

THE GLOBE.

Circulation—the largest in the county.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Wednesday, July 16, 1856.



FOR PRESIDENT, JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Ky.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER, GEORGE SCOTT, of Columbia county.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL, JACOB FRY, Jr., of Montgomery co.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

SENATORIAL, Charles B. Beckwith, Wilson McCandless.

- 1—Geo. W. Neibinger, 13—Abraham Edinger, 2—Pierce Butler, 14—Reuben Wilber, 3—Edward Warrman, 15—George A. Crawford, 4—Wm. H. Witte, 16—James Black, 5—John McVair, 17—H. J. Stahl, 6—John N. Britton, 18—John D. Hooley, 7—David Lairy, 19—Jacob Turney, 8—Charles Kessler, 20—J. A. Buchanan, 9—James Patterson, 21—Wm. Wilkins, 10—Isaac Slenker, 22—James G. Campbell, 11—F. W. Hughes, 23—T. Cunningham, 12—Thomas Ostrout, 24—Vincent Phelps.

Democratic State Convention.

The Hon. THOMAS IVES having withdrawn his name as a candidate for Surveyor General, in a communication addressed to the Democratic State Central Committee, at its last meeting in Harrisburg, a resolution was adopted by that Committee, calling upon the officers and delegates of the last Democratic State Convention, to assemble at CLAMBERSBURG, on Wednesday, the 6th day of August next...

JOHN W. FORNEY, Chairman. ISAAC G. MCKENZIE, Secretary.

Democratic County Committee.

- Sam'l T. Brown, Chairman, Robert Massey, Barre, A. J. Fee, Henderson, rep., J. Peterson, Jackson, Wm. S. Lincoln, Walker, John Campbell, Brady, Ludwig Hoover, Penn, Jacob H. Miller, Union, H. Zimmerman, Hopewell, Samuel H. Bell, Shirley, Peter Piper, Porter, Dr. J. G. Lightner, Shirb, Dr. J. M. Gemmill, Alex'n, Samuel Bollinger, Cromwell, Jas. R. Carothers, Morris, John Carl, Sr., Dublin, Wm. Hilby, Franklin, Wm. H. Harper, Bell, Wm. Copley, Birmingham, Jacob Covert, Springfield, Jas. Chamberlain, Warrick, Jacob Myers, Clay, John R. Hunter, Petersburg, David Hamilton, Ford, Henry Roberts, West, James Henderson, Cassville.

Democratic Delegate Elections.

The Democrats of Huntingdon county, are requested to meet at the usual places of holding elections, in their respective districts, (except Murray's Run district, which will meet at Donation School House), on Saturday the 6th day of August next, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Democratic County Convention to be held at Huntingdon on Wednesday the 13th day of August, at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a Democratic ticket to be supported at the ensuing fall elections, and such other business as may be necessary.

July 15, 1856. SAMUEL T. BROWN, Chairman of Democratic County Committee.

"If any man is worthy of the support of the Americans (Know-Nothings) on account of hostility to political Popery and Jesuitism, it is Fremont.—Journal.

Can the Journal rally to the support of the above assertion the least shadow of evidence? The Journal should not deal in mere assertions all the time in regard to all questions that arise in the political world. It will not do—the people expect something more tangible than mere assertion in the face of undisputed facts. This question of "what church do you belong to?" is one which has long since been raised by the Journal and kindred prints in regard to candidates for office. They have agitated the question until it has become threadbare and disgusting; but we think that if it has ever been a damnable political sin for a democrat to be a member of the ancient church, it is doubly so for Mr. Fremont to be one and at the same time profess the traitorous principles of Black Republicanism; and that it is now our time to "agitate."

For the present, will any sane man believe that "a descendant of one of the Hugonots"—we quote from the Journal—"a son of one of those Protestants who emigrated to South Carolina to escape the terrible persecutions of the Pope," (as the Journal says Fremont's father did)—will any sane man believe that such an one, inheriting the prejudices of his father, and espousing the cause of "Americanism," would "throw conscience to the devil" and apply to the "Scarlet Lady" for the Sacrament of Matrimony? Or would he ask a young Protestant lady to forego her privilege of choosing the clergyman of her church to perform the marriage rites? Fremont a Hugonot! Fremont hostile to Catholics! after being raised and educated by their Charity! The idea is simply ridiculous!

