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

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Jan. 1, 1858. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

TALES OF A MOON-BEAM.

BY STELLA.

The sun bowed low in a stately wave,
And one by one, on the floor of eve,
The stars dashed out in their spangled dress,
With a diamond clasped to each radiant tress,
When a timid ray on the frosty pane
Tapped lightly, to say who stole again,
From the festive throng of her own blue sphere,
To weave a tale for my listless ear.

And her bright locks streamed till their outline fair
Lay folded close in my own dark hair,
And she sang such songs for my eager ear,
And she breathed such tales, that I sought to hear;
She had tapped at many a door that night,
And entered with tread as of fairy light,
And silently, sadly, acted all
In lonely hovel and palace hall.

She had crept through the curtain's heavy fold
Where crimson splendor barred out the cold,
And leaned on the gorgeous window seat
To watch the revellers glancing feet—
And she merely listened, nor thought it long
Till a sigh burst forth on the breath of song;
Then a sob, from a breaking heart near by,
And she fled away with herself a sigh.

She had peeped o'er the edge of a cottage nest
Where the nestlings slept in a balmy rest,
And there, in the glow of a radiant fire,
Were toiling matron and weary sire;
But no burning sigh from the breast of care,
or no tearful eye, at so much, was there—
And all the world could not give their wealth—
A cheerful heart and a brow of health.

She whispered softly a touching tale
Of a maiden, whose cheek was now grown pale—
But who, beath the light of a year ago,
With hand pressed tightly, and cheek aglow,
Had listened to words that a sweet lover had stirred—
But now, like a wounded and sore-winged bird,
Her pinioned hopes are all drooping low,
And she weeps at the light o'er the crystal snow.

She murmured then of a serenade,
Just warbled out 'neath a window's shade;
And she paused, and sighed o'er the pitiful thing,
A harp, with a shrivelled and shattered string—
And a sad-browed youth, with his soul on fire,
Still sweeping o'er the discordant lyre,
And wringing out with a trembling hand
His hopeless grief from that riven strand.

She sang of the light in an infant's eye,
That faded out 'neath the jewelled eye;
Of the frantic mother, who tore her hair,
And cursed her God in her wild despair,
Till at length, on the red of that mother's lip,
The ripples of anguish sank to sleep;
And she leaned o'er her dying babe still lower,
But those eyes will open—oh, never more!

And then she hinted of lovers gay,
That scatter glances as beads of spray,
And sing light words from a smile wreathed lip,
As light as the foam that the sea gulls dip
And she longed to know, if that rose-hued glow
Would blush o'er the years as they come and go;
And, just the shade of a cloud swept by,
On the fluttering breath of a moon-beam's sigh.

She rose to leave, and I could but grieve
For the gentle guest of that bright, still eve;
But she must away, for each starry ray
Was peering out for the missing fay;
And her silver robe, with its regal fold,
She closer drew, for the air was cold;
And she touched my cheek with a lover's kiss,
And left me then to a dreamer's bliss.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1860.

Interesting Antique Coin.

Reuben F. Brown, of Lewisburg, exhibits among his rare collection of ancient and modern moneys, one which, from its face, is doubtless between 1846 and 1879 years old—perhaps, is co-eval with the advent of the Savior of men. It has a Roman head on the one side, with the words, "AVGVSTVS PATER," and on the other, the letters "S ; C," one letter each side of a figure somewhat resembling a locust, but the meaning of which we know not. "S. C." is an abbreviation for "*senatus consultum*," meaning an act, ordinance or decree of the Senate. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was the Roman Emperor who succeeded Julius Cæsar, having reigned 19 years before Christ, and died A. D. 14—a term of 33 years, or a third of a century. It was during this period that an uncommon event occurred—the shutting up the Temple of Janus, showing that there was then waged no War in the known world, when the Prince of Peace was born. It was "Cæsar Augustus" who sent out "a decree that all the world should be taxed." (Luke ii.) Contrary to our system of laying taxes (for the assessor comes to us,) "all went to be taxed every one into his own city." It was, perhaps, to this very species of coin which Jesus referred when he said, "Show me the tribute money" And they brought Him a penny. And He saith unto them, "Whose is this image and superscription?" They say unto Him, "Cæsar's." Then saith He unto them, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." This very coin *may* have been handled by Him, by His apostles, or by His disciples—may have served to answer their necessities—and could tell a curious and perhaps eventful history.—But, speculation aside, this specimen of old-time money is of copper, about the size of our old cents, and resembles other coins of that day, when money was really of more value, comparatively, than it now is.—The only room for a doubt about the matter is connected with the fact that the terms "Augustus," as well as "Cæsar" and "Pater" sometimes are used for the *office* and not for the *particular man* who filled the office. The "Augustus" and "Cæsar" mentioned in Acts, was probably Claudius. After Augustus came Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, during the time the New Testament was written, (which, however, it is said makes no reference to Caligula.) There is no date on the coin visible, but the great probability is that it was struck during the lifetime of him whose "image and subscription" it bears.

