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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LOVE.

He stood behind a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightengale was mute.
The moon was watching on the hill;
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair;
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—O, woe! O, woe!
The flutes of angels, long ago!

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,
By dreams that make night shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By pleasure's day and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,—
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,
For they told of a most loving heart—
In a voice like that of a bird—
Of a heart that loved, though it loved in vain
A grieving, and yet not a pain.

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom—
Like trees that never go to fruit,
And early shed their bloom;
Of vanquished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost forevermore—
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!

Governor Seymour's Speech.

The speech delivered in St. Paul, Minnesota, by ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, before the Young Men's Democratic Union Club, is a solid and statesmanlike production, and presents the great subject which the Opposition are determined shall be kept before the people as the issue of 1860, in a plain, practical and common sense manner. The high personal character of the orator, his persuasive eloquence, his logic and his facts ensure him always the most respectful attention, and on this occasion enthusiastic applause interrupted him constantly through his speech, and hearty and prolonged cheering honored its conclusion.

Gov. Seymour, at the commencement, spoke in a train of appreciative pride of the growth of the West in general, and of Minnesota in special. He said—

"What is to be the future of this State? Are you who are now laying its foundations—who are building up its destinies—who are making its public opinion—are you to be men to love your country and cherish its institutions; to hold broad, generous views; or, on the other hand, are you to be men swayed by local passions, local prejudices, and local interests? Are you laying the foundations of your State with a stern and strict regard to the fidelity of the State, to her obligations, and to the vindication of her good name from any aspersions against her honor and integrity? These things are looked to in every part of this Confederacy.—(Loud applause.) Are you at the onset, doing that which will tell favorably for many a long year upon the morals of your State, upon your character and upon your institutions? For, I tell you, when States or individuals swerve from doing what is strictly right, they inflict a deep and vital blow upon their character and reputation—one that will tell against them for many a long year."

Governor Seymour then went on to speak of the greatness of the West and of our country, and the reasons for the supposition that no one would think, in looking over the land, that there could be anything but love; and yet good men have been taught to cherish hatred against different sections of our country. When our fathers on common battle-fields were struggling for common rights, slavery existed in all our colonies, there was no exception; it was on every rood of ground. We had no difficulty on account of slavery then in achieving our independence. But since that time slavery has been abolished over more than half of this land of ours. It is now in comparatively contracted limits, and now we hear that it must lead to the alienation of the people and the disruption of this confederacy.

After stating home facts, as to the North, touching the origin of slavery, Gov. Seymour went on as follows:

