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POETRY.

SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Go the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And, one by one, as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But big they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow:
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Shall traverse the earth to its utmost bound—
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the bonds of the slave oppress'd shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a vigorous fight.
Yet the types, they look but leaden and dumb,
And he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiled,
And his work beguiled,
By chanting a song as the letters he piled,
While pick and click
Went the types in the stick,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

"Oh, where is the man, with such simple tools,
Can govern the world like I?
A printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die;
With paper of white, and ink of of black,
I support the Right and Wrong attack.
I pull the strings of puppet kings,
And tweak the despot's nose;
Or let him alone
Till the people groan,
When I needs must interpose;
Nor yet again
Do I e'en disdain
To talk of lowly woes.

"Then where is he,
Or, who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live
The wall doth he give;
The sway only lasts for an hour;
While the printer still grows,
And God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower."

REMEMBRANCE.

How swells the wanderer's heart with joy
As he nears his childhood's home,
From which though many changeful years,
His restless spirit roamed.
How bright each vision sweeps along
Each scene of boyhood's years;
Loved treasures of fond memory's store,
All smiles, all hopes, all fears.

Though other skies hang deeper blue,
And sunshine's always there,
Yet home bears hearts so warm and true
We find them not elsewhere.
Though cold the storm-king sweeps around,
Yet joy dwells in the breast;
There love and truth are ever found,
Both welcome stealing guests.

And childhood's friends—I clasp the hand
Extended to me now,
And bless the power which still doth give
Hope's fairest, brightest glow.
And should the day be turned to night,
No star of hope appear,
How sweet the comfort is to find
The one kind true friend near.

But why then sad I—the harp's sweet song
Should bear a lively tone,
Like running stream o'er mossy bed
Flow laughingly along.
But 'tis in vain! cold sorrow flow
Doth wanton with the strings,
And sudden every note of joy
Her struggling captive sings.

But yet, though all around is dark,
There's one star beams over head,
Like some pale watcher o'er the tomb,
Where sleeps the loved, the dead.
It beckons on to you dim shore
Across death's dark, dark sea,
Where friend shall meet to part no more—
There would I meet all thee.

THINE EYES, MY LOVE.

They tell me that the sun is up
High o'er the mountain tops,
And from his crown of golden light
A shower of gladness drops.
They break the sweet links of my dream,
And bid me meet his glory:
Thine eyes, my love—thine eyes, my love,
Are all the sun I know.

The mid-night vault of heaven appears,
'Tis jewelled o'er with stars;
Like frozen spirits do they gleam
From out thy icy bars,
It is not of their mysteries
My panting soul would read;
Thine eyes, my love—thine eyes, my love,
Are all the stars I need.

The earth is scattered o'er with flowers,
They greet me as I pass;
The blue forget-me-not peeps out
Among the waving grass;
The pansies dark, the violets gray,
In vain to me they speak;
Thine eyes, my love—thine eyes, my love,
Hold all the hues I seek.

The sun will set, the stars grow dim,
The flowers all decay,
But there is joy within my heart,
They cannot pass away,
I ask not for a brighter world,
A life of deeper bliss;
Thine eyes, my love—thine eyes my love,
Have made a heaven of this.

HOW POOR YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.—Young man, are you poor, and without means of *splodging* in life, as you launch upon its billows? Is your father poor and unable to give you an outfit? Be not disheartened on account of all these things. Take earnest hold of life, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a higher purpose. Study closely the benefits of your own mind for labor or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it early; never look back to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp; the world owes every man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success; and men have only to adopt will and action to them.

To pine over the want of money and property to start out into the world with, and over the want of the props or influential relatives, is humanity—Let a young man strive to create a fortune than rather to seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, young man, conscious of your God within you, and his providence over you and fight your own way to distinction, to honor and to comfort. Pity in your inmost soul, the young man who, without any change, is unable to support himself, and is whining around and begging the influences of others, to get him employment! Feel under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more honorable to eat the crust you have earned, than to flourish with copper inherited. You may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortune. Young man, are you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your action and looks, what the poet has said in words—

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth,
And boasts his tides and his lands;
Who takes his name from heritage,
From out a dying father's hands."

SPEECH OF BENJ. H. HILL.

Delivered at Macon, Georgia.

