CARLISLE HERALD

A. K. RHEEM, Proprietor.
Wm. M. PORTER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

$1 50 per annum in advance
$2 00 if not paid in advance

VOL. LX. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1860. NO. 44.

Business Cards.

L. J. W. FOULK, Attorney at Law. Office with J. R. Smith, Esq., in Glass' Row, in rear of First Presbyterian Church. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
May 9, '60.-1y.

A CARD.—DR. JNO. K. SMITH, respectfully announces to his old friends and former patrons, that he has returned from his south western tour, with his health greatly improved, and has resumed his practice in Carlisle.
OFFICE on Main Street, one door west of the Railroad Depot, where he can be found at all hours, day and night, when not out professionally.
Carlisle, Oct. 26, 1859-tf.

J. J. BENDER, M. D.
(HOMŒOPATHIST,)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.
Office on South Hanover Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Smith.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover street two doors from Arnold & Son's store. Office hours, more particularly from 7 to 9 o'clock A. M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
March 19, 1856—tf.

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG has removed his office to the South west corner of Hanover & Pomfret st where he may be consulted at any hour of the day or night. Dr. A. has had thirty years experience in the profession, the last ten of which have been devoted to the study and practice of Homœopathic medicine. May 20, '57—6m.

DR. J. C. NEFF respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle and vicinity, that he has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth and gums, belonging to his profession. He will insert full sets of teeth on gold or silver, with single gum teeth, or blocks, as they may prefer. Terms moderate, to suit the times.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS DENTIST. South Hanover street, next door to the Post Office.
Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. [aug. 1, '55.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. DENTIST. Office at his residence, opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Penn Nov. 11, 1857.

S. W. HAVERSTICK, Druggist, North Hanover Street, Carlisle.
Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded. A full supply of fresh drugs and chemicals.

REMOVAL.
A. L. SPONSLER,
Has removed his office to his New House, opposite Glass' Hotel. [March 28, 1860-tf.

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in Inhoff's building, just opposite the Market House.
Carlisle, March 11 '60—1y.

JOHN HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on Main Street, opposite "Marion Hall," Carlisle, Pa. [Oct. 26, '59-1y.

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law.—Office on North Hanover street, a few doors south of Glass' Hotel. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [April 15.

LAW NOTICE. — REMOVAL. — W. M. PENROSE has removed his office in rear of the Court House, where he will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.
August 19, 1857.

LAW OFFICE.—LEMUEL TODD has resumed the practice of the Law. Office in Centre Square, west side, near the First Presbyterian Church.
April 8, 1857.

ANDREW J. WILCOX, Attorney at Law. Office No. 19 Lexington St. Baltimore. Business promptly attended to.
REFERENCES.
H. M. Johnson, Jacob Rheem,
H. A. Sturgeon, ET AL.
Carlisle April 25, '60.-3m.

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
606 & 608 Market St., above sixth,
PHILADELPAIA.
JAMES W. POWER, Proprietor.
TERMS:—$1 25 per day. Ju30'58.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.
W. W. KLINE, Proprietor.
This House has been refitted in a superior style, and I now open for the accommodation of Boarders and Travelers, on
MODERATE TERMS.
EXCELLENT STABLING ATTACHED.

PUMPS AND CEMEMT—
50 barrels Cement with a very large assortment of Chain and Iron Pumps, of all kinds cheaper than ever, at the Hardware Store of
March 7, '60. HENRY SAXTON.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—
S. E. Cor. 11th & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
H. W. KANAGA, WM. McVEY,
PROPRIETORS.
Jan.4,1860.

N. HANTCH,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
WEST MAIN STREET,
Opposite the Rail Road Office.
Fall and Winter Styles of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings made to order.
Carlisle, May 2, 1860.

H. NEWSHAM,
ATTORNEY AT AW.
Office with Wm. H. Miller, Esq., South Hanover Street, opposite the Volunteer Office.
Carlisle, Sep. 8, 1859.

HOMŒOPATHY.—Among the inventions and improvements with which the day is so rife, that made by Prof. Humphreys is not among the least. With all the superiority of the Homœopathic System of Medicine over that of the old school in its freedom from danger and the ease and pleasantness with which its medicines may be taken or given to children, it still remained an intricate system for the people to use. From the fact that a single medicine is given at a dose, and each applicable to only certain symptoms, a large number of medicines and a large book of directions became necessary in order to their use. And what is worse, these directions are of the most nice and discriminating character, so that often the longer one looked and studied, the more puzzled he became, nor could any amount of learned lumber, in the way of Domestic Manuals, explain the matter.

At this precise point the discovery of Prof. Humphreys comes in. He ascertained, from repeated experiments, what had been before denied, that certain medicines in this system might be harmoniously combined in a single remedy which possessed, in good part, the advantages of each of its ingredients, and upon this principle forms a series of Specific Remedies for each of the more common diseases or ailments. With these all uncertainty and embarrassment in giving the remedies is avoided and they may be properly administered by any person of ordinary intelligence. His improvement is certainly valuable, and one which throws the benefits of this beautiful and efficient system into the hands of the people, and must prove a blessing to thousands. His Specifics are spoken of in high terms by those who use them, and we can readily conceive must prove a valuable addition to the comforts of a family.

