HIDDEN EMOTIONS.

There is no heart but has its inner anguish; There is no eye but hath with tears been wet; There is no voice but hath been heard to languish O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses, But perished buds beneath its hues are hid; No eye that in its dewy light reposes, But broken star-beams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing, However light and gay its words may be, But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We all are brothers in this land of dreaming. Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies, Nor dream we that beneath an eye all beaming, The flower of its life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! blessed light that gilds our night of sorrow Oh! balm of gilead, for our healing found; We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

THOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE A WIFE. BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton as he tilted back in his chair and put his feet on the mantel-piece, "when is the wedding to be?" "Whose wedding ?"

Miss Laura Somers, or Jennie, which is it ?" "I do not know, I am sure."

"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a constant visitor, and all 'onr set' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters." "How do you know either of them will have

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune, need not be over bashful. Come, be frank, which is the favorite sister ?"

"Well, frankly, then, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is cer- do it," and she laughed merrily. tainly the bandsomest, with her flashing eyes and queenly manner, but Jennie seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles, and let me call at whatsoever time I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I al-

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the inter-

"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor." "Go there in disguise. As a washer-wo-

"Good! I will!" "Go there as a washerwoman!" cried Clay

"Not exactly; but I will obtain admittance

to a morning's privacy."

man, for instance."

"Well, let me know the result." Laura and Jennie Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years mourning, and although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a step-mother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jennie who was the younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness

or courtesy touched her very heart. It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast-room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb; wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather alarming contrast to the brilliant ball-room belle, was lounging on the sofa. Jennie, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, little white collar, and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining room door, "will you see him." "No," said Jennie.

"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up." The servant departed to obey the last order. In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and mustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he

placed the basket he carried on a table and opened it. "I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held

them up before Jennie. "It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jennie, quietly. "Yes, bring them here," was Laura's impe-

rious command. The old man's eyes followed Jennie, as she basket.

"See, Jennie, this scarlet bunch. Will not

"But," whispered Jennie, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money "To pay the last dry-goods bill."

"Well, I can have that carried to my private "Oh! Laura, I hate to hear you talking

of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father." and then I can easily save it out of my house-

keeping money." "I should not like to marry in debt," said

The old pedlar loooked at the sisters. "You'd better take this blue bunch Miss," pay now, I will call again." "I shall not take them."

this glass." "I wish my hair was light," said Laura .-"I would like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton defamation of character."

said last night forget-me-nots were his favorite

Jenny colored, and placing the bunchin the basket said, one here waiting whose time is probably valu-

able," and then passing a chair she added, "Be seated sir, you look tired." "I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch and these red camelias, and this white cluster," said

"But sister, you cannot afford it."
"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich." The old man bit his lip. "Think, said Jenny in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him, if he

should discover this deceit. "Nonsense! Well I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some out of the housekeeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is housekeeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that that was her post."

"Laura! Steal from my father!" "There, don't preach."
"Miss Jennie," said a servant entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jennie left the room, and Laura turned over the gay flowers while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye in the meantime running over the disordered hair, shabby dress and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jennie's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jennie returning after a short abscence.

"No. Come here." "I can't. Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlors must be dusted, and there is my white mull to be finished." "Before I would be the drudge you are," cried Laura.

"Drudge? nonsense. I have plenty of time for enjoyment, and father can't have a comfortable house it some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may

"As if I should not marry first," said Laura. "There I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call again for the change?" said the pedlar. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers." "Yes, call again." So the pedlar took up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, beard and disguise

Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted. Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is, "Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other, "I wonder why that old man never call-

ed to be paid for those exquisite flowers?" THE LAST OF THE ALCHEMISTS .- The last true believer in alchemy, according to Mr. Brande, was Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, associated with Woulfe's Apparatus for condensing gaseous products in water, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Woulfe was a tall, thin man; he died in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, in 1805, and his last moments were remarkable. By his desire, his laundress shut up his chambers, and left him, but returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and, apparently, he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. Little is known of Woulfe's life. Sir Humphrey Davy states that he used to affix written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Dr. Brande that he once put down his hat, and could never find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages and parcels that lay about the room. His breakfast hour was four in the morning; a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chambers. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards; these presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflamation of the lungs, of which he died .- [From Timbs'

Curiosities of Science, Second Series. THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."-It is said the author of "Sweet Home," S. Howard Payne, whose song has been sung all over the world, was himself a wanderer in life, and never had a home. He was at one time Consul of Tunis, and was a man of fine conversational powers. A friend of his records that he gave a history of his wanderings, his trials and cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing or hand-organs playing, "Sweet Home," without having a shilling to buy myself a meal, or washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept | a place to lay my head. The world has literthe room and dusted it, and then sat down ally sung my song until every heart is familiar beside Laura, who was still looking over the | with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I this look lovely with a few dark leaves to wear have to submit to humiliation for my bread." His only wish was to die in a foreign land and be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. His wish was gratified. He died at Tunis.