A Pretty "Union" Party!—A remnant of the "Straights" in Philad., who now call themselves a "*Constitutional Union Party*," had a meeting, 10th inst., in which Mr. Ewing, of the Norfolk *Examiner*, spoke. He said Southern Democrats were disposed to go for Bell—that Republicanism and Abolitionism were identical—we of the North "had a right to our *opinions* upon the subject of slavery," (thankee!)—but added, according to the *Inquirer*:

"It had been said that upon the election of Lincoln and Hamlin the South would in a short time, acquiesce in the choice of *the majority*, and the Union, under the new administration, would be as well preserved and as peaceful a state as it had heretofore been. The speaker denied this. He said that in the case of the election of these two men to the Presidential chair, THE SOUTH WOULD SURELY SECEDE. She would *never submit tamely to be dictated to* by such men as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and HANNIBAL HAMLIN. The equality of the South in the Union would be destroyed, and upon no other terms *would she or could she* with honor *consent to remain* in the Union."

This is a beautiful Disunion load for a Southern man to cast upon a "Union" party! It was received with "applause," and not a soul had courage to rebuke the treason and impudence of the speaker! If the "Constitutional" *majority* elect Lincoln, the *minority* say they will leave the "Union!" And that is a "Constitutional Union" party which applauds such nonsense! Of course, Lincoln and Hamlin will not *both* be elected to "the Presidential chair," for the latter is only to preside in the Senate! Nor will either attempt to "dictate to the South" or the North; they will act, under the "Constitution," for the "Union," and recommend and influence, when and as they properly can, whatever benefits the whole nation and is just and proper.

—Another Southerner, we see, demands "PROTECTION [for Slavery extension] OR BLOOD." Whew! You will get neither. The time for such balderdash has passed away. That dog wont fight any more. Threats and lofty talk of this sort have had their day. The People will elect their President, and save their Union.

A "Lie in Boots."

The *Lewisburg Argus* recently copied a statement that Mr. LINCOLN, when a Member of Congress, charged in his *stationery*, $25, for "*three pairs of boots*." These Shamocratic papers have a very small and mean way of electioneering. One would think that, if they must invent falsehoods against our candidates, they would try something a little less absurd than such a story. As it is thought worth while to show how our opponents have commenced the campaign by the manufacture of false statements, we copy the following:

To the Public.

My attention has been called to a statement which appeared in the *Chicago Times*, as editorial, on the 29th day of May, 1860, that the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, while a member of the XXXth Congress, purchased three pairs of boots, "they being paid for out of the public money," by his order, and charged to him as stationery; and further that the said boots are charged to his account on the books of the House of Representatives. I deem it my duty to make the following statement under oath:

1st. The stationery used by members of the House of Representatives is furnished by the Postmaster of the House, who settles with them.

2d. A ledger account is kept between the several members and the Postmaster, and every article is charged to them on the day it is obtained.

3d. The books of the Postmaster of the House of Representatives of the XXXth Congress, by virtue of my office, are now in my possession. I have carefully examined the same, and therein an account against the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, in which the *usual* items of stationery are charged to him; but there are *no such items charged* as alleged by the writer of the article in the *Chicago Times*.

I therefore pronounce the allegations sheer fabrications, devoid of truth, and destitute of foundation in truth.

J. M. LUCAS, P. M., of H. R.

District of Columbia, Washington city:

Sworn and subscribed before me, this 7th day of June, 1860. F. S. MYER, J. P.

Let us see how many of the papers that copied this wholesale fabrication, will retract the sneaking libel upon truth and honor. Some charges made are inexpable of being contradicted, but this happens to be of such a nature, and made so circumstantially, it is completely exposed. What dastardly, wicked lie will next be hatched, to attempt to injure an honest, popular man? How desperate must be the cause which resorts to such low and false means to injure an honorable candidate!

