THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

THOBURN & NICHOLS, PROPRIETORS.] "INTELLIGENCE, THE BULWARK OF REPUBLICANISM." [TERMS $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL 2, NO. 31.] ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 29. 1858. [WHOLE NO. 1040.

Poetry.

My Home.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

A home! a home! yes, yes! though still and small,
I have a home! where soft the shadows fall
From the dim pine tree, and the river's sigh,
Like voices of the dead; wails ever nigh,
Nor hearth is there, nor hall, nor festive place,
Nor welcome smiles of that bewitching face,
Nor the low laughter, nor the sweet fond tone,
That made pain pleasant—yet it is my own—
My heart's own home, where'er my foot may tread
O, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Let others turn, when each has ceased to roam,
To the calm pleasures of his childish home—
Let others turn, when day's hot toil is o'er,
To that pure kiss that greets them at the door;
To that bright eye which kindles at the round
Of their known foot-steps sheeding glory round;
I have no childish home, nor earthly hold—
The kiss that breathed upon my lips is cold;
The eye that beamed for me is dimmed and dead—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Earth has no home that can with mine compare,
For thou, my own lost one, for thou art there,
It matters not that they are sealed in death,
Those founts of light, and still the balmy breath
And wan the radiant lip and lustrous brow—
It matters not—for it is always thou!
It matters not how cold, if I at last,
On that true heart of thine, when all is past,
May pillow once again my lonely head—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

Oh, weary waste, and weary is the day,
And weary is the night—ah! well away!
For anguish wakens with the rising morn,
And sleepless sorrow of the night is born!
And years must pass, long years, ere I shall run
To that dear spot which fools are fain to shun;
The only home which now my soul doth crave,
Thy home—the long, the last—thine early grave
Oh, that for me the bridal sheets were spread
Now, in my narrow house and lowly bed!

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1844.

Popular Tales.

(From the London Family Herald.)

A NEW STORY OF AN OLD STILE.

That old stile! It stood on the outskirts of the village, and was the trysting-place of the lads and lasses of Towerville when our grandmothers were young. Every child in the village knew the old stile as a resting-place when there was a tired party of little ones returning from nutting or berrying.—Every young beauty had her own experience of its own experience of its suitability for a trysting-place. The matrons loved it from old associations and recollections of the time when their own hearts, then young, leaped to the music of some loved voice, and felt the pressure of some manly hand, as the speaker leaned over them, sitting on the old stile. True, it had been repaired again and again; for the villagers loved it, and kept it in order. Still, the old stones were there, and it was the old spot.

Pretty Nelly Greyson, as she sat there, one summer afternoon, pulling to pieces the last boquet left there by some love-lorn farmer's son, thought sadly of the many times she had hastened to the old stile with her handsome lover, the guest of the village, George Lawton. Poor Nellie! George was the son of an opulent merchant, a man of wealth and influence, and had been sent into the country to recruit his health at his cousin's, Nellie's mother.

It did not take long for the handsome, talented young Lawton to win the simple, trusting heart of the lovely village girl.—Nellie had received a sound English education; but to this was added no accomplishment. Her soft, sweet voice spoke no foreign tongue; her pretty white hands could call out music from no instrument; and although she could dance the simple figures of the country dances, she knew no rules for a stately carriage, or the most finished manner of receiving a guest. George taught her French. It was an amusement to while away the dull hours in a country village, and Nellie was an apt scholar. As they bent over the book in the little parlor, what wonder that they were tempted out, and took the grammar to the old stile to con the verbs, *j'aime* and *j'adore*? Then the old style was such a famous place to practice the duets George taught Nellie; and their united voices woke the echoes in the woods near them, probably very much astonishing the trees by operatic airs.

George had gone home. He had spoken no word of love to Nellie, though every look and action was more eloquent than the most studied speech. He wrote to her; but the letters, though treasures to her, did not fill up the gap his absence made; and, as the village beauty sat musing on the old stile, no one would have dreamed that half the male hearts in the village were made over to her. Old Farmer Greyson fumed and fretted at Nellie's altered ways, and was half tempted to commend her to accept the son of his neighbor Jenks, who was evidently pining away from the trouble caused in his honest heart by Nellie's indifference to his suit.

