

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I.

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## The Republican,

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## My Cottage Home.

By MARY A. KEABLE.  
In a little fairy valley  
Where the oak and maple twin,  
Where a silver streamlet wanders,  
In this pretty home of mine,  
Where the wild flowers bloom the sweetest  
And the robins love to come,  
And the brightest sunbeams linger,  
In my little cottage home.  
I have heard of fairer countries  
And of skies that brighter seem,  
Where the flowers are ever blooming  
And the trees are ever green,  
And of cities with their splendor  
Far beyond the ocean's foam,  
Yet I am well contented  
With my pretty cottage home.  
To be sure no terrace gardens  
Are around my simple cot,  
No choice exotics, yet so sweet  
The wild forget-me-not,  
No peep except the forest,  
Where the red deer loves to roam,  
Yet nature seems to bless me  
In my quiet cottage home.  
Some boast of fame and glory  
And others of their wealth,  
Yet I care not for their glitter  
With the blessed boon of health.  
The king may claim his palace  
And the titled lord his dome,  
They know not the enjoyment  
Of a simple cottage home.

## "Papa Goes There."

By MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.  
"Mayn't I go with you, pa? Please say I may, won't you?"  
The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasped the knees of the listener.  
It was a boy of seven short years who lisped thus; a beautiful boy with a fair high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wealth of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheek rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds that taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty years who listened to the plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Ay, had been! For blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheek, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no! It's no place for you."

Again those small hands encircled the knees.  
"You go, papa. Why can't I, too? Do let me go."  
For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old, then putting him down he said kindly:  
"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him, then turning toward the few embers which faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said earnestly:  
"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."  
It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his gentle and pure heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for a while, then said, endearingly:  
"Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you." Then rising, she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie: I'll come back soon and then you shall have a new dress, and a nice pair of fringed boots, and taking a large basket of ironed clothes she went out. A wealthy mother would have been scared to death at the thought of leaving so young a boy at nightfall all alone with an infant to care for and an open fire-place to sit beside. But poor M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there were not coals enough to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No, she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store whither he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain was busy with eager wanderings. He knew his father loved to go, and he knew there must be something there he liked, for he never came again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know very bad, to persevere and I would find it out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be pretty things behind

## those windows. I shouldn't wonder,"

and his cheeks were glowing, "if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"  
Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of a tallow dip, and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, and mice should they sally out ere his return.  
"I won't stay long, pretty dear," he said, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No, I'll come back soon, but I do so want to take one peep."  
Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement, and in a trice, he stood beside the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must be very funny there."  
A cold November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter. "I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in a while, I am such a little boy, and I am so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his chilled limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole towards the glowing gratings and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar, were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Holla," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here my little fellow? Who are you? what do you want?"  
"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the windows I thought I'd like to. But I musn't stay long, for I've left baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him.  
"O, and where is your mother, boy?"  
"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look so pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"  
"O, yes it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please, sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of his listener.  
"Please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers."  
"For God's sake do not tell him, Baneroff," said a deep anguish voice.  
"He deems me pure and holy. Heavens, what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms, "you have saved me, saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here, with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drunk so deep. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please, sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of his listener.

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## From the Springfield Republican, August 10.

Cyrus W. Field having achieved greatness and renown through the success that has crowned his energy and perseverance in the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable; the public is interested to know what manner of man he is, and to learn the chief incidents of his history. His family is one of the most honorable in Western Massachusetts, with members distinguished in nearly every department of active life. Rev. D. D. Field, a native of East Guilford, Conn., a graduate of Yale College in 1802, first settled in Haddam, Conn. There, probably, his children were all born—seven sons and two daughters. Of the former are, David Dudley Field one of the first lawyers of New York City; Jonathan E. Field, a member of the Berkshire bar, and resident of Stockbridge; Cyrus W. Field, whose name is now a household word; Matthew D. Field, of Southwick, in this county, a civil engineer, and one of the republican senators from Hampden county, in 1857; Stephen I. Field, a Judge of the Supreme Court of California; and Rev. H. M. Field, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in West Springfield, and now one of the conductors of the New York Evangelist. The seventh and oldest son, Timothy, went to sea thirty or more years ago, and has never been heard from since. One of the daughters married the brother of Mr. Cyrus Field's wife, and died at Paris within a few years. The other daughter married Rev. Josiah Brewer, and became with him a missionary in Greece, whence they have returned and now reside at the family home in Stockbridge, in this State.