Mr. President, and Friends:—The city papers have announced that I would speak to this meeting to-day. The announcement was without my knowledge or consent. I refer to this for the purpose of saying that my appearance now shall not be regarded as a precedent requiring me to respond to similar calls in the future. I am no politician to fill bills to order, but if I were I should draw my own bills. Do not suppose I speak thus, because I am not settled in my convictions as to what we ought to do in this canvass, for on that point I have no hesitation or doubt; nor yet because I would not regard respectfully the wishes of my friends. Whithersoever the changes of the future may drift us, the affection I feel for every true American, with whom I have struggled so long for those truths which make up patriotism, is part of my heart, and the two must live and die together.

But my health, though almost entirely restored, is such that I must be allowed to direct my own actions during this canvass.

The very distinguished gentleman (Gov. Johnson) who addressed you last night, said *his* mission was to speak to the Democracy—his own divided brotherhood. Mine is very different. I shall speak to the people. Democrats, Whigs, Americans—countrymen all, my word of warning is to *you!* This land of the free is full of corruption, strife, and distraction. *Party, party, party has done it all!* Oh, that the God of the patriot would cast out from our people these seven devils of party, which have already well nigh ruined us!

If I shall utter a word on this occasion which shall appear to be harsh, I assure you I do not intend such a meaning. I certainly have no such feeling.

Let us determine first what great principle is involved in this canvass, which we ought to support, and secondly, for whom as patriots, we should vote, in order most effectually to secure and promote that principle.

In my opinion the whole nation is now called on, the first time in its history, to decide at the ballot box, *what power* has the General Government over the subject of slavery? This question has often been voted on in Congress, in State Legislatures, and by factions, but now the whole nation must vote upon it directly at the ballot box, whatever may be our opinions as to the *wisdom*, or necessity, or good to evil to result from such an issue, still *politicians* and events have *thrust* it upon us, and we must decide it, *as far as the ballot box can decide it.*

There, in my opinion, as the issue is made, the people ought as National men and patriots, by this election to declare *that the Federal Government "has no power over the subject of slavery except the power, coupled with the duty, of guarding and protecting the owner in his rights."*

We ought so to declare, first because it is *law*. The supreme judicial tribunal of the nation has, in language so declared. If we do not maintain it, we shall simply subject the stability of the law to the whims of the multitude, and are in anarchy. We ought so to declare in the second place, because it is right.

Protection to the person and property of the citizen is the *sole duty* of every Government, and it is the *whole and sole* power and duty of the Government of the United States. It was made for this only, and it can do nothing else. Every act of every government can have no other scope, purpose, or interpretation. Government can create nothing, and destroy nothing unless creation or destruction is a means specially in the exercise necessary to secure general protection. Whether it declare war or make peace, whether it build a navy or levy an impost—whatsoever it does must be done to this end. The wisdom of every speech, the redress of every wrong, the duty of every citizen, the legitimacy of every action, must depend upon and be measured by its fitness for, and its discussion towards the one great goal—the protection of the person and property of the citizen. Human Government has no other claim even to existence, and that form of government must be the best, the most perfect, which most perfectly secures this object.

But I do not demand a *slave code*. Southern men who demand it, I think reason badly. They leap over truths, and jump to a conclusion, which if granted, might even render the *right questionable*. The demand for a separate specific slave code, admits that the name to slave property is peculiar—different from that by which other property is held, and therefore needs a different quantity of legislation. The great original ground of this demand is taken from the idea that slavery is the *creature* of, and solely dependent upon *municipal law*. It is upon this doctrine that secession is said to be *legitimate* to exclude slavery from the Territories. Some persons say it there be no law directly to authorize slavery, it cannot exist. The slave without law is free. Therefore, if the Legislature will provide no law—do nothing—[illegible] slavery is excluded. If we admit the premise, the conclusion is irresistible. This is the foundation argument of all abolitionism. I cannot admit it, because I do not believe it correct. Slavery is the creature of Divine Law. He who originally gave man dominion over the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, and the fowl of the air, afterwards made slavery the master of Canaan and decreed Canaan to servitude forever. The first decree is older to date, but not higher in authority than the last, and it is not for me to question the wisdom of either. He knows best, and there can be no wisdom or light which does not submit to His will.

