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CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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From the Atlantic Monthly for September.

The Children's Hour.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They entered my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scated the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

From Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
With a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter. MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverse of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to the character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft, tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence, all alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered bough, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happy hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity: winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping, head and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said I, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous; there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence: but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl who had been brought up in fashionable life. She had it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference of their characters produced a harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, serious cast, she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and in the midst of applause her eye would still turn to him as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When hanging on his arm her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burden for its helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well situated marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; he had not been married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw however, with quick eye of affection that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vivid attempt at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness: but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of deep despair. When I heard him through I inquired, "Does your wife know all this? At the question he burst into an agony of tears.

"For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"O! but my friend to think! what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects. How am I to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of gay society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty?—she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart, it will break her heart."

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words.—When his paroxism had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary that she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstance. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends—warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—."

"I could live with her," he cried, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could I could—God bless her," cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend, said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad day light of prosperity; but which kindly up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her though the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. We can calculate the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirit might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto reveled. Besides, ruin is fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without anticipation. He made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seems rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She had no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffered no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliation—then will be the real trial."

"But," I said, "now that you have got over the severest test, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse, the keeping up hollow show that soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sting." On this point I found Leslie quite prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered circumstances.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the furniture of his late residence had been sold, except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangements. My feeling had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied by the fatigue of the day, and as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary," at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "it is nothing to be reduced to the paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitations?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed she seems in better spirits than I ever have known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"O! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage was over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage.—It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foilage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I also observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plat in front. A small wicket gate opened a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out of the window and vanished—a light foot-step was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," she cried, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching for you; and running into the lane, and looking for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—O!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "O, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms around her—he kissed her and kissed again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

Senator Sumner---A Handsome Compliment to Mr. Ashley.

A Republican of this city having written to Mr. Sumner for a copy of his speech received in answer a letter, from which we are permitted to make an extract. We do so with pleasure, as it will show something of the estimate in which our own Representative is held by those friends of Freedom best situated to judge of his course. Mr. Sumner says:

"DEAR SIR: * * * *

"Of course, I send my speech with pleasure; but when I think that it is going to a constituent of Mr. Ashley, I feel that it is like sending 'coals to New Castle,' or, according to more ancient saying 'like sending owls to Athens.'

"Indeed your own distinguished Representative has discussed the Slavery question with an exhaustive thoroughness which leaves little else to be desired.

"In exposing the usurpations of the Supreme Court he has rendered a timely service—much needed at this moment when the fanatical dogma of Mr. Calhoun on Slavery in the Territories has been embodied in formal judicial opinions. We all feel grateful to Mr. Ashley for this service. I am glad to learn that he has been nominated for re-election. Success will have trials of its own. And with a true man like Mr. Lincoln as President, we shall also need true men in Congress, like your Representative, to stand by him.

"Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

The New Postage Stamp.

The ninety-cent postage stamps so anxiously looked for by merchants have been forwarded by the department and are now for sale at the Postoffice. The center of the stamp has a representation of Washington, taken from a portrait executed the time when he resigned the command of the army, and differs materially from all other likenesses of him. The color of the ground is blue, presenting anything but a handsome appearance.—As these stamps are to be affixed to foreign letters only, we may suppose that they will elicit a very high encomium upon our style of engraving.

The stamps now in use are of the following denominations: one, three, five, ten, twelve, twenty-four, thirty and ninety cents. The amounts that are generally paid on foreign letters not covered by the above, are—fifteen, twenty-seven and fifty-four cents, for which a combination of the stamps now supplied will suffice.—N. Y. Post.

Beauties of Shadows.

The *shadows* all day long play at silent games of beauty. Everything is double, if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rod, wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lillies (rare and yet abundant, in every nice, level meadow,) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again all the afternoon, until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the evening, as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, the direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lilies.

Meanwhile the clouds drop shadow-like, anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveller writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.—*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ Not long since, as a gentleman of Calhoun, Georgia, was riding on horseback, followed by a faithful dog, the latter animal was attacted by another of the same species, who was about obtaining the mastery when the gentleman's horse rushed upon him and dealt him a furious kick which he would have repeated had not the rider turned him aside.

☞ All deep feelings agree in this, that they seek for solitude, and are nursed by solitude. Deep grief, deep love—how naturally do these ally themselves with religious feelings; and all three, love, grief, religion, are haunters of solitary places.

☞ A man who got tired of waiting for the Queen's message, perpetrated the following:

"Why is a cow like a baby?"

"Because one drinks water and makes milk, and the other,——doesn't."