Were the Journal a consistent sheet, we might repeat the question, "How can it support Fremont?" but it is not, and would just as leave vote for a "Jesuit" for President of the United States by way of exercising its charity, or replenishing its purse, as to misrepresent and abuse the Catholics for the sake of notoriety! Its principles are—anything, everything, nothing.

ONLY TWO VOTES WANTED.—Can they be had? It is universally conceded by intelligent persons, that Mr. Buchanan is sure of every Southern Electoral vote. It is admitted that he will carry Pennsylvania, but then he will want two votes more to be elected. Can they be had? What say you, Democrats of the Empire State? What reply shall we hear from the Granite Hills of our own New Hampshire? What says the Star in the East—the Pine Free State?—What answer shall we hear from Connecticut and Rhode Island? What response will New Jersey make to the modest request of two Electoral votes? What has Michigan to say, and Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Indiana? Two votes only needed to secure the election of a Democratic President—can they be had?

INTERESTING READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE OF THIS PAPER.

Carrying the War into Africa.

The public have not failed to observe, as the Richmond Enquirer pointedly remarks, the remarkable candor with which the Democratic press is conducting this canvass.—Every accusation against our candidate, however frivolous or absurd, has been met in a direct and manly way. Every issue of principle and every measure of policy, no matter how obsolete or unworthy of discussion, have been accepted and argued in the fairest and most straightforward spirit. Indeed, Democratic papers have exhibited so much patience and candor in refuting the ridiculous as well as the serious charges against our candidate and party, as to expose themselves to reproach for want of enterprise and energy to conduct an offensive war upon the enemy. It is due to the Democratic press to say that it did not blindly adopt this policy. We saw the enemy's object. We understood his tactics. Exposed himself to blows on every side, and utterly incapable of sustaining any vigorous attack, he thought to save himself by putting the Democracy upon the defensive. It was a stale expedient, and will prove as barren of result as it is poor in conception. If we regarded only the exigencies of the canvass, we might have suffered the enemy to expend his strength in impotent assaults upon our candidate, while we boldly pushed the war into Africa. The field is inviting. If we had no resources of our own, the enemy's country would supply subsistence for more than a summer's campaign. But we are not only eager for success on the day of election. We have some concern for the integrity of our cause and the character of our candidates; and we choose first of all to vindicate them from silly censure and calumnious accusation. It is due to the Democracy that every attack upon their principles should be repelled. It is due to Mr. Buchanan that every false imputation on his political and personal honor should be exposed to public reprobation. This done, we may then precipitate ourselves upon the shivering ranks of the adversary. Between this and the 4th of November, every Democrat may freely indulge his passion for sport, in the chase of Fillmore's flying colulus.

The public will not only observe the style in which this canvass is conducted by the Democratic press, but will also be struck with the signal success of all its efforts. Not an issue has been raised against the Democratic party, which has not been turned to its advantage. Not an accusation has been brought against the Democratic candidate of which he has not been promptly and triumphantly acquitted. Having thus repulsed the feeble and aimless assaults of the enemy, we shall abandon the system of defence, and carry the war into Africa with the utmost energy. Delenda est Carthago is the cry of the Democracy.

THE BROAD TOP REGION.—The editor of the Levistown Gazette says he paid a second visit to Broad Top last week, and found a manifest improvement in the coal business, orders being now held for about 30,000 tons. In a few days the railroad will be finished to Hopewell, the branch up Six Mile run is ready for letting, and the Shop's run branch rapidly extending to Broad Top City, so that in a short time the coal region will be penetrated by three railroads, affording a wide scope for that business and employment for thousands of persons. The passenger travel will also receive a large accession from visitors to the springs, who will find this the shortest and easiest route, and a considerable extent of country that now seeks the main avenues of travel by way of Hollidaysburg, &c. The conductor on the trains is MONTGOMERY MORARSON, formerly of this place, a post for which he is peculiarly fitted, and the engineer, PETER KOSLEK, decidedly the most careful one we have ever seen control an engine. The company has also placed a new car, elegantly furnished, on the road, so that passengers have every assurance of traveling with safety and comfort.