The slave then is *property*. The *title* is not made by *human law*. If I had only human law for my title or right to my human slave, I would loose him before the sun went down. Slave property differs from other property, not in the *right* but in its *use*. He who made the servant, prescribes rules and ordinances for his *human* treatment, and for this the master alone is responsible, and surely for its abuse he will be punished. I demand of government *that which we have—a property code for protection of all property, therefore of slaves.*

But again, I will not now demand of Congress a slave code, because the laws as they now stand, outside of the Kansas bill, are sufficient for our protection. If the government is honestly administered, the citizen has ample protection under the remedies now provided. On a former occasion, I explained this. It is sufficient at present to state the general fact, that we have sufficient legal remedies for present purposes. (Outside of Kansas and Nebraska" in which protection to slavery was refused by the organic act.) But it may be said, if we have sufficient laws already, why now insist on the power and duty of Government to protect.

We must insist upon it, first, because, this right and duty have been *denied*, and they who *deny* are seeking to get control of the government. Their success is a triumph of the denial. Already has this doctrine of protection been *denied* by actual legislation in one case—in the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

Again, all experience shows, that remedies which are sufficient for the present, become inefficient under the changes of ever progressing and aggressive events. Why do your Legislatures meet annually? Simply to pass such new laws and to remedy such defects in existing laws as time and experience constantly show to be necessary. Thus in 1793 Congress enacted a fugitive slave law, to carry out a plain constitutional provision. For that day, and for years after that day, that act was sufficient. But the ever-growing madness of anti-slavery fanaticism, and the interference of anti-slavery Legislatures, rendered utterly nugatory the remedies provided by the act of 1793. Hence, it became just as much a necessity, and just as much a duty, to pass a new and more efficient law, as it was to pass the original act. What would now have been our condition had our fathers agreed to be satisfied forever with the law of 1793, and relieved Congress from its duty of further protection?

So though the legal remedies are now sufficient, how soon may the perverseness of the human will, the ingenuity of aspiring demagogues, the invasion of a mad anti-slavery, world wide sentiment, and the postive intervention of unfriendly Territorial Legislatures and people, render present remedies utterly nugatory? We must insist that government, every department in its appropriate sphere, shall *keep* our remedies efficient for all time and against all enemies wherever the authority of that government extends.

I have given reasons enough to show the correctness of the great leading thought to be insisted on as the true solution of the question in this canvass.

The next enquiry is, for whom shall we vote in order most *effectually* to secure the triumph of this principle? To secure this triumph and make it *effectual*, we must have a constant and honest eye to two things:

First. We must endorse the principle by our vote.

Secondly. We ought so to endorse it, as to restore peace to the country, quiet to the agitation, and thus preserve the stability of the Government.

It is needless to say we cannot support Mr. Lincoln. But why? Because he says it is the *right* and the *duty* of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories. This is a claim of power other than to protect, and therefore, one which we deny; and because, also, his election will not restore peace, but increase distraction, and endanger the government. It is idle to debate the propriety, the *right* or the *wrong*, of the fact. If the experiment is forced, the fact will turn out to be, in my humble judgment, that this Government and Black Republicanism *cannot live together*. If our Northern friends wish to imperil the Union, they can vote for Mr. Lincoln. If they wish to insure the continuance of the first, they must make certain the defeat of the latter. At no period of the world's history have four thousand millions of property debated whether it ought to submit to the rule of the enemy. The South may furnish the first example, but wise men will not precipitate the hazard.

We cannot support Mr. Douglas. True, he says Congress shall not prohibit slavery. But he says the Territorial Legislature, a provisional arm of the Federal Government, may prohibit slavery in two ways—by non-action and unfriendly legislation. I have explained his non-action theory and the premises on which it is based. I deny the correctness both of the premise and the conclusion. Unfriendly legislation is not only to deny the duty of protection, and the right to refuse such additional remedies as time and circumstances may show to be necessary, but may also interfere with and render nugatory existing remedies. He claims this power under the Kansas bill. It is claimed that the South has agreed to the non-intervention and denial of protection clauses and doctrines as contained in that bill. Here, my brothers of the Constitutional Democracy, is the fight for you to make. It is not for me. All the world knows, we never agreed to that. No, thanks to the sweet recollections, which struggle for truth always fix in the mind, we were no parties to that agreement nor partners in its spoil.