In 1819, Rev. Dr. Field removed from Haddam to Stockbridge, when his children were all young, and became pastor of the village church there, a relation which he continued till 1837, when it was dissolved, and he returned to his old charge at Haddam for a few years; but he retired from the ministry some ten years since, and came to Stockbridge again, where among his old friends, and with a portion of his children, he is living out in peace and honor the few remaining days of a long and useful life. The Stockbridge may fairly claim to be the family home; here the father passed his most active and important years; and here his sons were reared, and prepared for the important lines of action into which they have nearly all since fallen. David Dudley Field and Rev. Henry M. are graduates of Williams College in the same county.

Mr. Cyrus Field engaged early as clerk for his older brother, Matthew, who was a paper manufacturer at Lee. About the period of his majority, perhaps before, he engaged in the same business on his own account in Westfield, in this county, but failed about 1837. He subsequently went to New York and established a paper commission house, one of the first of the large modern establishments of that description. All success overtook him here again; but it did not conquer its victim. Nerved to new labor, he continued the same business, commanded fortune, paid off his old debts, and became a rich man. Liberal in dispensing the blessings of his wealth, he was the patron of art, and surrounded his father at Stockbridge, with all the comforts and luxuries that old age covets. Some five or six years ago, he seemed to have conceived the purpose of constructing the ocean telegraph, and at once threw into its consummation all his native enthusiasm, all his acquired knowledge of men and things, and all his necessary means.

There seems to be no divided honor in this enterprise—no possibility of question as to the author of this great achievement of modern civilization. Hundreds may have dreamed and suggested the idea; but Mr. Field was the first to set seriously at work for its realization, and the first to accomplish it. Fortunate is he in having completed his own work. No Fulton can come in to rob him of his honor.

Mr. Field is about 43 years old, and looks younger, if possible. He has a light, lithe body, all muscle and nerves, and no flesh, five feet eight inches high, and weighs perhaps 140 pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, a nose that almost exhausts his face; eyes small, sunken, grey or blue, and apparently half closed; a large forehead, and a full head of auburn hair. There is a youthful almost boyish appearance about him, that makes him seem younger than he really is. There is little of the impressiveness of figure and manner about him, that his distinguished brother Dudley of the New York bar has.

We do not know that these facts in the history of the new Moral Hero of the Christian Civilization are exact to date and letters; but they trace the outline of his life and character with correctness.

In a certain town lately, a quack doctor's sign was stolen. It had upon it some such inscription as this:—"To Dr. —'s Apartments." It is now said that the missing sign has been found securely nailed to the gates of the churchyard.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist in the soil and the scared and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the young mind.

## The course of Judge Douglas.

We give below an extract from the speech of Judge Trumbull, delivered at Chicago, which carries with it a weight of argument, backed up with proof, which presents to the naked eye the iniquity of Douglas so clearly that no honest man, it matters not what his political antecedents or affinities have been or now are, can sustain the retiring Senator, in his present inconsistent and disorganizing course. Let every Douglas-worshipper read it:

Let us follow this history along a little further. In process of time it was supposed that Kansas would wish to be admitted into the Union as a State. Her people, you remember, had formed one constitution known as the "Topeka Constitution," establishing a free State. It was necessary to meet this with something, and a bill was prepared in the Senate of the United States, by Mr. Douglas, authorizing the people of Kansas to hold a convention and form a constitution. Several amendments were offered to that bill. Among others an amendment was offered by Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and that bill subsequently passed the Senate. Now, fellow citizens, I make the distinct charge, that there was a preconcerted arrangement and plot entered into by the very men who now claim credit for opposing a constitution not submitted to the people, to have a constitution formed and put in force without giving the people any opportunity to pass upon it. [Great applause.] This, my friends, is a serious charge, but I charge it to-night, that the very men who traverse the country under banners proclaiming popular sovereignty, by design, concocted a bill on purpose to force a constitution upon that people. The evidence to prove the charge I made, I have brought along with me, [Applause.]—because a charge of a serious character like this might be controverted by the men who claim credit for popular sovereignty, unless I brought the evidence with me. I hold in my hand the bill brought into the Senate of the United States by Mr. Toombs on the 23rd of June, 1854, containing a clause requiring the constitution which the convention should form, to be submitted to the people for their ratification or rejection. That bill was referred to the Committee on Territories in the Senate of the United States, of which Judge Douglas is chairman. Judge Douglas, five days afterwards, reported back the bill I hold in my hand, making various alterations in the bill, and among others striking out the clause requiring the constitution to be submitted to the people, and he stated that, on consultation with Mr. Toombs, he had made these alterations. [Tremendous applause.]

A Voice—To whom did he make the statement?  
Mr. Trumbull—He made it in the Senate of the United States, and it is reported in the Congressional Globe; and, sir, if you are a Douglas man—  
Same Voice—I am, sir.  
Mr. Trumbull—And you want to satisfy yourself that he was in the plot to force a constitution upon the people? I will satisfy you. [Cries of good, good; hit him again, and cheers.] I will erran the truth down any honest man's throat until he cannot deny it. [Renewed cheers.] And to the man who does deny it, I will erran the lie down his throat till he shall cry enough. [Tremendous cheering.]

