

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 52.

SUMMER DAYS.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our hearts were light, our steps were strong,
Sweet flatterings were there in our flood.
In summer, when the days were long,
We loved, and yet we knew it not;
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.
In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not but that old song,
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.
In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong,
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In Summer, when the days are long.

WHIG AND TORY.

A True Story of the Revolution.
It was a chilly, dreary afternoon in November, and the winds whistled about the little cottage where the remnant of Colonel Harper's scattered family drew around the hearth, from which the blazing firelogs sent forth unwonted cheerfulness. It was long since Madam Harper and the fair Mary had seen so happy an hour. Never since the news came that the stalwart man to whom they looked for protection, to whom they clung with mingled love and reverence, had been barbarously murdered at the close of a disastrous skirmish with the royalists on the Santee. The family had some time before this sad event removed from their plantation on the river to a small estate in the more remote interior, where they would be less exposed to the malice of their enemies, to whom the name of the Harpers was sufficiently obnoxious. And when their prime stay was thus torn from them, the widow and orphan felt doubly desolate in their solitude.

But young Master Frank was now at home for a short space, recruiting from the effects of a severe wound received in one of the recent battles. He had come with the glad tidings of victory; and a promotion, well deserved, was made more grateful by the special commendation of his general. So the genial spirits of the soldier communicated themselves to all around him: the mother and sister smiled at his camp jests, and were never weary of listening to his stories of martial adventure. Old Caesar and Dinah also came in for their share of social enjoyment; and the few sables which the little establishment still retained participated in the common happiness, now that, to use their own words, "Mass' Frank come home real Congress cap'n." Notwithstanding the outer dreariness of a chill November afternoon, all was pleasant within doors. As a fresh blast made the fastenings of the shutter rattle, Captain Frank would hitch his seat nearer to the fire.

"Ah, my dears," he said, "would I not like that Marion and her sisters could be sheltered this night as well as I shall be! But I dare say that the General is at this very moment, making bivouac at the foot of some oak or hickory—may be at the edge of a swamp, or impenetrable mountain jungle. Eh, and even our friend Gaston, Miss Mary, may very probably lodge this night on 'the cold, cold ground,' as the roundelay has it."

"And if it be so," replied the black-eyed sister, "it will not have been for the first time; nor will Charles Gaston be the first to complain."

"Ho, ho, my lady," rejoined Frank, laughingly, "pray take no offence at my remark! I meant no insinuation against the young gentleman's hardihood. I am well aware that if he should suffer serious injury, there is a certain warm-hearted relative of mine who would be much more ready to complain than he would be himself. But, then, don't seek to retaliate! I will give you the honors of the field, and retire from the contest at once. By the way, has anything been heard lately of that rascally neighbor of ours, that once was, Tom Dashwood?"

"Hush, Frank!" exclaimed his mother, with an involuntary uplifting of her finger; while Mary, with evident discomposure, murmured something about affairs in the kitchen, and hurried out.

Frank stared at his mother in surprise. "What means all this agitation?" he inquired. "I have only asked a simple question, which methinks scarcely demands such emotion from either you or Mary. I know that the fellow once pretended some uncouth attentions to her, but what of that?"

"You mistake, Frank," replied his mother. "It must be, then, that you are ignorant of what we have lately heard of this man's villainy. You know not, then, that he is thought to have been the cause of your father's death?"

"Good Heaven?—no! It is the first intimation of the sort that I have had. But how?"

"You are doubtless aware," answered his mother, "that the Dashwoods never bore a good reputation for honesty in their dealings. Some years since this Thomas Dashwood was implicated in a fraudulent conveyance of estate; and your father was employed as a magistrate in ferreting out and punishing the crime. It was just about this time, also, that Dashwood received a rebuff in his rather obstreperous attentions to Mary. In the law business, he succeeded in getting quite clear, as

there was no legal evidence sufficient to prove the connection between himself and his principals. But the odium of fraud clung to him notwithstanding; and this, joined with the absurd disappointment at Mary's treatment of him, are supposed to have filled him with venom against the whole family. Against Gaston also, he entertains the same spite. I do not know the precise agency which he had in producing our misfortunes, but I am told that he spread the report that your father had treated certain tory families with great cruelty; and also that, having professed allegiance to the British at Charleston, he had, nevertheless, taken up arms against them, once more—and that, too, on the very first opportunity. Doubtless he managed as insidiously as possible; but the quarter from which the story reached me, and what I know of the man besides, leaves me little doubt. Nay," she continued, casting a timorous glance at the securities which now barred both window and door from the outer darkness, "such is the character of Dashwood, that did I suspect him to be within possible reach of this dwelling, I should not feel at ease a single moment."