We cannot, therefore support Mr. Douglas. The difference between us is one of *principle*. It is radical, fundamental, and I fear incurable—certainly so, unless he shall change. As I intend this day to speak candidly, and do full justice to even an enemy, I will add that outside of this question, I see much in Mr. Douglas to admire. On other questions, and on many occasions he has been a bold, able, and fearless defender of our rights. He certainly fights the Republican party most manfully and if there is a man North or Mason & Dixon's line, whom, above all others I could wish to be, not almost but altogether such as we are, that man is Stephen A. Douglas. But on this question I have always differed with him and must continue to differ. But I will do him the further justice to say, I never mistook him. His friends South have raised him by denying, in 1856, that he held these opinions. He was too honest to affirm their denials, and the truth is now manifest. The masses of the Southern Democracy have been deceived, and for that deception they curse Mr. Douglas. The curse should be on those who deceived them, rather than on Mr. Douglas.

The issue is, thus narrowed down to Mr. Bell and Mr. Breckinridge. With a perfect willingness on my part to support the election of which ever of these two, would most effectually secure the principle enunciated, and restore peace to the country, I have examined this question, and have arrived at a conclusion to which, I think, unprejudiced investigation will bring every Southern man. In no event, will I make voluntary war on Mr. Breckinridge, but I am fully convinced that the best policy and the safest patriotism require us to support Mr. Bell. I will proceed to give my reasons, and beg you, fellow citizens, to leave party and prejudice behind while you listen to me.

I admit here, that the new platform on which Mr. Breckinridge stands, is on this subject, *sound*. His record is *not* sound. This Gov. Johnson proved last night and could have proved much more conclusively than he did. But, for myself, if Mr. Breckinridge gets on the platform and thus became his cross, I will admit him as sound as the platform. No issue with me here.

Mr. Bell's platform does not define this question. His platform is the Constitution the Union and the Laws. To know how he interprets the Constitution, and what laws he will enforce, we must go to his record. If his record foils, then he and his platform must fail. If his record is sound, it gives meaning to his platform and strength to him. To this record, he refers us in his letter of acceptance, and to the record, let us go.

My first proposition, and which I shall establish without a doubt, is, that John Bell is as sound as the platform on which Mr. Breckinridge is nominated.

This platform contains three distinct propositions:

1. That Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the Territories.

2. That the Territorial Legislature has no such power.

3. That, on the contrary, it is the duty of the Government to protect property (slavery understood) wherever necessary.

These are three sound propositions, and cover the whole ground of power and duty.

About the 5th day of June, 1850, Mr. Seward, of New York, offered the following as an amendment to the Compromise measures in the Senate:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, otherwise than by conviction for crime, shall ever be allowed in either of said Territories of Utah and New Mexico." This is the Wilmot Proviso. John Bell voted *no*, and thus endorsed, in unequivocal terms the first proposition of the platform.

On the same day Mr. Berrien—that great man from Georgia, offered the following amendment:

"But no law shall be passed interfering with the primary disposal of the soil, nor establishing or prohibiting African slavery."

This was against Squatter Sovereignty. John Bell voted *yes*, and thus endorsed the second proposition of the platform.

On the 27th of May, of the same year, Mr. Pratt, of Maryland, and Mr. Davis of Mississippi, agreed upon, and Mr. Davis offered the following amendment to the same bill:

"Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed so as to prevent said Territorial Legislature from passing *such laws as may be necessary for the protection* of the rights of property of every kind, which may have been or may be hereafter, conformably to the Constitution and laws of the United States, held in, or introduced into said Territory." Mr. Davis also prefaced this proviso with some remarks, declaring his object to be to assert the duty of the Government to protect slavery.

On this proviso Mr. Bell voted *yes*, thus asserting, under oath, the duty of protection *when necessary* in the very language of the platform.

For Mr. Davis' proviso, see Congressional Globe, vol. 21, part 2, page 1074. For all the votes, see same book, page 1134. Therefore, to an actual demonstration, Mr. Bell is certainly as sound as the Breckinridge platform.

My next proposition is, that Mr. Bell is *sounder* than this platform. Now to the proof.

This platform of course, says nothing about slavery as a political, moral, or social good or evil; nor does that platform assert *any good* in slavery to the country, or as contributing to its prosperity.

