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June 16, 1859.—1y.

The Orange Girl.

The Cincinnati Gazette, of a late date, relates the following romantic incident:—

The citizens of Columbus and visitors at the Capital, will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and state offices, a handsomely wrought basket containing the plumpiest and sweetest oranges. Oh, yes! everybody remembers Etie, the beautiful orange girl, and have wondered in what nook she has hidden for the past two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the Capital, and interesting clerks with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Etie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the strange girl or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven blue eyes.

Etie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed, palsied mother, and her noble efforts to keep away want were known, and made the fruit from her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legislatures was held in Ohio's capital, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all.

At the end of one of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir!"

"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one towards him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly Southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother, in opulence.

A Good One.

Pat was helping M. Blank to get a safe in his office one day, and not being acquainted with the article, inquired what it was for.

"To prevent papers and other articles which are placed in it from being burnt in case of fire," said Mr. B.

"An' sure, will nothing ever burn that is put in that thing?"

"No."

"Well, this, yer honor, ye'd better be after getting into that safe when ye die."

Mr. Blank "wilted."

The apprehension, imprisonment, trial and conviction of Jacob S. Harden, have entailed an expense upon the county of Warren of about \$5,000. Add to this, the sum which the prisoner's father has paid for his defence, and the net cost of the conviction of Harden is some \$7,000. One hundred dollars was assigned, by the Board of Freeholders, to the Prosecutor of the Pleas, Col. James M. Robeson, but he refused to accept it, and stated that if his services should be rated according to that standard they would be valued at about 75 cents per diem.

Warren County is now some \$9000 in debt; which is to be paid off, we hear, by calling in the loans made to individuals by the commissioners of the Surplus Revenue Fund. The County is said to have lost a portion of this fund, by loaning it to Tom, Dick and Harry; and it is thought best to use it hereafter exclusively for County purposes.—Sussex Register.

A Strange Apparition.

The New York Presbyterian, of late date, relates this story:

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockway" and the road none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Bank's, who, after we had arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge as follows:

"Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever; and we learned by trying experience how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinarily sure custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well screwed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a great, sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more, my wife came flying into the room, and, springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed—

"See there! our child! our child!"

"Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly slightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly towards us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind.

"But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covered my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold, and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of either speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The terror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been, but a few hours before, eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts 'What can this extraordinary Providence mean? For what can it be sent?' the servant girl having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mrs.—'s child.'

"Now, our neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at this hour, and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time we discovered in truth, that the grave clothes were night clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermand the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now, if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and, after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either in christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

The Constitutional Union party is the queerest organization that ever attempted to elect a President. It ignores all existing political issues; has neither praise nor censure to bestow upon the past, and proposes nothing to meet the exigencies of the future. It is lifeless, voiceless and torpid; destitute alike of memory and hope; and may well be set down as the dead men's party.

A telegraphic despatch was received in Lynn recently, but was refused by the person to whom it was sent on the ground that he did not recognize the handwriting as belonging to the one who was said to have sent it!

Republican Ratification Meeting at Philadelphia.—Great Enthusiasm.

On the 18th, an impromptu mass meeting of the Republicans was held at their Hall, at the North-west corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, for the purpose of ratifying the nominations made by the Chicago Convention. A band of music was in attendance, and the room was crowded to suffocation. At 8 o'clock the meeting was organized by calling Dr. Smith to the chair.

William M. Ball, Esq., was the first speaker. He congratulated them upon the result of the labors of the Chicago Convention, and urged upon them the necessity of organization and work. He gave a short account of the life and labors of Abram Lincoln, and stated that he had ever followed the teachings of the immortal Clay! (Applause.) He contended that a better man could not be selected in the Union—one whose life had been so consistent, so pure. What was the condition of the Democratic party?—They have assembled in a Southern city, and after vilifying each other for a length of time break up to meet at another city, to select a candidate.

To day, when the news spread through our city, there was seen no smile on the faces of the Democracy. They had calculated upon Seward, and then they might have been successful. But now Douglas has not a shadow of a chance. He ridiculed the Baltimore Convention, and declared that it would be a convention of very old gentlemen. The Republican party had put forward two good men and true, with a platform for all. He gave at length an account of the discussion in the Senate upon the slave question. Mr. B. exhibited a photograph of Mr. Lincoln, and declared that he would be "the next President of the United States," an announcement which was received with the most uproarious and deafening cheers. He then read a telegraphic despatch from William B. Thomas, Esq., stating that Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, had been nominated as the candidate for Vice President, which was received with deafening shouts.