Lorenzo Dow is still remembered by some of the "old fogies" as one of the most eccentrick men that ever lived. On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community, recently deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander, and an imprisonment in the coun-"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married | ty jail. After Lorenzo got out of "limbo" he announced that, in spite of his [in his opinion] unjust punishment, he should preach at a given time, a sermon about "another rich man-" The populace was greatly exeited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance. With great solemnity he opened the Bible, and read, to -;" then stopping short, and seeming man, possessing strong common tures, his movements and manners his intelhe said to Jennie. If it ain't convenient to "And there was a rich men who died and went "I shall not take them." to be suddenly impressed, he continued:
"They are very becoming, Miss. Look in "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this

ABRAHAM LINCON AT HOME.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, who has recently been on a visit to Springfield, Illinois, thus describes the next President of "Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping the United States, and his surroundings, as he found them at his own home :

In a large two-story frame house-bearing no slight resemblance to Washington's head quarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, now the residence of Professor Longfellow-resides the Republican candidate for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. Here Mr. Lincoln has resided for some twenty years. The edifice affords no indications of ostentation. It has no ornaments, no flowers or shrubbery, no marble vases or cooling fountains, no fashionable fences surrounding it: but is built plump out to the sidewalk, the steps rather encroaching upon the walk. It is like the residence of an American gentleman in easy circumstances, and is furnished in like manner. It is not near so aristocratic an establishment as the houses of many members of your Common Council; in short there is no aristocracy about it, but it is a comfortable, cozy home, in which it would seem that a man could enjoy life, surrounded by his ed upon almost every topic now attracting the family. Immediately opposite the residence of Mr. Lincoln, is a mansion that was once the Western home of Lemuel Higbee, a gentleman | positions, but to Abraham Lincoln must we who left the State of Massachusetts, some thirty years ago, settled in Springfield, and for his honesty and integrity was placed by his fellow citizens in prominent positions of trust and confidence. "Honest Old Lem" was as much a favorite phrase in those days in spread into Territory now free. He spoke of this region as "Honest Old Abe" is now. The widow of Mr. Higbee is now living in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Higbee were associated in several enterprises of public interest, and the early efforts of the one, and the more recent efforts of the other, in it appeared that although the leading revohave contributed largely to the reputation Springfield now enjoys as one of the best and most honestly governed cities in the West.

Enjoying life in an easy manner, and yet a practicing attorney in all the courts of the