But on the 6th day of July, 1850, in his place in the Senate, Mr. Bell made a speech in which after asserting the *right to protect*, to be constitutional and "*unquestionable*," he proceeds to give his views on slavery itself. A better argument has never been made in favor of slavery. He proves it rightly the basis of our social and a political, moral, social and religious good. I beg every man in the South to get away from demagogues and party—sit down with a pure and honest heart, and *read that speech*. I heard it. Voices against Mr. Bell, or shall I say it, by calling him *unsound*. Nothing like it can be found in all the life of John C. Breckinridge.

Thus Mr. Bell's platform is broader than the platform, and sounder than Mr. Breckinridge and his platform together.

Now, fellow-citizens, I will say here in general terms without taking up your time to read so much, that there is nothing in all Mr. Bell's record inconsistent with this. I care not how designing editors and demagogues disgrace themselves with garbling falsehoods, and mean perversions to the contrary, this is true, and there lives not in all the South a purer, sounder, better statesman for the South and the Union than John Bell.

But you will say how is it that Mr. Bell with such a record has been declared to be unsound so often at the South. The grounds of this charge have been two—his votes against the Kansas bill, and the Lecompton Constitution; and also the general fact that every body *not a democrat* is habitually denounced as unsound by the statesmen of that party. In 1856, they burnt me in effigy as an ally of the Republicans, and last night they hung Gov. Johnson for the same reason I suppose. To the Governor I send greetings, with the hope that four years hence, he may stand as fully vindicated as I do to-day.

But why should our Breckinridge friends condemn Mr. Bell for voting against the Kansas bill? He did honestly believe and truly declare that that bill would be evil and only evil to the South and the Union. Do you not all admit it? When you seceded at Charleston, you put on record the reasons for that secession, and in looking over your reasons, I find many epithets applied to the bill, as "swindle," "humbug," and a "shock upon the South." On this bill, then, why condemn Mr. Bell? The only difference I can see between you and Mr. Bell on this point is, that it required a year of bitter experience and earnest warnings to teach you what Mr. Bell saw from the beginning!

Then as to the Lecompton issue. Mr. Bell did and voted against this bill, because it contained slavery!! He honestly believed it was *transcendent* Whether so or not he believed so, and so believing, was it not his duty to vote against it? We ought not to require a man to be corrupt, even to gratify our own feelings. Every man who condemns Mr. Bell for this vote, only imparts his own sensibility, doubtless without intending it. However, wrong and deceived we think Mr. Bell as to the fact of frauds, yet his vote itself proves nothing, except that Mr. Bell was honest, yes, honest enough to do right against his own prejudices. I admit but a few politicians will understand how this is possible! I know of no greater virtue, nor one more needed at this time in our public men.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, said this Lecompton bill out to have been a *kicked out!* Why so call him *unsound* too! He is a Democrat.

There is another reason strongly favoring the claims of Mr. Bell, which we cannot consider too seriously. Mr. Bell is a national man, and his election will nationalize our principles. But how happens it, that he is so sound and yet so national? The explanation is easy. Mr. Bell has always regarded our Constitutional rights as unquestionable. They were fixed, and above the power of Government to destroy. Therefore, he has opposed legislation as unnecessary and unwise. Foolish agitation always stirs up and invites positive aggression. Wild leagues and votes have been forced by the thoughtless. Mr. Bell has voted right, but he has done no deprecating the evil to the country of gratuitous agitation. If all our public men had taken John Bell for a model, the rights of the South and the perpetuity of the Union, would to-day, be unquestionable and unquestioned.

The election of Mr. Bell will give our principles a peaceful, quiet triumph, and disband the Republican party. The election of Mr. Breckinridge will increase the strife, and tend to build up the Republican party.

Again on the ground where my Breckinridge friends now stand, and claim so much credit for standing, John Bell has been standing for years. Yes, he and we were standing there when you were excited, mad, carried away in the thoughtless adoration of this "cheat" and "swindle," as you now term the Kansas bill; and you abused us, called us traitors, and allies of abolitionism. You drove him from his seat in the Senate for his very fidelity. You drove the noble and gallant Crittenden from his seat for the same reason, and have placed Mr. Breckinridge in his place. In this hour of our vindication, must we abandon Mr. Bell? Honor and a high sense of justice should force you to him. Nothing but ingratitude and the loss of self-respect, can drive us from him. We have learned how to forgive enemies, but we have never learned how to abandon friends.

