UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1860.

"THE UNION," established in 1814---Whole No., 2,421.

"CHRONICLE," established in 1843---Whole No., 842.

Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL

Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union county, Penn'a.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, to be paid in ADVANCE—and at the same rate for a longer or shorter period. Three copies will pay for four months, 75 cts for six months, 1 dol. for eight months, 1 dol. for six months, 50 cts for four months, 25 cts for two months, 12½ cts for one month. Single No., 2 cts. Payments by mail (post paid) received in gold, postage stamps or bank notes at their value here. Most kinds of Produce received in pay.

☞ When the time expires for which a paper is mailed, (unless we have a running account) it is STOPPED.

Advertisements handsomely published, at $1 cts per square for each insertion, 1 dol. for six months, 1 dol. per year. Half a square—25 cts, 15 cts, 2 dol., 1 dol. Two squares—1 dol, 1 dol., 3 dol., 2 dol. Business cards of a square, 10 dol. per year; other size, &c., in proportion. A square is 12 lines or less. Job Printing of the best kind, &c. Advertisements of a smaller size or of a less number of insertions than desired, charged according to the above rates.

Communications issued on subjects of general interest and accompanied by the writer's real name and address, will be published, for which we will insert important News in advance of the Printed News.

Connected with the Office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞ Cash must always be made to accompany the order when handed in—Job Work when delivered. All letters must be addressed to the Publishers.

☞ OFFICE on Market square, north side, second story.

Jan. 1, 1860. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

"TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW."

A rose-bud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rose-bud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warden.
And a child beside the linden tree
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow;
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird,—Oh, didst thou hear
The song that she would sing thee?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear
What the next morn may bring thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
Saying, "I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow!"

I asked the rose,—Oh, tell me, sweet,
In thy first beauty's dawning,
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat,
The coming of the morning?"
She flung her fragrant leaves apart,
The lovelier for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may droop to-morrow."

I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fleeting as the roses;
My voice no more shall sing or speak,
When dust in dust reposes:
And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1860.

The Other Side.

The Democrats had all their batteries loaded and primed, and the match ready, to fire at SEWARD. The nomination of LINCOLN has destroyed an immense amount of labors, and spiked huge volumes of awful thunder. The first thing they could catch against Lincoln was furnished to the Philad. *Ledger*, copied by the whole party press. It was the Bill of Indictment drawn up by Douglas himself, in 1858, and may be regarded as a summary of all the personal and political sins he could find or invent against his opponent. Judge Douglas said—

"I have known Mr. Lincoln for nearly twenty-five years. We had many points of sympathy when I first got acquainted with him. We were both, comparatively, boys—both struggling with poverty, in a strange land, for our support—I an humble school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I**** and his business soon carried him directly into the Legislature. He was then as good at telling an anecdote as now. He could throw any of the boys at wrestling, could out-run them at a foot-race, beat them at pitching quoits and tossing a copper, and could win more liquor than all put together; and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse-race or a fist-fight, were the praise of everybody that was present and participated. Hence, I had sympathy for him, because he was struggling with misfortune, and so was I. Mr. Lincoln served with me, or I with him, in the Legislature of 1836, when we parted. He subsided, or submerged, for some years, and I lost sight of him. In 1840, when Wilmot raised the Proviso tornado, Mr. Lincoln again turned up, as a Member of Congress from the Sangamon district. I, being in the Senate of the United States, was called to welcome him, then without friend or companion. He distinguished himself by opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy against his own country. When he returned home from that Congress, he found the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, until he retired to private life, and was forgotten by his friends. He came up again in 1854, in time to make the abolition black republican platform, in company with Lovejoy, Giddings, Chase, and Fred. Douglass, for the Republican party to stand upon."

—Thus far Douglas and the Ledger. While professedly patronizing and complimentary, it is intended that these shall be hard blows. The play upon "grocery" will be appreciated when it is remembered that in the West that word is applied to the lowest grog shops!

But the Ledger and its echoes have not the manliness and common honesty to insert Mr. LINCOLN'S REPLY, in which the only two material allegations of Douglas are UTTERLY REFUTED! Mr. Lincoln calmly replied—

"The Judge is wofully at fault about his early friend's being a 'grocery-keeper.' *Lincoln never kept a grocery anywhere in the world.* He did once work part of a winter in a mill-house, if that is a crime.——And so my friend is equally at fault when he charges me, at the time when I was in Congress, of having opposed our soldiers who were fighting in the Mexican war. I did oppose the Preamble to the War-Bill, declaring that 'war existed by the act of Mexico,' because it was NOT TRUE; but *I voted for all the supplies to the soldiers.* The record shows this."

