webster, Cass and the friends of the Union of all political affinities of that day established the compromise of 1850.

Upon the common ground of non-intervention they contended with, and put to flight the Abolitionists of the North and Secessionists of the South in that memorable contest. [Cries of We'll do it again, and three cheers.] It was on this common ground of non-intervention that Whigs and Democrats agreed to stand on their respective party platforms of 1852, and each party adheared faithfully to this principle so long as its organization was maintained, and the Democrats still maintain it as the key stone of the arch which binds the federal Union together, and to this cardinal principle of non-intervention has the Democratic party renewed the pledge of its faith at Charleston and Baltimore. [Cheers and cries of We'll keep the faith.] As the chosen representative of that great party, it is my fixed purpose to keep the faith, and redeem that pledge at all hazards and under all circumstances. [Three cheers for Douglas.] The safety of the Union depends upon the strict adherence to the doctrine of non-intervention.

Intervention means disunion—intervention, whether by the North, or by the South, whether for or against slavery tends directly to disunion. Upon this identical question are attempts now being made to destroy the Democratic party. Because the minority of the interventionists could not intimidate the majority into abandonment of the doctrine of non-intervention they have seceded from the organization of the Democratic party and are endeavoring to form a new party in hostility to it [Cries of let them go, we can whip the disunionists North and South, &c.] Secession from the Democratic party means secession from the Federal Union. [Cries of that's so, and applause.] Those who enlist under the secession banner now, will be expected on the 4th of March next to take up arms against the constituted authorities in certain contingencies. We are told in a certain event the South must finally, must forcibly resist the inauguration of the President elect. While we find those who are loudest in their threats of such resistance engaged in the scheme to divide and destroy the Democratic party, thereby securing the election of the Republican candidate, does not this line of policy look to disunion? [Cries of yes.] Intelligent men must be presumed to understand the tendency and consequences of their own actions. Can the seceders fail to preserve that their efforts to divide and defeat the Democratic party, if successful, must lead directly to secession of the Southern States? I trust they will see what must be the result of such a policy, and return to the organization and platform of the party before it is too late to save the country. [Applause.] The Union must be preserved—[cheers]—the constitution must be maintained inviolate—[renewed cheering]—and it is our mission under Divine Providence, as I believe, to save the Constitution and the Union from the assaults of Northern Abolitionists and Southern disunionists.—[Enthusiastic applause, and three cheers for Douglas.]

My friends, I have detained you too long, and will close by renewing the expression of my sincere thanks. [Many voices, "go on, go on."] Mr. Douglas—no, it is nearly Sabbath morning, [a voice—we will listen to you a year, Judge] and I merely made my appearance to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me by so large a meeting at this hour of the night. I recognize among you the faces of many old friends and a large number of my immediate neighbors from Illinois, as well as others from almost every State in the Union. I only regret my house is not large enough to invite you in and take you individually by the hand. [A voice—your heart is big enough.]

Three times three cheers were given for Stephen A. Douglas as the next President of the United States.

The procession next proceeded to the quarters of Governor Fitzpatrick and afforded him an opportunity to judge of the quality of a Chicago band. As the Vice-Presidential nominee had retired to bed, Representative Cox at this instance, returned thanks for the political and musical compliment. Representative McClernand, of Illinois, pledged the North-west for Douglas.

### An Eloquent Speech.

The following is the speech of the Hon. John L. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, upon casting the vote of the Pennsylvania delegation, of which he was Chairman, for Stephen A. Douglas, in the National Democratic Convention on Saturday last:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention—It is scarcely necessary for me to say that no time during the sittings of this body did Judge Douglas receive the united vote of the delegation from Pennsylvania, and I may further add that in the consideration of a platform, a majority of us united with our Southern friends, ready to give them all that we believed them entitled to under the Federal Constitution. In our judgment they asked for nothing more, and we were not willing to offer them less. [Applause.] In our action then we have been overruled by a decided majority of this body, and for Pennsylvania I am free to say that, attached as we are to the Democratic party, its principles, its discipline, its organization, standing there forever, in the eloquent language of the President in his opening speech at Charleston, standing as perpetual sentinels upon the outposts of the Constitution, we will, I trust, abide its decision and support its nominee. [Cheers and applause.]