THE SECEDERS.—Mr. H. C. Craig, editor of the *Slaveholder*, published at Cahaba, Alabama, in hoisting the secession flag, also says:

"When I undertook the publication of the *Slaveholder*, I did so with the express understanding that it was to encourage and cultivate an union of the Southern people for the sake of the South. It has adhered, without faltering, to this position, and in its advocacy of Breckinridge and Lane I insist it is still maintaining it. They are the candidates of the South—nominated by a substantial Southern Convention, against candidates nominated by national parties, and the chief is a citizen of the Slaveholding State of Kentucky. These tend to unite the South."

An Oregon paper says that Joe Lane can not carry that State. It advises Joe to "take water." But Joe won't do that. *Louisville Journal.*

"TAKING THE CENSUS."

SCENE—A RED HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

Inquisitor. Good morning, madam. Is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood. Yes, sir; I am at home.

Inq—Haven't you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes, but he ain't the head of the family, I'd have you know.

Inq—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—Why, bless me! sir, what's that to you? You're mighty inquisitive, I think.

Inq—I'm the man that takes the census.

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses, you wouldn't ax such impertinent questions.

Inq—Don't be affronted, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly! you know what the Scriptures say. "Old lady," indeed!

Inq—I beg your pardon, madam, but I don't care about hearing Scripture, just at this moment. I'm bound to go according to law, and not according to Gospel.

Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor Gospel. What business is it to you to inquire into folkses affairs, Mr. Thingabob?

Inq—The law makes it my business, good woman; and, if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions.

Mrs. T.—Oh, it's the law, is it? That alters the case. But I should like to know what business the law has with people's household matters?

Inq—Why, Congress made the law, and if it doesn't please you, you must talk to them.

Mrs. T.—Talk to fiddlesticks! Why, Congress is a fool, and you're another.

Inq—Now, good lady, you're a fine looking woman; if you'll only give me a few civil answers, I'll thank you. What I wish to know, first, is, how many there are in your family?

Mrs. T.—Let me see—[counting her fingers]—there's I and my husband's one—

Inq—Two, you mean.

Mrs. T.—Don't put me out, Mr. Thingummy. I and my husband is one.

Inq—Are you always one?

Mrs. T.—What's that to you? if you don't leave off interrupting me, I won't say another word. [Again counting her fingers.] There's I and my husband is one; there's John, he's two; Peter is three; Sue and Moll are four, and Thomas is five. And there's Mr. Jenkins and his wife and two children, is six; and there's Jowler, he's seven—

Inq—Jowler! Who's he?

Mrs. T.—Who's Jowler? Why, who should he be but the old house dog?

Inq—It's the number of persons I want to know.

Mrs. T.—Very well, Mr. Flippergin, ain't Jowler a person? Come here, Jowler, and speak for yourself. I'm sure he's as personable a dog as there is in the whole State.

Inq.—He's a very clever dog, no doubt, but it's the number of human beings I want to know.

Mrs. T.—Human! There ain't a more human dog ever breathed.

Inq—Well, but I mean the two-legged kind of beings.

Mrs. T.—O, the two-legged, is it? Well, then, there's the old rooster, he's seven; the fighting cock is eight, and the bantum is nine—

Inq—Stop, stop, good woman, I beg of you. I don't want to know the number of your fowls.

Mrs. T.—I'm very sorry, indeed, that I can't please you, such a sweet gentleman as you are. But didn't you tell me it was the two legged beings?

Inq.—That is true, but I didn't mean the hens.

Mrs. T.—O, now I understand you. The gobbler is seven, the hen turkey is eight, and if you'll wait a week there'll be a parcel of young ones, for the old hen turkey is setting on a whole snarl of eggs.

Inq.—Hang your turkeys!

Mrs. T.—O, don't, now, good Mr. Hippersticher. They're as honest turkeys as any in the country.

Inq.—Don't vex me any more; I'm getting to be angry.

Mrs. T.—Ha, ha, ha!

Inq.—[Striding about the room in a rage.] Have a care, madam, or I shall fly out of my skin.

Mrs. T.—If you do, I don't know who'll fly in.

Inq.—You do all you can to anger me. It's the two legged creatures who talk, I have reference to.