Moses A. Dropsie, Esq., was the next speaker. He came there to congratulate them upon the excellence of the nominations made by the Chicago Convention—

The names of Abram Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin had been placed in nomination for the Presidency and Vice Presidency—names which will carry terror into the ranks of their enemies.—These men were typical of the times, and cannot fail to bring success to the ticket. These men were the exponents of the times we live in, and of the principles of the great Republican party. He proceeded at much length in a historical account of the slavery agitation, and the course pursued by Thomas Jefferson and the other great men of the day upon this great question. He concluded with a forcible argument, that the principles of the Republican party were calculated to enlighten and elevate the working man, and not to depress him.

Wm. B. Pierce, Esq., was the next speaker. He met Abram Lincoln at the Convention in 1856, which nominated the Hon. John C. Fremont for the Presidency. He was astonished at the control he had over the Illinois delegation, and the devotion of those men to that gentleman. He knew Abram Lincoln to be every inch a man! Lincoln, during the campaign in Illinois, once came upon the platform with Douglas, when the latter accused the former of having used certain language in an address to Congress. Lincoln brought forward an old man, who was sitting in the room, and was in Congress at the time and asked him if it was so? No, said the old man, it is untrue. This is the character of the man. It has been said at the South, if the Republican nominee is elected he will never take the Presidential chair. Take my word for it my fellow-citizens, if Abram Lincoln is elected, he will be President of the United States, or he will drive every disunionist, every seceder in the Union into the Gulf. He will act as General Jackson did in 1833. If elected President he will be President, despite of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, Davis, or that arch traitor, Yancey, of Alabama—that man who was anxious to prepare the people of the South for disunion. It is the duty of the Republican party to save our country from the disunionists—from the factionists—from the sectionists—from the threats of those violent persons who desire disunion for their own base and infamous purposes. He expressed a willingness to "let the Union slide," rather than have his back lashed by the South. He reviewed the present condition of the old political parties, and was particularly severe upon the "Union Constitutional" movement.

Henry M. Brunner then made a few remarks, when the party adjourned for the purpose of having a display of fireworks in the street, and to serenade the Hon. John M. Read and others.

A Legal Set off.

A few days since, an attorney presented a bill of \$250 to a humorous chap for legal advice. The latter admitted the correctness of the bill, but plead a set-off. When asked what it was, he said the lawyer had given the advice while standing on a vacant lot of the client, and he charged \$2.75 for the use of the ground.—The lawyer left, remarking that "language wouldn't do the subject justice."

Miracle Worship in Rome.

Mrs. Stowe, in her last contribution to the Independent has the following:

Yesterday afternoon we went to the Church of the Ava Coeli, to see the miracle-working Bambino. The priest put on vestments and lit candles, and unlooked with solemn reverence a little coffin a foot and a half long, lined with white gold-embroidered silk, and there lay the ugliest little wooden doll that eyes ever rested on. Said the priest he had been carved from olive wood on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke, and is covered from head to foot with jewels which attest the miracles it has wrought—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, from various princesses and royal personages to whom it has been sent. For the payment of a certain sum, the Bambino is carried in state through the street to the relief of any sick person, psalms being chanted in its honor.

An American gentleman, while looking at it the other day, inquired if it could cure weak eyes. The priest answered in the affirmative. The gentleman then said he should like to try it for his, which were ailing. "How long will the benefit probably last?" he added. "Are you a Protestant?" said the priest. "Yes."—The priest immediately began to laugh, and had quite a little time joking over the whole affair.

In the church when we entered was a large congregation of the very poorest people, with their rough black hands, shabby, dusty clothes, and that peculiar air of dilapidated gentility which marks the lower classes here. They were listening with profound seriousness to a Franciscan friar, who, in his rough, brown wool gown, tied round his waist, and with a little black cap on his head, preaching with the utmost earnestness.

As I looked at him I could not but think what capacities for eloquence are yet in this people and this language. All his movements were the most commanding and graceful that could be conceived, as in mellow tones he poured forth his sweet, round, broad Italian, to which one listened as to music.

After this, as bambinos appeared to be in the ascendant, our guide proposed to show us another; which he gravely informed us was the richest in Rome. We went, therefore, to the church of St. Agusta, where we found an image of the Madonna and Child, completely covered with watches, seals, chains, rings, jewels of all shapes, sizes and settings, the whole inside of the church being in like manner covered with offerings, among which large silver hearts appeared to be the most favorite article. Pictures on the wall expressed various miracles wrought by this image—a child preserved from being run over by a horse, people rescued from drowning, fire, and other accidents—were portrayed with more or less vigor, each picture being a representation of some votary—memorial of the event chronicled. The whole church was filled with a murmur of prayers, which a multitude of people on their knees were heard reciting.

Drawn up in hollow squares round the side aisles of the church were classes of children with a priest instructing them to repeat the Credo, the Ave Maria, and the Paternoster in Latin. A class of these little fellows surrounding a grey-haired old monk, particularly struck me—ragged, unkempt, unwashed, they were yet so bright and intelligent looking; and all with such dark, soft eyes, and many of them so handsome, that one could not help wishing there were some saint in the Romish Calendar who presided over soap and water.