"The political power of our country is in the hands of the free States. The population of the country increases at the rate of a million a year; of this increase the North receives over seven hundred thousand. This large majority of the yearly increase has given the North her strength in the confederacy. How came the North by this excess of increase? At the outset we were equal—then we were all slave States.—Now, what led to the abolishment of slavery in the North, and thus gave us the basis of our present strength? I will tell you, my friends, and you all know it to be so. The Democratic party under Jefferson inaugurated the wise and beneficial policy of inviting the laborer of the old world to plant himself down upon the great and fertile plains of our country.—Under this policy the emigrants from Europe flocked to the Northern States because they found in their soil and climate, and in their institutions, a more congenial home. So you see, my friends, that it has been under a policy, inaugurated by Southern Statesmen—a policy which found the most bitter opponents at the North—that our section has become all powerful in the government. We have now a majority in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, and in the Electoral College: but the census of 1860 will show that two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives, and an overwhelming majority in the Senate, represent free States. Is this a time, and are these the circumstances under which an 'irrepressible conflict' shall be waged against the people and institutions of the weaker section? When the South was strong and we were weak, they furnished us no precedent for the course of action we now propose to pursue against them.—(Cheers.) These being the truths which history teaches, and standing here, as I do, at the very head waters of the mighty Mississippi, whose arms lock our country together, teaching us a perpetual lesson of fraternal love and union, I beg you to pause before you enter upon a sectional warfare which will rive asunder those who God has joined together. Cheers.) Before you do this look at history and see if the South has ever hesitated to uphold a single measure which was calculated to advance the whole country, although in doing so they have built up the North instead of the South. There is an instinctive difference between the two parties The Democratic party is a let alone party—the Republican party is a meddling party. (Deafening cheers.) It is a great deal easier to denounce other people for their sins than to reform ourselves—it is a great deal easier to obtain political power by inflaming the passions and prejudices of our neighbors, by denouncing men a thousand miles away; than it is to gain influence by governing our walk in life by the principles of Justice or the dictates of a sound patriotism. Is it not too true that the reverse of this has been hurtful to the morals of our people—and hurtful to the pulpit, of which I speak with all reverence, and to the holy doctrine which should issue from the sacred desk? Is it not too true, my republican friends, that a rifle for Kansas or a curse for the South has weighed more in the political scale than private virtue or public service? (Tremendous cheering.) Whence comes slavery? We have seen who prolonged it. Now, my friends, do you ever stop to inquire who upholds it? It is sustained by the firm of 'Weaver, Wearer & Planter, and two of the partners live up North. (Cheers and laughter) Every one knows that but for the looms of New England and Old England it could not live a day. The loudest denunciations against slavery are made by men with cotton shirts on their back. The most fervent pulpit exhortations against slavery come from men who wrap themselves for repose at night in cotton sheets; who lay their heads upon cotton pillows, and go to sleep thanking God that they are better than the men 'down South.' (Laughter.) I was called upon some years ago, while Governor of New York, by a deputation of Quakers from Great Britain, to lay before me a 'testimony' against slavery. As they wished I listened to them. We afterwards fell into a conversation, and the question arose why the people of Europe were so oppressed and burdened so heavily by taxation. We attribute it to the differences in the language—the great number of nationalities, divided by imaginary lines—the petty jealousies and strifes, and consequent necessity for maintaining large standing armies. We then spoke of the blest condition of Europe if all these rival governments could be moulded into one, speaking a common language, having common sympathies, with no custom houses to annoy, and no standing armies to threaten; and my Quaker friends warmed with enthusiasm at the glorious picture, and expressed the earnest wish that such a day might dawn, for with it would come the millenium. 'But,' said I, 'when all this has been achieved, suppose that some man should rise up in England, and say that all this genial fellowship among the nations, this community of interest and of language, shall be destroyed unless the serfdom be abrogated in Russia and polygamy in Turkey. What would you regarding such a man?' 'Say,' said the Quakers, 'we would say that he deserved the anathemas of good men, as a traitor to the best interests of mankind, for doubting that God, in his own way, and in his own good time, would work out a remedy for all these wrongs.' 'Now,' said I, 'my friends, when we draw this picture of Europe it was not all fancy. I described the broad land which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the great Lakes, to the Gulf of Mexico. Go two thousand miles over this land, and no custom house shall stop you—travel to its farthest limits, and you shall see no standing armies—you shall hear a common language and shall feel a common sympathy. Then you shall know what it is to live upon a great broad continent, where there is brotherhood unalloyed by your hatreds and antipathies. Why, therefore, do you come here to teach us the language of strife? (Loud and long applause.) Now, my friends, to make the application:—Had we from the beginning been arrayed one State against another—had we disregarded our community of language and of interest, and fostered the hatreds and jealousies which we are now taught to cherish, and beautiful Minnesota would yet have been a wilderness, the painted savage would yet glide down the noble Mississippi, and the waters of that mighty cataract, whose thunders I now almost hear, that by the art of man has been taught to leap forth to their labors at the rising of the sun and retire to their rest at its setting, would still pursue their precipitous course undisturbed. (Applause.)

That is common sense and the language of truth. Where would have been our Union and our Independence had politicians in 1774 and '76 harangued in their several localities about the "slave power," an irrepressible conflict between sister States, and dealt forth such bitter denunciations in Congress of our social institutions as are heard to-day.

This speech of Gov. Seymour's is sound and patriotic, and its comprehensive views cannot but be responded to by the Democracy of the country. THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS A LET-ALONE PARTY, are his words relative to the slavery subject. This is the beginning and the end of its platform as to Congressional action, and this is now well nigh the united voice that is coming up South and North, East and West.

A lady has recovered $650 damages from a railroad company in Ohio, from the act of one of its conductors, who put her off in the rain because she tendered a doubtful bill in payment of her fare. One of her children died from the exposure to the weather.

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to her hopeful son, just budding into breeches. "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got in some tobacco."

Third Congressional District.

