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

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NOT LOST FOR EVER.

Not lost for ever, though on earth we've parted!
Not lost for ever, though we meet no more!
They do not wander, love and broken-hearted,
Who see heaven's radiance on the farther shore.

Not lost for ever! Every gentle token,
That memory brings me from the far away,
Shall fill my soul, though all our ties are broken,
With tender grace that never can decay.

Not lost for ever! while around me, springing,
The violets weep, the rose blush and bloom;
And summer birds, in summer woodlands singing,
Filled with sweet music all the twilight gloom.

There will be meaning in the stars, the flowers,
The grand and solemn voices of the sea,
Telling of happy dreams and joyous hours,
When life and sunshine watch it caught from thee.

Not lost for ever! Thou shalt still be near me,
Through every fortune, and in every clime;
When cares oppress, or gentle sleep doth cheer me,
Thou shalt be with me, dearest! all the time.

HENRY CLAY IN 1829.—Extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Clay before the Kentucky Colonization Society, at Frankfort, Dec. 17, 1829:

"More than thirty years ago, an attempt was made, in this Commonwealth, to adopt a system of gradual emancipation, similar to that which the illustrious Franklin had mainly contributed to introduce, in 1780, in the State founded by the benevolent Penn. And among the acts of my life which I look back to with the most satisfaction, is that of having co-operated with other zealous and intelligent friends, to procure the establishment of that system in this State.

"I have never ceased, and never shall cease, to regret a decision, the effects of which have been *to place us in the rear of our neighbors, who are exempt from slavery, in the state of agriculture, the progress of manufactures, the advance of improvements, and the general prosperity.*"

ELECTIONEERING FOR NOMINATIONS.—A number of our political exchanges have recently taken bold ground against the practice of candidates traveling the counties to which they belong, to electioneer for county nominations. There is no disguising the fact that the practice has become a great nuisance and annoyance to a large portion of our citizens who do not, as well as those who usually do, take part in delegate elections and nominating Conventions. If it could be done away with, much time and money would be saved by the candidates, and in the end their chances for the nomination would be as good, at least, as under the present system. It might be well for all who propose soliciting offices to meet and agree *to stay at home during the canvass*—permitting people to make selections free from the pressure usually brought to bear. Will they do it?—*Reading and Lancaster papers.*

SOME CONTRAST.—Last week, in one of the Western counties of this State, two prominent Democrats and Republicans, both of whom had been delegates to their National Conventions, happened to meet. The latter asked the former what he saw at Charleston? "Why," replied he, "sandy, dreary deserts, niggers, hominy, and turkey buzzards, principally. What saw you at Chicago?" queried the Democrat. "Why, sir, I saw one of the fairest lands my eyes ever beheld, and the homes of freemen." It was a synonyme of the argument for Liberty over Slavery.

The proprietor of a daily paper in Boston, residing in the suburbs, was "outraged" on Sunday week by the sexton of his church, who seated in his pew a young lady who does not belong to Caleb Cushing's "consummate white race." The editor, with his family, immediately withdrew. Imagine their surprise on learning that the young lady was the daughter of a rich Cuban planter, and a—slaveholder!

PENNY SOLD FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.—One of the "Highley coppers" of 1787, struck by Highley, of Granby, Conn., (a blacksmith,) out of copper from the old Simsbury mine, (Newgate prison,) one hundred and twenty-three years ago, was recently sold in Hartford, Conn., for the sum of fifty dollars. There are three of these coins known to be in existence.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.—There is a Cockney youth, who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires, "Where?" when he poetically slaps himself on the bosom and exclaims "Ere, my Hangelina!"

BAD SIGN.—An exchange thinks it is a bad sign for a bachelor lawyer, when he gets up to speak in Court, to draw a woman's night-cap from his pocket on which to wipe his nose, thinking it a white handkerchief. The strings are apt to be noticed, and awaken unpleasant suspicions.

FRIGHTENING A WOOER.

BY CAROLINE E. PRESTON.

"You have heard me speak of Stephen Jenkins, Matilda?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well—another cup of tea if you please—he is coming here to-morrow, on a week's visit."

"You don't mean so, uncle?" exclaimed Matilda.

"And why don't I, Miss Matilda? There is nothing to summon such a look of consternation to your face."

"Because, if he shouldn't happen to be agreeable—"

"Of course he is agreeable. At all events, it is desirable for you to find him so, since he is your prospective husband."