She Works for a Living.

"*She works for a living*," how often we hear
This calumny breathed on a name,
That perhaps in the ranks of the proudest might bear
A station of honor and fame.

Even the prentice and shop boy will turn with a sneer,
As though it could sully her fame;
And their course greeting whispers off fall on her ear
"*She works*"—what need of a name!

Though she '*works for a living*' I cannot see why
That should cast any blight on her name—
At least, those who labor should not pass her by,
For surely their lot is the same.

Then who shall regard the opinions of those,
Whose highest ambition or aim,
Is to scoff at the humble, and disturb the repose
Of such as do work out a name?

O, is it not honor to fill here below
The station that God has assigned?
Then if labor's thy lot, to it cheerfully go—
It never will sully the mind.

LAURA.

A Question to Judge Douglas Unanswered

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

AUGUSTA, Maine, Aug. 1860.

As Judge Douglas, when he was here on Thursday last, declared with strong emphasis that, as a National candidate for the Presidency, *he had no opinions to conceal*, none but he was *willing to avow in any part of the Union*, a very respectable citizen of this place, who was invited to a seat on the stand with him, put into his hands the following QUESTION, which he was most respectfully requested to answer in the course of his remarks. The Judge on receiving it (it was before he rose to speak) read it very attentively, and, resuming his conversation with the gentleman who offered it, respectfully acquiesced in the propriety of the question, and promised to reply to it in the course of his speech:

"Will Judge Douglas be so kind as to oblige a fellow-citizen by stating before the people here assembled his ANSWER to the following

QUESTION:

"Do you hold, and if elected President of the United States, would you carry out, the doctrine that the people of a Territory, *before it becomes a State*, have the power, under the Federal Constitution, and notwithstanding the Dred Scott decision, *to prohibit or excluded slavery therefrom?*

"In other words:

"Do you affirm that the people of a Territory have the Constitutional right to crush the cockatrice's eggs, *as soon as these are deposited in its nest* by the propagandists of Slavery, or must they *tolerate the incubation*, and *wait till the eggs become full-grown and active vipers* that can be pursued and exterminated *only* by the newly-created sword of *State* authority.

With this question before him, which he promised to answer, the Judge arose and addressed the people for an hour and a half; but for some cause or other—you can judge what as well as I—he not only did NOT answer the QUESTION, but very carefully *avoided all allusion to it*. I merely give you the *fact*, with no comment of my own, preferring that you bestow such reflections upon it as candor and fidelity to truth require. But it seems to me the public should know *what* questions Judge Douglas refuses to answer, and conjecture as best they may, the reason *why* he chooses to "conceal his opinions" on that most interesting point.

Yankee Jew.

A Jew, in a tavern in the town of Endingen, saw a merchant, whom he seemed to recognize: "Are you not one of the good men, with whom I had the pleasure to travel from Basle to Strasburg on the Rhine?"

The merchant assented, and asked; have you my fellow traveler, since we met, picked up much trafic?"

The Jew, like a Yankee, instead of answering, asked: "Did you make a good speculation at the Strasburg Fair? if so, I would like to propose a bet to you; that is bet that you cannot repeat three words after me, as I say them."

The merchant, thinking that a few pence more or less, would make no difference to him, replied: "Say on."

The Jew said, "Cutler."

The merchant repeated, "Cutler."

Next "bag-pipe was responded to.

The Jew smiled, "Wrong."

The merchant, puzzled, bethought himself where the mistake could be, but the Jew, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, made a stroke and, "One sixpence for me."

Again the Jew commenced, and said "Olive oil."

The merchant said; "Olive oil."

"Tanner."

"Tanner."

The Jew smiled again saying, 'Wrong.'

And so on till the sixth time, when the merchant said:

"Now, I will pay you, if you can show me how I was wrong.

The Jew said, "You never said the third word "wrong" and accordingly I won the bet."

The merchant paid, and the Jew, as usual had made money as he went along.

☞ A Yankee from Main, being at Buena Vista, the night before the battle, and somewhat doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer. "O Lord, here we are, about four thousand of us, and twenty-four thousand Mexicans—enough to swallow us without greasing. Now, Lord, if you can help us, do it—if you can't for heaven's sake don't help the Mexicans—and just hold on until to morrow, and you'll see some of the gaul darndest fighting you ever saw in your life! Yours respectfully, amen."

☞ Gov. Chase, of Ohio, is to give the annual address before the Agricultural Society of Addison County, Vermont, at their Fair in September next. A poem is also to be read by John G. Saxe. The Fair, which is usually one of the best in the country, will be held on the 5th, 6th and 7th of September; the speaking will be on the 7th.