Correspondence of the HERALD.

PITTSBURG, JULY 17, 1860.

CAPT. PORTER:—

I left you on the 16th inst., for the far West, with a pretty heavy heart, as I passed my house from the Depot, and cast a last, lingering look at the "home circle" as they clustered at the door, to wave me a "good bye." I felt like the boy who walked through the grave-yard at night, and had to whistle to keep my courage up. Although you as my Captain, and E. Cornman, second in command, know me to be a brave soldier, yet I confess that for the moment my resolution fell to *zero;* but, as some allowance must be made for a fellow who leaves home for the first time. I claim exemption from any court-martial for I tell you, the bullet struck in a very vulnerable part.

Passing down the beautiful Cumberland Valley, the "first obstruction" I met at Harrisburg, was the annoying attentions of the everlasting *Porter* family. The first man I met was a Porter, and the last man I gave a quarter to, to get rid of, was a Porter. At Harrisburg, I took, to me, an entirely new track, and embarked for the first time in my life, upon the greatest and best managed railroad in the United States.

The first object that attracted my attention, was the Insane Assylum, the beauty and finish of which, reflects credit upon one of the best plasterers in the country, Capt. John Halbert, of Carlisle. The next object of interest to me, an old railroader, was the bridge across the Susquehanna, at Duncannon. Owing to the increasing darkness, and the regulations of the Company, which forbid passengers from standing on the platform, (in which, by the way, they differ from political parties, who invite everybody to stand on *their* platform), I turned into the cars, and immediately encountered some rail-splitters, and short-legged Douglas men, and here and there, an out and out Breckenridge man: but as you might expect, splitters of rails, and maulers of Democrats, had the advantage, and the battle soon ended. Of the general appearance of the county in all its bearings political, and geological, I will tell you more in my next. At 10 o'clock, the cry was, "who wants a sleeping car?" Every body, without regard to politics, answered "I." A special car being attached to each train for travellers of a meditative turn of mind, whose business it is, to write letters to the HERALD. The arrangements for sleeping are excellent; the bunks being fitted in tiers, occupy as little space as is compatible with the comfort of sleepers. But before my weary head was laid on the pillow, I was horrified by the appearance of another of the Porter family, who, in the most insinuating way imaginable, suggested the propriety of handing him over 50 cents, for the extra accommodation.—This family is worse than the gallinippers of the south, they bleed you at every point. I must now confess that from a Republican I soon lapsed into a Know Nothing, for about four hours; and was only recalled to my senses, by a *scire facius*, served on me by the conductor, who called out "Pittsburg," in a voice loud enough to arouse the "seven sleepers." Starting up in affright, says I, "what's the matter?" "Ten minutes to shift baggage and change cars for Crestline." Then there was a scramble for dry-goods, the first man dressed, got the best clothes, and away into the other cars for Chicago. Before we started, the cry was, "who'll have a sleeping car?" as usual, there was no difference of opinion on this question, and a brother of the Porter, I mentioned last, charged me 50 cents admission into another K. N. Lodge, and even wanted to check my boots.

Good Bye J. RHEEM.

Correspondence of the HERALD.

MINNESOTA, July 1860.

POLITICAL,

It is simply ridiculous to count Minnesota as one of the doubtful States. She goes Republican next fall. No politician can now make the masses in this state believe that the party who elected J. B. to the Presidential chair, is not still *his party.* And no peacemaker can allay the hostility against him. By lending the Homestead Bill a helping hand, he might measurably have retrieved his good name, he preferred to give it a blacker hue by vetoing that measure, and thus all over the north west, heap unmitigated obloquy upon himself. I say the masses do not understand this quadrangular arrangement. They *do* understand the Lecompton business, exposures of the Covode Committee, and the vetoing of the Homestead Bill, and that is enough to array those in our phalanx against any party which dons the title Democrat, you know the large majority of electors have neither time nor inclination to enquire far into the metaphysics of politics. They require from editors and orators a plain statement of facts, such as the present administration have abundantly furnished us with, and the cause of truth is safe in their hands.

But little enthusiasm, however, is manifested on either side. The absorbing subject of interest with us is

THE CROPS.

Farmers, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors and divines are all, if not equally interested the payment of our debts, the establishing of our credit, the obtaining of the *circulating medium;* in short the revival of business, the return of good times and the maintainance of our families depend upon the incoming crop being full and good. So dependant are we upon this most valuable and flourishing branch of our resources, Agriculture, that many are ready to believe and do assert that the salvation of the country depends upon saving the present crops. No wonder then that the anxious enquiry—How does the wheat look?—is constantly on our lips and that we frown to shame the croaker who predicts rust or worm. Heaven forfend them! We look for a surplus of 8000.000 bushels of wheat this year. Four years ago, Minnesota ate Illinois and Iowa bread.

The harvesters are "comin thro' the rye" and the wheat will soon be ready for them.

GONE TO THEIR DEATH.