"My prospective husband! What can you mean, uncle?" inquired Matilda, opening her eyes in amazement.

"I thought you understood it. Your estates join, and it is eminently proper, therefore, that you should unite them by marriage."

"A very good reason, certainly," said Matilda, with a curl of her lip. "It makes little difference, I suppose, whether our dispositions are compatible or not."

"Oh, they will easily adjust themselves after marriage, and then the two will make such a handsome estate."

"Suppose I shouldn't fancy him well enough to accept his proposals, uncle?" asked Matilda, demurely.

"If you should dream of such a thing as refusal, I should disinherit you. You are aware, I suppose, that all your property comes from me, and that I can, at any time, recall it."

"That would be a pity, certainly," said Matilda, in a lively strain, "for I should have to take in washing, or something of that kind, to support myself—and I have such an appetite."

Mr. Parker smiled in spite of himself, and evidently looked upon his niece as one who would readily yield to his expressed will.

"One question more, uncle. Suppose he should not happen to fancy your humble niece, and conclude to pay his addresses elsewhere?"

"I would never speak to the puppy again."

"And you wouldn't disinherit me then, uncle?"

"Of course not, you gipsy. It wouldn't be your fault."

"It would be very mortifying to have him reject me," said Matilda, demurely. "Is there anything he particularly dislikes in a woman, do you know?"

"I once heard him say he couldn't bear a literary woman," said her uncle, after some reflection. "All sorts of strong-minded women are his aversion. But then, you know, Mattie, you are not strong-minded."

"Thank you, uncle, very much. That is as much as to say I am weak-minded."

"No such thing, you gipsy. But there's one thing more I have to tell you, and that is that I shall not be here to entertain Mr. Jenkins. I am called away to New York by business, which will detain me the full length of his stay. So you will have to entertain him yourself. Mind and play your cards well, and I shall expect to find the marriage day fixed when I return."

"Oh, dear, what shall I ever do with the horrid man for a whole week?"

"I dare say you will be dead in love with him by the time I get back. You may remember me to him when he arrives, and tell him how much I regret not being here to welcome him."

"Yes, uncle, I'll remember."

It was about twelve o'clock, the next day, that a tall young man, of serious aspect, ascended Mr. Parker's front steps, and rang the bell.

He was ushered into the drawing-room, where, after waiting about half an hour, he was joined by Matilda.

The young lady was by no means looking her best. Her hair was loosely arranged, her collar was awry, and there was a very perceptible stain of ink upon her fingers.

"Mr. Jenkins, I presume," she remarked.

The gentleman bowed, and looked curiously at his entertainer.

"And, I presume, I am addressing Miss Parker."

Our heroine inclined her head in the affirmative.

"I hope your respected uncle is well," said Stephen Jenkins, in the measured tone of a man who was old beyond his years.

("I wouldn't marry such a stiff old poke for the world," was the not over-complimentary reflection of Matilda.)

"My uncle regrets very much not being able to meet you," she said in answer to his question, "but he is called to New York by business. I trust, however, that I shall be able to entertain you."

"That I do not question," said the visitor, with a slow attempt at gallantry.

("I am inclined to think he will, before he goes," thought Matilda.)

Looking at her fingers, she remarked, composedly, as if she, for the first time, observed the stain of ink, "I hope you will excuse the appearance of my fingers, but I have been writing all the morning, and I couldn't remove all the traces of ink."

"You were writing letters, I presume?" said Stephen.

"O, no! not at all. I was writing an article on 'Woman's Rights' for the '*Bugle of Freedom.*'"

Mr. Jenkins started, uneasily.

"I suppose you are in the habit of seeing that paper," said Matilda.

"No," said he, stiffly.

"Ah! you don't know what you lose. Composed and edited entirely by females. But, perhaps—"

Matilda interrupted herself to ring the bell.

"Jane," said she to the servant, "you may go up stairs and bring down a manuscript, which you will find on my table."

"A what, ma'am?"

"A manuscript—a sheet of paper with writing on it. Poor Jane," she continued, after her servant had gone out, "she would not be so ignorant if man had not denied to us women the advantages of education which he claims for himself."

By this time, Jane had returned with the manuscript.

"If you would like, Mr. Jenkins, I will read you what I have written."

Mr. Jenkins looked dismayed, but managed to utter a feeble "O, certainly!"