Judge Douglas is a man of acknowledged talent, and every where regarded as an accomplished statesman, skilled in art of ruling! Born under a New England sun, yet by adoption a citizent of the West, honored in the Valley of the Ohio and cherished on the slopes of the Atlantic, he now should be of the whole country. [Cheers.] Untrained, to some extent, in early life in the learning of the schools, the deficiency, if any exists, has been largely compensated by the generous measure in which nature has dealt upon him her choicest gifts of intellect and character. [Applause.] Like Henry, of the Revolution. Like Peel, of England, these noble qualities have made him the architect of his own fortune.—[Cheers and applause.] That the Union is confederacy endowed with special powers, the States composing it retaining all the undelegated attributes of sovereignty, is the fundamental truth of our political system. In defence of this truth we are about to engage in a new contest, and in the comprehension of its character we have thoroughly to educate the public mind. The popular heart is to be won back to loyalty, by holding up to its contemplation the image of the Constitution, in its serene beauty of linement and proportion.

The erring conclusions of our fellow citizens of all sections are to be corrected by a thorough and persevering exposition of their fallacy, and in place of these are to be inculcated the paramount claims of the Federal compact to the hearty allegance, in letter and spirit, of every American who can comprehend and appreciate the institutions of his country, and who really cherishes a desire for their perpetuity. [Applause.] If here, in this beautiful city, which looks out on the Chessapeake, we have needed any excitement to a broad patriotism in our deliberations, it should have been found in the associations in the midst of which we are assembled; for it was at Annapolis, at the close of the Revolution, that Washington resigned his commission. It is also within sight of the spot at which we are convened that imposing monuments rise to to the greatness of his memory and to the patriotism of the sons of Maryland.—[Cheers.]

Pennsylvania, the State in which Independence was first proclaimed, and the work of the Revolution received by the construction of the Federal Compact; the State which holds within her bosom the ashes of Franklin, and boast the first battlefield of Washington, will be true to her noble memories. [Applause,] and in the fullness of that enlightened conservative sentiment, for which she has been distinguished, will rally, I hope, in giant strength, cast the dust from her eyes and aid the friends of the Democratic party once more to elect their nominee.-[Cheers and prolonged applause.]

### Badly Cornued.

A traveler, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a sparely settled section of country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming and dressing out a sickly-looking field of corn, and relieved himself thus,—

"My young friend it seems to me your corn is rather small."

"Yes, daddy planted the small kind."

"Ah, but it appears to look rather yellowish, too."

"Yes, sir, daddy planted the yellow kind."

"From appearances, my lad, you won't get more than half a crop."

"Just half, stranger—daddy planted it on halves."

The horseman gave up in despair and proceeded on his journey. He held no more talk with boys on his route—he set them down as bores.

A Good old dutchman and his frow sat up till gaping time, when the latter gave a full stretch, and said:

"I vish I vas in Heben."

Hans also yawned and replied:

"I vish I vas in the sthill house."

The eyes of Sallie flew wide open, as she exclaimed, "I po pound for you, you always vish yourself in the best place."

### Noble Letters from Douglas to His Friends in Baltimore.

The telegraph has mentioned rumors of the contents of certain dispatches sent by Stephen A. Douglas to his friends in the Baltimore Convention in reference to his candidacy. The able correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* furnishes his letters complete to that paper and we append them, with the request that they may be read by every Democrat. They are characteristic of the generous and patriotic man, the disinterested but firm and courageous statesman. He asked nothing for himself, but for his principles and the ancient principles of the Democratic party he demanded a recognition. These letters give an insight into that lofty character which even the bitterest opponents of Stephen A. Douglas admire in him:

WASHINGTON, June 22—9½ A. M.