The following are the remarks of Wm. P. Preston, Esq., delivered before the Congressional Convention at Towsontown:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:—Having always entertained a deep and heartfelt devotion to democratic principles, it has at all times afforded me unbounded pleasure to vindicate those principles in the presence of the people. You will therefore very readily believe that, in accepting the nomination with which you have this day honored me, I not only feel a profound sense of the honor conferred, but truly gratified that I shall have an opportunity during an important campaign of discussing and maintaining the cherished doctrines of my political life.

Fifteen years have passed away since I was first solicited to represent in Congress the interests of my fellow citizens. In my published letter of 1844, declining the honor then suggested, I succinctly gave a definition of democracy as I understand it, and as applicable to representative government. My opinions have undergone no change. I maintained then, and I maintain now, that democracy is but another name for just and equal laws, wisely made and firmly administered—a system of government which contemplates the *legally* ascertained will of the people, and has for its object the good of the *many* and not of the *few*.—The opinion that to be a democrat a man must necessarily be a demagogue is utetrly unsound, and referable solely to that ungenerous antogonism which induces political opponents to ascribe to others principles and feelings never entertained. I have never supposed that because a man's political views were different from mine, that therefore he was less honest or less a lover of his country. On the contrary, the privilege of reasoning and judging for myself owes its chief value to the fact that what is inestimate to me is equally valuable to all other men.

The democratic party has at all times placed the right of opinion and peaceful political opposition upon the highest grounds. It is in truth the foundation of all our civil and religious rights. Without it we are slaves—in its unrestricted exercise, disenthralled and free. We owe to it the Declaration of Independence—the glorious struggle of the Revolution—the formation of our admirable government; and under its influence we are assembled here to-day. The democratic party, from the days of the adoption of the federal constitution to this hour, has had to contend with every species of antagonism; but in every contest, no matter whether it involved the bitter monarchial prejudices of the "alien and sedition" men—the bold, concentrative views of the old federalists—the plausible theories of the national republicans—or the gigantic "American system" scheme of the gallant whig party, still the right of opinion and of peaceful opposition have been respected. It remained for the factions of the present day to organize and develop a system in which the blood-stained hand of brutal violence must strike opinion down and have her withering at the feet of error.

Fellow-citizens, we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our country, to redeem the past! The annals of our people ought not to be written in fraternal blood. The public gibbet ought not to be disgraced by the ignominious death of young men who have died to expiate crimes not engendered by the love of lucre, or a mistaken sense of *individual* wrong, but by cunningly inflamed political animosity, awakened and incited by partizan zeal In the glorious annals of other times, when life was lost or blood was shed, courage and virtue bent in sadness at the tomb; no mourning relatives or broken-hearted parents trembled at the recollection of the gallows-tree. May God, in His merciful goodness, spare such scenes in future! He has blessed us with a glorious heritage! Let no man deface His heavenly work! But a little over a century since and the savage of the wilderness rambled over the ground where we are now met—now civilization every where prevails, each field teems with life and joy and bread; shall man alone curse God and be ungrateful?

One hundred and thirty years ago the large and beautiful city, now the metropolis of our State, was the quiet, humble homestead of "one John Flemming." A century since and two vessels, the sloop Baltimore and the brig Philip, made up the mercantile marine. Now the tall masts and crowded wharves proclaim the busy hum of that commerce which whitens every sea and sends to the remotest corners of the globe the skill and enterprise of merchants and mechanics, whose clipper built ships deservedly challenge the admiration of the world. Oh! how the heart expands as the eye contemplates the location of Maryland.—Above all, as it dwells upon the situation of Baltimore. In 1752, with a population of 250; in 1859 with a population of 250,000! In the heart of this glorious Union, with the States of the South and West on the one hand, and the vast trade of the great Lakes on the other. At the head of one of the finest bays in the world—with inexhaustible sources of vegetable and mineral wealth, lumber, iron, coal, granite and marble, with streams sufficient in capacity to move millions of machinery. Railroads completed or projected which open to us the teeming riches of the valley of the Mississippi and the great Northwest; with every agency which human learning, science and energy can give—enterprising merchants, skillful mechanics, brave men and beautiful women! Shall it be said that these advantages are to be benumbed and paralyzed, prosperity stayed and social relations destroyed to gratify a spirit of fanaticism? A spirit which would strike a man down for holding free communion with his God, or send to swift and bloody death a fellow creature whose only offence is that of entertaining a different political opinion? God forbid!