Matilda, in a very emphatic manner, began to read as follows:

"MESS. EDITOR: Permit me again to raise my voice, in trumpet tones, against the despotic rule of man over our down trodden sex. Enlightened as we are disposed to consider the present generation, is it not a disgrace, and a burning shame, that men should monopolize all the offices of honor and profit, and leave to his equal—shall I not say his superior, in point of intellect—only a few undesirable and laborious posts? What, I say, is the reason tha men should take upon themselves to govern, and expect us meekly to submit to the yoke which they seek to impose upon us! Why should we not see a female President in the chair of state, and—"

"This is all I had written, Mr. Jenkins, when you came," said Matilda, breaking off from the reading. "You will easily understand the idea that I was about to develop; and, I have no doubt that you will agree with me."

"Do you really think, Miss Parker, that there should be no distinction between men and women?" exclaimed the sedate Stephen, horror-struck.

"Why should there be?" said Matilda, with spirit. "Do you doubt whether woman has an intellect equal to that of man?"

"Is there a female Shakspeare?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Yes," said Matilda, promptly. "Did you never read Mrs. Browning's poems?"

"I can't say I have," returned Stephen.

"Ah, then I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her."

She rang the bell.

"Jane," said she, "go up to my room and bring down the book you will find on the table."

Jane did so.

"We have an hour before dinner, it seems," said Matilda, looking at her watch. "In what way can we better improve it than by perusing together this noble monument of genius?"

Mr. Jenkins looked terrified; but before he had time to raise any objections Matilda had commenced.

She read aloud faithfully for the hour referred to—it seemed three hours to the unhappy Stephen, who had not the slightest apprehension of poetry of any description.

He was quite delighted when the dinner-bell rang, and so was Matilda in her secret heart.

"I am afraid," said she, "we will have to rest from our reading till after dinner, but, by commencing immediately afterwards, we may get through by tea time."

"How many pages in the poem?" the young man inquired, hesitatingly.

"Only a little more than four hundred," was the encouraging reply.

The dinner proved to be a not very social meal. Matilda confined herself entirely to literary subjects, and evaded all attempts to change the topic.

("Good gracious!" thought the young man, "and this was the young girl I was to marry. I'd as soon marry a dictionary, although she is pretty; but then a strong-minded woman! I should be talked to death in less than a month.")

Stephen Jenkins stopped two days; but, at the end of that time, announced that he should not be able to remain longer. During that time, the poor man had heard more poetry than ever before in his life, and had conceived a deadly hatred against the whole tribe of female authoresses, particularly Mrs. Browning.

"Where is Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Mr. Parker, on his return.

"Gone, uncle," said Matilda.

"Gone! When did he go?"

"He only stopped a couple of days."

"Why, he was to have stopped a week. What was the matter with him?"

"I think, uncle, he was disappointed in me," said Matilda, demurely.

"Did he leave no message for me?"

"Here is a note, uncle."

Mr. Parker hastily broke open the missive, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: In order to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to say that I don't think it will be well to adhere to the foolish compact, which was entered into some time since, in regard to my marriage with your niece. Though a very charming young lady, I don't think that our tastes are at all congenial, and I hereby remove any pretensions I may be supposed to have to her hand. Regretting not to have had the pleasure of seeing you, I remain, very respectfully,

STEPHEN JENKINS."

"Why, the puppy has had the audacity to remove his pretensions to your hand!" exclaimed the indignant uncle.

"Then, can't I be married?" inquired Matilda, in comical disappointment.

"Yes, you shall marry the first man that offers."

It was very remarkable, that, on the next day, Edward Manly should have asked Mr. Parker's permission to address his niece—a permission which was at once accorded. The marriage took place within a few weeks, and I don't think he has ever repented marrying a *strong-minded woman!*

TOM CORWIN ON THE DEMOCRATIC EPHRAIM.—The Boston *Post's* correspondent in New Haven expresses great admiration of the wit and eloquence of Tom Corwin, who was delivering speeches there, and gives the following as one of his most telling hits:

"While describing the doughfaceism of the Democracy, he said they reminded him of a passage in Scripture—'Ephraim is a cake unturned.' 'O Ephraim! Democratic Ephraim!' said he, with that inimitable look and manner, 'poor, Democratic Ephraim! *for God's sake turn over in the pan and bake on the other side!*' The effect was electric—the hit palpable."

Key to the Weather.