How the People Create what they see in Nature.

Four men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the more Lurid type of theology, the second was a mill-owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist. What was your impression of it? was asked the clergyman. "I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath." And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian? "I thought it a shocking waste of water-power." And what was yours? was asked the poet. "It seemed as if a million of war-horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, and with white-flowing manes." And what was yours, Mr. Geologist? "I calculated how fast the rocks were wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

Sir William Hamilton, in one of his lectures, quotes an anecdote from some one who describes a parson and a fashionable lady, looking by turns through a telescope, at the moon to see if it were inhabited. "Why," said the lady "do you observe those two shadows? They bend towards each other, I have no doubt are two happy lovers." "Nonsense," said the parson; "they are two steeples of a cathedral!"

Among the recent counterfeits noticed by Thompson's Reporter are five on the Sussex Bank at Newton N. J., altered. Vignette, man feeding hogs in trough—on right end, figure 5, and men with basket of corn—on left end male portrait.

John A. Dix is appointed Postmaster at New York, vice the defaulter Fowler, who has hid or absconded. The appointment of Mr. Dix is approved by all parties.

Baron Munchausen

The 'Adventures of Baron Munchausen' was a work written several years ago, for the purpose of putting to shame a class of writers, who, in giving to the world accounts of their adventures in foreign lands, told all sorts of improbable stories in order to render themselves famous as travelers. The book which professed to give the travels of the renowned Baron, was, of course, a work of fiction, and the statements it contained so far outstripped those of all other travelers that it served as a severe satire upon them. When, therefore, persons on returning from abroad were detected in telling lies, or giving greatly exaggerated accounts of what they had seen or done, they were accused of being disciples of Baron Munchausen.

Perhaps the reader never seen the Baron's book. If so, he will be amused with one or two specimens from its marvellous pages.

One evening the Baron declares that he was overtaken by a snow storm. So much snow fell that he was obliged to dismount, and tie his horse to what he thought was the stump of an old tree, while he wrapped himself in his cloak, lay down on the snow, and fell into a deep slumber. When he awoke in the morning, his horse was missing. He couldn't see him anywhere. At length, looking up toward the sky, he espied the animal suspended to the cross of a church steeple. There had been a free thaw during the night, the snow had melted away, and what he had taken to be the stump of a tree the evening before, proved to be nothing less than the cross of a church steeple! One hundred and fifty feet of snow had fallen and disappeared in twenty-four hours. The Baron took his pistol, fired at the bridge, shot it in two, and when the horse fell to the ground, his master at once mounted him and went on his journey.

On another occasion he was passing under a gate, which fell down by accident and cut his poor horse assunder just behind the saddle. The Baron didn't know of his loss until an hour afterward, when passing over a brook, the horse took a drink, and hearing something gushing out like water behind him, Munchausen turned around and saw to his amazement that for the last four or five miles, he had been riding on a half a horse instead of a whole one. The Baron turned back, got the hind quarters of the animal, and sewed the body together with willow twigs, which afterwards grew to be fine trees, and proved a fine shelter to him from the sun, when he was on his journeys.

On one cold day he was playing tunes on a bugle, when all the tunes froze before they came out at the further extremities of the instrument. However, upon hanging it near the fire, the bugle began playing, and never ceased until all the frozen tunes were played out in their regular order.

Travelers, with all their desire to excite the admiration of lovers of the marvellous, were taught a lesson by this book, and, no doubt, since its publication, many a writer has been forced to keep the story of his adventures within the bounds of truth, by the exaggeration and cutting sarcasm of Baron Munchausen.

A good story was told us, (Hartford Press) the other day about John Van Buren. He had taken some technical advantage, by which his opponent's client in an action was non-suited. The man was furious, and declared his purpose to give John a piece of his mind when he saw him—he would "wilder" him. Happening to see John one day at Downing's, standing at the bar, getting outside of a dozen New York boys, he boldly confronted the Prince, and being a small man, looked up at him fiercely, and burst out, "Mr. Van Buren, is there any client so low and mean, or any case so nasty, that you won't undertake to defend him in it?" "I don't know," said John, stopping to put away another oyster, then bending down and confidentially drawing out his reply in the little man's ear, "What have you been doing?"

Gunpowder Superseded.