"Nellie, lass," he had said to her that morning, "I'll love you true and fondly;—will you be my wife? Nellie, your town beau has always beauties around him; he'll forget you, Nellie."

And then the beauty, fired by this sneer, vowed she cared nothing for her town cousin, and would not marry, not because she loved him, but because there was not a man in the village worth having Oh, Nellie! Nellie!

As she sat musing on the old stile, she saw the village schoolmaster, Henry Sparks coming towards her. Now Nellie, before George Lawton had turned her silly little head, had given most decided encouragement to Mr. Sparks; and he felt fully welcome as he took a seat beside her on the stile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nellie," he said, trying to detain the hand she pettishly drew from his grasp: "Nellie," he added, in an altered tone, "don't be cross! It is so long since I have had a chance to see you alone, Nellie."

"Cross!" Nellie could get no further.—She was almost ready, the silly little beauty to cry, as the contrast between her last visit to the stile with George, and this one, struck her.

'There, don't cry, Nellie!' said her lover. "I love you as dearly as I ever did; but you see you've been so taken up with your town beau lately, that I could not get a chance to talk to you. You were trying to come up to him in learning French and singing; but it is of no use. The town ladies can paint and draw, play the piano, and some of them even write poetry; but they can't make such cakes as you can, Nellie, or keep a house so nicely. I shut my eyes, when I was in town, on their fine dresses and pretty ways, and kept my heart true to you. Now, won't you have me, Nellie? I've been courting you more than a year, ever since your sixteenth birthday; and you know I love you truly."

Poor Henry had chosen a most inauspicious time. The little heart he coveted had not had time to cast out the image of the first man who had ever really touched it; and as Nellie sadly pictured George's graceful manners and courtly address, and turned to the simple pedagogue beside her, the contrast was too striking. George's dress was so different from that of the villagers, who, living miles from any town or railway, dressed in the fashion of their grand parents. Henry and Nellie, as they sat on the old stile, would, could they have moved at once into a fashionable drawing-room, have been admirably costumed for a fancy ball, as country people of fifty years ago.

Nellie gave Henry a most decided refusal and taking no notice of his surprised, dismayed face, left the old stile and hurried homeward. As she went, she pictured in her mind the accomplishments of the town ladies. This explained George's silence on the love subject, which had so puzzled the little country girl, accustomed to the plain courting of the farmers' sons. Of course, she argued, George, with his fine education and talents, looked for accomplishments in his wife; and she determined to have these.

'Father,' she said, coming into the kitchen, where the farmer was enjoying his pipe, "I want to go to a boarding-school for two or three years."

"Gracious sakes!" cried her mother, dropping the plate she was washing. "What'll you want next?"

This was the first mention of the subject. Nellie was more than two months persuading and coaxing the old man before he consented. He was rich. Nellie was the only child; and at last the unwilling consent was wrung from him; and Nellie was taken to the best boarding-school near town. The poor child was at first much discouraged by the ridicule of her schoolmates. It was hard to hear her dress laughed at, and her ignorance despised; but the girl's own good taste in investing the money her father supplied liberally in neat and fashionably made garments, and her fine talents, which soon displayed themselves, were not long in placing her on an equality with her companions. There was one grief she suffered.—George Lawton had left town to travel on the continent: and when she arrived, thinking of the pleasure her unexpected presence would give him, he was far away. The two letters he had written after leaving Towerville had made no mention of this intention, for, argued the gay young man, "it is of no use to break the poor little beauty's heart. Pity she's so countrified! My heart was in real danger; but, *allons*, she'll forget me in a month."

Two years passed on, during which Nellie applied her whole mind to her studies; and on her nineteenth birthday she left the school, and, at the earnest solicitation of George's mother, went to pass some weeks at her house before returning to Towerville. George was still abroad; and his mother thought it would be a good time to return Mrs. Greyson's hospitality to her son when he was not at home, and there was no danger of his falling in love with a country farmer's daughter, even though that same farmer was the husband of her second cousin; and Mrs. Lawton's grandfather was a country farmer, too.