"The hypocrite!—the satanic scoundrel!" said the captain to himself, as, with clenched hands and close set teeth, he walked the room. "O, that I had but known this before!"

One or two blows, as of a person asking admittance, were heard on the outside of the door. Frank went towards it. "Who goes there?" he asked. A musket was instantly discharged from without; and Frank received a slight wound, stepped quickly back, while the door shivered beneath the axes of the assailants.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the terrified mother, throwing her arms around the captain. The latter, about to grasp his rifle, paused; he saw the uselessness of attempting defence. Therefore, he would so conduct, that the positions of the unopposed assailants might, at the least, reach no further than himself.

"Ha, good folk!" cried Dashwood, who the next moment bounded over the threshold. "Good evening to you Mistress Harper;—and you, captain;—and you, Miss Mary," he added, turning to the poor girl, who stood breathless as marble at the further extremity of the room. "An unexpected meeting, I presume, on your part, but none the less rejoiced to see me. Is it not so, my dear?"

Mary Harper shuddered; and though she attempted to speak, the sounds died away on her lips as she glanced on Dashwood, and those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, so overjoyed that you can't even speak to me, my dear? If you but knew what a long way I have come to meet you. More than that, I have brought the ring, and a person to see that it is fitted rightly. Of course you will not refuse me.—No, no, that would be impossible. How fortunate, too, that Captain Frank is here to witness the wedding!"

A choking lump was struggling in Frank's throat during this monologue; and it was perhaps as well that in the meanwhile his arms were firmly held by two brawny ruffians, or they might not have been able to restrain his hot southern blood within the bounds of prudence. There was a savage exultation about Dashwood, which, coupled with the recent information received by young Harper, made the blood of the latter fairly seethe in his veins. Nevertheless, he so far controlled himself as to say:

"Dashwood, if you have any disposition to return a favor, remember the fight at Mountain Creek, and act accordingly. Had it not been for me, you would not have lived to be here. Take our goods and what little money we have, but spare ourselves!"

"By Heaven!" retorted Dashwood, with a sullen fury in his face, "I should think some lord was giving us his commands! Look ye, Master Frank Harper, I do mean to return the favor. I want neither to harm you, nor to take any of your rascally possessions—unless it may be a glass or two of wine, and such odd silver as you may wish to make a present of to my fellows. But there is one thing, Master Frank, that I am determined on; and that is, that Miss Mary shall consent to be my wife this very eve or else there'll be such a muss as was never heard before in this house! I have brought parson Jones—"

But here Frank's passion overmastered his caution; and shaking off his sly guards as though they were children, he threw himself on Dashwood, and bore him to the floor. The latter was quickly relieved by his companions, but not before his swarthy face became still darker from the grip which Frank had placed on his throat.

"Seize, seize the scoundrel!" cried Dashwood, as soon as he was able to articulate. "He shall swing for it as I live! The rope, Oakman!—the rope!"

This was forthwith produced; and regardless of the piteous entreaties of the women, Dashwood knotted the cord with the readiness of a adept, and cast it round the neck of the prisoner, whose arms were now tightly strapped behind him. An end of the rope was thrown over a beam which ran above.

"There, Miss Mary," said Dashwood, coolly, "don't take on so. He isn't dead yet; and for your sake I will let him go, notwithstanding the injury he has done, and the more which he intended to do me—provided, however, you do me the favor of attending me with the

parson yonder.—Here, parson Jones, come hither!"

A man of vulgar appearance—his face betokening the habit of constant potations—now came forward, book in hand, and wearing a faded surplice which hung in disorder from his shoulders.

"Look at him," exclaimed Dashwood, with an air of ruffianly effrontery. "I call all persons present to witness that this is a true blue parson, (Giles Jones by name,) whom I have brought with me all the way from Scragg's Creek, believing that I should want his services. So, Parson Jones, spout away: here am I, and here is Miss Mary, who doubtless is willing enough, only a little coy. Oakman, stand by the ropes. Now then, my dear, you had best be pliable, or your brother will have to swing for it!"