Mrs. T.—O, now I understand you. Well, then, our Poll Parrot makes seven, and the black girl eight.

Inq.—I see you'll have your own way.

Mrs. T.—You have just found it out, have you? You're a smart little man!

Inq.—Have you mentioned the whole of your family?

Mrs. T.—Yes, sir; that's the whole, except the wooden-headed man in the other room.

Inq. Wooden-headed?

Mrs. T.—Yes, the school master, that's boarding here.

Inq.—I suppose, if he has a wooden head, he lives without eating, and therefore must be a profitable boarder.

Mrs. T.—O, no, sir, you are mistaken there. He eats like a leather judgment.

Inq.—How many slaves are there belonging to the family?

Mrs. T.—Slaves! Why, there's no slaves, but I and my husband.

Inq.—What makes you and your husband slaves?

Mrs. T.—I'm a slave to hard work, and he's a slave to rum. He does nothing all day but guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, while I'm working, and stewing, and sweating, from morning till night, and from night till morning.

Inq.—How many free colored persons have you?

Mrs. T.—Why, there's nobody but Dinah the black girl, Poll Parrot, and my daughter Sue.

Inq.—Is your daughter a colored girl?

Mrs. T.—I guess you'd think so, if you was to see her. She is always out in the sun and she's tanned as black as an Indian.

Inq—How many white males in your family under ten years of age?

Mrs. T.—Why, none, now; my husband don't carry the mails since he's taken to drinking so hard. He used to carry two, but they wasn't white.

Inq.—You mistake, good woman; I mean male folks, not leather mails.

Mrs. T.—Why, let me see; none except little Thomas and Mr. Jenkins' two little girls.

Inq.—Males, I said, not females.

Mrs. T.—Well, if you don't like the fe, you leave it off.

Inq—How many are there between ten and twenty?

Mrs. T.—Why, nobody but John and Peter, and John ran away last week.

Inq—How many white females are there between twenty and thirty?

Mrs. T.—Let me see—there's the wooden-headed man is one, Mr. Jenkins and his wife is two, and the black girl is three.

Inq—No more of your nonsense, old lady; I'm heartily tired of it.

Mrs. T.—Hoity toity! haven't I a right to talk as I please in my own house?

Inq—You must answer the questions as I put them.

Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly! You're right, Mr. Hippogriff.

Inq.—How many white males are there between thirty and forty?

Mrs. T.—Why there's nobody but I and my husband, and he was forty-one last March.

Inq—As you count yourself among the males, I dare say you wear the breeches.

Mrs. T.—Well, what if I do, Mr. Impertinence? Is that anything to you? Mind your own business, if you please.

Inq—Certainly—I did but speak. How many white males are there between forty and fifty?

Mrs. T.—None.

Inq—Are there any manufactures carried on here?

Mrs. T.—None to speak on, except turnip sausages and tow cloth.

Inq—Turnip sausages?

Mrs. T.—Why, yes, turnip sausages! Is there anything so wonderful in that?

Inq.—I never heard of them before. What kind of machinery is used in making them?

Mrs. T.—Nothing but a bread trough, a chopping knife, and a sausage filler.

Inq—Are they of clean turnips?

Mrs. T.—Now you're terribly inquisitive. What would you give to find out? Haven't you anything more to ax?

Inq.—Nothing more. Good morning, madam.

Mrs. T.—Stop a moment. Wouldn't you like to know what we're going to have for dinner? or how many chickens our old white hen had at the last brood? or how many—

Inq.—Nothing more, nothing more.

Mrs. T.—Here, just look at the cupboard, and see how many red ants there are in the sugar bowl; I haven't time to count them myself.

Inq.—Cuss your ants and all your relations. [Exit in a huff.]

A conspicuous feature of the recent 4th of July celebration at Madison, Wis., was the presence in a carriage, as an invited guest, of Nathaniel Ames, a Soldier of the Revolution, in his one hundredth year. At the stand in the Park, the horses were taken from the carriage, and a large number of the spectators present took hold and drew the carriage with its occupant to the Capitol House, where quarters had been provided. The old gentleman is quite helpless, and had to be lifted in and out of the carriage. He came fifteen miles for the purpose of attending the celebration.