TO DEAN RICHMOND, CHAIRMAN OF DELEGATION, BALTIMORE: The steadiness with which New York has sustained me will justify a word of counsel. The safety of the cause is the paramount duty of every Democrat. The unity of the party and the maintenance of its principles inviolate are more important than the election or defeat of any individual. If my enemies are determined to divide and destroy the Democratic party, and, perhaps, the country, rather than see me elected, and if the unity of the party can be preserved, and its time honored principles maintained, and its ascendency perpetuated by dropping my name, and uniting upon some reliable Non-Intervention and Union-loving Democrat, I beseech you, in consultation with our friends, to pursue that course which will save the party and the country, without regard to my individual interests. I mean all this letter implies. Consult freely and act boldly for the right. (Signed) S. A. DOUGLAS.

[Private.] WASHINGTON, June 20—11 P M

*My dear Sir:* I learn there is imminent danger that the Democratic party will be demoralized, if not destroyed, by the breaking up of the Convention. Such a result would inevitably expose the country to the perils of sectional strife between the Northern and Southern partizans of Congressional Intervention upon the subject of slavery in the territories. I firmly and conscientiously believe that there is no safety for the Union, except by a faithful and rigid adherence to the doctrines of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories. Intervention means disunion. There is no difference in principle between Northern and Southern intervention. The one intervenes for slavery, and the other against slavery, but each appeals to the passion and prejudices of his own section against the peace of the whole country and the right of self government by the people of the Territories; hence the doctrine of non-intervention must be maintained at all hazards; but while I can never sacrifice the principle, even to attain the Presidency, I will cheerfully and joyfully sacrifice myself to maintain the principle. If therefore, you and my other friends who have stood by me with such heroic firmness at Charleston and Baltimore, shall be of opinion that the principle can be preserved, and the unity and ascendency of the Democratic party maintained, and the country saved from the perils of Northern abolitionism and Southern disunion, by withdrawing my name and uniting upon some other non-intervention, Union loving Democrat, I beseach you to pursue that course. Do not understand me as wishing to dictate to my friends. I have implicit confidence in your and their patriotism, judgment and discretion.—Whatever you may do in the premises will meet my hearty approval; but I conjure you to act with an eye single to the safety and welfare of this country; and without the slightest regard to individual interests or aggrandizement. My interests will be best promoted, and my ambition gratified and motives vindicated, by that course on the part of my friends which will be most effectual in saving the country from being ruled or ruined by a sectional party. The action of the Charleston Convention, in sustaining me by so large a majority on the platform, and designing me as the first chosen of the party for the Presidency, is all the personal triumph I desire. This letter is promoted by the same motives which induced my dispatch four years ago, withdrawing my name from the Cincinnati Convention. With this knowledge of my opinions and wishes, you and your friends must act upon your own convictions of duty. Very truly your friend,

[Signed] "S. A. DOUGLAS."

To Hon. Wm. A. Richardson, Baltimore.

### A Yankee Trick.

A week or two ago, four creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, Maine. He owed each one separately, and they were suspicious of the object of the other, but dared not say a word about it. So they rode, acquaintances all, talking upon everything except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at Farmington, which was three miles from where the debtor did business, they found nothing but a solitary cab toward which they all rushed. Three got in and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after and mounted upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not—that he was not worth more than $50, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take $100 for him. "Yes," said he.—The "fourth man" quickly paid over the money, took the reins, and backed the cab up to a bank—slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not be opened, and jumped upon the horse's back and rode off, while the "insiders" were looking out of the window. He rode to a lawyer's and got a writ made and served, and his debt secure, and got back to the hotel just as the "insiders" came up puffing and blowing.—the cabman bought back his horse for $50. The "sold" men offered to pay that sum if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his own debt, would not tell of it in Boston.

### Lincoln's Political record--How he Wanted to thank Gen. Taylor.

Since Abraham Lincoln has been nominated for the Presidency, his friends are trying to make him out the greatest man in America. But unfortunately his history will not sustain such at character.—What has Lincoln ever done that he should be called great, or worthy of the Presidency of a great nation? Absolutely nothing! He has been a member of the State Legislature of Illinois two or three times, and for one session a member of Congress—and that *completes his political career up to the present time.* While in Congress he was celebrated for only one thing viz: *opposition to the Mexican War*; and that, too, after the war had been in successful operation for *nearly two years!*—He took his seat in Congress in December, 1847, the battle of Buena Vista having been fought in the February previous. Did Lincoln while a Congressman, endeavor to bring the war to an honorable termination, or was he engaged in the discussion of measures intended to embarrass our Government, and encourage the Mexicans in their acts of hostility?—Let his record speak.