He essayed to take her hand, but though faint and scarce conscious of what she did, she thrust it away with instinctive disgust.

"String him up, Oakman!" exclaimed Dashwood, his face inflamed with rage. "Up to the rafters with him! I'll not be fooled in this way!"

Oakman was in the act of obeying, when the women, with the resolution of despair, threw themselves in his way. While he rudely struggled against their frantic efforts, the door flew open, and a score or more of men rushed into the room, overthrowing Dashwood and his murderous tool, and disarming their mates. Frank was released, and Mary found herself in the arms of Gaston, who, in a few words, told her how he had been apprised by accident of Dashwood's probable designs, which he had thus barely been able to prevent. Dashwood was bound with the rope which he had provided for another, and carried to the camp of General Sumpter, who lay about fifteen miles from the dwelling of the Harpers. Here he was placed before a court-martial, charged with murder in cold blood, and also with deserting the continental flag, under which he had at one time taken a commission. The accusations were proved, and he was executed forthwith—the country being well rid of a brutal and faithless ruffian. Mary and Gaston were married near the close of the war, and settled on an estate which he recently purchased near the Harper plantation.—*Barton's Pictorial.*

FOREIGN NEWS.—Recent arrivals from Europe brought news to the 23d. The British Parliament would probably be prorogued on the 26th July. The London Times intimates that the propositions submitted by Mr. Dallas for the settlement of the Central American question are likely to prove satisfactory to the British government. They propose the establishment of San Juan as a free port under the sovereignty of Nicaragua, reserving to Costa Rica the right of traffic through it, and such portions of the river San Juan as are necessary; the concentration of the Mosquito savages within definite limits, clear of the mouth of the river and town, but guaranteeing the payment of their annuity; the restoration of the Bay Islands to Honduras, and Belize to remain a British possession, with 18 deg. 50 min. latitude as its territorial limit. Accounts from Spain say that the insurrection had been effectually crushed at Madrid, where O'Donnell had made preparations for the outbreak by surrounding the city with 18,000 troops. In the conflict 200 of the insurgents were killed. The Cortes had removed to Aragon, where under Gen. Enfanté they intended to make war upon Queen Isabella and O'Donnell. Serious disturbances have broken out at Cassena, in the Papal States, and at Naples. Numerous arrests have been made. The difficulties between England and Brazil were attracting attention in Parliament.

THE NEW LOCOCORO DOCTRINE, promulgated at Cincinnati and endorsed by the Buchanan Union savers, that Congress has no jurisdiction over slavery in the national territories because it is a domestic institution, will yet, if carried out, lead to terrible results. Marriage is also a domestic institution, and if slaveholders have the right to introduce their property anywhere in our territories, then have the polygamists of Utah, with their dozens of wives, the right of introducing polygamy. The doctrine is monstrous, and Christian men, eye and women too, should pause and reflect deeply before they lend themselves to such political prostitution.

Red Jacket took part with the Americans in the war of 1812, and becoming attached to a colonel who was ordered on a distant service, took his farewell of him in the following speech:—"Brother, I hear that you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand you white people think children a great blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And above all, I hope, wherever you may go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart."

KANSAS.—We have advices from Leavenworth to the 30th ult. Col. Lane and his company (numbering, we think, 400 men) had not entered Kansas territory. Gen. Smith threatened them with martial law if they do. The territorial authorities were commencing to levy taxes, but both parties refuse to pay, and trouble is apprehended.

CONGRESSIONAL DUELS.

The recent escapades of Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, have given an unusual degree of interest to the subject of duelling, and the New York Times has revived the recollections of some of the more celebrated Congressional affairs of honor. Duels have been fought by members of Congress from the very commencement of our existence as a nation, but these affairs have been much less frequent than is generally supposed to be the case. In fact all the Congressional challenges that have been sent, from the meeting of the first Congress in Philadelphia down to the affair between Brooks and Burlingame, do not exceed twenty-five in number—not half so many as have been fought by members of the British Parliament.