It was not his wealth—for he was not then wealthy—that carried Mr. Lincoln year after year to the Legislature; but it was his mental power and the popular will that elevated him. Nor did he lose public confidence by his course in reference to the Texas schemes to extend Slavery; he retired from Congress voluntarily, yet he remained the trusted leader and honored champion of his party in the hopeless contests during the darkest days of Locofocoism in Illinois.

The London *Times* says that if the exodus from Ireland continues she will soon become English, and the United States Irish; and that the New World is the true home of the Celtic race.

More of the Slave Trade Piracy.

(Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.)

U. S. STEAMER "CRUSADER," Key West, May 13, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The negro-liberating business is getting brisk. The U. S. Steamer "Wyandotte" arrived here last night, having in tow, as a prize, the American barque "William" with 564 African slaves, and a crew of about 25 Americans and Spaniards. She was captured on the 4th, on the south side of Cuba. There is of course considerable excitement on the subject. The vessel left the coast of Africa on the 10th of March, with 642 negroes on board, of whom 78 have already perished. My curiosity again urged me to board the slaver, to view the horrid spectacle. I will not burden your columns with a recital. You can not for a moment conceive of the horrible state of these victims of avarice. As to myself, rather than be in their fix, I should prefer to go to death for a change. They are much more crowded, and suffering more from sickness, than were the cargo of the "Wildfire." The latter are now comfortably fixed on shore, and the newly arrived will be transferred as soon as accommodations can be made for their reception.

We have been detained here on repairs to our engine, but leave at noon to-day, like sportsmen who are keen for their prey. The gun-boat "Seminole" will sail also for Norfolk. By her, I will send this letter. She is the new Pensacola vessel, and is reported as a perfect failure in regard to speed. Keep a sharp look-out for the announcement of the "Crusader's" captures. We are on the watch for a cargo of 1500 negroes. G.

Census of 1860—Questions to Answer.

On the first of June, the census-takers are to commence their labors. George Dreisbach and Robert Swineford are the Deputy Marshals for Union county—gentlemen well qualified to discharge that duty fully. To aid them, and to prepare all concerned for a correct and pleasant execution of the design of Congress, we copy what are published as the leading topics upon which answers are required, viz.

In the first place it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in the family.

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.

Value of real estate owned.

Places of birth, naming the State, Territory or country.

Married within the year.

Attended school within the year.

Persons over twenty years of age that can not read or write.

Whether deaf or dumb, blind, insane or idiot, pauper or convict.

Name of owner, agent or manager of the farm.

Number of improved acres.

Number of unimproved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming implements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860, viz., number of horses, mules and asses, working oxen, milch cows, and other cattle, swine and sheep.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year.

Produce during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz. number bushels of wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, beans and peas, buckwheat, barley, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, pounds of wool, and pounds of tobacco.

Value of orc-land products in dollars.

Gallons of wine, value of products of market garden, pounds of butter, pounds of cheese, tons of hay, bushels of clover seed and bushels of seed grass, pounds of hops, pounds of sugar, gallons of molasses, pounds of honey and beeswax, value of home-made manufactures.

Name of corporation, company or individual, producing articles value of $500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw materials used, including fuel, viz. quantities, values, kinds of motive power, machinery, structure or resource.

Average number of hands employed, viz. male, female, average monthly cost of male labor, average monthly cost of female labor.

Annual product, viz. quantities, kinds, values.

Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family; the age, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory or country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation or trade, disease or cause of death.

Every one should prepare answers to such of these points as suits his or her case, *as nearly correct as can honestly be arrived at.* The head of every family, householder, or lodging, should sit down and carefully make out all the answers called for, in writing. Let there be *two* copies prepared—one to be carried with you, to give the Marshall if you meet him, and thus avoid the necessity of his stopping at all; and the other to be left at your house or lodging, to save him the trouble, and your family the annoyance, of calling again.

With these hints observed, the census can be taken, promptly, and with little trouble to any one.

CAMPAIGN SONG....By Wm. H. Burleigh.