PROPHECY OF CLAY.

Both Clay and Calhoun foresaw the lamentable conclusion which parties in this country have now reached, and predicted disunion as the inevitable result of such a state of affairs. Mr. Clay, in his speech in the Senate February 7, 1839, thus daguerreotyped the very aspect of affairs in the year 1856:

"Sir," said Mr. Clay, "I am not in the habit of speaking lightly of the possibility of dissolving this happy Union. The Senate know that I have deprecated allusions, on ordinary occasions, to that direful event. The country will testify that, if there be anything in the history of my public career worthy of record and devotion to its lasting preservation. But we should be false in our allegiance to it, if we did not discriminate between the imaginary and real dangers by which it may be assailed. Abolitionism should no longer be regarded as an imaginary danger. The abolitionists, let me suppose, succeed in their present aim of uniting the inhabitants of the free States as one man against the inhabitants of the slave States. Union on our side will beget union on the other, and this process of reciprocal consolidation will be attended with all the violent prejudice, embittered passions, and implacable animosities which ever degraded or deformed human nature."

One section will stand in menacing and hostile array against the other. The collision of opinion will be quickly followed by the clash of arms. I will not attempt to describe scenes which now happily lie concealed from our view. Abolitionists themselves would shrink back in dismay and horror at contemplation of desolated fields, conflagrated cities, murdered inhabitants, and the overthrow of the fairest fabric of human government that ever rose to animate the hopes of speaking man."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GLOBE.

EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:—In my last I promised to give you a letter on Springfield, Clay, and Cass townships. I intend yet to do so, but there are circumstances connected with them, worthy of particular notice, and there are certain localities that I intend to revisit, and I shall therefore omit them for another week.

Hopewell and Tod will form the subject of this letter.

By leaving Stonerstown and taking down the Raystown Branch we enter Hopewell township within two or three miles; and from this point towards Entrekim's mill the crooked road and still more crooked river passes through deep mountain gorges interspersed with occasional tracts of farm land, which is tolerably productive. The grain at this time looks well, and the harvest men are busy in the field. Around Entrekim's mill the country opens again, and a reasonable farming district stretches to the eastward and down the stream. I went through the mill, examined the machinery, and the different specimens of grain in it. Both are very creditable. About a mile from this, among the hills, Mr. Entrekim has a beautiful and romantic residence. Here, too, I had the good fortune to meet the very accommodating Henry Zimmerman, Esq. On learning my business the Squire offered to pioneer me over the country, which was gladly accepted. With our horses and (imitation) Turkish saddles, like Knight and Squire, we started for the everlasting hills of Tod. In a gap of Terrace mountain, we cross the township line, and find a district of country around Paradise Furnace where the farming interests are somewhat neglected. The soil is not first rate. Old fields show where the plough and scythe have operated in days gone by. Other farms and fields show where an effort has been made to resuscitate, and with success. From appearance you would suppose that there was very little limestone in this region. It is said that there is a calcareous formation that burns and answers farm purposes. Two miles from this place—around Newburg and above it, the soil and farming interests are better. The grain looks well, and the fruits which are common this season are abundant. Eastward and towards Cass stretches a farming district, which is the best portion of the township. I viewed this region with peculiar interest, for its geological formation—its timber growth and its vegetable productions remind me of my native hills in New York. The symmetrical white pine, the beech, the sweet elder and other botanical specimens distinguish it from other parts around. The lands of David Aurandt, Jonathan Evans, Isaac Taylor and others of their thrifty neighbors are well cultivated. This district has the credit of producing the cleanest fields of timothy that have come under my observation. It is proper to mention the hospitality of the citizens, for though a stranger, everywhere we met "a Highland welcome."

Other parts of Tod are now celebrated for their mineral wealth, and are so well known as to need no remarks from me.

Very Truly Yours, INDIANA.

EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:—I have thought proper to make Porter and Morris townships the subject of another letter.

From Petersburg to Alexandria we have a daily coach and mail. Along this road the grain fields are waving with an abundant harvest. Far to the right over an undulating or hilly surface, and to the left as far as the river, the continuous fields of grain denote a wealthy agricultural district. You will not observe many dwellings along this road, but you will see two new barns that rival those of Lancaster.

The pleasant village of Alexandria plods on as usual in quietude and prosperity. I entered it at eve as the bell of the new Presbyterian church called the people together and I went with them. This with other fine churches of the place, denote the religious inclination, and intelligence of the people.—In school matters they are as in everything else—you know how that is, and I need not tell you.

From this place to Water Street nothing of material interest presented itself. Porter township with its limestone is superior in agricultural wealth to any of those that I have previously mentioned.

Water Street! Thou art forsaken by the stage and the packet, yet thou art beautiful in thy solitude.

Morris is one of the finest portions of our county. A good limestone soil, with but little waste land gives them a uniform degree of prosperity. In this district the school directors are taking the right position,—the position that will place their schools at the head of the class in our county. Their position will be noticed in a letter particularly on that subject. The village of Spruce Creek deserves a particular notice on account of the healthy situation, business, and other attractions. The celebrated Keystone Hotel is now attracting visitors from the East and the West; and in neatness, order, and regularity it cannot be beat between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. The lovers of pleasure, and business men who need recreation, will find the object of pursuit there; and Col. R. F. HASLERT, will furnish them with horses and fine carriages to visit the Arch Spring, the Cave and other natural curiosities. If they wish to realize the ancient fable of Pluto, or of Hades, let them ascend the hill after night and witness the fast train passing through the tunnel.

Mr. CANNON of this place has a telescope of his own construction, with different eye-pieces, suited to terrestrial and celestial objects. He also has microscopes with highly magnifying powers, constructed by himself. I am under compliments for his company to the top of Tussey mountain, where with his glass we could survey the valleys of the surrounding country—look into the village of Petersburg and the narrows below Huntingdon.

Very Truly Yours, INDIANA.

OLD PARTY LINES OBSOLETE.—The old political issues upon which Whigs and Democrats divided, are buried among the things of the past. Upon the great, the all-absorbing question now presented to the people, both Whigs and Democrats have ever occupied one common ground. Both parties have been devoted friends to the Constitution and the Union. When this sacred platform is assailed by the common enemy of both, they cannot do otherwise than unite as one man. There is no going over, on the part of the Constitutional Whigs, in supporting Mr. BUCHANAN. They are supporting the great principle ever held most sacred by Mr. CLAY. What matters it who is the standard-bearer to marshal the hosts for Union and Victory, who may be the exponents of the great doctrines for which Union Whigs have always so earnestly contended? Were Mr. CLAY now living, he would support the Cincinnati nominees, as will every true friend of the Union of these States.

REVIVING THE OLD SLANDER.—The knowing and black republican presses are shameless enough (says the Philadelphia Argus) to revive an old, exploded, miserable slander against James Buchanan. We allude to the "drop of blood" falsehood. It is a falsehood made out of the whole cloth. Mr. Buchanan never said what is attributed to him, at any time, in any place, or in any way or sense. The assertion is that he made the declaration in a speech many years ago. The falsehood was coined and started about twenty years ago. Mr. Buchanan publicly denied it then, as he does yet. The first men in Lancaster, who heard the speech referred to, united in a card denying over their own signatures that Mr. Buchanan had used the expression imputed. But it is needless to waste time in further refutation of the petty slander. No man will write it or speak it who has any respect for himself or desires the respect of decent people.

Republicans and their Adjuncts.

To show the dangerous tendency of fanaticism, its utter disregard for everything religious, legal, or necessary for the wise government of societies or nations, and its determination to annihilate everything which does not accord with its own notions, it is only necessary to publish the two following extracts:

"I do not believe in the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or of the Christian Church, nor of the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the Church, nor even Jesus of Nazareth, for my master. He is my best, historic dial of human greatness, not without the stain of his times, and, I presume, of course, not without sin, for men without sin, exist only in the dreams of girls."