The fifth of July was a sad day in Minneapolis. Lake Calhoun, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world is three miles from town, its shores on the fourth were thronging with pic nic parties, and pleasure boats were dancing over its surface.

The day following the Rev. H. M. Nichols, pastor of the Congregational church, his wife, little boy, brother-in-law Mr. Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland and their two daughters, went upon an excursion to the lake and in less than an hour after their arrival the whole party, except Mrs. Cleveland were drowned. The circumstances were remarkable. The two girls and young Harry Nichols were wading about in the water picking up shells and pebbles while their parents sat upon the shore watching them. Presently the girls were observed to be out of their depth and struggling. Harry who was a swimmer, went to their assistance, as did Mr. Nichols from the shore, who also was an excellent swimmer. Unfortunately he was closely followed by Mrs. Nichols, and Mr. Cleveland, a large strong man, who could not swim. Before they were aware of their position the entire party went over a steep bank into deep water. Those who could swim were clasped and held fast by those who could not and in a few minutes all were in eternity.

W. C. R.

A physician, who lived in London, visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! by no means!" replied the doctor; "I have another patient in the neighborhood and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

Correspondence of the HERALD.

ATLANTIC HOUSE, CAPE MAY,
July 21st, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—On my way to this celebrated watering place, I spent a few days in Baltimore. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, I found the good people of the "Monumental City," all astir on the "*negro*" question. For days past, a little blind negro ten years old, has been producing a greater sensation, than could be created by the arrival of the four Presidential candidates, or any other dignitaries of the land. Indeed he throws the brown, thick lipped, ugly Japanese completely in the shade. This same negro boy is called Tom, and styled the "Musical Wonder of the World." His performances upon the piano deservedly attract attention. He has never received five minutes instruction, yet he can perform correctly, any piece that may be played in his hearing. To those skilled in the "divine art," this will appear wonderful indeed. The gentlemen having him in charge invited any one of the audience to come upon the stage and perform the most difficult piece he could select. After considerable entreaty, a young gentleman of Baltimore, soon to leave his native city for Europe, to complete his education, took his position at the piano, and gave the audience quite a musical treat. Blind Tom seemed almost wild with excitement, as the charming strains fell upon his ear. As soon as the gentleman was through, Tom was conducted to the piano, and clasping his hands for joy, swept his fingers over the keys, and in a moment was entrancing the audience with his correct and skilful performance. Then, with his back to the piano, and his sightless eyeballs rolling up in front of the audience, he threw his hands back upon the keys, and played "Yankee Doodle," to the admiration of all present. His mysterious powers have been fully tested by the most scientific men of the city. A piece of music covering *fourteen pages,* was played in his hearing. Tom, crazy with delight, took his seat, and went through the piece missing only *one bar.* This was considered a brilliant achievement. Whilst others are performing, Tom's arms are in motion, like those of a Southern orator, in the midst of a powerful speech. Sometimes he lies upon his back kicks up his heels, and screams like an eagle. It is rare fun to witness his performances, either at the piano, or away from it. Tom is certainly a fast boy, but this is a fast age.

Bidding adieu to "Tom," and the oppressive heat of the city, I turned my steps towards the country, and in a short time found myself in a beautiful rural retreat, in the midst of an interesting circle of acquaintances. As soon as the sun had concealed his golden splendors behind the western hills, I started with a pleasant group for a grand stroll amid flowers, and fruits, and shrubbery, and, as the sweet breezes, freighted with the most refreshing odors, fanned my brow, and the cheerful smiles of the merry spirits around me fell upon my path, I felt in my soul the magic charm of country life! After enjoying the hospitalities of the friends, to whose kindness I am indebted for some of the most pleasant hours of my summer's journey. I set my face for the city of monuments again. Here and in its immediate suburbs, I found pleasant company every evening, which enabled me to forget the almost insufferable heat of the day.

And now, a word for Cape May. The leading houses, this season, are Congress Hall, Columbia and Atlantic, the United States Hotel being closed up. Considering the enormous rents paid for a first class hotel, the wonder is that any of them are open. Just think of *five thousand five hundred dollars* being paid for a Hotel for the *space of six weeks,* yet, such is the fact. Most of the Houses make but little money. The Atlantic, however, is owned by the gentlemen at the head of it, and I suppose they do well. In passing through the crowds at the different houses one is reminded of St. Paul's description of the singular looking group that had gathered together at Jerusalem at the beginning of the gospel dispensation. He represents Jerusalem as embracing among its floating population at that time, "dwellers at Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Arabians, proselytes, and strangers at Rome." And, I imagine, as they kept up a constant gabble about the strange things they saw, they were not more curious looking, than the mixture of humanity stowed away in the Hotels at Cape May. Here we have old men and young men, old women (if such a thing *can* be,) and young women, big children and little children, men with brains and men without brains, men with hairy scalps and men with scalps as smooth as glass, men of all sizes and shapes; some as large around the middle as a beer barrel, and some as slender as a *Lincoln rail;* and then, too, we have ladies of various shades of color, of different styles of dress, and of the greatest diversity of sentiment as to what constitutes a first class woman. Differ as they may about minor points, and jangle as they do about the style of necklaces, bracelets, and other important ornaments, they all agree that the *spreading crinoline* is an essential element in the happiness of woman. And why not let them have their own way, even though they find it difficult to get into a Jersey wagon for a pleasure ride, or press unmercifully against the flesh and blood of their neighbors, as the sweet little maiden on my left at the dinner table does, so as to make me forget whether I am eating sheep's head, mountain mutton, or stewed frogs? Crinoline! crinoline! it is nothing but crinoline!