Up again, for the conflict! our banner fling out,
And rally around it with song and with shout!
Stout of heart, firm of hand, should the gallant boys be,
Who bear to the battle the Flag of the Free!
Like our fathers, when Liberty called to the strife,
They should pledge to her cause fortune, honor, and life!
And follow wherever she became them on,
Till Freedom exalts in a victory won!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The battle-torn banner that beckons us on!

They come from the hillside, they come from the glen—
From streets thronged with traffic and surging with men;
From farm and from ledger, from workshop and farm,
The Guards of heart, and the mighty of arm.
As the mountain-born streams rush joyfully down,
When their ice-fetters melt, to the heart of the deep;
As the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea,
They are coming—are coming—the sons of the Free!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The war-tattered banner, the flag of the Free!

Our leader is one who, with conqueless will,
Has combed from the lose to the brow of the hill;
Undaunted in peril, unwavering in strife,
He has fought a good fight in the battle of life;
And we trust him as one who, come woe or come weal,
Is as firm as a rock, and as true as the steel,
Right loyal and brave, with no stain on his crest.
Then, hurrah, boys, for honest "Old Abe of the West!"
And fling out your banner, the old starry banner,
The signal of triumph for "Abe of the West!"

The West, whose broad acres, from lake shore to sea,
Now wait for the harvest and homes of the free!
Shall the dark tide of mastery roll over the soil
That Freedom makes blooms like the garden of God?
The bread of our children be born from their mouth,
To feed the fierce dragon that prowls on the South!
No, never! the time-tried statesman Washington said
On us, for the future, shall never be betrayed!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
And on to the conflict with hearts undismayed!

From the Philad. Ledger, 23d May.

Architecture for the Country.

There is no way of improving the value of property so fast as by paying a greater attention to the architectural structure of our dwellings, particularly in the country. Downing has done a good thing for the State of New York, but his efforts have had, at present, but a very small effect, comparatively, on the interior of the State. Round about our largest city, we are getting a few respectable-looking country houses, but rural architecture has been greatly neglected. We have some of the most forehanded farmers that are to be found in the United States. They have well cultivated fields, rich bottoms, magnificent barns, a delightful climate, and some of the finest scenery in the world—but the houses, what are they? Generally speaking, rough stone, with two front doors—small, inconvenient, unwholesome, ill-looking structures, that detract from the beauty and value of the whole of the rest of the property. Make the country residences of our farmers attractive, and they would draw capital into farming—our merchants and men of property would each want a place for his family in the summer, and it would raise the value of lands generally, and especially of those lands thus improved, so as to make it the most productive of all investments at this time.

Throughout the State of New York, a good deal of this sort of movement has been going on for several years, but it has only comparatively lately taken a start in the interior of our own State. Men have speculated, and are speculating, in mineral lands, but there is no such sure investments as farming land, and a comfortable home in the country, fitted up with taste, may become not only valuable as a property, but more valuable for the feelings and associations to which it gives rise, and the habits of country life which it forms among many who now see no beauty in anything but costly dresses, gilded drawing-rooms, and city dissipation.

Col. Slifer, the State Treasurer, is understood to be building himself a very tasteful residence on the banks of the Susquehanna, on a property, part of which he has long owned, and on plans furnished by Mr. Sloan, of this city. There is a very pretty Female Seminary at Elmira, and another at Lewisburg, where the University Buildings planned by Thomas U. Walter also stand; but all the way up the Susquehanna, from the mouth of the Juniata to Lockhaven, the sites and opportunities for good buildings, and the development of architectural taste, are very many.

In the interior towns, the great fault, so far, has been a determination to imitate Philadelphia. Red brick of the plainest kind, with white doors and window-shutters, in square, narrow-fronted blocks, stare you in the face. Now, iron fronts, with various devices to imitate stone, form a happy relief to the eye here and there in the new buildings of the more thriving towns. A Mr. Palmer,* a builder and architect of no little taste, has done much to reform and correct some of the old errors 'round about him in the interior towns of Milton and Lewisburg.