The Sea Serpent Again---The Big Snake off Cape Cod--How He Looked Through a Glass.

A party of gentlemen who returned from a week's boating excursion last night, and who, it may not be improper to state, are all temperance men, report having seen what they believed to be a sea serpent, off Cap Cod, last Saturday afternoon. The statement made by two of the number is substantially as follows:

Just before seven o'clock, as they were lying to in a calm, off the mouth of Barnstable Bay, and some fifteen miles from Provincetown, they saw a monster, about four hundred feet from the boat, passing slowly along in advance of them. They describe the creature as being black, about one hundred feet long, with a head almost the size of a Kossuth hat, and the body as large round as a tar bucket.

When first seen, the head was some 18 inches above the water, and at times a large portion of the body could be seen. They examined it through a glass, and could see no signs of any fins, and it went along with a movement much like that of an eel. Several of the gentlemen have been voyagers at sea, and are familiar with the movements of porpoises and other fish, but this creature differed from anything ever seen by them before. It moved along slowly on the top of the tide, and suddenly disappeared in about ten minutes, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. It was afterward seen further off, with the aid of a glass.

Do Insects feel Pain.

Mr. W. S. Coleman has just published a work on "British Butterflies," in which he expresses his sincere belief that *insects do not feel pain*. He affirms that his conviction is founded on an ample mass of evidence, on observations and experiments, and strengthened by analogical reasoning. He mentions that insects, when mutilated in a way that would cause excessive pain and speedy death to vertebrate animals, afterwards perform all the functions of life—eating, drinking, &c., with the same evident gusto and power of enjoyment as before. Plenty of striking instances of this are on record, and as an example, Mr. Coleman states that he has seen a wasp that had been cut in two, afterwards regale himself with avidity upon some syrup, which as he imbibed, gathered into a large ruby head just behind the wings (where the stomach should have been;) but really the creature's pleasure seemed to be only augmented by the change in his anatomy, because he could drink ten times his ordinary fill of sweets, without, of course, getting any fuller. We can almost fancy the scientific epicure, envying the insect his ever fresh appetite and gastronomic capabilities. If the above theory of the British Naturalist is correct, the familiar words of Shakspeare's Isabella, in "Measure for Measure, are not true:—

——The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporeal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Who are the Great Preachers!

The great preachers of the world have been those who were in direct sympathy with human life, and who had an end to gain with the men before them. But with culture and scholastic habits, men have interpreted the word of God, "Follow me, and I will make you a preacher of sermons." The end of preaching is not of a good sermon, but a holy heart. Fine sermons have nearly ruined good preaching. If ministers cared more for their people and less for their own sermons, they would be more useful. Preaching has almost ceased to be a living business between a man's heart and the wants of his congregation. Learning, rhetoric, eloquence, are good as collateral influences, but no man will win souls who does not feel the throbbing pulse of his whole congregation; who does not know their wants; who does not study their lives; who does not understand how to take the primary truths of Christianity, and apply them to the consciences of men in their daily business life. Such preachers, and only such, will be certainly efficacious; and such preaching is necessary to the filling of the churches. Were such preaching universal in our time, not only would our churches be filled to overflowing, but thousands would have to be built. For you may depend upon it, there is never a man who preaches intelligent truth, and preaches it with a living sympathy for men, that people do not flock to hear him.

☞ One of the strangest phenomena in nature has recently developed itself near the Horse Lake, Polk county, Wisconsin. Flames of fire came up through the earth in several localities, one man's barn has been burned down by it. Strange to say, the fire can only be seen in the daytime, the earth in the evening bearing a close resemblance to phosphorus. The air smells as if impregnated with sulphur. The most remarkable feature in the case is the fact that all wooden articles in the houses located near by, take fire, although there is nothing visible to ignite them. Our readers will very likely think this a hoax, but we have the words of several citizens of Poke county for authority.

KENTUCKY ELECTION.—The vote at the late election in Kentucky was about 40,000 less than a full vote. Peters, the Breckenridge candidate for Judge of the the Court of Appeals in the Louisville District, is elected, contrary to first reports, by more than 1,000 majority. The plurality for Combs is from 20,000 to 25,000 in the State.

☞ Cassius M. Clay will deliver the address at the Detroit meeting of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, October 2d.

☞ When locomotive boilers explode, the engine very rarely leaves the rails, unless the crown plate of the inner fire-box be crushed downwards.

