The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.] MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1860. [NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 25.

Business Directory.

WM. REED. L. R. CRITCHFIELD.
REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house. n20tf

D. S. UHL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book Store. n20tf.

WM. S. TANNEYHILL
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n20tf

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County Ohio, He will attend to all calls proper to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye. n8y1.

DR. G. W. RAMAGE.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respectfully inform the citizens of Holmesville and vicinity that he has located himself in said place for the practice of his profession. Office four doors west of Reed's Corner.

DR. T. G. V. BOLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street,—formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. n20tf

DR. EBRIGHT,
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st. nearly opposite the Empire House. Residence—on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian Church. n20tf.

DR. A. A. CRUMP,
GERMAN & ENGLISH Botanic Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square. n20tf

A. B. FRY,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio. n20tf

JAS. HEBRON & SON,
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings. n20tf

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main street, Millersburg, O. ☞Stage Office—Daily Line of Coaches to Coshocton. n20tf

SIMS HOUSE,
JOHN SIMS, Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue, Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

JOHNSON HOUSE.
L. D. JOHNSON, Proprietor, Public Square, Bucyrus Ohio. n22

A. J. BELL,
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. ☞His office is in the County Recorder's office. n20tf

LAKE & JONES,
DENTISTS,
WOOSTER, OHIO.

O. E. CORY & Co.,
Produce Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN AND FEED,
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD.
And Country Produce Generally.
NO. 52 AND 54 CORNER UNION AND SUPERIOR STS.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
☞Particular attention paid to the purchaser of Good or Consignors. n8m1y

BAKER & WHOLF,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND DALERS IN
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME,
PURCHASERS OF
Flour, Wheat. Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
—ALSO—
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of *DRIED FRUITS.*
n20 WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

WEIMER & STEINBACHER, Akron O. | BURR & TAYLOR Akron O.
E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce and Commission Merchants
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
AND PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c., &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent, Millersburg, Ohio.
June 1,1860.

THIRD ARRIVAL.
GEORGE L. COOK!!
WOULD inform his numerous patrons that he has received and is now receiving from the Eastern manufactories, a full and extensive stock of JEWELRY, Gold and Silver
WATCHES!
Pated and Silver tea, table and desert spoons, Ear Drops Bracelets, Breast Pins Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Lockets,
Gold Pens and Pencils,
And everything usually kept in his line of business, which he has opened for the inspection and purchase of all who see fit to honor him with their custom.
Goods warranted to be in every respect as good as represented. Repairing done satisfactorily on short notice.
G. L. COOK.
December 22, 1859.

S. WEIRICH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, NAILS
LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES, BITS, SLICKS, SAWS, AUGERS, PLANES, AXES, SQUARES, ADZES, &c.
WINDOW SASH, DOORS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.
OILS, WHITE LEAD. SADDLERY.
Agricultural Implements.
n22tf MILLERSBURG. OHIO.

Probate Court.

The Criminal terms of the Probate Court of Holmes County, Ohio, will be holden as follows for the year 1860:

First Tuesday of January
" " March,
" " May,
" " July,
" " September,
" " November.

REMEMBER!
The cheapest Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, will be found at Cook's, in the room ormerly occupied by the Post Office, where all goods are warranted to be as represented, and entire satisfaction guaranteed to purchasers.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired to order.
April 21st, 1859. G. L. COOK.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
A. S. LOUTHER
IS carrying on the tailoring business in all its various branches in Rooms over
MULVANE'S STORE.
His experiance and taste enables him to render general satisfaction to those for whom he does work, and he hopes by industry and close application to business to receive a liberal share of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for a man to live at. Millersburg, 1860.—n8tf.

Poetry.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

The Democrats are gaining ground,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
They'll beat Abe Lincoln, I'll be bound,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!

The Democrats will never yield,
They never will desert the field,
But surely will the power wield,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!

Republicans they can't come in,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
For sure as fate Douglas will win,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
The "Little Giant" is the man,
For he can suit, if any can,
LET PEOPLE RULE—that's his plan,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!

They say that Lincoln is so good,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
At splitting rails and fire wood,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
If he's so good to use a maul,
He'd better not have quit at all,
To run for President this fall,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!