This extract is from a discourse delivered by Rev. THEODORE PARKER, one of the leading spirits of New England, and a man much regarded by the Republican and Abolition parties.

Here is another extract, less offensive to religion, but imbued with the same spirit and tending to the same end, the disruption of all our cherished ideas of patriotism, morality and love of country. The individual who spoke of GEORGE WASHINGTON, in a public meeting in Boston, as "a scoundrel," was a negro and the individual who rebuked him so mildly with a censure of DANIEL WEBSTER quite as revolting, was a white man who on many occasions has advocated a dissolution of the Union. These individuals are Republicans, or, what is about the same thing, Abolitionists, and would prefer FREMONT to BUCHANAN. Let sensible men read and reflect on the sentiments of the infidels and fanatics, and turn to the Democratic party as the only ark of safety in these troublous times.

Listen to Mr. REMOND and Mr. PHILLIPS: "Mr. Charles L. Remond assured the meeting that 'he could spit upon Washington' and flew into a rage at the thought that people might not like his saying that 'that scoundrel, George Washington, had enslaved his fellow men.' Mr. Wendell Phillips was not so sure about that. 'He knew his (Washington's) defects, the evil of his example; but let him remember his times, his education; he was a sinner. But if he called Washington a scoundrel, what would he call Pierce?' Mr. Phillips objected to the term scoundrel, as applied to Washington, because it was not sufficiently graphic. Let an American say scoundrel, and the ear ached for Webster."

HE CAN'T GO IT!—The Ohio Statesman states that Duke Ward, Esq., an old-Line Whig, and formerly a member of the Legislature, is out for Buchanan. Mr. Ward, in a letter, says— "I have been a Whig, as you know; but I cannot go off after Niggerism or Know-Nothingism, which have succeeded the dissolution of that gallant old party. It seems to me that now, no friend of the Constitution and the Union can find a place where he will be at home, except in the Democratic party. I shall give myself up to the campaign with ardor and with vigor."

The National Democratic party, which goes for equal rights for all, is the only party now fit for Constitutional men to act with. The flower of the Whig party are letting the world know this.

From the Philadelphia Democrat, (German paper).

Leaning on a Broken Staff. Many of the Black Republican journals of the country are giving currency to a report, that a large majority of our German population are Abolitionists. A greater libel was never published. The German mind is too practical not to see, that the sudden abolition of Slavery in the South, would bring about the very condition of things which it most fears, namely, the competition between negro and white labor. Who does not know, that were such an event as abolition suddenly to take place, the North would be flooded with negroes, seeking employment in all the branches of business, or banding together to depredate upon society? Such would be the necessary consequence of freeing the slaves, because they could not remain in the South, in their present numbers, with safety to the white population. Many years of tuition would be required to qualify them for freedom, and the danger always is, that they will become either pests or a burden to the community.

If the opposition press draw consolation from the foolish supposition that the Germans are Abolitionists, their feelings will be more painful as they become convinced of their error. Freedom is natural to the German mind—for it was brought with them from their Northern homes, when they first overran Europe,—and still lives in their recollection in all its freshness. With them, liberty may have something of the imagination about it; but they make a wise discrimination between restricting negro slavery to the soil and climate adapted to its profitable use, and its total extinction in one shape, only to become an acknowledged curse in another, by deluging the North with the idle and vicious black, who is as yet unfitted for freedom.

To save the Black Republican journals future mortifications, we would advise them to abandon their deceptive notions in reference to the Germans. Such statements as were recently published by the Cincinnati Gazette, and reiterated by the New York Evening Post, to the effect, that ten leading German papers in the West, were in favor of Fillmore, carry upon their face an absurdity, to those who know the true characteristics of our German population. The ten Western Journals spoken of, as having seventy thousand subscribers, which are claimed for Fremont, are weekly publications, and their whole aggregate circulation does not equal one week's edition of the daily German Democrat, without taking into consideration its weekly issue of many thousands. There are other staunch German Democratic papers, both East and West, which far outnumber the boasted seventy thousand subscribers cited by the Cincinnati Gazette, and among them the Volksfreund, of its own City, the Banner and Volksfreund, at Milwaukee, and the Staats-Zeitung, of New York. But to show the falsity of the Gazette's assertion, it is only necessary to mention, that many of the journals claimed by it, have invariably opposed the Democratic party, and therefore are no accession to the opposition ranks. We do not know of one in its list, that has been consistently Democratic. Besides, the editor of the Pittsburg Courier, who is said by the Gazette to have been one among the ten editors that met at Cincinnati, denies the statement altogether.