'Now, Nellie,' said Mrs. Lawton, coming into her room one morning, "I want you to look your loveliest this evening for my *soiree*. There will be a most distinguished company. Count L—— is coming this afternoon—Mrs. Jay promised to bring him with her. He only arrived from Germany the day before yesterday. George thought of coming with him: but he wrote to me not to expect him positively; and of course he is *not* with him, or he would have written to me."

Mrs. Lawton's drawing-room was crowded that evening with the *elite* of fashion.—Nellie was at the piano, singing, when two young men came into the hall. They stopped there, listening with delight to the full rich notes of a powerful voice, which seemed flooding the room with melody.

"Bravo!" said one of them, as the song concluded. "Let's see this cantatrice."

"George!" cried Mrs. Lawton, as they came into the room.

Of course, there was a rapturous meeting, and explanations of how he had written to her, but that the letter must have been detained; and, while he was saying all this, George was looking at the singer. She was changed, and he did not recognize his cousin Nellie. As she stood under the light, leaning gracefully against the piano, chatting with a group of admirers, her blue silk dress fitting her small but beautiful figure to perfection, her rich and abundant hair falling from a jewelled comb in a profusion of curls on her white, uncovered throat and shoulders, jewels glittering on her arms and bosom, she certainly looked most unlike the little country lass whose hair was confined by a hat or a handkerchief, and whose close kerchief came up to her throat.

"Who is that, mother—the lady in blue!" asked George.

"That! Oh, that's Nellie Greyson!" she replied. "She is here on a visit There!—Mrs. Jay has introduced Count L—— already. Well, she can speak German beautifully; so she is about the best person here to entertain him."

Nellie, the accomplished singer, talking German to a foreign count—Nellie, who, a few years ago, was seated on the old stile, studying French grammar under his kind tution! George was slightly bewildered;—but, remembering her old friendship for him he advanced confidently to meet his cousin.

Nellie's little spice of coquetry had not died out. There was no blush, no tremor in her greeting of her cousin; the hand she placed in his was quiet as his own; the voice was firm, the manner easy and graceful. George, the coxcomb, was disappointed.

Nellie saw her power now. It was a long wooing, for it was not until poor George was as desperately in love as she had been herself, that Nellie gave him even so much as a smile of encouragement. Whenever he spoke of love, her little innocent look of surprise was too much for him; and accustomed to have his attentions courted, he was often on the point of leaving her, and giving up the pursuit. Then Nellie was a belle; the boquets, invitations to ride, and visit the opera, and *billets-doux* she accepted from other admirers, drove George wild with jealousies. She had, too, the most provoking way of referring to the days passed in the country, with a sort of contemptuous pity of her own silly capacity for seeing perfection in a man, merely from the fact that he was town bred, wore broadcloth and kid gloves, and had seen an opera; and, finally, Nellie went home to Towerville, leaving poor George hopelessly in love with the farmer's daughter.

It was of no use to try to forget her;—George soon found that out; and at last, unable to bear suspense any longer, he started for Towerville, determined to have a "Yes," or "No," in answer to an important question he meant to put to the beauty. As he drove slowly over the well-remembered roads, he passed near the old stile; some one was there. George fastened his horse, and started across the fields. Yes, there she was, seated on the old stile, actually dressed in the gipsy hat he remembered so well; there she sat dreaming over old dreams, and wondering whether she had acted wisely in not encouraging George as her still silly heart had prompted. There was a stealthy step behind her, and before she knew there was any one near, a pair of arms encircled her waist, and a daring kiss was printed on her lips. It was of no use to resist—Nellie was a captive: and the old stile neard another love-story that summer afternoon, and the "town beau" carried Nellie home in a light cart, the only vehicle to be hired within five miles of Towerville. And in a little while Nellie changed her name and home leaving Farmer Greyson and his good dame to anticipate many pleasant summers when Nellie and George should come to spend the warm months at the farm-house, and renew these chats at the OLD STILE.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Blessed Children.