Again, Mr. Bell was in the field first. The convention was called while you were still in the National Democracy with your "sound forty four faithful?" He was nominated while you were trying to get back after once going out. You ought not to have nominated another, and thus divided those who agree. Besides, we are more National and have greater strength North. Mr. Buchanan was elected by a plurality vote. That minority being again divided, how can you succeed?

So I will say to our Douglas friends, why not support Bell? You are National in your wishes but you cannot succeed. You are dividing our strength and hazarding the nation. In voting for Bell, you only give up squatter sovereignty. Are you wedded to THAT? If Mr. Douglas and his friends were to unite on Mr. Bell, the defeat of Lincoln is sure. And by such an exhibition of National patriotism, Mr. Douglas would write his name higher in the Temple of Liberty than any living statesman has climbed.

But if our Breckinridge friends cannot vote for Mr. Bell, there is yet a chance of Union. Let us be equals! I have suggested heretofore an arrangement of this kind. The responsibility of its rejection and of the consequent continuance of strife shall be with you, and with you I leave it.

Why should our Breckinridge friends still cleave to Democracy? The organization, and the name, belong to Mr. Douglas. It is fully to their liking. People can't be made to say anything, simply because you want them to say it. Besides, if Democracy has become so corrupt, and has deceived the country as you say, why should you wish to appropriate its name with such a prestige? More than all, it that party has imposed on the country a "cheat," which has borne no fruit but strife, and blood, and deception, how can you expect it to be trusted in its membership?

My countrymen, I appeal from these leaders to you! How long will you suffer politicians to make you their tools, and use you as children, without ascertaining your sentiment? How often shall they stalk and mouth the empty question before you, discover the only meaning they have, is to excite your prejudices and get your votes? For how many years shall changing demagogues shuffle you as the gamblers shuffle his cards—to win a stake—and still find you willing to be shuffled again? You were told to worship the Kansas bill, with the blind but earnest devotion of a Mecca pilgrim—you did kneel and kiss! You were told to abuse your neighbor because he would not worship with you. In all the billingsgate of the demagogue's vocabulary you did it. Now behold! They who told you to worship, tell you the thing you worshipped is a cheat, a swindle, a humbug, yea, a "deception on the South!". The neighbor you abused has proven a wise man and true patriot! Will you bend again the supple knee, and shout aloud with the nimble tongue, when these same priests shall order you? Will you? And so seem?

I have spoken to you friends in kindness. I have spoken the truth. I do not know that I shall speak again. May you do your duty, save your country and stand approved at last.

THE Louisville Journal says of Yancey's speech:

"Mr. Yancey's speech is really nothing more than a third or fourth-rate one. It has neither wit, humor, logic, nor eloquence. It is not even classical or correct in its language. It is weak, diffuse and inconclusive. It is chiefly remarkable for its author's very ludicrous vanity. He talks of himself in the third person as "this man Yancey." He tells why an excitement is created throughout the country by "this man Yancey." He repeats what the newspapers everywhere say about "this man Yancey." He makes mention of having found one paper that contains nineteen paragraphs about "this man Yancey." He informs the public that "all over the country it is this man Yancey." Speaking of his own party, he says, "it is the Yancey-Breckinridge party, not even the Breckinridge-Yancey party." And he chuckingly announces the discovery of a member of the Louisville Journal, which he says "has in big letters WILLIAM L. YANCEY, and then in a little one, Hand John C. Breckinridge."

GOV. BROWN ENDORSES BELL AND EVERETT. The Vicksburg Whig of Tuesday says:

We learn that Gov. Brown, in a speech at Hazelhurst last Saturday—he having been called out after Gen. Patrick R. Harry had spoken—declared that he regarded Mr. Bell as a pure and experienced statesman, and pretty much; expressing his readiness to vote for him, should it become necessary to do so to defeat Mr. Lincoln.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The saddest story we ever saw was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out and play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the cottage, when an enormous eagle swooped down from the earth and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the cycle being a spot inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In carrying the child to its prey, the eagle placed his gay jacket in the nest that it bore, and as fortune ordained, wherever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!

Stephens's First Speech.

A correspondent of the Augusta Constitutionalist writes the following account of Hon. A. H. Stephens's first speech of the campaign, at Crawfordville, Taliaferro county, on the 7th ultimo:

"The Court then adjourned, as it was expected that Judge Linton Stephens would address the people on the political issues of the day. But as the Judge was indisposed, the Hon. A. H. Stephens supplied his place, and for more than one hour enchained the audience by his matchless eloquence in defense of the blessings we now enjoy under the best government on earth—and showing the evils which he seriously apprehended from sectionalism and the disorganizing tendency of the Seceders at Charleston.