No! Lincoln can't come in, I say,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
The Democrats have Stephen A.,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!
Republicans may bite their nails,
May rave about their Lincoln rails,
But can't come up to Steve's coat tail,
Then ho, for Douglas, ho!

Platform and the Four Leading Arguments of the Great Republican Party on Exhibition at Greenville, Darke County.

"ITS THE SAME OLD RAIL."

Preliminaries to Argument 1st.

"This is the swine that Abe ate."
This is the corn
That fed the swine
That Abe ate.
This is the ground
That raised the corn
That fed the swine
That Abe ate.

Argument 1st.

This is the rail
That fenced the ground
That raised the corn.
That fed the swine
That Abe ate.

Argument 2d

This is the wedge
That split the rail
That fenced the ground
That raised the corn
That fed the swine
That Abe ate.

Argument 3d.

This is the maul
That struck the wedge
That split the rail
That fenced the ground
That raised the corn
That fed the swine
That Abe ate

Argument 4th.

Abe Lincoln's the man
That wielded the maul
That struck the wedge
That split the rail
That fenced the ground
That raised the corn
That fed the swine
That Abe ate
That Abe and all the Lincolns ate

One of the Republicans thinking aloud said "if Old Abe ain't elected after that confusion, there is no use of putting sound arguments before the people. Hurrah for Old Abe." S. C. D., Piqua, O.

Miscellaneous.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

"Well, girls, here is a leap-year half gone, and not one of you has had spirit enough to offer yourself to any fascinating masculine yet!"

The speaker was the centre of a group of young girls—either of them beautiful enough to be the belle of a city ball room—who were seated under a wide-spreading tree, not far from an elegant and commodious country residence.

"Why don't you propose yourself, Nell?" retorted Maggie Warland—a tall, dark-eyed girl, seated on the left of the first speaker.

"Oh! I don't consider any male biped that ever was created worth bestowing myself upon," replied Nellie, with a toss of her regal little head.

"Not even grave, handsome Archer Clayton, your father's city guest," queried Maggie, roguishly.

"No indeed!" returned Nellie, quickly; though the color arose to the roots of her nut brown hair. "But with you all it is different—not one of you but is enamored of the attractions of some charming young man, even to Lil, here." And she turned, with an arch smile, to a violet-eyed girl on her right, whose fair face instantly suffused with crimson.

"Indeed?" laughed Maggie, maliciously. "Nevertheless, Miss Nell, it is but fair that you, who are our leader in all mischief, should set us the example in this. We will wager a copy of Byron—who you say you hate, but deign to read, because his heroines all died before they were so fortunate as to get caught in the yoke of matrimony—against an engraving a piece from your port-folio, that you will not dare a proposal to Mr. Clayton!"

"Agreed—agreed!" cried little blue eyed Alice Marston, clapping her hands. "I guess our wild Nellie won't have the audacity to do that, though, for all her boasted daring."

"Scarcely," said Lizzie Almer laughing.

"Nellie Raymond, Queen Nell, on her throne proudly defying the attempts to storm her heart, made by the many lovers who bend at her shrine; and the same Nellie offering herself to the one whom she secretly regards. Who can reconcile the two pictures?

"You are mistaken, Lil Almer, if you imagine I care for Archer Clayton," responded Nellie, petulantly. "And I will accept the wager. Oh! won't it be fun?" And her dark eyes sparkled with merriment.

"And you really accept the wager, Nellie?" inquired Maggie.

"Assuredly, not that I care for Byron's love sick stuff; but I will show you that Nell Raymond will dare anything."

Her auditors laughed merrily.

"There goes Mr. Clayton to the parlor, now," presently remarked Maggie.—"Now is your opportunity, Nellie; your father and mother will not be home until near dinner time, and you can enjoy your interview undisturbed."

"Yes; go on, Nell," urged Lizzie.—"What must be done had as well be done at once," as Aunt Mary says. We will walk down to the glen, and wait for you there."

Amidst a trio of mirthful cachinations, Nellie arose; while her own musical laugh echoed that of her young companions; and with her eyes brimful of mischief, bent her steps toward the house; while her friends with many a merry glance after her, started for the glen.

Pausing a moment in the hall to compose her bright face to a becoming degree of gravity, Nellie entered the pleasant, shady parlor, where Archer Clayton was seated alone. In spite of her vaunted hardihood, her heart beat quickly as the long dark love-eyes were raised to hers, and those clearest of manly tones said:

"Good morning, Miss Nellie."