Some persons go to the mountains to escape the heat, and to enjoy the beauties of nature. They are charmed with towering hills, and wide-spread vallies. They love to roam amid flowers and shrubbery. But, give me the ocean, the grand old ocean. In comparison with it, all other objects sink into insignificence. How glorious to stand upon its beach, and let its briny billows sweep in fury over one's limbs. Lashed by its foaming surf, one comes out dripping, but refreshed and cheered. The bathing is nearly always good, and in the evening a stiff breeze comes rushing over the vast expanse of waters, rendering a promenade upon the beach delightful in the extreme.

Among the visitors we have persons of great wealth, and some of moderate means. There are those of polished manners, and others exceedingly uncouth. It is somewhat amusing to listen to the table talk. As I am here alone, I have no one to pass the time with at the table in pleasant conversation. I therefore spend my time in eating, and enjoying the chat of others. Just opposite me, sits a modest looking maiden, with a profusion of raven ringlets, and from her general bearing, I take her to be from the country. Not far from her sits a lady, with a little girl at each side, and from the time she takes her seat her tongue is running about the dress and manners of the hundreds in the room. This morning I was enjoying at breakfast, what I esteem one of the greatest luxuries earth can afford—corn bread and milk. Musing upon my happiness, I heard some one exclaim what a *dose* for a man, *corn bread and milk!* I looked up, and lo, this miserable gabbler was talking to her neighbor about my delightful breakfast. Had she been pretty, or even tolerably good looking I could have borne it; but, her contracted eyes, thick lips, crooked nose, pinched up chin, and hollow cheeks formed such a figure as to be painful to look at. The sight of her set my teeth to aching, and now at nine o'clock in the evening, they are aching still. If there is no improvement in the condition of my teeth by morning, I shall change my place at the table, and thus be delivered from the presence of this ugly piece of mortality.

I may write again from this place, and until then adieu. TREBOR.

If you undertake to flatter, don't overdo the thing. If you offer too much incense to a sensible man he will be incensed.

ATLANTIC HOUSE, CAPE MAY,
July 23d, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—In my last, I promised you another letter, before leaving this place.—Every day the crowd seems to be increasing, and this is now considered the height of the season.

Yesterday being the sabbath, this place bore the air of quietness somewhat remarkable, considering the large number of visitors of different tastes and habits. The places of business were all closed, and the church bells at an early hour summoned the crowd to the temples of public worship. Of course, hundreds never go to Church during their sojourn here, yet there are others who deem it a privilege publicly "to pay their vows to the Most High, in the presence of His people." In the morning I heard a good sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Schetky, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in the evening Rev. Dr. Cook, of the Methodist Episcopal Church gave us a very interesting discourse. There were persons in the audience from nearly every State in the Union, and from nearly every country on the globe. The discourses were highly appropriate to the occasion, and some of the allusions of the reverend speakers, drew forth tears from many eyes. So much for serious matters.

Aside from the health-giving qualities of a tumble in the old ocean, bathing furnishes as much real fun in one week as can be enjoyed in any other way in the same length of time. Whilst strolling through the crowd, the other day, in the bold and dashing breakers, I came across an acquaintance, having three ladies in charge. Finding he had his hands full, he politely requested me to take the oversight of one, very significantly tendering me the prettiest in the group. Think ing it a fine opportunity to display my gallantry, I adjusted my chapeau, and applied myself with all due dignity to the interesting task assigned me. Finding the beautiful maiden as fond of the water as a nymph of the sea, I conducted her to the strongest breakers to show that I was equal to the raging surf—but, oh Jupiter, what's the matter! In a moment, I saw the rolling billows rising in majesty before us, and grasping firm hold of my charge, I prepared myself for a splendid splash; what, when the break er in fury swept over us, it broke my grasp as if my arms had been straw. After pitching and tumbling, I found myself alone, but seeing the head of my beautiful nymph rising above the water, in double quick time I was at her side, and, with an apology for my want of muscular strength, I prepared to breast the waves again. On, on came the breakers, and by this time the under current, which is fearful in its sweep, had seized us as with the grasp of a tiger. The fair one at my side screamed as only a woman can scream. But, while I was enjoying the fun amazingly, struggling with all my might, and too proud to call for help, a gentleman offered his services to assist us. He took hold of each of us by the arm, and finding we were out of danger, I thanked him for his profferd aid, but told him I reckoned there was no special risk to run. The fact is, I was almost scared out of my wits, but not exactly prepared to acknowledge it in the presence of a beautiful woman. She complimented my heroism, and said she would mention me kindly to her *husband* when she returned to the City. *Husband!* thought I to myself, what does she mean! Just at the moment, when I was beginning to grow a little sentimental, to hear those sweet lips talking about *husband* and *home.* I confess that struck me a little harder than all the breakers of the ocean. Thinking I had been in the water long enough, with due courtesy I handed over my charge to my friend, went off to number 38, made my toilet, took a cigar, and did the best I could to render myself comfortable. But finding no soothing power in my principe, I returned to my room, threw myself on my couch, and dreamed I had the *small pox.*