As Mr. Andrew Freeman came up to the door of his elegant home, a little before sun-down, one pleasant Autumn day, he saw a coarsely-dressed child, some seven or eight years old, sitting upon the door step, with a basket by her side containing some chips gathered at a carpenter shop. Wearied with her heavy load, she had stopped to rest herself.

Something had gone wrong with Mr. Freeman, and he did not feel in a pleasant humor. The sight of the child and her basket, both occupying the white marble steps that led up to his handsome dwelling, annoyed him. They looked out of place, were incongruous, and blurred the fair entrance to his home.

"Get away from here!" he said, roughly, as he came up to the doorway.

The child started, looked frightened, and taking up her basket, went hurriedly down the street.

"The little vagrants!" ejaculated Mr. Freeman, as he swung open the door of his luxurious home. "They should't be permitted to prowl the streets in this way, watching around gates and doorways for a good chance to steal. If I had my will of them, every one should be taken up and sent to the workhouse."

If elegance and comfort at home could make a man happy, then was Mr. Freeman one of earth's favored ones. But, the heart makes its own paradise. The mere externals of a man's life have far less to do with his happiness than most of us try to believe. On every side beauty, elegance, taste and comfort met the eyes of Mr. Freeman, but they had no power to dispel the shadows that drawn around his spirit.

"Who were you speaking to at the door?" asked his wife as she met him in the passage.

"A dirty little vagrant!" he replied; "who was hanging about our doorstep with her greasy basket."

Mrs. Freeman did not reply. She had looked from one of the parlor windows a short time before, and noticed a very little girl with a basket of chips too large and heavy for one of her strength, almost dragging instead of carrying it along. And she had also seen her stop and sit down to rest on their door-step. Pity was in her heart for the child, who was poorly clad, yet clean.

In her plain face was a gentle expression, Mrs. Freeman sighed as she thought that this was the child just driven off with angry words by her unreflecting husband.

"Where is Grace?" asked Mr. Freeman, on going from the parlors into the sitting-room.

"Fanny took her out walking," replied Mrs. Freeman. "But she will be home soon. I am looking for their return every moment."

Mr. Freeman was disappointed at not seeing his little pet, and this only increased the ill nature from which he was suffering as a disease. He sat down, in a moody state of mind, and replied only in monosyllables to the various remarks of his wife. He did not speak unkindly to her, for that was something of which he had never been guilty. But he took no interest in what she said; and she failed entirely in her efforts to throw a sunbeam into his mind.

Presently the bell was heard to ring. Mr. Freeman raised his head and listened. A few moments elapsed—then the door was opened, and a voice, musical as a wind-harp to the ears of Mr. Freeman, came ringing along the passages. It was Grace, his darling child—the sunbeam in his dwelling.

"Has Papa come home?" he heard her ask.

"Yes, love," he called to her, "Papa is home. Come up here you little runaway!"

How changed, suddenly, were both tone and manner. Up the stairs bounded the fairy-footed child, and was soon in her father's arms, clasping his neck, and covering his face with kisses. Away went the shadows from his brow, banished by the presence of blessed child.

Not very far from the rich man's dwelling stood an humble frame tenement, where a poor day-laborer lived with his wife and child. He had been very hard at work from the rising to the going down of the sun, and now released from toil, was slowly wending his way homeward, bearing the spirit of discontent in his heart. Though scarcely numbering as many years as Mr. Freeman, he looked older than the wealthy merchant. His skin was coarse and brown from long exposure to the summer's sun and winter's cold; his body stooping from the weight of many burdens; his large hands rough and horny from labor. Occasionally, as his eyes glanced up from the pavement, and rested upon the elegant homes that stood proudly along the street, a touch of envy chafed him, and the old thought of a partial distribution of God's blessings came like a spirit of evil into his mind.

In this unhappy mood was John Grant when he laid his hand upon the latch, and and pushed open the door of his poor abode. How different was this tenement, in all its surroundings and interior appearances, to the princely dwelling of Andrew Freeman, the wealthy merchant The low, weather-stained door, from which all paint had been obliterated for years, opened into the one room which was used as a kitchen, work-room, eating and sitting-room The badly constructed chimney only partially carried off the smoke, and as John Grant stepped into the room, he encountered an atmosphere loaded with stifling and blinding vapor.