COLUMBUS, O., July 5.—The Democratic State Convention organized yesterday by appointing George W. McCook, President. Resolutions endorsing the nomination of Douglas and Johnson were adopted, when fifty Breckinridge and Lane men withdrew from the Convention and met at the Neil House. The bolters appointed a State Central Committee and a Committee to prepare an address to the Ohio Democracy. They also issued a call for a State Convention, to meet in August, to nominate State officers and an Electoral Ticket.

The Position of a Private Democrat.

[JOHN HANKS, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend in youth and early manhood, bears his testimony and states his present views, in a long letter to the *Decatur Chronicle*, from which we copy as follows:]

"When we have for years been opposed, in politics, to a man who has again and again seen his party defeated, and has himself sometimes failed, and still seen that man *true to his colors*, re-arming and re-entering the field to try to uphold and successfully plant his colors upon the side of victory, when all the time he knew he had but to change once to win, and yet has never changed, I think I may say never faltered, how are we to respect him? Such a man I have known Mr. Lincoln, for thirty years, to be. In boyhood, we toiled together; many are the days we have lugged the heavy oar on the Ohio, the Illinois, and the Mississippi Rivers, together; many are the long, cold days we have journeyed over the wild prairies and through the forest with gun and ax; and, though it is not pleasant to refer back to it, well do I remember when we set out together, in the winter, to cut and maul rails on the Sangamon River, in Macon county, thirty years ago, to inclose his father's little home, and kept at work until the whole was finished and the homestead fenced in. We often swapped work in this way. During the many years we were connected together as laborers, sometimes flat-boating, sometimes hog driving, sometimes rail-making, and, too, when it was nearly impossible to get books, he was a constant reader; I was a listener. He settled all disputes of the young men in the neighborhood, and his decisions were always abided by. I never knew a man so honest, under all circumstances, for his whole life. Thus associated with Mr. Lincoln, I learned to love him; and when, in 1858, he was a candidate for the first time within my reach, against my feelings, and I may say against my convictions, my old party ties induced me to vote for Mr. Douglas. My Democratic friends all declared Lincoln was "an abolitionist;" I heard him make a speech in Decatur, just before the election, and I could see nothing bad in it; but I was told by the party he was wrong; I could not see how he could be, but they said so, and I was a Democrat and went it. My wife used to say to me that some day Abe would come out and be something. I thought so too, but I could not exactly see how a man in the lower walks of life, a day laborer, and hopelessly poor, would ever stand much chance to get up very high in the world. At last, one day, we heard that the Republican State Convention was to be held at Decatur, and that they were going for Abe for President. As soon as I found this out, I went into town and told a friend, that, as great and honest merit was at last to be rewarded, in the person of my friend Mr. Lincoln, by the Republican party, I thought of the hard and trying struggles of his early days, and recollecting the rails we had made together thirty years ago, made up my mind to present some of them to that Convention, as a testimonial of the beginning of one of the greatest living men of the age, believing they would speak more in his praise than any orator could, and honor true labor more than the praise of men or the resolutions of Conventions. On our way to get the rails, I told this friend, that, if Abe should be nominated for President, I would vote for him. Everybody knows what he has been, and I rejoice that I live to give this testimony to his goodness and honesty, and I hope I shall live to vote for him for President of the United States next November. Is there anything wrong in this? Who ought to refuse to vote for as good and as great a man as he is? I know that in voting for him I vote with the Republican party, and will be considered as adopting its principles. As I now understand them, I see no good reason why I may not do so. *Our own party is divided, and we have no Solomon to tell us who shall take the child.*"

[Thousands of honest Democrats will think and vote like this plain, frank John Hanks.]

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOYS.—A Maine paper tells a story of two boys, one thirteen and the other eleven, who, on account of the sickness of their father, were left to work the farm. They thoroughly plowed and cross-plowed three acres of rather rough ground, which they then sowed, and then harrowed it three times over. They also assisted in clearing one acre of new land, which was sown with wheat. It grew well, especially that first sown; but at harvest, the father being still sick, there was none to gather the grain but these two little lads. Having neither strength nor skill to use the cradle, they grasped the sickle with resolute hands, and, reaping what they could each day, persevered until the whole four acres were thus harvested by them alone. The produce of this crop would command in market $135, and they did a good deal of work on the farm besides. This shows what boys can do if they really set about it, and make work of work, and play of play, not trying to do both at once. [One of those boys may be President yet!]

An "Uncle Ned" Political Song.