But much yet remains to be done, and few consider how much is dependent on situation, and on the surrounding scenery. Taste need not be expensive. Let every man build a house in the country who can, where his family may at least enjoy a breath of fresh air *part* of the year. Let him first study the cost, or how much he can afford to lay out in this—then *convenience*, and then appearance, by the aid of a rural architect, a man who not only understands and appreciates the beautiful in art, but in *nature*, and can not only construct a well-proportioned pile of brick and mortar, but make the whole appearance of things in harmony. A rural Gothic cottage stuck down in the middle of a town, will of course look as badly as a building of twenty feet front by sixty deep and four or five stories high, would, and sometimes does, in the suburbs of a city or town. There is real wealth in the country, and nothing now will pay so well, or do so much good, as a little taste and architectural skill in dwellings.

*LEWIS PALMER, of Lewisburg, whose lamented death, (since the above was written,) we last week recorded—Ed. Star & Chronicle.

Our Candidates.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809, is now 51 years old. He is of the race of the Massachusetts Lincolns. His ancestors, of Quaker stock, migrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia, whence his grandfather removed, in 1781–2, to Kentucky, and was there surprised and killed by Indians while at work on his clearing. Like most pioneers, he left his family poor; and his son also died prematurely, leaving a widow and several children, including Abraham, then six years old. The family removed soon after to Southern Indiana, where Abraham grew to the stature of six feet and some inches, but enjoyed scarcely better opportunities for instruction than in Kentucky. Probably six months in all of the rudest sort of schooling comprehended the whole of his technical education. He was in turn a farm laborer, a common workman at a sawmill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers. Thus, hard work and plenty of it—the rugged experiences of aspiring poverty—the wild sports and rude games of a newly and thinly peopled forest region—the education born of the log-cabin, the rifle, the ax, and the plow, combined with the reflections of an original and vigorous mind, eager in the pursuit of knowledge by every available means, and developing a character of equal resource and firmness, have made him the man he has since proved himself.

At 21, he pushed farther West into Illinois, which has for the last thirty years been his home, living always near, and for some years past in, Springfield, the State Capital. He worked on a farm, as a hired man, his first year in Illinois; the next year, he was a clerk in a store; then, volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen a Captain by his Company. He practised surveying also for a time, but having been "sold out" during the hard times, and having always a taste for acquiring knowledge, he at length qualified himself to become a lawyer. Elected to the Legislature of Illinois, he served four sessions, with eminent usefulness, and steadily increasing reputation. Early recognized as a most effective and convincing advocate before the people of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay, he was a Whig candidate for Elector, in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852, inclusive; was chosen, by the largest majority any Opposition candidate ever had in the District, to the XXXth Congress, from the Central District of Illinois, in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election. In 1849, he measurably withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, until the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena. His party always in the minority in that State, he fought long and ably, undismayed by numbers, or by defeat, until the tide had turned. He was the candidate of the Whigs for U. S. Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but they were not a majority of the body: so he magnanimously declined, and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was thus elected.

In the memorable Presidential contest of 1856, Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Fremont Electoral Ticket of Illinois. In 1858, he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State against Mr. D., with an ability in which logic, art, eloquence, and thorough good nature were alike conspicuous, and which gave him a national reputation. Mr. Douglas secured a predominance in the Legislature and was elected, *though Mr. Lincoln had the larger popular vote*, so that, if the question had been decided by the majority of the people, the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards Slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

As a Presidential candidate, Mr. Lincoln enjoys peculiar advantages. While his position as a Republican renders him satisfactory to the most zealous member of the party, the moderation of his character and the conservative tendencies of his mind, long approved and well known of all men in public life, commend him to every section of the Opposition. There is no good reason why Americans and Whigs, and in short all who are inspired rather by patriotism than by party feeling, should not rally to his support. Republicans, Democrats, Conservatives, and all who dread the extension of slavery, and the progress of Administrative and Legislative corruption, may be assured that in him both these evils will find a stern and immovable antagonist, and an impassable barrier. At the same time, as a Man of the People, raised by his own genius and integrity from the humblest to the highest position, having made for himself an honored name as a lawyer, an advocate, a popular orator, a statesman, and a man, the industrious and intelligent masses of the country may well hail his nomination with a swelling enthusiasm of which the wild and prolonged outbursts at Chicago are the fitting prelude and beginning.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN

Was born in Paris, Oxford Co., Maine, Aug. 1809, and is now in the 51st year of his age. He is by profession a lawyer, but for the last twenty-four years has been mostly in political life. From 1836 to 1840, he was a member of the Legislature of Maine, and for three of those years he was the Speaker of its House of Representatives. In 1847, he was again a member of the State Legislature, and the next year was chosen to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the death of John Fairfield, in the United States Senate. In 1851, he was again elected for the full term in the same body, but resigned on being chosen Governor of Maine, in 1856. In the same year, he was again elected to the United States Senate for six years, which office he accepted, resigning the Governorship. This record is an evidence of the confidence with which he has always been regarded by his fellow-citizens in Maine.