State and of the United States, Mr. Lincoln seeks repose in the midst of his family whenever the duties of his profession and his political engagements will enable him to do so. Mr. Lincoln came from the best among our Revolutionary stock, and from among those who were the first to penetrate the Western the road for the advancing tide of civilization. His grandfather, whose ancestors came origin- produce a state of general anarchy and blood- ers, indications of whose industry and engiways, in the morning, have to wait some time and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to ally from New England, whence they were shed in the South. He swept this assumption neering skill have been found by the archæodriven by the persecutions of the Quakers-a society with which they were presumed by the fanaticism of that day to be affiliatedwas born in the county of Berks, Pennsylva- that the minds of some were so inflamed a- who have supplanted them, yet they have vannia. Removing in after life to the valley of gainst him that they would not listen to his ished so entirely from the scene of their earththe Shenandoah, in Virginia, the father of reasoning, but, on the other hand, might be ly labors, that, unless we adopt the theory of the subject of this sketch was born. Moving | inclined to inflict Lynch law upon his person westward before the Revolution, Mr. Lincoln's father penetrated the wilderness, and in companionship with the renowned Col. Boone, participated in many of those heroic conflicts whose history his father in his lifetime had with the savages the records of which crimson the pages of our early Western history. Judge Lynch would be present, he received The "dark and bloody ground" are words fa- no response; and he therefore came to the miliar to all readers of American history, and upon that sanguinary ground the father of Mr. Lincoln fought, and finally perished beneath | a slave State for the the purpose of doing viothe tomahawk of the savage. In what was then called Harden county, Kentucky, but lively, and occasionally interspersed with some in that part of it which now constitutes Larue county. Abraham Lincoln was born, in the | the Kentucky lady, his wife. year 1809. His mother was the daughter of a man of nerve and energy, and she herself possessed those distinctive characteristics which have since rendered her son a man of mark in our country. Lincoln had a limited his ugliness, I will say a word or two on that education, and, removing to Illinois, he passed through various spheres in life, at one time in as humble, as he is now in an exalted, position of the West may care for personal beauty in a in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He woman, but in a man beauty constitutes a very exhibited the grit of his progenitor when the savage chief Black Hawk commenced his warfare upon the citizens of our Northwestern | rugged to the casual observer, but when enfrontier, and he entered into that contest-of brief duration when fairly commenced-with they assume an aspect at once pleasing and all his then youthful energy and spirit, which engaging. Many men called handsome by belles now seem to be but little impaired. In this war he held the rank of captain, but he was deserving the title of colonel, and by those who knew him best was not unfrequently so addressed. Passing over his subsequent career as a practitioner at law, having studied law with a son of Ninian Edwards, of Ed- | as she whose realm is now his domestic hearth? wardsville, Illinois, as a member of the Illinois Legislature for several sessions-during which he directed his attention to the interests of the people more than to personal aggrandizement-and as a member of Congress during the term of '47 and '49, the country at large became acquainted with his name by his political battle in 1858 with the then invincible "Little Giant," Douglas. Here his political history becomes identical with that

> of the present day. Mr. Lincoln married a Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Robert S. Todd, Esq., a highly respectable citizen, living near Lexington, Kentucky, where Miss Todd was born. Mr. Tood is now dead. He was Clerk of the Kentucky House of Representatives, filled other | the man of the people. Without ostentation, positions of trust, and was allied to some of the most enterprising and worthy families in | itely polite attentions one finds in the man of the State of Kentucky-among them the the world, and especially in the aspiring pol-Helms, one of whom was formerly Governor of the State; the Wintersmiths, a family of of Washington, Lincoln both looks the man, lately called upon Mr. Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, and renewed the remembrance of ness of the rigid executive officer. The peothose family ties which, in some cases, unhappily sink into oblivion. Miss Mary Todd was a pretty young lady, and the graces and accomplishments of former years still serve in maturer ones to adorn a happy family household. They have three children-all boysone of whom is now studying at the academy in Exeter, N. H., where Daniel Webster began his actual educational career. The two other boys are at home with their parents, this respect than any other named candidate. bright little lads, and seeming to care ro more tor the hurrahs with which their father is received than If they were bestowed upon any other man. They appear to take the enthusiasm as a matter of course; for, as they love their father and their mother, no applause seems less than their deserving.

> After a pretty thorough investigation, I find that there is no man in this region who says a word against the honesty of Abraham Lincoln. They like his sociability and his familiarity. He is universally regarded as a plain, sense, wedded to a quickness of perception | lect, his knowledge of law, government and |

"What do you think of Lincoln as a man?" I asked of a resident of Springfield. "I like him as a man, and everybody else can't help from the dust of ages the hidden secrets of but do the same. He is honest, talks sense, and is not too proud to sit down upon his doorsteps in his shirt sleeves, and chat with his neighbors. I have always been a Democrat, but I am almost inclined to go for Lincoln." "Will the split in the Democratic party prove of any service to Lincoln in Illinois?" "Yes, having "no past," "no antiquity," as has been sir. Egypt is almost wiped out as a Demccratic stronghold, and with scarcely a hope to elect Douglas to the Presidency, there are many who will, from State pride, vote for Lincoln, as they think there is a good chance for his election."