On the 20th day of December, 1847, Hon. Wm. A. Richardson, of Illinois, introduced the following resolutions relative to the war:

*Resolved*, That the existing war with Mexico was just and necessary on our part, and has been prosecuted with the sole purpose of vindicating our national rights and honor, and of securing an honorable peace.

*Resolved*, That the rejection of our repeated overtures of peace leaves the Government no alternative but the most vigorous prosecution of the war, in such manner, consistent with the laws of nations, as will make the enemy feel all its calamities and burdens, and until Mexico shall agree to a just and honorable peace, providing satisfactory indemnity in money or territory for past injuries, including the expenses of the war.

*Resolved*, That the amount of the indemnity must necessarily depend upon the obstinacy of the enemy and the duration of the war.—*Vide Con. Globe*, 1847, p. 50.

Mr. Lincoln voted against these resolutions, as he said in his speech in the House on the 12th of January, 1848, from which the following will explain his position.—Mr. Lincoln said:

"But in addition to this, one of his colleagues (Mr. Richardson) came into the House with a resolution in terms expressly endorsing the justice of the President's conduct in the beginning of the war.—So that he found himself here, *if he was inclined to give the President his supplies* and say nothing about the original justice of the war—if he was inclined to go with him, to look ahead, and not back—in a position that he could not do so.—He should feel compelled to vote on this resolution in the negative."

Does not this show clearly, that Lincoln not only opposed the justice of the war, but would even have voted against "the President's *supplies*," if that question had come up by itself? Richardson's resolutions were for the honorable prosecution of the war, but Lincoln opposed them, and thereby placed himself on the record in favor of a dishonorable termination of the same. In short he was in favor of withdrawing our troops, and telling Mexico and the world that we had been engaged in an unjust war of aggression.

When Resolutions of thanks to General Taylor were introduced into the House, January 3d, 1848, Mr. George Ashmun, the President of the late Chicago Convention, moved to add as an amendment, the following: *"In a war unnecessaily unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States."*—Lincoln voted for this amendment.—(*See Cong. Globe*, 1848, *p* 95) Hence it appears that Lincoln desired to thank Gen. Taylor for "obtaining a victory over the enemy (at Buena Vista,) which, for its signal and brilliant character, is unsurpassed in the military annals of the world," but *"in a war unnecessary and unconstitutionally begun."* That is the kind of thanks that Lincoln desired to give Gen. Taylor "and the officers and soldiers of the regular army and of the volunteers under his command. In another place in Lincoln's speech on the war, he thus spoke of the President: "The blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, was crying from the ground against him." Thus it will be seen that Lincoln regarded the blood that our soldiers shed in Mexico as crying from the ground against them, like the blood of the *murdered* Abel. Were our officers and soldiers in Mexico murderers? Lincoln answers, in effect, *that they were!* For this speech see *Congressional Globe*, 1848, page, 155.—*Patriot and Union.*

☞ The leading plate in Vanity Fair for this week is labeled "Shaky." It represents the "two shilling candidate" under the style of Abraham Blondin De Lave Lincoln, undertaking to cross the chasm between Illinois and the White House on a rail. The eternal nigger which he has taken up and carries in a carpet bag, promises to be too much for the strength of the rail, and the impending consequence is patent and obvious.

☞ Mr. Lincoln is now said to stand six feet four inches in his stocking feet.—A month ago he was only six feet three; this shows the effect of a Presidential nomination upon physical growth. It is more rapid than ordinary guano.

A TALE OF SHAME.—A wealthy young lady from the North came to Petesburg, Va., about four weeks ago, *enciente*, and, after vainly endeavoring to hide her shame, entered the poor house, where she gave birth to a *black child*. She died soon after, in the institution where the child was born.

THE Logan *Gazette* pointedly says:—Hannibal Hamlin deserted the Democracy and joined the Abolitionists. Besides that, it is believed that he never made a rail in his life. A great man for Vice President, indeed, who never made a rail.