Up to the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill, in 1854, Mr. Hamlin was a member of the Democratic party, (and was Democratic Chairman of the Committee on Commerce at that time.) That Act he regarded as a proof that the party, with which he had been all his life connected, no longer deserved the name of Democratic, and was treacherous to the principles he had so long cherished. Thenceforward, he gave his support to the Republican party, of which he has ever since continued a faithful and distinguished leader.

Mr. Hamlin is a man of fair, dignified presence, of solid abilities, of unflinching integrity, and great executive talent. Familiar with the business of legislation, he is peculiarly adapted, by the possession of all these qualities, to fill beneficially for the country, and to his own and to his party's honor, the high post for which he has been nominated.

We have heard it stated that in his youth Mr. Hamlin wielded the blacksmith's hammer. It is evident that he is a man of the people, and sympathizes with and has the confidence of the masses. His running for Governor had great influence in completely ousting the Democracy in Maine. In the campaign of 1856 he spent weeks and months in stumping that State, and he also did hard but effective work in several towns in Pennsylvania.

The name of Hannibal Hamlin, Maine, is a fit second to that of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.—In the Illinois contest of 1858, Mr. Douglas had much to say about the sectionality of the Republican party. In reply to one of these tirades, Mr. Abraham Lincoln used the following terms:

"I ask his attention, also, to the fact, that, by the ruin of nationality he is himself fast becoming sectional. I ask his attention to the fact, that his speeches would not go as current, now, South of the Ohio river, as they have formerly gone there. I ask his attention to the fact, that he felicitates himself to day that all the Democrats of the Free States are agreeing with him. If he has not thought of this, I commend to his consideration the evidence of his own declaration on this duty, of his becoming sectional too. I see it rapidly approaching. Whatever may be the result of this ephemeral contest between Judge Douglas and myself, I see the day rapidly approaching when his pill of sectionalism, which he has been thrusting down the throats of Republicans for years past, will be crowded down his own throat."

ELOQUENCE.—In a recent speech in Congress, Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois, comparing Mr. Douglas to an eagle, indulged in this flight of rhetoric:

"As he soared far above the heads of his enemies, *his tail quivered in the air* in proud defiance of them."

Now that Douglas has "gone up" at Charleston, we presume his "tail" will "quiver in the air" with prouder defiance than ever. Speaking of tails, we are reminded of one that is told of old Tom Benton, *apropos* of Douglas. Some one predicted that the Little Giant would be President yet. "He, President, sir?" said old Bullion; "no sir, never, sir; *coat tail too near the ground, sir!*"

DEMOCRATIC JUDGES.—Judge Taney nullifies the ordinance of 1787, on the ground it does not *mean* what it says! Judge Magrath nullifies the law against the Slave Trade on the ground that it does not *say* what it means! Judges Comstock, Selden and Clarke are for nullifying the Law against Slaveholding in New York, on the ground that it does not agree with their notions of "comity and justice!" By all which it will be seen that the old idea that Laws could not be set aside by Courts, except for conflict with the Constitution, is now exploded.

THE UNION.—The following plank was added to a "Union platform" recently adopted at a political convention in Tennessee. It was adopted by acclamation:

"The union of rye and the union of corn,
Their union with lake ice and river,
Their union with sugar in one previous horn,
And their unbegging union for ever!"

A Touching Scene.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the Court. And, at the same instant, a little boy with lively countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the Judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O how good you are, James."

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister, but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then said I to myself, I will be an artizan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room and she slept in my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things can not last so; you must find something better.' I soon found a good place where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille and teach her needle work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the Judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister can not be set at liberty until to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

NEGROES VS. IRISHMEN.—There is a railroad in Mississippi, called the "Central," running from Jackson to Canton, some two hundred and thirty-seven miles, and under the control of the purest and noblest Democrats in that State, where there is hardly anything else. Of course, a company with such a road must employ a large number of hands. Until recently, these employees were Irishmen. Not relishing free labor, however, the Company not long ago bought about one hundred slaves, and turned off the Irishmen to make room for them. Laborers that the Company owned, suited their Democratic taste better than the laborers who owned themselves.