AIR—*Uncle Ned.*

There was an old Sucker, and they called him honest Abe,
And he lived out West, out West;
Work was his pleasure since he was a babe,
But now he's going to have a little rest,
enough.

Then put away the wedges and the maul,
And get things ready for the fall;
For we're bound to put him through,
Just to show what we can do,
And bring about a change—that's all.

His fingers ain't as long as they who're in office now,
But he has two good eyes in his head;
A full set of brains, and an honest, manly brow,
Which things of many others can't be said.
Chorus—Then put away, &c.

He's the man for the West, and the man for the East,
And the man for the Middle portion, too;
He'll try to have the laborers' wages all increased,
And make plenty of work for them to do.
Chorus—Then put away, &c.

A Child Devoured by Bears.

On Wednesday, 6th ultimo, a child, about four years of age, was carried off and devoured by a bear, in the town of Ellenburg, Clinton county, New York. The child, a boy, went a short distance from his father's house, with a brother of about eight years, to fish in a brook. At school-time, the oldest boy went into the house to prepare for school, and told his mother that his brother had remained at the brook, and would return in a short time. In a little while, his mother went after him, but he was not to be found. She then called him, and heard him crying at a distance. The sounds rapidly receded, and passed beyond hearing. The woman immediately alarmed her husband, who made search for the child without success. The neighbors were then notified, and a general search made till nightfall. Next day the alarm became more extensive, and the search was renewed with increased energy. It was continued from day to day, without avail, till the following Monday, when a man passing a hollow log was growled at by a black bear. The bear was fired upon, and killed. In the log were found two young bears, the missing child's clothes, and a portion of one of his legs. The cubs were despatched, and in the stomach of all three were found portions of the devoured boy.

SHAMEFUL FABRICATION.—The lie has *again* been started, that the wife-poisoner, Harden, "was a Black Republican shrieker—one of the 3,000 clergymen who remonstrated against the Kansas Bill." The *truth* is he was a Democrat, and a severe denouncer of Republicanism. There are good and bad men in all parties and sects, yet their merits or demerits do not make their party or sect responsible for all their acts of wrong or creditable for their good acts. Every man is accountable for *himself* alone....But the following—which we have not seen contradicted—*is* a shame and disgrace to all of the party who bring forward and support the man named:

"SUITS THEM.—The Rev. Dr. Daily, recently deposed from the Presidency of the Bloomington College, Indiana, and expelled from the Methodist church for drunkenness and unchastity, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of Madison district, in that State."

It is no discredit to a church or party, when its members do open wrong, if they disown and depose them. This Daily's offences were open and notorious. What shall be thought of those who take up, embrace and honor him, knowing that all this leprosy is upon him?

Queen Victoria's oldest son, the Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne, will travel in Canada in August, under the simple title of Lord Renfrew, and not as a Prince. New York has invited him to visit them, and Pres. Buchanan invited Queen Victoria to let him come and see him: the Queen gives permission, in a letter to her "good friend." We hope the Yankees wont make fools of themselves with this sprig of nobility, who is by no means a youth of strong mind—let him come and go, unmolested by attentions of any sort, and learn all the good he can of us.

A Baltimore correspondent of the new religious daily, "*The World*," gives the following as the Electoral ticket of the Republicans in Maryland: At Large—Judge Wm. L. Marshall, Dr. Hicks Harris. First District—D. W. Orem. Second District—W. Pinkney Ewing. Third District—F. S. Corkran. Fourth District—Dr. W. A. Weiss. Fifth District—Wm. Amour. Sixth District—Hon. Montgomery Blair. [It is said they have 2200 voters enrolled in Baltimore.]

WILL HE RESIGN?—When Gen. Cass was nominated for President, he resigned his seat in the United States Senate, as it was eminently proper he should do. We take it for granted that Mr. Douglas will do the same. He and his friends express the utmost confidence in his election; and of course he will not show his distrust in these boasts by holding on to his seat in the Senate.

Billy Babcock, a venerable basket maker on the Highlands of the Hudson, N. Y., died lately in his wild wood shanty, at the great age of 107 years. Polly Wood, a friend and companion of the patriarch, died a short time since at the age of 103 years. She had made her own grave-clothes forty years before, and kept them folded and put away, for all that time, like a Sabbath dress.