It is preposterous—it is the most damnable offrontery that man ever put on to conceal a scheme to defraud and cheat a people out of their rights and then claim credit for it. [Cries, Hurray with all such men! That is not all—my Douglas friend—that is not all. I, myself, humble as I am, and making no pretensions other than to have performed my duty to the State that has honored me by placing me in the Senate, to the best of my ability, pointed this out two years ago. [Three cheers for Trumbull were given, with great enthusiasm.] I stated that it was a little too much to call a convention in Kansas before knowing what was the wish of the people, and then to allow the fifty-two men which were to compose the convention according to that bill, to put any sort of a constitution upon the people, without allowing them to vote upon it.

A Voice—What did Douglas say to it?  
Mr. Trumbull—What did he say? He was silent as the grave, and voted for the bill. [Applause.] It passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House. Mind you now, this was before the Presidential election. [Cheers and laughter.] It was before the thunders of the Fremont vote had rolled down to Washington and frightened the men that were there. [Applause.] It was before the free people of Illinois had swept the plunderers from the State Capital, and installed in their places free men and the friends of free men. [Renewed applause.] It would not do to risk that policy much longer. [Laughter and applause.]

A clergyman catechizing the youth of the parish put the first question in Heidelberg's Catechism to a girl.  
"What is your only consolation in life or death?"  
The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt very queer, but gave no answer. The Priest insisted.  
"Well, then," said she, "if I must tell, it is the little shoemaker that wears a striped jacket."

## The Terminus of the Atlantic Cable and Surrounding Scenery.

All who have visited Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, with one consent allow it to be one of the most beautiful sheets of water they ever set eyes upon. Its color is very peculiar—an impossible mingling of the pure blue of the ocean with the deep evergreen woodland, and the serene blue sky. Its extreme length is about eighty miles, its breadth about thirty miles, opening boldly into the Atlantic on the northern side of the Island. At its southwestern shore it branches into the Bay of Bull's Arm, which is a quiet, safe and beautiful harbor about two miles in breadth, and nine or ten in length, running in a direction northwest.

The depth of water is sufficient for the largest vessel. The tide rises seven or eight feet, and the bay terminates in a beautiful sand beach. The shore is clothed with mountain ash, presents a pleasing contrast. The land rises gradually from the water all around, so as to afford one of the most convenient and agreeable town sites in the island. You ascend only about a quarter of a mile from the water, and there are no longer trees, but wild grass, like an open prairie. Here are found at this season myriads of the upland cranberries, upon which unnumbered ptarmigan, or the northern partridge, feed.

The raspberry, bake-apple berry, and the whortle berry are also common. Numerous little lakes may be seen in the open, elevated ground, from which flow rivulets, affording abundance of fine trout. After ascending for about a mile and a half, you are then a probability 300 or 400 feet above the tide, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the scene when, at one view, you behold the placid waters of both Trinity and Placentia Bays—the latter sprinkled with clusters of verdant islands.

You can now descend westward as gradually as you came up from the Telegraph landing, to the shore of Placentia Bay, where there is an excellent harbor and admirable fisheries, skirting the shore, and the accompanying road of the land Telegraph line leading from St. John westward through the island to Cape Ray. At this season of the year, game is very abundant. Reindeer in great numbers, bears, wolves—others very numerous, the large northern hare, foxes, wild geese, ducks, &c. About four miles southward of the entrance of the Bay of Bull's Arm, on the shore of Placentia Bay, is situated the extraordinary La Manche lead mine, the property of the Telegraph Company, already yielding a rich supply of remarkably pure galena. The place where the cable is landed is memorable in the history of the island as the naval battle ground between the French and English in their early struggle for the exclusive occupancy of the valuable fisheries along the coast.

How Lewis D. Campbell was Nominated.  
The Republican Convention for the Third Congressional District of Ohio, composed of the counties of Butler, Preble and Montgomery, was held on Tuesday last, and the result has heretofore been announced by telegraph. The nomination of Lewis D. Campbell was unanimously made, as appears by the concise and graphic account of the Cincinnati Gazette. After the organization was effected—  
Mr. Thomas Moore, of Butler, then moved that each county should consult immediately, and name at once its candidate for Congress. Carried.

Mr. Beckett then mounted a seat and announced "Butler county will meet in this corner." The other counties met in other corners.  
In a few minutes the Chair said: "Is Montgomery ready to report?"  
E. A. Parrott rose and said: "Montgomery is a unit and casts her 43 votes for Lewis D. Campbell. [Great applause.]