Sir Macdonald Stephenson, writes to the London Times, describing a new mortar upon which he is now engaged:—"It consists of the application of high-pressure steam to produce great centrifugal velocity, and the angle of discharge of the shot or shell is regulated by very simple mechanism. No gunpowder is used. Every description of missile can be discharged, and if necessary, the holders or beach stones can be used. The mortar can be kept in continuous operation, loaded and discharged by two men. The range varies from 800 to 2000 yards, according to the velocity, angle of elevation, and dimensions of shot. Ten or more shots can be discharged for every single discharge of the ordinary mortar. In the original plan I proposed to apply a rotary steam engine to impart high centrifugal force to a cylinder of about seven feet diameter, near the centre of which the shot are inserted, and pass down the arms or spokes to the periphery, where they are retained by the apparatus, which is regulated to release them at the precise time required. The velocity required by the centrifugal motion is sufficient for the discharge of the heaviest description of shot, and the arrangement as to power, velocity, range, angle of discharge, weight of shot, and rapidity of firing, may be varied according to circumstances."

Lincoln and Hamlin on Staten Island.

The Republicans of the North Shore met in large numbers on Saturday evening to ratify the Chicago nominations.—The names of the candidates were received with the greatest enthusiasm and applause, which indicated the most entire satisfaction and confidence on the part of the people. The people all joined in raising the poles, from which is suspended this morning an immense banner. It was noticeable that the most active men in raising the poles were, until the recent outrage upon the ballot-box in Richmond County, Democrats, in good standing.—Their enthusiasm for Lincoln and Hamlin leads all the rest.—Tribune.

Till we are about to leave the world we do not perceive how much it contains to excite our interest and admiration; the sunsets appear to us far lovelier than they were in other years; and the bees, the birds, the flowers, and the clouds, are objects of curiosity to us which they were not in our early days.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

How the Nominations are Received.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From The N. Y. Sun, (Democrat.)

Lincoln's nomination is considered a challenge to the Democrats to nominate Douglas when their Convention reassembles at Baltimore. Little doubt is entertained that the challenge will be accepted, and that Douglas will be put in the field. The Seward men in this city do not conceal their vexation, and they openly say that, if either Douglas or Houston be nominated at Baltimore, the State of New York will go against the Chicago nominee by a large majority.

From The N. Y. Sunday Atlas, (Dem.)

The nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin will be received with immense enthusiasm in the West, where they can hardly fail to make a clean sweep. It will, therefore, be the most abject folly for the Democratic party to nominate Douglas with the expectation of his carrying a single North-Western State. Lincoln can carry Illinois over the head of Douglas by at least ten thousand majority. The whole fight, as far as the North is concerned, has been transferred to the Middle States of New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Here, too, will be the only locality where the Bell and Everett ticket will operate to the disadvantage of the Republicans. In the West the latter ticket will hardly be known.

The three Middle States we have mentioned can all be carried by the Democracy if a proper candidate is selected; but that candidate is not Stephen A. Douglas, who would be beaten in each of these States by thousands of votes. Give us Seymour or Guthrie, or both of them, and the battle will surely be won for the Democracy and its principles. If the Baltimore Convention will nominate Horatio Seymour for the Presidency, he will to a certainty receive the vote of the State of New-York, which, added to the entire vote of the South, would be sure for such a candidate, the victory for the Democratic party will be as sure as the rising of the sun on the election day.

It is quite time for all true Democrats who desire to see the Republican party beaten, and the standard of the Democracy once more triumphant in the Union, to stop talking about the nomination of Douglas. The handwriting on the wall, to which we would call the attention of the delegates, who are to assemble at Baltimore on the 17th June, is thus interpreted by us—"Douglas and Defeat—Seymour and Success!"

From The Boston Herald, (Douglas.)

The nomination, in many respects, is a strong one, and will be difficult to defeat; and those who flatter themselves that the Democrats are to walk over the Presidential course with ease, will find themselves mistaken. The Convention at Chicago has given evidence of shrewdness, no less in the nomination of Mr. Lincoln than in the platform adopted, which is progressive without being ultra; and, unless it is met by a platform equally plain and intelligible, it will require no prophet to interpret the handwriting on the wall.

"We venture to say," declares The Cincinnati Gazette, "that there is not in the whole West a man who stands higher in popular confidence than Old Abe Lincoln. He is a man of the people. He has risen by the force of his own energy from the position of a flatboatman to the honored head of the Illinois bar. He is a man whom no obstacle could intimidate, no defeat check, no misfortune embitter. A man whose life is a synonym of honesty, capability, and energy, is Abe Lincoln."

Lincoln and the Tariff.

The Reading Journal, in publishing some extracts from a speech recently delivered by Mr. Lincoln, thus refers to him—"A Henry Clay Whig, and the devoted personal friend of that great statesman, he is the advocate of protection to American industry, which circumstance should make him acceptable to the Opposition in Pennsylvania—who (if the standard-bearer is not to be selected from our own State) will search in vain for one who will better represent their interests, or in whose person are combined more of the requisites necessary for the faithful discharge of the duties connected with the executive chair of this great country."

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