He neither scolded nor complained; but the sense of oppression was increased. He looked at his weary wife, and the weary wife looked at her weary husband. Both sighed, but neither of them spoke a word; yet both felt that their lot in life was a hard one. John Grant sat down, heavily, and his wife went on with her preparations for supper.

"Where is Mary?" he asked.

"She's gone to the store for salt," replied the wife.

The poor laboring man had looked up with a gleam of interest on his countenance. His head bent slowly down again until his chin rested upon his bosom.

"Isn't she staying a great while?" said the father, looking towards his wife after a few minutes had passed.

"It's time she was here," replied the mother. "She'll be back in a moment."

"She's a great deal of help to you now Jane," said Grant, with an awakening interest in his voice.

"Oh, yes, a great deal," answered his wife.

"You don't know how many steps she saves me. I hardly ever have to run out to the store now. She buys things there just like a little woman. And she is learning to sew right neatly. Just look at that."—And the mother brought a dingy old piece of unbleached muslin, on which were several rows of stitches. "Mary did the whole of this. Now isn't it wonderful! She'll make a smart woman, I can tell you."

"And she's so good," said Grant, as a broad smile went over his rough face, lighting it up with a humane expression that gave it a higher type of manhood.

"Look there," added the wife, pointing to a basket of carpenter's chips, "she brought that from the shop all herself.—Why it's a load for a stout boy! Isn't she strong!"

"Too heavy a load for her arm, Jane," replied Grant. "You mustn't let her bring such a large one again "

"Oh, she didn't mind it," said the mother "I asked her how she got along, and she told me she carried the basket a short distance at a time, resting on the door-steps, and so making her way homewards I didn't just like one thing," added Mrs. Grant, in a voice betraying some indignation; "she says that a gentleman who lives in one of the great houses in the next block drove her off of his steps where she was resting, and frightened her with his angry looks."

"Curse him!" exclaimed John Grant, a fiery indignation burning instantly in his face.

"Don't, don't curse any body, John!" said his wife, in a soothing voice. "He didn't know our little Mary, as we know her, or he never would have driven her away. There are idle, bad, thieving children about, John, and the gentleman, no doubt, took her for one of them."

"I don't care for that!" replied Grant, still in an angry tone. "But, if I had been there, I would have knocked him down, as I would knock down a dog!"

John Grant was still brooding over this treatment of his child, when the music of of her happy voice, as she came singing to the door, fell pleasantly upon his ears, scattering all clouds and shadows, and filling his heart with sunshine.

"Has father come home!"

These were her words, as she threw open the door, and bounded into the room.

"Yes, pet, father is home," said John Grant, reaching out his arms towards the child, who was as precious to his heart, as the child of any father in the land; that of Andrew Freeman not excepted.

Mary sprang into those great, strong arms, clasping her own, that were fairy-like in comparison, about her father's neck, and pressing her soft young lips lovingly to lips whose kisses were sweet to her. Then she laid herself down in his arms, and looked up, with a happy smile into his face. Mary was not a handsome child. Her features were plain, and rather coarse; but, in the sight of her father, she was very beautiful. To him, all the sweetness of her child-life, which was full of love for her parents, was expressed in her outward form. The blue of her eyes, the ruby of her lips, the chestnut brown of her hair, the softness of her skin, all had a refinement, a delicacy, and a beauty to others. In all her movements, too, he saw a surpassing grace.

Is not love the great beautifier? Is it not the heart's sunshine that makes light in all the chambers of the soul?

Blessed children! To the rich repiner, and the poor murmurer, alike blessings.—Heaven-sent messengers of love! links that bind us to the upper world! Celestial visitants! To the Andrew Freemans and John Grants of this unhappy world alike, the good angels, who, by a single wave of the hand, sweep aside the dark curtains of brooding discontent, and let in the heavenly sunshine. Blessings on them! Blessings forever!

John P. Hale on Woman's Rights.