"Good morning, sir," returned Nellie seating herself opposite to him.

"Your company is an unexpected, though most welcome pleasure, said Archer, with a bright smile, which illumined and glorified his thoughtful face.

"No doubt," responded Nellie. And then with a prefatory "ahem!" she went on saucily:

"My dear Mr. Clayton, your many attractions of personal character have indelibly impressed my heart, and, this being leap year, I avail myself of the privilege it accords my sex—and offer you my hand, my heart and my fortune—which latter is immense, when you consider that I am a fortune of myself."

The recipient of this remarkable declaration first flushed deeply, then became very pale; but finally, conquering his emotion, replied, with a roguish light in his dark blue eyes, and an arch expression on his handsome face:

"My dear Miss Nellie, words would fail to express the depth of my gratitude for the inestimable honor you have conferred upon me, and were I sure that your love for me alone dictated it (here his voice faltered, in spite of himself.) I should delightfully accept your offer, but fearing that other motives—your love of mischief, for instance—may have influenced you, I must beg a week for consideration, ere I return an answer."

Nellie's brown eyes dilated with wonder, and her confusion was pitiful to behold, she had not expected anything like this retort—she had not doubted that he would flee her presence as soon as she concluded her rash speech.

"Pray excuse me, Miss Nellie!" said Archer, in a melo-dramatic tone. The excitement of this unexpected interview has been too much for my nerves and I must seek to calm them in the solitude of my own apartment. Remember this day week (next Thursday) I will be ready with my final answer." And, with a profound bow, he left the room.

Burying her burning face in her hands Nellie sobbed aloud, in her mortification and distress—ah! distress; for at that moment, she could not conceal from herself that she did love Archer Clayton; and the thought that she had forever forfeited his respect and esteem, was truly a source of distress; the knowledge that she had caused him pain gave another pang to the warm heart, though a proud and merry girl.

When she rejoined the young companions in the glen, it was with a low step, and such a serious face as they had never before known the wildest and maddest of their number to wear.

"Why, what is the matter, Nellie?" called out Maggie. "I never saw you with such a sober visage in all my past experience."

"Hush your nonsense. will you?" retorted Nellie, spitefully.

"So, ho! Nell is sharp; Mr. Clayton must have declined her hand!" laughed Alice.

"I don't imagine the existence of the unimpressible monster who would decline the hand of our queen Nellie!" said Lizzie, rising, and putting her arm around her friend. "Now tell me, pet, what is it!" she continued, coaxingly.

"I have made a fool of myself, that's all," replied Nellie. "I wish that proud, hateful, conceited Archer Clayton had been in Jerricho before ever I saw him! And I wish you were all at the bottom of the Red Sea instead of being here to put me up to such a crazy trick!"

A burst of laughter from Maggie and Alice greeted this tirade; and even Lizzie, who was trying to soothe the irritated girl, could not repress a smile.

"Did you propose to him, sure enough Nell?" inquired Alice, teasingly.

"Yes, I did!—the more fool I!" snapped Nellie.

"What did he say, Nellie?" pursued Maggie.

"None of your business!" was the rejoinder, followed by another burst of laughter.

All the following week Nellie avoided Archer Clayton as much as possible, spending the greater part of her time in her own room. In due time, as all Thursdays do, the appointed Thursday rolled round. All day Nellie had kept her room pleading a headache; but in the evening, while the family were at tea, she stole down stairs, and out to a little arbor in a secluded part of the garden. Seating herself on the floor, and resting herself on the bench, she suffered the evening breeze to toss the brown curls and fan her fevered temples. Our bright Nellie had changed wonderfully in one short week; her merry ringing laugh was no longer heard echoing through the house, and, instead of her former quick and dancing step, she now moved listlessly and noiselessly about. The once mischief-sparkling eyes were dim with weeping; and the roses had fled rom the cheeks now brushed by the honey-suckle vines, leaving them white as the polished brow.

A rustling of the vines caused her to look up suddenly; and what she saw brought the truant crimson back to her cheeks. Standing in the small doorway, and regarding her mischievously, was the person whom of all others she had on this day dreaded to see—Archer Clayton.