Butler was next called—Dr. Edward Kimball responded: "Butler casts her 20 votes for Lewis D. Campbell."  
Preble was then called, and M. B. Chadwick said: "Preble casts her 24 votes for Lewis D. Campbell."  
Mr. Moore, of Butler, moved that Lewis D. Campbell receive the unanimous nomination of this Convention.  
A Delegate—"He's got that."  
Chair—"That's so, but some of these gentlemen want an opportunity to shout. I put the motion—say aye; now holler."  
Your reporter cannot attempt to give the hollering; it beggared all description.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.—Robert Southey says a man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are for the greater part on the woman's side. Women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say that they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments they form, and their opinions concerning men are less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should only reply that it was another mode of saying there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know of nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

Who is a twenty-shilling new gravity, but vice meets with a new doom.  
A young woman should have her feet soaked.

## The Future of Free Soil in Missouri.

The St. Louis Democrat says that forty thousand votes were cast in Missouri this year distinctly in favor of emancipation. It declares that in no locality, and under no pressure of adversity has the Free Soil sentiment recorded one single vote in that State. It goes on to say:

Those who think free soil by any means prostrated under the late elections, are wide indeed of the mark and show little appreciation of the elements which go to make up great popular movements. The result may act as a tonic, not as a paralysis—the force of plurality triumphs can only teach the opposition its divided weakness and its limited strength. *Theirs is the future.* To none other can it belong, for they are progress—they are politics hereafter.

Free soil, we assert, is stronger in St. Louis to-day than it was a week ago, by thousands of votes. Those who faint by the way side, or lingered in rear of the battle, will fight henceforth, upon compulsion. The doubters numbered near six thousand, and of the doubters, four out of five are free soil. And even as it stands, what does a plurality of two or three hundred signify, where fraud has stalked at large through the city, and the President of the United States has anticipated the national revenue to carry his favorite for Congress? Is it a general knell for free soil? No! Brave men do not surrender thus—the six thousand five hundred free soilers of St. Louis, are a victory in themselves. But the seed is there, the tree is growing, the fruit will ripen. There may not be a member elected to the present General Assembly ready to move in the matter of slavery extension, and yet there have been near forty thousand votes cast this year directly in its favor. It requires only unity, bravery, appreciation to make those forty thousand mount up in twelve months time to eighty thousand. The voters are intrinsically that cast of thought, and need only to have their sentiment eliminated. The vital Democracy, the essential protest thought of our people, the radical, fundamental liberalism that most respects every social reformation, has made itself manifest in a supe, with a prestige, and under circumstances that admit of no retreat. As well talk of reaction against the daylight, or the spring time, or public intelligence, or the increase of population—as reaction against free soil in Missouri. Nothing can react against it but slave importation, and that has neither where to come from nor wherefore to come. The column of migration that embraces the movement of the white race from east to west, is upon us, and it will blaze the path of civilization with the church, the school, the farm, the city, until slavery as a system, shall be known no more in the land. In speaking these things we know what we say. Never was the heart of the free soil party firmer than it is in this moment. Never did its prophetic men see with surer vision the final triumph of the cause and its rapid recuperation from the very elements of discord that induced defeat. Never were those who have led and those who have been overborne more calmly conscious of their strength or more heroically resolved to hold their positions against all comers. Before this day two years hence, free soilers will have developed in controlling force within the halls of our assembly, and will have possessed themselves of the entire State Government. Mark the prediction.

The Buchanan-English Letter.  
There is a great outcry about that letter of the President to Bill English. The Administration press give a general blast to the effect that it is a forgery. The facts in the case are these: The President wrote a letter to Bill English which Bill read openly to the Convention which placed him in nomination as a candidate for re-election, having before his nomination used it privately to procure that result. The letter which is going the rounds of the opposition press, was as nearly as one who heard it read could write from memory. The home organ of Mr. English admits that a letter from the President was read by English, but declares that the one printed bears no resemblance to the real document save in one particular. Mr. Buchanan did say to the effect of the letter of Mr. English, Mr. E. should have them all for nomination by the Democratic party and re-election. If the President's papers are not satisfied with the letter as printed, let them print it correctly. But though read to a convention it may be that it is like that private letter of Hon. Sam Cox to the Ohio Statesman.—Cincinnati Commercial.

DON'T BELIEVE THE YARN.—Miss Dubois says the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window-sills of which were composed of molten lamps. That young woman should have her feet soaked.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

Who is a twenty-shilling new gravity, but vice meets with a new doom.

A young woman should have her feet soaked.

Who is a twenty-shilling new gravity, but vice meets with a new doom.

A young woman should have her feet soaked.