The fruitless attempt of the opposition to manufacture public opinion, is reacting upon themselves, as the hands become one by one exposed. The Germans are Democrats, both in education and habits, and will never leave their party to follow some sentimental absurdity, which cannot stand the test of reason. They know that the Southern negro slaves are unfitted for freedom such as the white man here enjoys, and that abolitionism would bring upon both races the most terrible results. When the social condition of the negro is altered, Africa is his proper home. We cannot permit his labor to come into competition with the white man's.

Trial of Brooks for the Assault on Mr. Sumner.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—The case of Preston S. Brooks, for the assault on Senator Sumner, was called up this morning, before the Judge of the Criminal Court. A large number of spectators were present including Senator Butler and other members of Congress. The District Attorney read a correspondence between himself and Mr. Sumner, to show that he had used due diligence, though unsuccessfully, to obtain the presence of Mr. Sumner, who had expressed himself to have no desire to take part in the proceedings and had left the city.

The testimony of Wm. V. Lender, who caused the arrest of Mr. Brooks after the assault, J. W. Simonton, Mr. Keitt, Senators Foster, Pearce and Toombs were all submitted. At the instance of Mr. Linton, counsel for the accused, extracts were read from Mr. Sumner's speech, reflecting upon South Carolina and Mr. Butler, in mitigation of the offence. Doctors Boyle and Lindsay, and Senator Benjamin were examined, the last expressing his opinion, from what he saw of Mr. Sumner's notes, that the speech had been printed before delivery.

Mr. Brooks made a short speech regretting Mr. Sumner's absence. He had hoped to have the benefit of interrogating him concerning his testimony before the House Committee. He took the ground that there are some offences for which the law affords no adequate remedy, and said that while he had a heart to feel and a hand to strike, he would redress the wrongs of his political mother, from the effort to cover her with obloquy and dishonor. His property might be squandered, his life endangered, but he would be true to her who bore him. He bowed to the majesty of the law, and would so receive his sentence.

Judge Crawford said that as the matter might, perhaps at that moment, be the subject of investigation at another place, (meaning the House of Representatives), he would forbear comment on the testimony, and pronounce the judgment of the Court, which was that Mr. Brooks pay a fine of \$300.—The fine being paid, Mr. Brooks retired with his friends.

It is said that during the first few days of June the inhabitants of Vienna were almost broiled alive. The thermometer was 104 degrees in the shade.

It seems that the municipal arrangements around the north pole are very strict. Dr. Kane says he was prevented from going any further by the north pole-ice.

Virtue, like flowers, often blooms most beautiful in the shade.

Fremont's Claims.

The opposition papers have already begun to be very noisy upon the subject of Fremont's military services. His adventures among the passes of the west are confidently offered as a set-off to the long line of eminent public actions which have made Mr. BUCHANAN what he is. Let nobody imagine for a moment we intend to dispute FREMONT'S claims to greatness. We admit them cheerfully. We do not hesitate to assert that we believe that he slept in the open air more nights, perhaps, than any other man, KIR CANNON excepted, of whom the public has yet heard. His achievements in the matter of eating mule's meat and drinking dirty water are also quite astonishing. He has shot buffalo—killed bears—talked Indian—and done a variety of other things, for which nobody gives him greater credit than we do. We have always felt pleased to think that he has been so well rewarded for every thing he did. His success in securing the handsome estate in California, instead of exciting any envy in our bosom, only seems to us a just reward for his early services there. When he was sent to the Senate we didn't even lament that, although we disliked the system of rewarding soldiers with civic office. We only wanted to see what he would do. What he did, we won't tell; it would seem a little shallow, perhaps to state that he did nothing at all, but prudently kept quiet. That unblushing sheet, the Congressional Globe, has, however, already fully laid bare the barrenness of his official life.