He said that Judge Douglas was not his first choice, yet, he believed that Douglas had shown more moral courage in defending his convictions of right, against prejudice and fanaticism at home, than any other statesman now living. North or South, and the war now waged against him by office-holders and seekers, from envy and malice, reminded him of wolves hounding to death a lordly buffalo; and knowing that Stephen A. Douglas has stood side by side, and voted with the South in her perils and trials, he believed him true, honorable, and the most powerful friend the South ever had.

He would not stand by silently and see him denounced, without attempting to defend him. He would feel as guilty as was the man of old, who held the Martyr's clothes while the mob stoned him to death; and for one, though he should stand alone, he would raise his voice to cheer on the good men of the North who were striving to defeat Lincoln and save the Union. But if sectionalism should prevail—and all should be lost—if the Union, and peace, and all should go down together—yet he would raise aloft with all his strength the banner on which is inscribed "non intervention and a firm adherence to our plighted faith." He closed with a most eloquent appeal to the conservative feelings of his audience to stand by the Union and the Constitution of our fathers.

From the best information I could get, there are not ten Breckinridge men in the county, and it is stated that the vote is very nearly equally divided between Bell and Douglas.

FRENCHIANA.—Mr. Lincoln says that this country must be all slave or all free, because "a house divided against itself cannot stand." He might as well say that a family must be all men or all women, "because a house divided against itself cannot stand."

A Breckinridge editor says that the friends of Bell are enemies to the South. We don't like to abuse a man's mother, but that editor's maternal ancestor violated the Ninth Commandment by bearing a false witness.

Balls and routes have been given in honor of the heir apparent of the British throne every night of his sojourn in Canada. He has been almost as thoroughly *routed* in Canada as Breckinridge will be in the United States.

The Bell centaur possesses in an eminent degree the peculiar faculty of commingling an absurdity of pure, virgin and unsullied lead in their speeches.—*Vicksburg Sun.*

You probably think that your party gets it in the shape of bullets.

Bell and Everett are the first choice of the best party in the nation, and the second choice of all the rest.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watchguard, but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

In all noble enterprises the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the *males*.

A lady sometimes gets as much intoxicated at her place as a taper at his.

Among the curiosities discovered by the census takers is a pretty little girl of fifteen, in the southern part of Monson, New York, who has a husband one hundred and seven years of age.—*Ex.*

The interesting couple did not invite us to their wedding. We hope they will invite us to the next christening.

Mr. James Sute of North Carolina has left the Breckinridge party for the Bell and Everett party, and we advise all the Breckinridge men to follow Sute.

The celebrated Gen. Copway, the eloquent Indian, is speaking for Douglas in the interior of New York. George is nearly civilized. If he were quite so, he would probably go for Bell.

It is a disgraceful spectacle to see a candidate for the Presidency, make stump speeches in favor of himself, in advocacy of his own claims to that high office. Judge Douglas is doing this thing.—*Vicksburg Sun.*

This paragraph was put forth just before the editor of the Sun learned that his favorite candidate had resolved, at "the request of friends," to take the stump in support of his own pretensions. Mr. B. gets himself into awkward positions and is in a still more awkward one himself.

An Indiana editor speaks of a high Douglas pole in his town. All Douglas poles should be short—in honor of Douglas himself. His poll isn't at all high.

Mr. Webster, in nearly his last breath, said, "I still live." Mr. John C. Breckinridge, in his present low condition, says, "I am still a candidate."

THE UNION.—This is a hackneyed subject now.—*Courier.*

We are glad to see that the Yancey-Breckinridge party it is getting to be a very painful subject.

We advise the office-holders to take good care of their thumbs. They may have nothing else to suck after they lose the treasury teats.

We shall have next time either a very good President or a very bad one, judging from the four-runners.

The editor of the Constitution says there are a great many misconceptions in the world. There have been a great many since he was born, and certainly there was one before.

The Yancey-Breckinridge leaders want to convince people that the truest patriotism is to dissolve the Union—that the highest love of the country is to destroy the country.

The Republicans of New York have placed Wm. C. Bryant, the poet, at the head of their electoral ticket.—*Balt. Sun.*

Our friend of the Evening Post will realize the truth of his oft-quoted line next November:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of of the year."