We called upon Mr. Lincoln at his residence last evening, and were readily admitted. There were present Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Judd, the latter the wife of the Republican candidate for Governor in the State; the Hon. E. B. Washburne, member of Congress from the Galena district, and Lincoln's two little home boys. The ladies were especially gracious and entertaining, while "Old Abe" and your correspondent took a chair together and talkattention of the public. We have conversed with many gentlemen in prominent political accord the palm of frankness. He had no disguises. The subject of Southern slavery was touched upon, and Mr. Lincoln emphatically declared that it was his principle not to touch it where it exists, but to prevent its slavery as an institution that did not meet the universal sanction of the Southern people. "Public opinion is not always private opinlon," he said; and instancing Lamartine's account of the execution of Louis XVI., wherelutionists were publicly obliged to declare in favor of that deed, they were privately opposed to it. He said that it was the same with many people in the South; they were obliged to sustain slavery, although they secretly abhorred the institution. He would protect the South in its institutions as they exist, and said that Southerners did not comprehend the position of the Republicans in regard to slavery. The Southern mind, he said, was laboring under the delusion that the Republicans | been from time to time discovered, but faintwere to liberate the slaves, who were to apwilds, and sacrificed their lives in clearing ply firebrands to the fields and dwellings of their masters, massacre old and young, and tiquity of the northerners. The mound build-

should he appear among them. He had, he said, on one occasion been invited to go into Kentucky and revisit some of the scenes with been identified. On asking by letter whether conclusion that the invitation was a trap laid by some designing person to inveigle him into lence to his person. The conversation was

brilliant flashes of wit and good nature from Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance has so often been described in the newspaper prints that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon score; if only for the purpose of enlisting the attention of the ladies North and South. Men small claim upon their regard. But Lincoln is not an ugly man. His features may appear gaged in earnest and interesting conversation lack expression in their features when in conversation, whereas the man of genius telegraphs his mind to others not only by his language, but by the masculine charm of facial expression. Else how could Mr. Lincoln have courted or wedded so charming a young lady If Lincoln ever gets into the White House, you may be bound for it there will be thousands of beauties from all parts of the country who will acknowledge that the pictures and the prints have sadly belied him, and that his cheek bones are not so large, that his mouth is not so big, that his figure is not so lank, as they have been led to imagine, and that altogether

he is not far from being a tall, good-looking,

middle aged gentleman, who has offices at his Among all the candidates for the Presidency of the United States now in the field, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, seems to be regarded by the people here as the only one who presents the appearance, emphatically and literally, of without reserve, without any of those exquisitician, nurtured in the patrician atmosphere keenness of the astute statesman and the firmple say they have long wanted a President | ping. free from the corrupt influences which a long official residence at the seat of government is calculated to entail; and from what I have heard and seen, within the space of a few months, a majority of the people of the North, and not a few at the South, are satisfied that in Lincoln they have found a man who comes nearer to a representation of their ideas in President Harrison and Taylor-good men in their own way-did not, it is true, vegetate in the hotbed of Washington political influences; but, unfortunately, they both soon withered and died under them, after a brief occupancy of the Presidential chair. Harrison and Taylor were old; and one was superannuated before he assumed the reins of government, and Lincoln is in the prime of life and vigor-as

A LOST WORLD.

The past quarter of a century, disinterring generations so long gone by that the very names of many of the nations who once figured so conspiciously in the world's annals have perished with them, has developed many strange facts with regard to aucient America. of the two. Throughout its entire length and breadth, traces have been discovered of a race, or rather a world of people, who performed their part in the great life drama at so early an epoch that nearly every vestige of their existence must have disappeared centuries before

the discoveries of Columbus. The hardy northmen who visited the Atlantic coasts as early as the fourth or fifth centuries, found them occupied by hostile races in such numbers as to repel every attempt to for a new convention-a straight-out Breckinpenetrate the interior; the northmen who ridge one. All efforts to patch up a peace made the first authenticated discoveries in the Western Hemisphere, in spite of the fact that | they have adopted the Bell and Everett game. Columbus has always received that honor, and who must still have been preceded by others, whose accounts of the strange lands they had | in this-first, to distract the Opposition as far visited, and the wonders they had seen, in the absense of corroboration, were received as fables by their countrymen. Had there been in those days such things as newspapers, the whole world would have learned of the exis- three "Lincoln, Hamlin & Curtin" poles, beartence of another continent. It would have been interesting in a historical point of view, as it would have developed the existence, and perhaps have preserved the records of a num. jarity this fall; and if this is the case in some ber of nations of which the last vestiges are

now fading from the earth. Whatever may have been the origin of our Aborigines, it is certain that large portions of what are now the Unithd States, and of conntries farther south, were inhabited by a numerous people, wearing comfortable clothing, and being somewhat advanced in the arts. Some of them, as those of Mexico and Central America, have left behind them vast ruins, proving that the cities which they founded were not unworthy of being ranked with the proudest of olden time. Thoughout the northern country numerous traces of a vanished people have er and less absolutely defined than those of the Aztecs-showing conclusively the great anaway by a decisive denial of its correctness. logist Squiers, scattered over the middle and He said he would like to go South and talk northern States, must have been more numerto the Southerners on this topic, were it not ous in their day than the enlightened people retrogression and accept the North American Indians and the Southern Aztecs as the lost representatives of ancient America, we have not the slightest clue to them.