John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, made a speech on Tuesday to the graduating class of the Abbott Female Academy, at Andover, in which he gave them his views of the woman's rights question:

The present day had afforded to us many proofs that science was not confined to men—as, for instance, Miss Mitchell, the astronomer. Mathematics were also open to women. "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," was a saying of deep import; the poetic fields were open to women. So in all the other branches of knowledge. Now there are some who did not believe women would have all their rights till they had the right of suffrage. But if this right were obtained it might be found to degrade, instead of elevating female life. What was there in the exercise of the right of suffrage to produce moral elevation? We did not see that the men in cities who exercised the right were ennobled, refined or elevated by going to the ballot-box. Every female must revolt at finding herself in contaminating contact with the influences of the polls; as she would thereby be placed in conflict and on a level with every blackguard. Female influence was not silent to-day in controlling the politics of the country. An eminent gentleman had said that if he wished to control a canvass for the good of a State, he would sooner address the children and young women than the men. As women trained their sons and brothers, so would the future votors of the country be. Each woman would have at least one willing friend, who would be ready to consult her opinions.

A lady friend had asked him what she should do, as she was deprived of the right of voting, and he told her to go and unite her fortunes with one whose right to vote was unquestioned, [laughter,] and thereupon she had told him that was the meanest thing he had ever said. Those unfortunate females who were always complaining of their limited spheres, would be found to be those who had not the courage and faith and energy to do what was even in that limited sphere for them. No one had a right to complain no long as in the sphere of their influence they had left a single duty unperformed. Not until we had done what we could should we sit down with Alexander and cry that there were no more worlds to conquer. We should not complain while a single case of human wretchedness existed, which we had not done what we could to alleviate by sympathy or aid.

In addressing young ladies, he could not present the same motives which were usual in addressing boys, but he could assure them that every one could obtain all the good in life in which they deserved. In concluding, Mr. Hale told a story of a young girl, who said she had two things settled in her own mind; first, she would never marry a minister; second, she would never live in the town of B. Yet, she eventually married a minister of B. "So it will be with you, my young friends," said Mr. Hale to the young ladies, at which great laughter and clapping ensued. "I perceive," continued he, "that it is the theological students that are clapping, because they think you will all marry ministers." [Renewed merriment.] But the moral of all he said to-day was that the same duty pertained to all. Instead of sitting down and sighing over the allotments of our condition, we should each meet and discharge with zeal, energy and faith, the duties of the position in which we severally found ourselves.

Florence Nightingale.

But by-and-by the drawing-room doors are thrown open, and the ambassadress enters, smiling a kind and gracious welcome. Behind her are her daughters; by her side a tall, fashionable, haughty beauty. I could not help thinking how beautiful she looked; but the next instant my eyes wandered from her cold unamiable face to a lady modestly standing on the other side of Lady Stratford. At first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper, "It is Miss Nightingale!" Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honor among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure and the short brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enameled brooch, which looked to me like the colors of a regiment surmounted with a wreath of laurels, no doubt some grateful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape handkerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen: and this gave the nun-like appearance which first struck me on her entering the room, otherwise Miss Nightingale is by no means striking in appearance. Only her plain black dress, quiet manner, and great renown, told so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dress and uniforms.—She is very slight, rather above the middle height; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman, and small dark eyes, kind, but penetrating; but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent.—*Mrs. Hornby's In and Around Stamboul.*

☞The Evansville *Journal* says that in digging a well at Millgrove, Owen county, last week, the men, after sinking the well ten feet, came upon a large chamber, accessible by the removal of a few rocks.—This cave was about ten feet square, and formed a kind of ante-chamber to a cave considerably larger than the first, and having a deep abyss in the centre, partially filled with water. From this latter place an opening was affected to still another apartment, situated some twenty five feet deeper still. In this the sound of running water was distinctly audible.

Douglas and Lincoln at Springfield.