### A Good Story.

The following admirable story of a boasting old fellow named "Major Luckly," is told by the Hon. Leslie Combs of Kentucky. The scene is said to have taken place between the Major and Colonel Peters of Illinois:

"Major, I understand from General Combs that, shortly after the Revolution you visited England, how did you like the jaunt?"

"Capital! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to come and play whist with him, and a first-rate time we had, I tell you,"

"Rex, what Rex?"

"Why Rex, the king—George the third. The game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I played against Billy Pitt and Ed Burke—and it resulted rather communically."

"How so?"

"Why you see, as we played the last game, Rex said to me, in his familiar manner—

"Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, don't you?"

"No sir, I don't said I, but I'll tell you who I do know. I know George Washington the Father of his Country."

"O pshaw! said Rex; 'I know him too; he was an infernal rebel, and if I had served him right, he'd been hung long ago."

"This riled me, and I just draw'd back and gave him a blow right between the eyes, and he dropped like a bullock.—The next minute Billy Pitt and Ed Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus."

"This gave me rather a distaste for English society, so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first man I met was Q."

"Q what?"

"Why old Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play nine-pins with him and I did. I won two hundred dollars at two shillings a game, and then there was a row."

"A row about what?"

"Why, he wanted to pay me off in continental money worth about two shilling a peck. I got mad at that, and knocked him into a spittoon, While I had him down Jim came in and dragged me off to the White House."

"Jim?—what Jim?"

"Why, Jim Madison. I went and played euchre with him for two hours, when Tom came in and nothing would do but I must go home with him."

"What Tom do you mean?"

"Why, Tom Jefferson—who do you s'pose I meant? But Jim wouldn't listen to it, and the consequence was they got into a regular fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters and dropped about thirty feet, and when I left them they were pounding each other in a coal cellar."

"How it terminated I could never learn, as just then Martha run in and said I must go down to Mount Vernon with her to see George."

"What Martha are you speaking of, Major? not to interrupt you,

"Why Martha Washington, the wife of that old boy that gave "Jessie to the Hessians."

"About here" said Mr. Combs the stranger began to have faint suspicion that he was swallowing things, and in the next stage coach that came along he took passage for another town."

The Major is said to be still living, and he believes to this day that the walloping he gave Rex is the very best thing that is on record.

### A Drama in Real Life.

A suit has been commenced in the French courts, the incidents developed in which will set the brains of the dramatists in a whirl, and give work to their pens. The story runs thus:—

"Nearly thirty years, ago, a widow lady, of a noble and powerful Huguenot family, residing in the south of France, placed her child with a gardener's wife, who was to act as its foster-mother and nurse. One day as the young heir was sporting before the door, and the gardener's child was lying on a bed in the cottage, the nurse heard the wheels of a carriage, and immediately suspected that the mother of her young charge was coming to see her son. In her flurry she snatched up the heir, but slipping, let him fall upon a heap of stones, breaking his right arm and collar bone. In her terror, she ran to her husband, who advised her to stow away the screaming victim under the bed-clothes, and taking his garments, he placed them on his own child, and boldly stood at the door to wait the lady's coming. Contrary to the usual casual glance given by her on her previous visits, the lady mother was so struck with the change in her darling, to the lean, brown hungry-looking babe which she beheld in the place of her own plump baby, that, vexed, and exasperated beyond measure, she seized the child in her arms, and bade the postillion drive away.—The gardener and his wife were terribly frightened, but decided to go the next day to the chateau and make an explanation. To their further consternation they found the next morning that the lady was gone and had taken away the child. Years sped on, and the family did not return, while the ignorant cottagers, influenced by terror, never dared to stir in the matter, until the gardener's wife, on her death-bed, recently made a full confession. In the meantime, the cottager's child has passed his life as a member of one of the noblest families of France, has been attached to an embassy, and now holds a desirable official position, while the real heir has spent his youth in discipline and privation as a soldier in Algeria. The latter now brings suit to recover his property and title."

Berryer, probably the most famous lawyer in France, has been engaged for the defense.

"LANDLORD, you do me too much honor; you let me sleep among the big bugs last night." "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear lodger, I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."