"I have come to give my answer, Miss Nellie. I accept your offer!" he said, his eyes sparkling with merriment, fixed on her face.

She made a spring to the door; but he was too quick for her, and placed himself so as to completely bar her egress.

"O, Mr. Clayton! please let me go! I have acted nomaidenly, I know, but you have punished me sufficiently. Let me go now!" she exclaimed, hiding her face in her hands.

"Punished you, Nellie?" he said tenderly, drawing her little white hands from her face with one of his own, while with the other he gently raised the drooping head, and gazed fondly into her beautiful brown eyes. "Far be from me the desire to inflict punishment on you. Nellie, darling, I love you deeply, fervently. I offer myself to you! Will you be my wife little Nelle?"

As Nellie's reply only reached the ears for which it was intended, I regret that I am unable to record it. But one thing I do know, two weeks ago, Nellie stood in bridal array, holding in her hand a magnificently bound copy of Byron, and a happy smile brightened her lovely face, as her eye fell on the names of her three bridesmaids inscribed in three different styles of delicate chirography on one of the richly tinted fly leaves.

An Exacting and Treacherous Set.

To show that the question of the admission of the seceders could not have been so settled as to avoid a break in the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, the Albany *Argus* makes the following statement, which, as its author was one of the New York delegates, we take to be strictly true:

"When the motion to consider was made and the Convention took its recess on Friday, the New York Delegates inquired of the representative men of the South what they demanded?

"The retraction of every vote that the Convention has given on the subject."

"And what next?"

"'The repudiation of the platform, and the adoption of the principle of Congressional protection to slavery.'"

"And what next?"

"'The abandonment of the candidate of the majority.'"

"And what next?"

"'We are not prepared to say what next. We shall inform you when the time comes'"

The *Atlas* well adds, in speaking of the exaction and faithlessness of the Disunionists.

"The whole conduct of the men who made these demands had been characterised by infidelity to pledges. When Mr. Cushing had decided that the rule which required for a nomination two-thirds of the votes *given* meant two-thirds of those *given* and *not given*, the Virginia and other delegations promised, if the decision was sustained, to abide in the Convention and by its action. They profess also satisfaction with the platform as adopted, and disclaimed the idea of Congressional protection to slavery!"

"Yet at Baltimore they seized the first false pretense to go off, nominated Breckinridge by one-third of the Convention, (including a score of bogus delegates,) and adopted a slavecode platform. And to this course, it is now known, Senators had secretly pledged them, weeks before the Baltimore Convention met."

DOUGLAS WILL BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.—Every thing indicates the election of Stephen A. Douglas, the man of the people. The people every where are flocking to his standard by scores. From the north, south, east and west, we have every indication that his triumph is certain. Politicians can't prevent it. The honest yeomanry of the country have taken the matter into their own hands, as they did in the days of Jefferson and Jackson, and notwithstanding all the pratings of county seat and cross-road politicians, they are bound to elect him. Hurrah for Douglas!! Roll on the ball!

WE publish several articles to show that Mr. Douglas was not regularly nominated, as claimed by his friends.—*St. Clairsville Gazette*

Every Republican paper in Ohio is publishing the very same kind of articles.—The *Gazette* therefore finds itself fortified by an excellent class of adjuncts, and is thus in delightful company.

AT a Black Republican gathering in Pittsfield, Illinois, a banner, inscribed with "DOWN WITH THE DUTCH AND IRISH" was borne prominently in the procession. What do our German and Irish voters think of this unblushing insult Will they act with a party that seeks to disgrace and crush the foreign population and elevate the negro? We think not.

SNOOKS' mother and old Mrs Stubbs were talking about little babies.

"Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a little baby they put me in a quart pot and the put then lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever!" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possassed.

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than himself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her the sorrow of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicately complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

"COME here you young scamp and get a sound spanking." Scholar—"You hain't got no right to spank me, and the copy you just set sez so." Teacher—"I should like to hear you read that copy." Scholar—"You shall. (Reads) Let all the *ends* thou aimest at be thy country's, and so forth; and when you are spanking me, you ain't aiming at no such *end*.

SIR ROBERT PEEL said: "I never knew a man to esape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in a week."

(From the Boston Post of July 20th.)

MR. DOUGLAS AT BUNKER HILL.

Addresses at the Battle Ground by Judge Douglas, Hon. Charles Thompson and Mayor Danna.