The *Chicago Press* publishes an account of the speeches of these two gentlemen at Springfield on Saturday. It says:

The speech of Senator Douglas was substantially the same as that which he delivered here. He indorsed more emphatically, if possible, the Dred Scott decision, which denies both to Congress and the people of the Territories the right to exclude slavery—declared himself the champion of Popular Sovereignty in the same breath—misrepresented the position of Mr. Lincoln and of the Republican party—harped upon "amalgamation," "negro equality," "a war of sections," and the despotism that would crush out the liberties of this people should the Slave States adopt measures "to place slavery in the course of ultimate extinction." Mr. Douglas will probably repeat this speech wherever he appears during the remainder of the canvass. Falling without effect on the occasion of its first delivery, it cannot fail of becoming more and more stale and unprofitable, even in the estimation of his most zealous partizans, and on every subsequent occasion of its rehearsal.

The speech of Mr. Lincoln in reply was an able vindition of Republicanism, and a terrible showing up of the inconsistencies of Douglas—his *professions* in favor of freedom—his persistent *action* in behalf of slavery propagandism—his assumed championship of popular sovereignty—his indorsement of the Calhoun dogma, that the the Constitution carries slavery into all the Territories, which destroys at a blow the "principle" he so highly vaunts.

Our friends in Springfield are highly elated with the result of last Saturday's work. Douglas and his friends are more chop-fallen than ever.

Mr. Lincoln exposed Mr. Douglas' Quixotism in declaring himself in favor of the right of a State to establish or abolish Slavery, a right which nobody ever doubted.

He took up Douglas' attack on his (Lincoln's) opposition to a decision of the Supreme Court, and arraigned the Little Giant on the same charge. When the Supreme Court declared the United States Bank constitutional, the whole Democratic party, with President Jackson at its head, had opposed that decision. Ever since Jackson's time the Democratic party had continued to make war on that decision.—He had himself, over and over again, heard Judge Douglas denounce that decision. The Cincinnati Platform opposes that decision, and Douglas, in endorsing that platform, *this day makes war on a standing, unreversed decision of the Supreme Court of the United States!* Douglas is *for* decisions when they suit him, but *against* them when they do not.

Mr. Lincoln went on to state that the principal object of his speech before the Convention in June had been to show, expose and charge a regular plot, combination and conspiracy on the part of the Southern fire-eaters, the Administration and the Supreme Court, for the purpose of nationalizing the institution of slavery.—Senator Douglas, although he admits having read that speech carefully, has not denied the charge. He now took occasion to renew that charge, and also to express his belief that Judge Douglas was not only privy to the plot, but one of the chief conspirators.

Lincoln occupied about two hours and a half in making his speech, yet the audience listened with eager interest, and without a single sign of weariness during the whole time. As the speaker made his various points, the hall was made to ring again and again with the applause of his hearers. The meeting adjourned with three vociferous cheers for Lincoln

The Evils of Lotteries.

A lottery is *gaming*. This is against the policy of society, and there are few civilized nations that have not adopted means to restrain or entirely prohibit it; because it is seeking property for which no equivalent is to be paid; and because it leads directly to losses and poverty, and, by exciting bad passions, is the fruitful original of vice and crime.

It is the *worst* species of gaming, because it brings adriotness, cunning, experience, and skill to contend against ignorance, folly, distress, and desperation. It can be carried on to an indefinite and indefinable extent without exposure; and, by a mode of settling the chances by "combination numbers"—an invention of the modern school of gambling—the fate of thousands and hundreds of thousands may be determined by a single turn of the wheel.

Lotteries, like other games of chance, are seductive and infatuating. Every new loss is an inducement to a new adventure; and, filled with vain hopes of recovering what is lost, the unthinking victim is led on, from step to step, till he finds it impossible to regain his ground, and he gradually sinks into a miserable outcast, or, by a bold and still more guilty effort, plunges at once into that gulf where he hopes protection from the stings of conscience, a refuge from the reproaches of the world, and oblivion from existence.

If we consider the dealing in lottery tickets as a *calling* or *employment*, so far as the venders are concerned, it deserves to be treated, in legislation, as those acts are which are done to get money by making others suffer; to live upon society by making a portion of its members dishonest, idle, poor, vicious, and criminal. In its character and consequences, the dealing in lottery tickets is the *worse* species of gaming, and deserves a *severer* punishment than any fine would amount to. If it involves the moral and legal offences of fraud and cheating, does it not deserve an infamous punishment, if any fraudulent acquisition of mere *property* should be punished with *infamy*? Considered in its complicated wrongs to society, it certainly deserves the severest punishment, because it makes infamous criminals out of innocent persons, and visits severe afflictions on parents, employers, family connections, and others, who in this respect, have done no wrong themselves; and thus the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty—an anomaly which is revolting to all our notions of justice, and to all the moral and natural sympathies of mankind.—*Joseph T. Buckingham.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Youth writes its hopes upon the sand, and old age advances like the sea and washes them out.