A letter of M. Conninck to the *Courrier des Halles* is exciting great attention in France. It will be remembered that Marshal Bugeaud proclaimed the discovery of an ancient Spanish manuscript, in which the natural laws which govern the atmosphere were so clearly laid down that nothing was left to chance, and projects could be made with the greatest security. These calculations, based upon 50 years' experience, comprising 600 revolutions of the moon, had enabled the author to foretell the weather to a nicety, and the Marshal, struck by the confidence with which the theory was broached, after taking some little trouble to practise the same rule of calculation, found it unerring likewise. M. de Conninck now comes forward with his experience also, and at length we can boast of possessing a key to the pranks of the moon, which will henceforth render them harmless. The weather, eleven times out of twelve, is exactly the same during the whole moon as on the fifth day if on the sixth day it resembles the fifth, and nine times out of twelve it is exactly the same as the fourth day if the sixth day resembles the fourth. This rule, says M. de Conninck, is found invariable eight months in the year. The exceptions have hitherto been October, February, March and April.

Porter's Spirit of the Times, states that an exciting cock fight is to come off at Washington between two celebrated game cocks of the Spanish breed, named "General Concha" and "General Ortega." The first belongs to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, and the last to Vice President John C. Breckenridge. The stakes are $500 and $1,000. [Think of that—the Vice President and Secretary of War getting up a cock fight! Surely, Sumner's grand and eloquent speech on the "*Barbarism of Slavery*," was as timely as bold.]

The Democrats of the North were grossly insulted at Charleston. Before they went, the papers at Charleston announced that the doors of respectable private houses would be closed against them. When they got in Convention, because they would not surrender everything—even honor—the South deserted them, and then charged them with being only a band of robbers. Possibly they were afraid to resent it, for fear of being served as Whitney was: he invented the cotton gin for them, they put him in prison for it.

AN HEROIC GROUPE.—It is supposed that the Southern Convention at Richmond, will await the issue of the Northern Convention at Baltimore, (should the latter have heart enough to assemble) before they proceed to act. But suppose the adjourned convention at Baltimore should determine to await the issue at Richmond! What then? As Puff says in the Critic, "There's a situation for you! there's an heroic group! We have them at a dead lock—for each is afraid to let go first."

The Elmira *Press* says that there is an elderly lady residing in that place who has in her possession the remains of her own wedding cake, which she has preserved for over forty years! It was wrapped up in the same piece of paper that was put around it to "dream by" on the night of her wedding.

There is a county in the State of Pennsylvania in which we find the sources of three great rivers. One flows or empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, one into the Chesapeake Bay, and the other into the Gulf of Mexico. Will some of our school boys give us the name of the county?

A DIFFERENCE.—At Dallas (Ala.) Court, on the 24th ult., Robert Ringgold, charged with stealing a slave, was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. At the same time and place, M'Mullen plead guilty to manslaughter in the second degree, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the county jail and a fine of $500.

OIL SPRINGS.—The *Scientific American* says the oil springs are probably the result of the decomposition of vegetable earth. It is not likely any of them are inexhaustible, and their extent will no doubt vary like that of coal beds and other geological deposits.

The African Baptist Church in Augusta, Ga., owns its minister. The congregation bought him from his former master. The members of the church, who are mostly if not all slaves themselves, contribute a thousand dollars a year for the support of their "chattel" pastor and family.

It is stated by one of our exchanges that a Democrat being asked to give something towards defraying the expenses of the new exploring expedition to the North Pole, declined on the grounds that it was "sectional" and he "knew no North."

A new kind of leather has made its appearance in market. It is made from the skin of the monsters found in the river St. Lawrence. From the skin of the white whale can be made superior kid, sole leather, harness leather, and black leather for boots.

The Japanese "colored gentlemen" receive great attentions in their trips to the Northern cities. They are made an excuse for much waste of money, drunkenness, and gluttony, for the sake of getting a little useless trade with them and introducing the vices of "civilization."

A TEXAS DIVINE.—A Texas paper says that Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native missionary in that State, is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."

James Werden, a native of Rhode Island, died recently at Grafton, Rensselaer county, N. Y., aged one hundred and twenty years.

Public Opinion.