I say again, sirs, we must redeem the past—we must come again to the good old times when an honest difference of opinion was not regarded as a crime, and when a man might express his preference for the gallant "Harry of the West," or bend in reverence to the "Sage of the Hermitage," without fearing a bullet through his brain or a knife through his heart. I entertain the hope that in this spirit the gentleman who is the congressional candidate for this district, on the part of our opponents, will meet me, I desire to discuss with him in the presence of the people the principles of our respective parties. He may be able to show that he ought to be sent to Congress instead of your nominee—on the other hand, I may be so fortunate as to convert him or some of his friends from what I conceive to be the "error of their ways." At all events we shall have a pleasant time; the campaign not only can, but ought to be—and speaking for myself and my political associates, I may say *shall* be, conducted in a kind and conciliatory spirit—a spirit of manly and uncompromising defense of principles, but still a spirit of generous and courteous conciliation.

If we cannot convince our opponents by fair reasoning, we will make make no attempts to break their bones or blow out their brains, nor will we drive them away from the polls or compel them to vote "stripped tickets." We expect to see them, when the election is over, alive and well and happy, and, whether elected or defeated, shall unhesitatingly give them a cordial shake of the hand. All we ask is fair play and a free field, and as the subject for discussion is the glory and welfare of our common country, I say from the bottom of my heart—"Come, let us reason together."

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I again thank you for the honor you have done me. I shall faithfully endeavor to discharge my duty, and taking it for granted that every man in the district will act with a similar determination, I have no doubt that we shall elect the entire democratic ticket.

The Charms of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden; but, oh, how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, or misfortune, sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief—but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress; nothing to shield it from the heartest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good! God has blest us with a home which is not dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we look around us.—The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in Heaven. Murmur not at a world so beautiful, and who can live happier than we?

A SNAKE FOR A BEDFELLOW.—With the above caption the Virginia Herald, printed at Fredericksburg, tells the following strange tale:

About two weeks ago Mr. John Elder, of this town, had an undersack for a bed filled with straw at "Renmore" by a negro man. It was brought home and placed under a feather bed which was slept on by a daughter of Mr. Elder's. The young lady complained on a number of occasions of having her slumbers disturbed by distinct thumps from underneath, but examinations revealed nothing. Recently, while Miss Elder was sitting down stairs, facing the steps which led to her room, she was startled by a curious noise, and looking up, discovered a moccasin snake descending, blowing and hissing in a style peculiar to the reptile. An examination of the up-stairs premises was made at once, when a small hole was discovered in the under-sacking, and on ripping the bed open the full length skin of a snake was found at the hole, which his snakeship had shed before he resolved on the strike for his freedom. The lady had occupied rather unenviable quarters for the last fortnight.

DON'T FRET.—It is unamiable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovcable objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable housemate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes, if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is useless; it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, repairs no broken glass, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds. It affects nobody but the fretter himself.—Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

SELLING A COLORED PERSON IN ILLINOIS.—Recently, a free colored man, named George Bowlin, was put up on the block at Carrollton, Greene county, Illinois, and sold to the highest bidder. His offense was a violation of the law which prohibits the immigration of colored persons into the State. Having been tried and found guilty, he was fined $63 and not being able to pay the money, he was sold to Mr. Felix Morton for sixteen months. It does not appear that this little transaction in human flesh created any convulsive excitement among the philanthropists of the State.

CURE FOR DIVORCE.—Michelet, in his remarkable book, L'Amour, mentions the following novel method of curing the disposition in married couples to become separated: "In Zurich, in the olden times, when a quarrelsome couple applied for a divorce, the magistrate never listened to them. Before deciding upon the case he locked them up for three days in the same room, with one bed, one table, one plate and tumbler. Their food was passed into them by attendants, who neither saw nor spoke to them. Whch they came out at the end of the three days, neither of them wanted to be divorced."

"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers." "Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no, sir, you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

"People," says a modern philosopher, "go according to their brains; if these lie in their head, they study; if in their belly, they eat and drink; if in their heels, they dance."

"Don't think, husband, that you are very smart." "No indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed*."

Why is love like a growing potato? Because it shoots from the eyes

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