Bell's Position on the Slavery Question.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

The result of the Kentucky election, and the impulse thereby given to the Bell and Everett movement, render it proper that the opinions of Bell on the Slavery question should be fully and correctly made known to the public. Nor is this a difficult task. He has served in Congress and Cabinets; he participated in the great controversies of '50 and '54. His record is therefore extensive, and judging from a letter of his, recently written and published, he refers to it with pride, and confidently invites its inspection. We think it will be found, on examination, that he is a decided pro-slavery man; that his opinions on the Slavery question are identical with those professed by the Breckinridge Democracy, and not at all with those which were held by Clay and the Whig party. True, he is not an agitator of that question, and that is the sole difference in the premises between him and the Southern Democracy. Neither does he countenance disunion, nor treason of any kind. His policy is to protect and extend Slavery within the Union, without contemplating the alternative of secession in the event of that policy being frustrated. We believe we thus define his position correctly on the paramount issue of the time, and especially of the present canvass; and in doing so we serve to elucidate the causes which have given Kentucky to the Union party by a sweeping majority. Assuming that Kentucky is mainly Pro Slavery, but at the same time devoted to the Union, it follows that Bell must have beaten Breckinridge there, as the letter is identified with a party which supposed to be tainted with disunion. The fate of the Douglas faction in the Slave States seems to be, co-operation first, and incorporation ultimately with the Union party.

In the election referred to, the Douglas men generally voted for Leslie Combs, and in his addres, published a few days ago, that gentleman does not fail to acknowledge the favor, nor to laud the "National Union Democracy"—a synonym of his own coining for Squatter Sovereignty Democracy. Special causes in this State will go far to counteract, for the present, the mutual tendency to fusion on the part of the followers of Bell and the followers of Douglas; but yet we have little doubt that as a general thing the latter will act with the former in November, unless the Breckinridge movement, initiated by Polk, Greene and Hughes, should prove a failure.

The protection and extension of slavery within the Union is the platform on which John Bell's record establishes him. In the great debate on the Compromise measures of 1850, he argued that slavery is right in itself, and beneficent in its operations and results; that the powers and resources of the Confederacy would not be half what they are, except for slave labor; and that the institution is in harmony with the laws of nature, and has prevailed in all ages and countries. This is sufficiently explicit. Indeed the force of language can no further go in panegyrizing the institution. But we have also an emphatic avowal of the Calhoun theory, (now the specialty of the Southern or Breckinridge Democracy,) on the 'Constitutional rights' of slavery in the Territories. In the same speech, Mr. Bell affirms that the "soundness of the doctrine that the Constitution carries slavery, proprio vigore, into the Territories; that the flag of the Union protects the citizen in the enjoyment of his rights of property of every description, recognized as such in any of the States, on every sea and in every Territory of the Union," cannot be successfully impeached.

That the foregoing is no inadvertent assertion, no rhetorical flourish, but a matured opinion, is shown by the Senator's vote on the Kansas Nebraska bill, four years later.

On the 15th of February, 1854, that bill being before the Senate, Mr. Douglas moved, by way of amendment, to insert the following, containing the very virus and deadly fangs of the disastrous measure: "which (the Missouri Compromise) being inconsistent with the principles of non-intervention by Congress with Slavery in the States and Territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850, (commonly called the Compromise measures,) "*is hereby declared inoperative and void.*"

These are words in which the Missouri Compromise was abolished, and John Bell of Tennessee voted for their adoption and their incorporation in the bill, as well as Atchison, Geyer and Douglas. As Bell has never accepted Squatter Sovereignty, his vote on that occasion was necessarily cast in conformity with the Southern interpretation of the "principles of the Kansas Nebraska bill;" in other words, in conformity with the declaration quoted above, which he had made four years previously.

These facts speak for themselves. We have no comment to make on them further than to presume the utter impossibility of any Republican or Benton Democrat voting for the man who himself voted for the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, and who declares that the Constitution establishes Slavery in all the Territories.—We grant that Bell voted against the Kansas-Nebraska bill on its passage, but he did so because it gave aliens the same privileges as natives in the new Territories—a circumstance which has no sort of relation to his position on the Slavery question.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF DROUGTH IN TEXAS.—A letter from San Antonia, Texas, dated July 21st says:—"The weather continues perfectly dry, and besides the failure of the crops is causing great inconvenience, by hindering transportation between the coast and San Antonia. Freights have risen so much that flour, within a week or two, has gone up from $10 to $20 per barrel, and corn is now selling here for $3 per bushel. Water brought from the Mississippi river, is selling at Indianola and Lavaca, for twenty-five cents a gallon!