The *Buffalo Commercial Journal*, the organ of Mr. FILLMORE in 1856, responds heartily to the nominations. We publish the last paragraph of a long and ably written article in that paper, which indicates in an unmistakable manner its position and purposes:

"With such views of the Chicago platform and nominations, with the knowledge that the little strength belonging to John Bell in this State is already diminished by a considerable secession to Sam Houston, and with the old Whig hatred of Democracy, nursed in with our mother's milk, and strong to-day as in 1844, in our hearts, we conceive it to be our duty to place the names of Lincoln and Hamlin at the head of our columns, as a pledge that we will extend to them such honorable and faithful support as may belong to our position and influence."

Lincoln is a candidate not to be despised. He is of fair talents, a self-made man, a tall, swarthy, rather cadaverous-looking Kentuckian, a good stump talker, and possesses the qualities which make men popular with "the boys."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Advertiser* (Dem.)

He [Lincoln] is probably more likely to carry what the Republicans call the "doubtful States," than many others who are better known in those States. In regard to his mind and character, he seems to combine, in a rare degree, shrewdness with enthusiasm, practical sagacity with passionate devotion to principles, and, in canvassing the State of Illinois against Douglas in 1858, he proved also that he was one of those sturdy workers who can "toil terribly." No public man of his party has a quicker, more instinctive perception of popular feelings and modes of thinking, greater facility in connecting his opinions with those which obtain among the mass of voters, and a more insinuating way of proving to the people that he "is one of them."—*Boston Transcript*, (Neutral.)

The Baltimore *Turnzeitung*, the central organ of the German Turner Bund of the United States, has declared in favor of Lincoln for President.

The New York *Independent* runs up the Lincoln and Hamlin flag, as the "Nominations for Freedom." This, we think, is the first instance in which a distinctively religious paper has taken such a step.

DELAWARE RIGHT.—The Delaware *State Journal* and the Delaware *Republican*, both Fillmore papers in the last Presidential campaign, fly the Republican flag of Lincoln and Hamlin.

The old democratic party has breathed its last, and to-day we enter upon a new era in national politics. The Convention at Charleston has split, and, whether it be on men or measures, the practical result is the same. The proceedings at Charleston prove that the Democratic party has worn itself out, and that party divisions in the country have to be ranged hereafter on other issues than those on which the political battles have been fought. The democratic has fulfilled its allotted time. Like its great predecessor, it has run its circle, and buried the entire generation of men who founded and led it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

UTICA, June 4.—The Republicans held a ratification meeting here this evening. It was the largest local political meeting of either party ever held in Utica.

Mr. Lincoln is well known to be a man of chivalrous courage, and frank and open as light itself, qualities that ever tell with the people.—*Boston Traveler*, (Independent.)

N. B. Smithers, a prominent Fillmore man in Delaware, spoke in the highest terms of Bell and Everett, at the recent Republican ratification meeting in Wilmington, but declared in favor of Lincoln and Hamlin as the surest mode of rescuing that State from Democracy.

The nomination of Lincoln was a master stroke of political craft. Ever since the memorable struggle of 1858, the Republican sheets of the West and Northwest have placed Lincoln on the list of aspirants for the Chicago nomination. He is a man of agreeable manners, a ready and forcible speaker, self-made and self-taught, and personally popular among the hardy sons of the West.—*New Orleans Bee.*

The Louisville *Journal* (supporting the Bell and Everett ticket) gives the following gratuitous testimony on behalf of Lincoln:

"The Republican organs, by common consent, designate their candidate for the Presidency as 'Honest Old Abe.' We are by no means disposed to deny his right to this designation. We know him personally, and have observed his public course, and however strongly we may condemn some of the doctrines to which he is committed, we have at no time seen reason to doubt his honesty. We believe he has the good of his country at heart. Thus much we take pleasure in saying in his behalf."

We regard this nomination as perhaps the strongest one the Republican party could have made.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

The New York *Express* repudiates the Bell nomination, and is "piling in" for Houston, who has been nominated. Crittenden, also, turns a cold shoulder to Bell. The men are good; but the movement in their behalf is felt to be useless.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Post* says that the Department clerks have nearly all discovered that Mr. Lincoln is not a sectional man, and that, after all, he will make a good President! Some go further still, and say that they have no doubt that he will be elected. It all means simply this—that, to the office-holders, Abraham Lincoln is *the coming man!*

AN HONEST OPINION.—The Boston *Herald*, a Douglas organ, says the following of the nomination of the Chicago Convention:

"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."

Some Democrat having described the Republican candidate for the Presidency as "A tall, coarse, illiterate man, about fifty-two years old, who had been in Congress," the Boston *Journal* remarks that all it has to say is, to look out for that "tall, coarse, illiterate man, about fifty-two years old," for he is going to sweep the country next fall.