En passant, Captain, home people say salt water has a very singular influence upon the "tender senisibilities" of man's nature.—As an illustration of this I would state, that last Saturday morning about nine o'clock, a wealthy widower of fifty-two summers, was introduced to a fair young lady, by her mother, and by permission of the dear mamma, he accompanied the interesting daughter to the seven o'clock bath. Scarcely had the breakers rolled over their heads half a dozen times, when the widower very kindly *offered his heart* to the tender maiden. The poor creature became alarmed, (and no wonder,) and started in haste for her mother, leaving the fast widower to have a *moist* and *salty* time to himself. The startling fact soon came to light, and tomorrow morning he will start for Philadelphia by the first boat! The foolish fellow, why did'nt he walk out into the water until the under current caught him by the feet, and carried him out. Then a real sensasion would have been produced, and the wild and frantic crowd struggling to save a drowning lover would have given quite a romatic air to the act, and rendered my letter doubly interesting.

This morning, whilst writing this letter, (having denied myself the pleasure of a bath,) looking through my window I saw a great crowd rushing towards the beach, whilst the cry of a man drowning, rent the air. Immediately my hair rose like porcupine quills, and dropping my pen, I started for the beach at a rapid rate. Some poor fellow had ventured beyond the breakers, and finding the under tow too much for him he screamed for help. The surf boat, which generally keeps outside the crowd, had come in. The bathers formed a line, by joining hands, and tried to reach him, but in vain. The boatmen, by this time, had returned to their boat, and pushing into the water, were soon riding the breakers in a brave and gallant manner.—Down goes the man, and onward goes the boat—the crowd standing terrified. Now the man's head is seen above the billows, and a wild scream for help rends the air.—The boat by this time has reached the man, but down he goes. What a fearful moment, struggling between life and death! One of the boatmen leans over the side of his boat, and as the drowning man is borne to the surface he grasps him by the hair of his head and draws him safely aboard. Shout after shout of the wildest joy rose from the crowd above the roaring noise of the dashing breakers, as they beheld their fellow-man rescued from a watery grave.

The weather here is warm for a few hours each day, but the mornings and evenings are delightful. A strong breeze comes in from the ocean. I sleep about one hundred yards from the water, so that with my window open, I am lulled to sleep by the music of the ocean, which in the stillness of the night is sublime in the highest degree. The spray borne by the passing breeze, keeps the face moist all night, and contributes much to the health and comfort of the sleeper. TREBOR.

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage ladies!

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And took her for his mate."

A Welsh newspaper recently contained the following in its notices to correspondents:—"Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."

POLITICAL.

Speech of Hon. John Hickman.

The speech of the Hon. John Hickman, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, at the meeting on the 24th inst. is a very able production, and we regret that we cannot find room for it entire.

After speaking of the extension of Negro Slavery into the Territories of the United States, as the settled policy of the Democratic Party, and showing the importance of securing the public domain as free homes for the industrial classes, to the exclusion of Slave labor, he says:—

"The all-absorbing question now presented to the American citizen, for what will prove to be his ultimate decision, I have watched narrowly as it has risen into importance from year to year, and I think I know the opinions of the several Presidential candidates respecting it.

I am not aware that the supporters of Mr. Breckinridge attempt any concealment as to his designs in case of his success. If they should desire to resort to prevarication, they have placed it entirely without their power by the frankness and boldness, and, I had almost said, the recklessness of their declarations. He has been put forth prominently, alike in speech and platform, as the Achilles of the armies of the South, and as the determined foe of free soil, free speech, and free men. He stands upon no single democratic sentiment, unless, indeed, what were regarded by all statesmen within the last fifteen years as the pretentious heresies of John C. Calhoun can be so regarded. He so reads the teachings of the sages of the past, and their primary law, as to make it fruitless to attempt an exclusion of his peculiar and favorite institution from the organized Territories, and so as to make it indispensable that Congresses, Courts, and Presidents, should exercise all their ingenuity and all their powers to fortify and sustain it there. Legislative action is to be invoked, judicial decrees had, executive fiats pronounced, navies equipped, and armies marshalled, to exclude forever every settler therefrom who will not bow down before the black god of his idolatrous worship. I appeal to you, freemen, to know whether this is the Democracy to Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, and Jackson. I appeal to you, freemen, to know whether you have ever found anything in the annals of parties so insulting to the understanding, until within the life-time of the youth who has not yet reached his majority. I appeal to you to know whether the honesty, intelligence, and unmixed blood of the offspring of Northern mothers can ever accept an excuse for those who would endeavor to fasten such a ruler upon us. But we may congratulate ourselves that even official zeal can perceive no chance for Mr. Breckinridge's election. If there had ever been any, the recent stump speech of Mr Buchanan would have effectually disposed of it. No amount of popularity would be able to stand against encomiums of such an advocate. His midnight appeal can only be accounted for by supposing the "old public functionary" was unable to obliterate his animosities toward "the young gentleman of Kentucky," and that his well-known craft suggested a speech as the readiest and least offensive means of destruction. Such suggestions are the more reasonable as it is not to be imagined that the gyved tenant of the White House should for a moment believe, after the investigations which have been made, such testimony as he volunteered, could be otherwise than ruinous to any course. The daring evinced by him on the occasion was only equaled by his lack of self-respect, and his utter disregard of the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and which should have restrained him.