STAND YOUR GROUND.—When you meet three astonishingly full dressed ladies on an ordinary side-walk, don't get into the middle of the street to let them pass all abreast and in full swing. Stick to your position, at all hazards. It may make them pout a little, or look deliciously sour, if one of them has to fall back in passing; but you mustn't yield your "right of way" one single inch. Are not your boots as tidy as the bottoms of their trailing dresses? Why, then, step into the gutter from a false sentiment of gallantry for which you'll get no thanks?

[Here is a queer, yet startling calculation made by Judge CAPRON, of New York.] In New York city, there are 18,000 dram shops, 300,000 drinkers, each drinking two gills of liquor, being 600,000 gills, or 805 barrels per day—300,000 barrels per year. This would fill a reservoir 900 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 63 feet deep, and could float four large ships in full sail. At $30 per barrel, it amounts to $9,000,000. Out of the 600 persons tried before the Court of Special Sessions, during the last year, not more than 94 were sober when arrested. Paupers in the city cost $3,000,000 a year.

We hear the whole-souled, generous, and enthusiastic welcome of the thousands of Republicans at Chicago by its citizens, contrasted with the narrow selfishness and aristocracy of South Carolina. "Where is the vaunted hospitality of Southern chivalry?" it is asked. "And where the close fisted meanness of Yankee Northerners?"

A Leap Year Story.

Bachelor Sam Smith sat at home one day in dishabille. His beard was unshaven, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblacked, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude against the mantle-piece smoking a cigar. Sam thought to himself it was leap year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could only be induced to pop the question in accordance with their privileges. As he sat watching the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable! As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and he thought he would faint with propriety the first time a young lady would squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded at the door. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "if here isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille and looking like a fright—goodness gracious! I must go right away and fix myself up."

As he left the room, Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she would wait. Miss Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and, now that the season was propitious, she determined to take advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook.

Meanwhile, with a palpitating heart, Sam Smith went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the curl to his whiskers, and, with a white cambric in hand, he descended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and, grasping his hand with fervor, said:

"Dearest, how beautiful you look!" accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as jet, yet sparkling as diamonds. Listen to the vows of fond affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to a sofa, "here with my arm around thee will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, O leave," murmured Sam, "think of my youth and inexperience—spare, O spare my palpitating heart!"

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never, until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love, is laid before thee. Know, that, for years, I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me? how I worshiped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those flowing tresses? how I was willing to yield up to thee that imperial? thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me; joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it, but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The overwrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile, the enamored maiden hung over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed wildly around him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and from behind his kerchief faltered out—"*ask my pa!*"

The New York *Evening Post's* correspondent has a good story of Thad Stevens of Pennsylvania, in connection with the tenth ballot for Douglas at Charleston. The news came over the wires that Mr. Douglas had received one hundred and fifty *and one half* votes. "One hundred and fifty—and *one half*," repeated Mr. Stevens, very slowly and mock seriously, "*the one half means Bigler!*"

☞ The way half votes occur in National conventions is this: Each Congressional district is represented by two delegates who may or may not vote together—that depends upon their agreement. When the delegates vote together, it counts one for the candidate for whom they vote; but should they divide, then each one of their votes is counted a half vote for the candidates receiving them. The same is the case with Senatorial representation.

Some years since, a poor boy in Timberlake, Va., was sent to school, gratuitously, by a man by the name of Stark. This boy was plowing one day with a single ox team, and his horse being disposed to turn aside from a true course, he bawled out to him, "Why don't you come hither I tell you?" A gentleman happening to be near and overhearing the boy's exclamation, called to him and said, "I thought Stark sent you to school to learn grammar." "Humph!" retorted the boy, "do you think that I am such a fool as to talk grammar to a *horse?*"

HOW NON-INTERCOURSE WORKS.—The New Orleans *Picayune* notices the fact, that, notwithstanding all the clamor about non-intercourse, the exports of shoes from Boston to the Southern States, show a considerable increase for the last three months, over the corresponding period of 1859, and asks: "Of what effect is all the cry of non-intercourse, when trade, in the very heat of excitement against the North, grows, as shown by these statistics?"