EDWARD BATES, of Missouri, is about to publish a letter addressed to O. H. Browning, of Quincy, Illinois, advising his friends to do their utmost to secure the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, and expressing the opinion that they should not waste their votes upon the Bell and Everett ticket.

The *Baltimore Patriot* uses the following language:

"They who know Mr. Lincoln intimately, say, that he is a moderate and conservative man, that though opposed to the extension of Slavery into free territory, just as Mr. Clay and Mr. Bell were, and the latter gentlemen still is, yet he is a State Rights man of the strictest sect. He is also the sworn enemy of Executive and legislative corruption, and has a character for personal integrity unimpeachable."

Illinois, in the opinion of several leading Democrats I have heard quoted, is good for Lincoln by 20,000 over Douglas, or 60,000 over any other man. In Shawneetown, in 1856, there were only five Fremont votes—there are now 127 well-known and avowed supporters of Mr. Lincoln. In 1858, Lincoln received a greater vote in the State than Douglas, and his majority would have increased full 2,000, had not the Democratic preponderance in 17 counties, in the South of the State, been so overpowering that no candidates for members of Assembly were nominated by the Republicans, and they allowed the canvass to go by default.

CLEAR THE TRACK.—Forty hard fisted laborers of the first Ward, New York, left the Democratic ranks one night last week and came out for the "Rail Mauler." The people are rousing to thought and action, and silk stocking politicians must give the wall to honest Abe Lincoln and the Senator from Maine.

The Republican Ratification meeting at St. Louis, on Tuesday night, was the largest demonstration ever witnessed in that city. At least ten thousand persons were present. Speeches were made by the Hon. Francis P. Blair, Jr., J. T. F. James, Mr. Brandt, and others.

The Republican ratification meeting at Fredonia, Chautauque County, on Wednesday last, was memorable as signalizing the accession to the Republican ranks of Senator James O. Putnam, hitherto one of the most prominent members of the American party in New York.

At the Republican ratification meeting in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, a large body of men came down from one of the Upper Wards, drawn in an immense car, the sides of which bore the device, "The Fillmore Rangers of '56—All right for Abe Lincoln in '60."

NEW JERSEY.—The Salem *Standard* states that all the newspapers in that State that supported Fillmore and Donelson in 1856, without exception, now support Lincoln and Hamlin. New Jersey may be counted with certainty for the nominees of the Chicago Convention.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The *Anti-Slavery Standard* opposes Mr. Lincoln, because he is not an Abolitionist. In proof of this it quotes his speeches and letters, and declares his sentiments to be objectionable to any person adopting their ultra views.

The Bearlstown *Illinoisian*, heretofore a neutral paper, has come out for the Republican State and National Ticket. The Illinoisian is a daily paper. The Prairies of Illinois are all in a blaze for "honest Abe" and Republican principles.

THE GERMANS for ABE.—The Burlington (Wis.) *Gazette*, says that over fifty Germans in that village who have hitherto voted the Democratic ticket, have expressed their determination to vote for "Old Abe" next fall.

NOT PLEASED.—The Democracy is not pleased because Seward was not nominated. They were ready to cry out "irrepressible conflict!" "irrepressible conflict!" but the programme was spoiled by the nomination of "Abe."

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* gives a most felicitious definition of the Presidential candidate of the Republican party. It says: "He will make, what we have not had lately—an honest President. He is neither a trickster nor a time-server, but a straight-forward, manly, able man, who believes in the principle he represents. *He is in fact the Republican Platform in Boots.*"

Put Schuylkill County down sure for a heavy majority for Freedom, Protection, Curtin, Lincoln and Hamlin. The signs of the times say so. Our miners say so. Our farmers say so.—*Pottsville Journal.*

Sixty thousand "Old Line Whigs" of New York, will support "Honest Old Abe" *en masse*. These men supported Clay, Taylor and Scott. In 1856 they cast their votes for Fillmore.