Judge Douglas visited the battle-field of Lexington yesterday afternoon, and on his return, after retiring for a time to his quarters at the Revere House, he proceeded to Charleston, arriving at Monument Square about 7 o'clock. He came up in a barouche, accompanied by Mayor Dana, of Charleston, Hon. Charles Thompson and Mr. Richard R. Spofford jr. Notice of his coming had been duly given, and a large crowd, (numbering perhaps, two or three thousand,) waited to welcome him, and when he reached the grounds he was warmly cheered. The original intention was, that the speeches should be delivered at the monument, but the crowd was so great and so eager to obtain a sight of the distinguished Senator, that it was thought advisable to give up this plan, and Mayor Dana, accordingly requested the multitude to give way, and allow Judge Douglas to walk round the monument, stating that the welcome ceremonies would afterward be performed at the steps fronting High street. Mayor Dana was addressed by Hon. Charles Thompson as follows:

REMARKS OF HON. CHARLES THOMPSON.

MR. MAYOR,—On this sacred ground consecrated to freedom and by the blood and treasure of our forefathers, and since trodden by the feet of a Webster, a Jackson, and other worthies, we have now before us an illustrious stranger—a stranger to us personally, but known to the whole country through his deeds and acts. It is fitting and proper that a gentleman of his standing, and of his character and eminence, should visit Bunker Hill, and should be shown to the citizens who reside on the summits of Bunker Hill and around it. Sir, it is my honor and privilege to introduce to you my friend, the champion of the rights of man, (applause) whose labors in the Senate of our country have done as much, to say the least, as those of any other living man, to sustain the great fundamental principles of non intervention and popular sovereignty—the corner stones upon which the citadel of our liberty stands, and must stand. When these fail, the superstructure must fall.

Sir, it is my pleasure to introduce to you the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. (Three cheers.)

SPEECH OF MAYOR DANA.

JUDGE DOUGLAS.—As the chief executive officer of this city, and as the organ of my fellow citizens, it gives me pleasure in their behalf, to extend to you a cordial welcome to this city. We desired that you, before you left this section of the country, should stand upon this sacred ground; that you should tread upon the soil once pressed by the feet of Putnam, of Warren, of Prescott, of Stark, and of those other heroes whose deeds on this spot have made the name of Bunker Hill immortal. We are glad, sir, to have you stand under the shadow of that majestic shaft, and see what a tribute grateful sons have paid to heroic sires. But, sir, we have also invited you to visit us, because we wished to see one who fills a high place in the high councils of our nation; because we desired to see one who has filled and does now fill so large a space in the minds of the people of this country. ["Amen"—"Good," "Good," and three cheers.] Sir, you see around you a large number of your political friends.—We cannot all agree with all your political views on the policy of the country, but, sir, we can all respect and admire the man who, not propped by ancestry or the power of his friends, by his own genius and indomitable energy and industry, has risen from the humble walks of life to fill some of the highest place in the nation. [Applause.]

Sir, this audience are waiting to hear from you, and I will no longer detain them; but again, in behalf of the citizens of this Monumental city, bid you welcome to the city. [Applause, and three cheers for Douglas.]

SPEECH OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS.—I have just returned from a pilgrimage to Lexington, preparatory to visiting this sacred spot where we are now assembled. Of all the battle fields and all the places consecrated to patriotism by the blood of our revolutionary fathers, none is so dear to the American heart as Bunker Hill.—["Hear, hear," and applause.] There is not an American citizen upon the face of this broad continent, no matter whether he may be from the South or the North, or whether he may come from the plains of the Northwest or the shores of the Pacific, who does not claim for himself and his posterity a share in the glories which that monument was erected to commemorate. [Applause.] You may imagine that the monument is peculiar to Charlestown, and that you have a deeper interest in that work than the American citizen who may be in the remotest parts of the Republic, or sailing upon the broad ocean; but I will assure you that there is not one of you who claims greater pride, either in the work itself, or in the glorious deeds which it was made to commemorate, than the citizens of my own Illinois! ["Hear, hear," and applause.] This has been to me a day which I shall long cherish and remember. I have seen the spot where the first American blood was shed, which gave rise to the American Revolution, and now I have the honor of addressing you from the place of all others which gave the impetus to the Revolution that resulted in the establishment of our independence and of our liberties. Let the sons of these brave sires prove true to the principles which gave rise to the Revolution which formed the foundations of our whole political system, and upon which alone this Republic can be maintained in its unity and in its purity forever.