THE Quitman, the two-horse paper published at Grand Junction, Tennessee, has at last rid itself of its Breckinridge editor, and now gives both sides of its powerful sheet to Douglas.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of women's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her tasks will live and grow old and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman with scarce a ray of hope will live to see all her fashionable sisters die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, while her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books, and set no example of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they amount to but weaker scions of the stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child ever exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—Rev. S. Irenæus Prime writes from Westchester county to the New York Observer:

A few miles below us is a nice farm-house which we drove by this afternoon, as we were coming up from the Sound, in which a bachelor well-to-do farmer resides, in the midst of his broad and well tilled acres. He has an Irishman and his wife living in one end of his house, who act as his "help," indoors and out. He invited an old friend of his to come up and spend the summer with him, and bring his wife, which invitation was accepted. Alas! how little can we anticipate the events which are yet in the bosom of the future. Within a few short weeks after the arrival of the couple from the city, our bachelor farmer's once quiet house resounded with the voices of two pairs of twins, an addition to his household so sudden, so great, so alarming, that had he not been a man of nerve and patience he might have been overwhelmed. So far from being disconcerted, he accepted the dispensation like a philosopher, and made the best of it. An eccentric lady from the city, hearing the circumstance—for it made quite a little talk in the country—called to see the rising generation, and was so charmed with the beauty and promise of the two Irishmen, that she offered to take one of them and adopt it as her own. The offer was declined by the mother. The lady pressed her application but went away without the baby or the promise of one. She called again a few days afterwards and offered to give the mother a thousand dollars if she would let her have one of the twins as her own child. She refused again. Once more she called, and now proposed to give two thousand dollars for the privilege of taking the little thing. She got another refusal. The next time, the lady came determined to carry her point, and bear off her prize. She proposed to settle upon the parents the sum of four thousand dollars, which would enable them to buy a nice little farm of their own, and make them independent for life. They were now only "hired help," and in case of sickness or change, they might be thrown out of employment and brought to want. The temptation to part with one of their children, and that a twin, leaving them the other, was very great. But they refused it, steadily and decidedly, and the lady kept her money and the mother kept her child.

Be modest, like the star, which though high and exalted, shines upon the water, rather than the vapor, which, though mean and obscure, lifts itself to the cloud.

A young lady of extraordinary intellectual capacity is recently addressed the following letter to her cousin: "*Dere Kuzzen:* The weather here air cold, and I spose whar you is air colder. We all well, and mother's got the Hoppin Kof, and sister Susan has got a baby, and I hoap these fu lines will find you in the same condishun. Rite sune. Your opheccsonate Kuzzen."

APPRECIATION OF THE ELEPHANT.—A scientific friend once mentioned to the writer a very fine instance of self-command, and of generous confidence in the real tenderness of the hand that was inflicting pain. The informant, an inspector of army hospitals, was with a branch of the force in India at the time referred to. The noble creature was suffering from an enormous tumor which had formed on the back of the neck.

All curative means had failed, and it was decided that a formidable operation must be performed. There was great danger connected with the attempt, on account of the vast irresponsible strength of the elephant. Our friend determined that his own hand should be the one to test the creature's power of endurance, though the peril to himself was, of course, imminent.

At the appointed hour the elephant was led to the attendant stood in front of him, and gave him the command to kneel down. Down lumbered the huge mass of unimpaired strength. No rope, nor a chain, or bond of any kind, was even around him. Our friend approached and made a fearfully deep incision. The elephant heaved one great sob from the depths of his panting chest, and recognizing in a moment the meaning of that sudden agony, he quickly *leaned* towards the operator, in order that he might have better command over his work! With the exception of this single movement, he never flinched during the whole course of the operation. Surely there is a moral grandeur in this act, and it is a relief to one's feelings to know that the courage of the skillful operator and of the sufferer was repaid by complete recovery.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SOUTH. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes:

It is proposed on the part of Southern men to invite the Prince to make a tour through some of the slave States, in order that he may have an opportunity to see the peculiar institution, and that he may assure Lord Brougham, and other anti-slavery advocates in London, that slavery in the United States is not near so bad a thing as they represent it to be. It he could prolong the visit to the period when the negroes gather the cotton, sometime in October, he would probably see a colored population of the South in its most pleasing aspect.