Whatever conclusions may be drawn as to my estimate of Mr. Breckinridge's character as a politician, I can only say that my esteem for him is profound when brought into comparison with that which I entertain for his Democratic competitor. There are few, if any, living men concerning whom more has been said, and less really known, than Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. There are thousands, by far too many thousands, now sustaining him under the mistaken and delusive idea that he is directing his efforts to counteract the plans of the Southern Democracy. This a frightful hallucination, but a natural one, when we take into consideration the humiliating fact that all that devotion could do has been done, by those surrounding his person, to distort a true record, and to stamp a counterfeit character for him on the public mind. Viewing him as one of the most unsafe and treacherous of leaders, you will pardon me certain statements which it now seems necessary should be made, and the correctness of which, I presume, will not be impugned. I have not yet forgotten when, in the winter of 1858—9, during the first session of the Thirty-fourth Congress, the residents of Kansas, asseverating that the cardinal principles of the Nebraska-Kansas act had been wantonly and wickedly nullified, that fraud and violence, concocted in the blue-lodges of Missouri had invaded their homes and imposed a foreign rule upon them for the purpose of forcing upon them institutions which they abhorred, and invoking the interposition of Congress in their behalf, the prided father of "untrammelled popular sovereigntry" turned his back upon his violated child, and closed his ears, as in death, to complaints almost without a parallel in the civilization of the century. These despoiled pioneers, who had taken up their abode in the Territory under the most solemn guaranties of self government, only asked to prove their accusation, and to be relieved from oppression. In other words, they declared that they had never been able to enjoy self-government, that they were ruled by invaders, and demanded the sovereignty conferred by law upon them. Mr. Douglas should have been the first man to fly to their relief; and if he had been as completely dedicated to the principles of his bill as some would make us believe, he would have urged investigation and carried it. So far from having done so, he put himself in the lead of those Senators most hostile to an exposition, and became the mere mouthpiece, advocate, and apologist of those engaged in the work of forcing Slavery upon an unwilling people. He enjoyed at that time the full confidence of the South, and his democracy was orthodox, because he was loyal to his task-masters, willing to do battle for their most extravagant demands. He was then Chairman of the Committee on Territories, and I call attention to his report as such, made March 12, 1856, as conclusive upon the point I have stated. In that paper he could find nothing to say against foreign conspiracies to invade the soil of Kansas and control elections, but he had much to offer in condemnation of eastern associations to encourage removal thither. He could discover no irregularities in the return of Mr. Whitfield, the Pro Slavery Delegate to the House of Representatives, but he clearly discerned that the Territorial Legislature was a legally elected body, with perfect authority to enact the most cruel and arbitrary slave codes, and that the complaints of fraud and force were gotten up merely to stimulate and excite Northern emigration. At the time of which I speak, there was no one in Congress or out of Congress, in office or out of office, who exerted himself more untiringly to perpetuate that reign of terror inaugurated to insure the admission of Kansas into the Union as a slave State. I fear there are many now bearing up the banner inscribed with the name of this Senator, who never have fully understood, or who have forgotten this tarnished page in his history. If there has ever been a more determined foe to the growth of freedom in Kansas, or to the principles of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, than Stephen A. Douglas, he has been able to keep himself very much under cover. It is gratifying, however, to make a single remark in his favor; it is this, that he seems as willing as the most ardent of his friends to divert attention from this period in his career. I am not aware that, in either essay or address, he has ventured to recur to it; but on the contrary he seems disposed to treat it as a blank in his life.