The American Revolution originated in the assertion, by the people of the colonies, of the right of self-government by each colony in everything that related to their domestic and internal polity. Our fathers were willing to recognize the paramount authority of the British Parliament and British crown over all matters and things which were imperial and not colonial—over all that affected the general welfare of the empire, without interfering with the local and domestic affairs of the people of the colony; but our fathers said to the British government, "you must not interfere with our firesides and our hearthstones. We have a right to our provincial legislatures, to make our own laws, establish our own institutions, and manage our own internal affairs in our own way, without the interference of the British Parliament. [Applause and cries of "Good," "good," "hear" "hear."] The Revolution was fought in defense of the great principle of local self-government. May we, their sons, be faithful to that principle, and never permit it to be violated either in State or Territory, province or colony.—[Applause and cries of "Good."] If we only remain faithful to the fundamental principles, leaving the people of each State and each Territory free to maintain their own domestic affairs and internal concerns in their own way, without interfering with those of their neighbors, there can be peace forever between the North and the South, the East and the West. [Applause.] You have institutions in Massachusetts peculiar to yourselves—institutions differing from those of us in Illinois, differing from those in the Southern States, differing from those upon the Pacific coast. When I come to visit you, you recive me with open arms, welcome me amongst you, and show me everything that is curious or sacred in the history of our country; and, sir, I trust, when I come among you, that I shall pay all due respect to the constituted authorities, and render obedience to your laws. ["Good" and applause.] But, sir if you find me complaining that I do not like your laws, your institutions, your domestic affairs, I expect you will tell me that while you regret my displeasure, these laws were made for you and not for me, and if I do not like them, I can go back to Illinois. [Applause.] And now, Mr. Mayor, permit me to say, in return for the kind sentiments with which you have welcomed me to Bunker Hill, in the name of your fellow citizens of Charleston, if you will do me and the State that I have the honor to represent, the honor of making us a visit I will take pleasure and pride in welcoming you to Illinois, but I wish you to understand that it is on the express condition that you will obey our laws—respect our institutions, and not interfere with our domestic concerns—[laughter and applause] and if you complain to me that you do not like our laws. I shall say that, while I regret it, you must remember that they are our laws and not yours—[laughter and cheers]—we made them for ourselves and not for you—[renewed cheering]—we adapted them to our condition—to our interests, to our wants—and if you do not like them, you must go back to Massachusetts where you will find better ones. [Applause.] So it is in the Southern States. If you of Massachusetts, or we of Illinois go to Charleston or New Orleans, it does not become us to tell those people that they have bad laws and bad institutions, which we do not like. They are their institutions.—If they be good ones, let them enjoy the blessings of them—if they are evil institutions, let them bear the burthen and the evils they entail, until they become wise enough to change them and make better ones. [Applause.] And especially when you go to Kansas, or to New Mexico, you will find a body of men there possessing more of the elements of energy, of courage, of enterprise, and of intellect, than you will find in any State of the the Union; for I suppose that I may utter one great truth, without fear of offence—being a Yankee like the balance of you—[laughter]—by saying that New England is an emigrating country, and whenever a New England farmer has two sons, the one a little wild, daring, reckless but intellectual, he thinks the valley where he was born is a little too small a theatre for his operations, and starts off west—goes into the wilderness or upon the prairie, and carves out his own fortune, and makes a man of himself by his own energies. The other brother being, perhaps, a little more obedient to parental authority, a little less ambitious, and a little less energetic, and a little more lazy [laughter] would rather stay at home and be supported by his daddy and mammy than to go west and support himself. [great merriment.] Hence, if you go to the frontier, you will find men of the biggest capacity of any in the known world. These men go from Massachusetts, from Vermont, from South Carolina, from Virginia, from Germany, from Ireland, from all parts of the world; and when they get there, they carve out their own homes, erect their own houses, lay out their own towns, erect their own churches, establish their own schools and colleges, and lay there the founations of society, and establish just such institutions as they believe will be best for themselves and their posterity forever. ["Good, good," and applause.] I believe they are entitled to that great privilege of self-government. It won't do for them that a particular system of law is good and another bad, and therefore they must not have it. They have an inalienable right to determine for themselves what is good and what is bad.—You judge for yourselves; let them determine for themselves. They are responsible to the same Divine Providence as you are. They have got consciences of their own, as well as you. They leave children behind them to be blessed or to be cursed by the acts of their fathers as well as you. Let them work out their own salvation; make their own laws; establish their own institutions; manage their own affairs in their own way; and be responsible to posterity and to the Almighty, but to no other power on earth. [Applause, and cries of "Good."