The most remarkable circumstance in connection with these "peoples" is that they left behind them no utensils or other implements, and that in cases where records have been discovered, they were in an alphabet so unlike anything before known (the tablets of Copana and Palenque, for instance,) as to defy all research. Traces there are of customs similar to those of the Asiatics-traces of an identity of language, but all too vague and uncertain, as yet to base a theory upon. It seems as though, at some far gone period of the world's history, Almighty Providence, as a punishment for its sins, had blotted at once from existence, an enit here; but as a great deal has been said about | tire world, whose very monuments mock the proud and vainglorious spirit which led to their erection. But there will doubtless arise persons competent to the task, who, from their knowledge of dialect and hieroglyphic writing, may yet succeed in clearing up this most wonderful and impressive of modern mysteries.

FUAD PACHA, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was sent from Constantinople by the Sultan to stop the Syrian disorders, is acting energetically and effectively. He has deposed the Governor General at Cyprus and confiscated his property; has commenced an investigation into the conduct of the Governor General at Beyrout; has arrested six or seven hundred of the participators in the Damascus massacre; ordered their immediate trial, and the execution of such as are found guilty; has restored a large amount of the plundered property, and is stationing troops to protect the Christians who are menaced .-His action has frightened the Druses, who are now beginning to protest their readiness to obey the laws and to respect the rights of the Christians. He has the support of the Turkish troops, who, though they connived at the massacres, do not now venture to disobey his orders, and he derives a strong additional moral support from the prescence of the French, English and Greek fleets at Beyrout, and the knowledge that an Expedition is coming from France and Russia for the defence of the Chris-

IT LEAKS .- A friend, says an exchange, returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bettle of freshly imported Maine Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked along side. "Well," said the influence, and others, some of whom have acts the gentleman, and mirrors at once the young lady after disposing of health and weather, "what is that bundle under your arm?" from which she discovered a dark fluid drop-

"O, nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me." "Oh, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one hole

A remarkable inundation occurred in Scotland in the year 1771, which ever since that period has been known as the "flood." little town called Paradise is situated within the district which suffered from this disaster. At a recent trial, an old Scotchman of sixty years of age, who was a witness, was asked if "Noa," he replied," he knew Mr. but aw kend his faithur, before the flood. "Now, my man," inquired the learned counsel (who knew nothing of the flood of 1771, the other became so shortly after he did. and thought to be down upon the witness.) Lincoln is in the prime of life and vigor—as "where did you live, then?" In Paradise, to strong, lithe and energetic as almost any pub- be sure!" A roar of laugter completed the lic man of his age, and showing in his fea- amazement and discomfiture of the cross-ex-

The capital invested in the coal lands of charged. that detects the right from the wrong and win-"Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congragation who will sue me for lection of a true man from an impostor.—

that detects the right from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wheat, whether the qustion be one of a legal character or the settlement of the conceives to be just to the anthracite coal trade measure 816 miles in lection of a true man from an impostor.—

The Michigan Farmer estimates the wheat ved from a purpose he conceives to be just to the anthracite coal trade measure 816 miles in lection of a true man from an impostor.—

I had detects the right from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wheat, whether the qustion be one of a legal character or the settlement of the anthracite coal trade measure 816 miles in lection of a true man from an impostor.—

I had detects the right from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wheat, whether the qustion be one of a legal character or the settlement of the conceives to be just to the anthracite coal trade measure 816 miles in lection of a true man from an impostor.—

I had detects the right from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wrong and wi

LETTER FROM JUNIATA COUNTY, Pa.