While these proceedings were progressing in the Senate, the other branch of Congress, carried resolutions of investigation under a close division of parties, and sent a Select Committee to the Territory. The consequence was such an exposure as satisfied the country not only of the truth of every thing charged, but of existing conspiracies beyond anything that has been imagined. The published evidence effectually revealed the intentions of the South, and made a deep impression upon the North. It was then established that neither law nor proprieties were to be allowed to stand in the way of Slavery extension; and we are almost driven to the conclusion that the repeal of the Missouri Restriction was but a part of the general and well-matured plan of operations, at the head of which stood the self-crowned chief of popular Territorial Government. Mr. Douglas's term of office was now approaching its close. It in not unlikely that a desire for a re election, and a knowledge of the conviction forced upon his State by the examination alluded to, induced him to look with different eyes upon Kansas, and create an anxiety on his part to take up the cause of her robbed and wretched people. I cannot certainly say how this may have been; I only state a sudden and miraculous change came over him, and for a while he seemed to glory in the name of "rebel." He opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution with seeming seriousness, and then announced his determination to vote for the greater iniquity, the "English bill." It was then the honored and heroic Harris, who now sleeps in death, shed tears of anguish, and gave utterance to his despair. Over this again the veil has been carefully and closely drawn by the guardians of Mr. Douglas's fame.—His admirers have acted wisely, as it has prevented, doubtless, many unpleasant surmises and suggestions. To that boldest, and truest, and greatest of all the warriors in the battle for the right, David C. Broderick, is Mr. Douglas indebted for his rescue from a whirlpool which would certainly have engulfed him—from a stain which would have obliterated his heroism in connection with the cause to which he had so ostentatiously professed to devote himself. I withhold the words in which the scathing rebuke was clothed. And yet this noble and most self-sacrificing of men, Mr. Douglas's protector, the martyr to truth, who, in the fullness of his heart and on the dying couch, exclaimed, "They have killed me, they have murdered me, because I was opposed to extension of Slavery and a corrupt Administration," upon his return home, and in the hour of his sternest trial, when fighting, like Spartacus, upon his bended knees, against the pensioned hordes of the present dynasty, and at a time when he had a right to expect all possible aid from the man whose interest he had made his own, found all the sympathies of Mr. Douglas extended to his opponents, and himself treated as an enemy and an offcast. If we would respect the memory of Broderick, we can never support Douglas; it would be a mark of baseness and servility. If ever there was a true son of the North, inhumanly broken in spirit, and who had reason to exclaim, "Save me from my friends," that man was David C. Broderick. Had Stephen A. Douglas but discharged the duty he sacredly owed him, he would have gained a victory for Freedom in California, and would to-day, in my opinion, be living in the land, and acknowledged as one of the foremost men in the Republic. He laid down his life to attest his sincerity; many who professed to love him will, in wild revel and reckless exultation, utter the name of him who could not find time or opportunity to speak a word in eulogy over the grave of the departed votary. Inscribe the name of Broderick in fiery characters upon your banners—he was your champion—and you at least can afford to do him justice. He rests in peace on the heights of the proud city of the Pacific, where no ingratitude can longer wound him, relieved from the warfare between heartless factions, where his ashes will remain an eternal memento of his faith and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of a down trodden humanity.

These references have been made for a single purpose—to satisfy, if doubt exists, that in the great struggle between the South and the North, to secure the long lost equality of the latter, Mr. Douglas is against us. Should more recent evidences be demanded, then let an examination be made of *The Congressional Globe* containing the ballots for Speaker and Clerk during the last session of the House of Representatives. Ascertain what the action of the Illinois, Western, and North-Western Democracy was during the protracted contest for an organization. Every vote that Mr. Douglas could influence was invariably cast for such candidates as the South presented, including those of the most extreme and revolutionary character. He could afford no assistance to any one not recognized by the propogandists as orthodox upon all questions which concerned them. And I well remember when the name of Col. Forney was mentioned in connection with the office he now occupies, and his fate was to be decided, how diligently "the great advocate of Popular Sovereignty" labored for his defeat; every devotee of Mr. Douglas voting against him with one exception. Mr. Morris of Illinois, in whom I have every confidence, declined to vote at all. Col. Forney, who never hesitated to advance the fortunes of Mr. Douglas, when he could properly do so, was elected in spite of Mr. Douglas. Col. Forney, I presume was not indorsed by the Democracy who swear by the peculiar institution. Others may choose to forget all this, and I will not criminate them for doing so, but I promise never to forget it. I am for my friends, and against those who oppose my friends. If I am wrong in this let charity be extended to me—I cannot help it.

I have said all I desire to say of the representatives of the two Democracies. There is a preference between them. The one is outspoken and evident; the other is concealed and tricky. Of the two I much prefer Mr. Breckinridge, and yet I cannot imagine the circumstances under which I could be induced to support him. He asserts the Supreme Court has decided that Slavery is an existing constitutional institution in all our territories and that it is the duty of our Government to sustain it, where it thus legally exists. Mr. Douglas contends that Courts have not yet so decided, but if they shall do so, it will then become the duty of all good citizens to respect the decision, and of every branch of the Federal Government, to enforce it with prompt ness and fidelity. This is his platform. If our Federal Court has not already given a decision in accordance with the notions of Mr. Breckinridge, no one doubts it will do so as soon as the question shall be brought distinctly before it. So at best the only point of disagreement between these rival candidates is that of time only. If in the language of the resolution adopted by the Convention placing Mr. Douglas in nomination, and just partly quoted, it becomes the duty of all good citizens to respect, and of every branch of the Federal Government to enforce, a judicial decision determining the constitutional existence of Slavery in our Territories, what becomes of that other theory of Mr. Douglas, that no matter what the Supreme Court may decide, Slavery may be excluded from a Territory by unfriendly legislation?

Those advocating the claims of Mr. Bell would please everybody by promising nothing. They compose the party of extreme faith. They stand upon a Constitution without interpretation, and upon an endangered Union without announcing the means by which it can be saved.