Gentlemen, I did not come here to make a speech to you, but in the presence of that monument, and inspired by the place, and by the noble deeds of those immortal men to whose virtues and patriotism that work was erected, my attention was unavoidably directed to the consideration of the great principles involved in that memorable struggle. ['Bravo.'] That principle was, I repeat it, the right, the inherent, inalienable right of the people—the people of colonies, of territories, of provinces, as well as of States, to make their own laws, establish their own government, and manage their own affairs. Let us be true to that principle and this Union will last forever.—Let it never be said let not the historian record, that the children of those sires who erected this temple of liberty were not competent to maintain it. Remember that when the revolution began, Virginia sent her Washington to Boston, to take command of the army. [Applause] Remember that Northern and Southern men stood side by side in all of these great struggles. Northern and Southern men from the free States and the slave States poured out their blood in a common cause, in order that they might transmit to their posterity a common country in all time to come. Let us cultivate that fraternal feeling between every portion of this Union, which existed in the times of the revolution. Let us cherish that forbearance towards the people of other States that they cherished towards each other. Let us mind our own business, manage our own affairs, and let our neighbors alone, and then we will live and die in peace. [Applause.]

My fellow citizens, I owe you an apology for having detained you thus long.—[Cries of "Go on."] I am deeply indebted to you for the kindness you have manifested towards me. I came to Boston a stranger, and you have treated me as a brother. When I return to my own dear prairies of Illinois, I shall carry with me, fresh in my heart, the grateful recollection of the kindness and civility with which you have literally overwhelmed me. I thank you kindly again.

Six cheers were then given for Stephen A. Douglas, and the recipient of these honors again entered his barouche and was driven to the house of Mayor Dana, where he received the greetings of hundreds of the citizens of Charleston, who crowded the spacious parlors of the mayor's residence.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

WAIT not for difficulties to cease; glory lies in overcoming them.

When an actor "brings down the house," where does he take it to.

AN old bachelor is a traveler on life's rail road who has failed to make the proper connections.

HE who is impatient to become his own master is most likely to become merely his own slave.

THE quickest way to make a tall man short is to borrow all the money he has got.

WE pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

THE remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all other actions; it either goes before or follows.

A WISE man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

A CORWER marriage is thus noticed by one of our cotemporaries; "Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb."

Men of genius are often dull and inert insociety, as the blazing meteor when it descends to the earth is only a stone.

IF you are too timid to lay your hands on the girl to whom you are making love, she will think you are an unfeeling monster.

THERE is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

IT is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measnre of it.

THE best dowry to advance the marrige of a young lad, is when she is in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behaviour modesty, in her life virtue.

A MAN that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth virtue in others; for men's will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evils; and who wanteth that one will prey upon the other.

THE Home Journal is responsible for the latest and best definition of *beauty*—that which has troubled the brains of the wisest philosophers. It says: "Beauty, dear readers, is the *woman you love*—whatever she may seem to others."

"How is your husband, dear?" asked one lady of another.

"Oh, he's in a very bad state," was the reply.

"And pray, what kind of a state is he in?" persisted the other.

"In State Prison."

HE that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

"HALLO! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh it will cure anything—heal anything."

"Well, I'll take a bottle; may be it will heel my boots—they, need it bad enough."

A friend of ours has just returned from the capital of a neighboring State, where he succeeded in lobbying a bill, in which he was personally interested, through the Legislature. "Well did you persuade them to pass your bill?" was asked of him. "Yes," said he pulling out his pocket book, "I *purse-swayed* them."

"So you are going to keep house are you?" asked an elderly maiden of a young woman recently married. "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl I suppose?" was queried. The newly made wife colored, and then responded that she "did not know whether it would be a girl or a boy."