Why is a young man hugging his sweetheart like an epicure who permits his wine to leak away? Because he is wasting what he loves. Foolish, ain't he?

THE FATHER OF EVERY ACT is a thought. If, then, we would have our conduct correct, we must watch, restrain and regulate our thoughts—"keep our hearts with all diligence."

A gentleman, having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody's being forgotten by somebody."

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.—The late Mr. John Jones, being asked by a friend how he kept from being involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

HAPPINESS.—There are two things which will make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

Sheriden said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women nature writes on the heart of men."

A DEFINITION IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.—"Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?" The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats. "Oh, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it."—"Indeed!" responded the lady. "Yes," replied the husband. "For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That's your *real* value. But I know, also, that none of my married friends would swop wives with me. That's your *exchangeable* value!"

ELEGY.

Silently shines the moonlight, filling the night with beauty,
Silently falls the snow, gracefully decking the earth;
Silently rises the dawn from the ocean's azure chambers,
Silently opens the flowers under its quickening light;
Emblems all of thee, and thy beautiful, quiet spirit.
Tenderest nurse of the sick, strengthener too of the strong!
Prayers of grateful friends shall ascend for thee forever.
Thou who art thyself ever a living prayer!

Frank B. Sanborn.

The following is from Douglas Jerrold's Wit and Humor:

WOMEN AND WARRIORS.—With women as with warriors, there's no robbery—all's conquest.

TREASON.—Treason is like diamonds; there's nothing to be made of it by the small trader.

THE SWEETEST PLUM.—In the wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of all plums.

A BROKEN CHARACTER.—The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

A LAND OF PLENTY.—Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

SECOND MARRIAGES.—I've heard say wedlock's like wine—not to be properly judged of till you try the second glass.

DAMP SHEETS.—To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man!

A VERY ROGUE.—Had he to cut his neighbor's throat, he'd first sharpen his knife on the church marble.

JEWELS!—It's my belief that when woman was made, jewels were invented only to make her the more mischievous.

A WEDDING GOWN.—After all, there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world.

A BINDING PROMISE.—He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs.

MAIDS AND WIVES.—Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk; once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy us.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF DRESS.—Ask a woman to a tea party in the Garden of Eden, and she'll be sure to draw up her eye-lids and scream, "I won't go without a new gown."

In the flush and brilliancy of early married love, the first faint impressions of the future husband and wife commence. As lovers, their separate dispositions were in a state of pleasant antagonism; as a wedded pair, they are presumed to be amalgamated, and form an entirety which recognises mutual interests, advantages, and concessions, as the basis of their mutual happiness. The husband, then, even in the dawn of his marital bliss, should begin to create in his wife's mind those favorable sensations which are the prebursors of those more solid ideas which bind woman to man—by that strong intercommunion of soul which only death can interrupt. This obligation is equally imperative on the wife. In the heyday of her husband's love, while his heart beats responsive to her every wish, and his mind is a fair tablet on which none but summer thoughts are engraved, she should begin the study of his character, so that when the necessity arises she may be able to accommodate her own plastic one to it, without effort or inconvenience. Indeed, with both of them this should early be an object of anxiety, so that gradually there should grow up between them a conciliatory predisposition of tone and manner which, when brought into requisition, would appear more a habit than a duty. Both husband and wife object to anything that looks like compulsion; they each turn away from even a duty, when clothed in repelling garments; and from this it will be apparent how necessary it is that the soil of their tempers, and peculiar mental and moral idiosyncrasies, should as early as practicable be sown only with those seeds which in after years will yield the sweet-smelling flowers that shed such a delicious perfume over hallowed and long-tried wedded love.—*Ponsonby.*