Let us not be decieved! There are but two doctrines between which we can choose when we come to deposit our ballots. One is, that the Constitution favors Slavery as fully as Freedom; that neither has advantage over the other; that they must travel together and exist together, under equal protection until the Territory shall be clothed with State sovereignty, and that both alike are national. The other is, that the Constitution treats Slavery as a local municipal institution; does not give to it a single attribute of nationality; that it has not an equal *status* with Freedom; and that its extension is to be discouraged. How shall we act between these opposing views? I answer the inquiry: Our labouring classes deserve all the encouragement and protection we can give them; Southern statesmen regard them as white slaves; let us not surrender them to such mercies as the owners of chattel labor would extend to them. Our farmers and manufacturers have long been cut off from all the bounties of legislation, by the force of Southern prejudice, we should enlist on their side. Our country has suffered much in the estimation of mankind, from our manifested attachment to a system notoriously in counteraction to the principles upon which our Government was founded; considerations of morality, expediency, and consistency should incline us to do all that we lawfully may do, to save ourselves from further imputations. Slavery within the States stands behind impregnable defences, but it holds no charter to travel without restraint. It has long labored for, but has not yet reached, a position of absolutism. It grasps for empire, as it is the only means by which tyranny can ever save itself. Our danger is imminent, but we can yet overcome it, if we allow reason, rather than prejudice, to shape our efforts. Democracy, as now interpreted by those loudest in the profession of it and almost monopolizing its name, no longer means the will of the majority; it contemns the masses; holds no association with labor, and utters no word of encouragement to the poor. Its professions are impostures, and must soon fail to deceive. It has become worse than the ally of Slavery—it is its pliant and prostituted tool. Wisdom and propriety must alike repudiate it, unless speedily regenerated.

Our true policy is that of resistance to the extravagant and unconstitutional demands of the South. We can only make it effectual in one way—by the support of Mr. Lincoln. He is honest and capable, and attached to the principles of the Constitution, and his election will assign limits to sectional oligarchy, and make labor honorable and remunerative.

The question, in its true aspect, is not as to which candidate should be elected by the people; it is this—shall Mr. Lincoln be elected? The 120 electoral votes of the South will be divided mainly, if not exclusively, between Mr. Bell and Mr. Breckenridge, and their support will be almost, if not entirely, confined to that section. Such effective force as Mr. Douglas may possess, is in the North; but his most sanguine friends admit not only that his election is impossible, but that he cannot carry over two or three States. The body of the Northern vote will be given to Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Douglas's supporters can do nothing for *him;* the only significant result they can possibly produce will be to withdraw enough strength from Mr. Lincoln to throw the election into the house. This done, and Lane would certainly be chosen by the Senate—the condition of parties in the House being such as to prevent a majority of the States agreeing to either of the candidates. Resting on these admissions, for they are accepted universally, we discover that every vote given to Mr. Douglas must tend to the elevation of Lane, who, possessing neither education, experience, or executive ability, has been selected to enable the South to make the most out of an accident in case it shall occur. To out-Lane Lane in apostacy to the North, and in crouching, fawning subserviency to the South, need not be attempted by the most ambitious in that line—not even by a Federal office holder. Even if I could believe that the leopard could change his spots, and Mr Douglas do the North justice, I would not sustain him under the circumstances which surround us, and amid the perils which now environ us.

I have not attempted a speech. My purpose has been to talk plainly. I may have been unfortunate in succeeding too well in this respect. Feeling, as I do, and knowing the vast importance of the canvass upon which we are just entering, I could not be less distinct in my expressions. Immense, inappreciable consequences depend upon the decision we are about to make. We should tremble when we fear that those most interested in the present and the future, the frugal artisan and laborer, may fail to comprehend them. But let us hope, citizens, that we are so far right as to be able to expect the favor of Almighty God throughout our trials, and that He will continue to bless the Republic, until it shall become a proper example to the nations of the earth; and a blessing to universal man!

EPITAPH ON A TIPPLING WATCHMAKER.

Here lies a man who strove to equal time,
A task too hard—Time's powers were too sublime;
Time stopped his motion, flung his balance wheel,
Wore out his pivots, tho' of case-hardened steel,
All his springs the verge of life decayed,
And now he is as though he ne'er was made.
'Twas not for want of oiling that he tried.
If that had done, by Jove, he'd ne'er have died.
Time spares none dear Reader, don't abuse it.
But prize your time, and with discretion use it.

TATTOOING.—The marks or devices which some young people, and sailor boys in particular, make on the skin by pricking it with needles, and then rubbing the punctures with Indian ink, vermillion, indigo and gunpowder, are so firmly fixed that to remove them severe means must be resorted to. The following treatment will be found efficacious: blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark or "ornament," then keep the place open with a green ointment for a week; finally, dress it to get well. As the new skin grows, the old tattoos will disappear.

BISHOP, a very pleasant beverage for summer is made by pouring claret or burgundy upon ripe bitter oranges, sugared and spiced to taste. When white wine is used it is called Cordial, and with Tokay it is called Pope. A Bishop, however, is palpatable.

A clergyman, while engaged in chatechizing a number of boys, asked one of them the definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they can go to Heaven."

Fun is worth more than physic, and who ever invents or discovers a new source of supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.