INCIDENT IN HIS BOYHOOD.—We have heard, (says the Evansville [Ind.] *Journal,*) the following anecdote of the people's candidate for the Presidency. It shows the love of knowledge, the industry, the conscientiousness, and the integrity, of the subject:

It is well known that Abraham Lincoln lived in Spencer county, Indiana, in his younger days. He was a hard-working lad, and very eager in his thirst for knowledge. A man, named Crawford, owned a copy of "Weems' Life of Washington"—the only one in the neighborhood. Young Lincoln borrowed that interesting book, (not having money to buy one,) and, while reading it, by a slight negligence left it in a window, when a rain storm came up and wet the book so as to ruin it. Young Lincoln felt badly, but, like an honest boy, he went to Mr. Crawford with the ruined book, acknowledged his accountability for its destruction, and his willingness to make due compensation. He said he had no money, but would work out the value of the book.

The owner said to him, "Well, Abe, being as it's you, I won't be hard on you. If you will come over and pull fodder for two days, I'll let you off."

Abe went, accordingly, working the requisite time; and so tall and handy a lad was he, that Crawford required him to pull the fodder off the tallest stalks, while he took the shortest ones himself.

To the Fremonters of 1856.

New, God be praised! New England
Takes again her ancient place;
Aloft the Pilgrims' banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.

CHORUS.

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew—
It months had well-nigh won the field,
What should not four years do?

Along the lordly Hudson
A shout of triumph breaks,
The Empire State is speaking
From the Ocean to the Lakes.

PENNSYLVANIA's hills are blazing,
New Jersey's skies are bright,
And the fair young West is turning
Her forehead to the light.

Push every outpost nearer!
Press hard the hostile towers!
Another Bulkhead's down,
And the Malakoff is ours.

Raise high the same old banner,
For none can better be;
Pass on the same true watchword—
FREE SOIL AND VICTORY!

Characteristic Letter from Joshua R. Giddings.

Mr. Giddings was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and showed great interest in its proceedings. After the nomination, many Delegates, who were going to Springfield to visit the next President, crowded about Mr. Giddings, asking if he was not going to pay his compliments to the candidate. Mr. Giddings replied, that, he being the older man, Mr. Lincoln must call on him. Then being importuned to write a letter to Mr. Lincoln, he consented, and immediately wrote a note as follows:

CHICAGO, May 18, 1860.

DEAR LINCOLN: You are nominated. You will be elected. After your election, thousands will crowd around you, claiming reward for services rendered. I, too, have my claims upon you. I have not worked for your nomination, nor for that of any other man; I have labored for the establishment of principles, and when men came to me asking my opinion of you, I only told them, *Lincoln is an honest man.* All I ask of you, in return for my services, is, *make my statement good throughout your Administration.*

Yours, GIDDINGS.

Mr. Lincoln was much pleased with the laconic epistle, showing it to many friends and visitors.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The St. Louis Republican, a violent Democratic journal, has a correspondent at Springfield, Ill., who makes the following statements:

"Since his nomination, Mr. Lincoln has occupied a room in the State-House—the one formerly occupied by the Governor—where he is visited every day by his friends from abroad. We do not speak advisedly, but we are of the opinion that he is frequently 'bored' by those who are looking for the elephant. Mr. Lincoln is highly esteemed in his private character wherever known. He is considered by men of all parties, political foes as well as friends, as a man of honor and honesty. It is his public and political acts that should be called in question; and, we think, he has much to answer for in that line."

SEWARD'S HOME.—The Auburn *Journal* is looked upon as the home organ of Gov. Seward. It promptly raises the names of Lincoln and Hamlin, and heartily endorses them as follows:

"We place the names of Lincoln and Hamlin at the head of our columns, with pride and satisfaction. No truer exposition of the Republican creed could be given, than the platform adopted by the Convention. Their election, we trust, by a decisive majority, will restore the Government of the United States to its constitutional and ancient course. Let the watchword of the Republican party, then, be Union and Liberty, and onward to Victory."

A letter from Mauch Chunk, gives an account of a rousing meeting held on the 4th inst., which was addressed by Judge Kelley of Philadelphia, and Charles Albright, Esq., of Mauch Chunk. Workingmen who never voted any but a Democratic ticket, are rallying to the support of Honest Abe Lincoln, because he comes from the ranks of the working classes, thus showing that a poor boy can, by a virtuous life and his own exertions, rise to the most exalted position in the gift of the people.

FOWLER, the Democratic Post Master at New York, is a defaulter in the *small* sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A large portion of the money was spent in electioneering for the Buchanan party. The day of redemption from the most corrupt and rotten dynasty that ever cursed the country, is drawing nigh. The sentence of a robbed, betrayed and outraged people, will be pronounced at the ballot box on the 6th of November.