TUSCARORA VALLEY, Aug. 25th, 1860. FRIEND Row :- I drop you a hasty note from this "old Democratic county," where "the faithful" have held the reins for years. The usual Democratic majority has been from one to three hundred in this county; and this, taken in connection with the present state of things, is a sort of index to the coming struggle for the Presidency. At the Democratic Convention held in Miffin a few days since, the Douglasites, being in the majority, nominated the Prothonotary, Commissioner and Auditor, and then passed a series of resolutions endorsing the Administration, after which the "Dougs" and "Brecks" united on a Breckite for Congress. The two factions, however, do not approve of the action of the convention, and each wing being represented by a paper, each paper puts up the names of their own men, and leaves those of the other party out. And now the Breckinridge organ is out have as yet failed and are likely to do so, and A meeting was appointed for last night, in Mifflin. There is no doubt a two-fold object as possible; and, second, giving notice that

they are for sale to the highest bidder. And now a word on the other side. In a ride of nine miles up this valley we passed ing flags with appropriate inscriptions. The enthusiasm in favor of the Republican nominees will carry this county by a handsome maof the strongholds of Democracy, what is to be the general result is a question that admits of but one answer. The friends of Lincoln and Hamlin, here, look upon their election as certain, and this conviction has been forced upon the Democracy to such an extent that they have given up the contest with Republicanism, and have turned all their energies to the devouring of one another.

Yours, YORICK.

For the "Raftsman's Journal."

MR. EDITOR :- One question from the pupil is considered as worth ten from the teacher. Therefore I would like some of your politicians to explain to me a little difficulty that I have gotten into by reading the President's speech, delivered in Washington, July 9th. He tells us in that speech that the Supreme Court has declared that Slavery is constitutional, and that slaves are property. He then asks the question, "When was property ever submitted to the will of the majority ?" And answering it himself, he says, "Never. If you " hold property, you hold it independent of Congress, or of the State Legislature, or of " the Territorial Legislature-it is yours, and your Constitution was made to protect your private property against the assaults of legislative power." By this it would appear that any citizen of the United States can take his property-slave property-into any of the States and enjoy the possession of it with impunity, independent of the will of the people amidst whom he lives, and independent top of the laws and regulations of the State to which he has migrated. Thus, a Virginian may pull up stakes and come over into Clearfield with his farming tools and niggers, and settle down in our midst-and where is our remedy? When we read to him our laws prohibiting slavery, he can hoot at our presumption-laugh at the absurdity of our idea of making laws contrary to the constitution-and sustain his position, too, by the construction placed upon that instrument bp the immortal Buchanan! Here is a dilemma that needs a little explanation ere my untutored mind can comprehend it. If Buchanan is right, all our talk and trouble about States free and slave, is mere nonsense, because our whole confederacy is a slave confederacy, and the freedom that does exists, exists in spite of the constitution. Do I reason Liberty Hill, August 22d.

There is little doubt that the position Buchanan takes, will inevitably lead to the conclusions which our correspondent has reached.

JOHN BELL AS UNDERSTOOD AT THE SOUTH .-Mr. B. R. Hill, one of the electors at large on the Bell and Everett ticket in Tennessee, says: "I repeat, we have four candidates in the field, and of these John Bell is the only candidate who has always voted directly against the Wilmot Proviso and Squatter Sovereignty! "John Bell is the only candidate who has vo-

ted directly in favor of protection (of slavery.) "John Bell is the only candidate who has declared that Slavery was the great element of our prosperity as a nation, and was right according to the laws of God and nature! "John Bell is the only candidate who has declared that humanity to the slave, no less

than justice to the master, required the diffusion and extension of Slavery. "What excuse shall a Southern man render his conscience and his country for refusing to vote for John Bell?"

We take it for granted that Mr. Hill knows the views of his leader, and that he would not misrepresent him. What excuse, then, can a Northern man render for voting for a candidate who is on the record in favor of Slavery as "the great element of our prosperity as a Nation," and believes it to be "right according to the laws of God and Nature?"

Douglas and Clay .- The Carrolton, Kentucky, Press, says that Stephen A. Douglas made a speech in Carrolton in 1844, in the course of which, speaking of the Oregon boundary question and Mr. Clay's willingness to compromise the dispute by accepting a line

short of 54 deg. 40 min., said : "I denounced him in the Congress of the United States, and I now denounce him as A TRAITOR-AN OLD BLACK-HEARTED TRAITORthe first American statesman who ever attempt-

ed to sell his country for British gold !" And this same Stephen A. Douglas, who uttered this vile slander, is the man whom the old friends of Henry Clay are asked to support for the high position of President!

The population of Erie City, according to the census of 1860, is 11,113-an increase of 5,257 since 1850-over 100 per cent.

Why is an overloaded gun like an office hol-Because it kicks mightily when dis-