H. P. Haun, late U. S. Senator from California, (having been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the murder of Senator Broderick,) died at Marysville, June 6th, of congestive chills, the effect of disease contracted on the steamer while returning from Washington.

Hot Weather and Health.

What is of most importance in intensely hot weather, is to know how to adapt ourselves to the change. The rules to guide us are free and simple—eat prudently, keep the pores of the skin open, and avoid the hot sunshine. A man in really first-rate health may expose himself with comparative impunity, and he may eat imprudently, but we are presuming that the vast majority of men are not in first or even second rate health. For such, there is no chance of passing through such heat as we have endured for the past two weeks in health and in comfort without obedience to the regulations we have laid down. The indulgence in a great variety of vegetables, and a surfeit of fruits, even when fully ripe, must especially be avoided. It must be remembered that mixing food is almost as bad as mixing liquors. Intoxication is sure to ensue in the latter case, and indigestion is equally sure in the former. There may be upon the table a half a dozen different vegetables, each harmless in itself, but all poisonous when indiscriminately commingled in the gastric apparatus. One kind of meat, and one variety of vegetables, partaken of moderately, will almost ensure good health in hot weather. The meats and the vegetables may be changed from day to day, not only without injury, but with positive advantage. We need hardly caution the reader against the too free use of iced drinks, whether the drink be the purest water or the finest wine. Thirst is provoked by indulgence, and curbed, almost quenched, by restraint. The excuse of those who drink immoderately is excessive perspiration, but any one who has tried it knows how a single glass of ice water, of lemonade, or of soda, will start the perspiration in streams where it was scarcely perceptible before. What the chemists call the "process of displacement" occurs—the water poured in the mouth drives out the water in the blood vessels. Intense drink, or what appears to be intense thirst, may in nine cases out of ten be relieved by holding cold water in the mouth without swallowing it. To sum up, then—prudence in diet and drink, a clean skin, no unnecessary exposure, and a run to the country occasionally for fresh air, will enable us to bid defiance to hot weather.

A Plain-Spoken Obituary.

The Democratic party having "outlived its usefulness," has given up the ghost. It can have but few mourners, save those who have fattened in official position under its shadow. So far as the interests of the country are concerned, it had become arrayed in bitter hostility against them all. It had almost destroyed our national industry and thereby our prosperity. It had demoralized the government; it cultivated disunion; it kept the country in perpetual agitation; it promoted discord; it robbed the National Treasury; it debauched public officers; it committed frauds at elections; and at last it committed suicide. The country will be the better for its demise.

Of the two National Democratic Presidential Campaign Committees, the Pennsylvania representative on the Douglas wing is Richard J. Haldeman of Harrisburg, while Thomas B. Florence of Philadelphia is for Breckinridge. Both are resolute fellows. Haldeman wont tolerate "Disunionists and Secessionists," and Florence is down on "Abolitionists."

Mr. Douglas arrived in Philadelphia on Saturday night at 10 o'clock. He was waited on by a large crowd at the Girard House, and made a speech. (Ditto in New York.) His throat seems to have got entirely well, since there are no Tariff and Homestead bills to be acted upon! A convenient organ is that throat!

In 1856, the Republicans had but one German paper in Indiana, but now the tables are turned, and the Democrats have but one, while six are doing service for the Republican cause. The Illinois State Journal gives a list of sixty-nine German papers in the country that have raised the Lincoln and Hamlin flag.

The Jackson Democratic Association at Washington, which, for twenty years, has exercised a controlling influence over the fortunes of the locofoco party, was totally disrupted on Tuesday night by disagreements on the Presidential question. In point of fact it ended its existence in a grand democratic row.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The two wings of the Democratic party are distinguished by name as follows: "The one is called the National Democratic party, and the other is known as the Democratic National Party."

The Louisville *Journal* inhumanly recommends the Democratic papers to publish just now a few elaborate articles upon their proposition, that the Democratic is the only national party in the country!

The recent tornado, extending up the Holston river, in Tennessee, was very violent. A letter from Freedom, Tenn., dated the 16th ult., says that the plowed earth was carried into the air by cartfuls.

A "Dilemma" is said to have "two horns." Just now the Democracy appear to have about twenty horns, each pointing a different way.

"And all the downward road."

During an exciting game of "poker," played recently in a Texas town, one of the players died from congestion of the brain, caused by his interest in the result.

The Douglas men of Virginia are going to run a distinct electoral ticket.