And now we are asked to make him President. Here our gratitude stops. Reason steps in and asks—"what claim has this man to this great office?" What is there in the nature of his mind, in the tenor of his life, in his studies, in his actions, to fit him for a place wherein, above all other places, a large statesmanship is called for by the country, and must be had, if the country is to be secure? The Fremont organs kindly answer these little questions for us.—Their champion, they tell us has gone for days without victuals—he has lived on the flesh of the mules—he has washed this diet down with ditch water! And so, they tell us, he is the man for the times. With all admiration for these achievements of the Colonel, they strike us as indicating rather, fine teeth and a good digestion, than any very enlarged scope of intellect. Gentlemen can be picked up all over the country—we know of several ourselves, obliging fellows, who, for some trifling compensation, such as an estate in California, or the Presidency, or any thing of that sort, will eat mule flesh for any given period which the Republican doctors may prescribe. Not that we mean to insinuate that these gentlemen are to do anything else in consideration of the reward. It would be altogether unreasonable to expect any excessive development of brain from persons whose teeth and digestive organs work so handsomely! Few men are great in all things. Each luminary has its sphere, and only shines fitly therein. And, although our gratitude to Colonel P. is certainly very large, we do not wish to see a great nation make itself little, that it may make a little man great.—But not great—we will not say that. We would not merely become ludicrously absurd ourselves, but FREMONT himself would be intolerably miserable were we to crown him with the office. He would feel, from the hour that he entered the White House, the unfitness of the wreath for his brow. Should any great emergency occur, threatening the public safety, as the aspect of the political heavens just now seems to indicate that there will, a miserable weakness would possess him; the want of capacity, the want of experience, the want of any thing like a statesman's head or a statesman's life, would make his impotence too apparent to be hid. He would then feel, perhaps—the nation at any rate would feel—how little there is in the genius which fits a man to guide bands of trappers through western passes, to fit him for the vast duty of leading a great nation through the straits of a great crisis.—Patriot and Union.

Democracy at a High Premium.

The New York Tribune dwells with emphasis on the fact that Col. Fremont has never been anything but a democrat, and thinks this circumstance gives him stronger claims on the country than than Mr. Buchanan, inasmuch as he was for a time a federalist.—We are gratified to see even the Tribune paying so high a compliment to democracy. It was only a few years ago that the Tribune considered it an unpardonable political sin to be a democrat; now, however, democracy is so good that Mr. Greeley looks for all the high officers of the government among those who can claim the honor of having been democrats. The difference between Mr. Buchanan and Col. Fremont on this point is not more striking than the contrast between their respective qualifications on the score of ability, experience, wisdom, public service, and statesmanship. Mr. Buchanan was a democrat when Col. Fremont had just escaped from his swaddling clothes, and, what deserves to be specially noted, is that he is a democrat yet. Col. Fremont started out a democrat; but, as good a thing as democracy is he abandoned it and became a black republican, at the very time when the fidelity of all democrats was needed to preserve the integrity of the constitution and the Union. Mr. Buchanan started wrong, but more than thirty years ago got right, and has remained so ever since. Colonel Fremont started right, but backslid and got wrong, and is now wrong. Mr. Buchanan quit federalism and embraced democracy. Colonel Fremont quit democracy and embraced federalism and black republicanism combined. Yet the Tribune dwells on Col. Fremont's democracy as his leading recommendation!

The Advantage of Temperance Drink.

A drowning boy was recently rescued in Boston, Mass., by a Mr. Lemon, whereupon a bystander remarked, that the little fellow would have perished, had it not been for Lemon-aid. The fellow was promptly arrested.

The bodies of two men, were found horribly mutilated, on the track of the Baltimore Railroad, last week. Whether they were murdered and placed there, or had laid down on the track to sleep, had not been ascertained.

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch key!