The first duel by a member of Congress, on record, was that between Button Gwinnett and Jackland McIntosh, in 1777. They were both of the State of Georgia, though Gwinnett only was a member of Congress. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his antagonist was an officer of the army. The dispute was of a personal nature, and the duel can hardly be called a Congressional encounter, as it did not grow out of any act of either party connected with politics. The next affair of honor in which a member of Congress was implicated, occurred in 1797, and was strictly Congressional, as it was occasioned by words spoken in debate. The parties were Thomas Blount, representative from North Carolina, and Judge Thatcher, from Massachusetts. The challenger was Blount, who took offence at a verbal criticism of an expression he used, by Thatcher, who, on receiving the invitation to fight, declined giving an answer until he could write to his wife and obtain her consent; and there the matter stopped. Seven years afterwards, in 1804, Senator Jackson, of Georgia, was wounded in a duel with Col. Watkins; the cause of the duel was political, but not a Congressional quarrel. In the year previous, Jonathan Dayton, a Senator from New Jersey, sent a challenge to De Witt Clinton, then a Senator from New York, on account of an offensive remark of the latter in a debate, for which he made an apology that was read in the Senate. In the year 1820 General Mason, a Senator from Virginia, was attacked in a duel, by his relative, McCarty, also a Virginian; but though the cause of the duel was political, it did not originate in Congress.

The next affair of honor, in which a member of Congress was a party, was the celebrated affair of McDuffie, of South Carolina, and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, which came off in the year 1822. The famous affair between Henry Clay and John Randolph occurred four years after the last, in 1826. The next year Mr. Vance, an ex-member of Congress from North Carolina, was killed in a duel by Mr. Carson, a member from the same State. Ten years afterwards, in 1837, Mr. Dringgoole, a member of Congress from Virginia, was mortally wounded in a duel with Mr. Dugger, of the same State. In 1838, the still freshly remembered meeting took place between Jonathan Cilly, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, both members of Congress, in which the former was killed. This tragical affair created a feeling in the public mind so repugnant to the duels that it was not until the year 1851 that another affair of honor grew out of a Congressional quarrel, when Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, and Mr. Inge, of Alabama, met and exchanged shots without doing each other any personal injury, and then explained and became friends. Two years afterwards, Mr. Inge was the second of Senator Gwinnett, of California, who fought with Mr. Corbale, a representative of the same State. Though members of Congress, the duel grew out of expressions used by one of the parties at a race course in California, where the meeting took place. In 1854 the affair between Mr. Cutting, of New York, and Mr. Breckenridge, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, occurred, in which no meeting took place from the difficulty of deciding which party had given the challenge. The next affair of the kind that occurred is the one which now engrosses the public attention, and which, taken in all its aspects, is certainly the most remarkable, and the least creditable to one of the parties, of all the affairs of honor in which members of Congress have been engaged, of which we have any knowledge. During the past eighty years there have been but few hostile meetings between our leading politicians, considering the virulence and strong sectional feelings that have existed, while there has hardly been an eminent British statesman who has not been engaged in a duel. Pitt, Canning, Fox, Curran, O'Connell, Peel, D'Israeli, Castlereagh, and many more of the leading statesmen of England, have had their little affairs of honor, but our eminent public men have been singularly free from such degrading encounters.

A Virginian thus sums up the political history of "Pennsylvania's favorite son":—"Mr. Buchanan has been for a bank and against it—for the tariff of 1842 and against it—for the Maysville and Cumberland roads, and against internal improvement—for distribution of the proceeds of the public lands and against it—for 'squatter sovereignty' now and against it in 1848—for the principle of the Wilmot proviso hitherto, and against it now—because it clashes with the 'squatter sovereignty' platform built at Cincinnati," thanking his God that his fortune was cast in a State not cursed with slavery, and now the champion of Southern institutions—but, above all, for Washington's policy of non-intervention with the affairs of foreign countries, and yet the author of the Ostend manifesto!"

The Hon. James Myers, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, has left the Democratic party and announced his determination to support Fremont. For thirty years, Mr. Myers has adhered to and voted with the Democratic party. He received his political education from such men as Silas Wright and A. C. Flagg, and was distinguished as a politician while yet a young man residing in the State of New York. Twenty years ago he removed to the State of Ohio, and from that day to this has been one of the most prominent Democrats in the State, holding offices of high grade, and exerting a political influence second to no other man of his party.

A man named Goff was killed in Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., on the 28th July, by another named Potts. They had been drinking together in a restaurant, and after paying their bill, fell to boxing each other, in apparently good humor. Potts finally struck Goff so that he fell. Potts and some others present, after smoking awhile, went out, Goff still lying on the floor. The bar-keeper then approached Goff with a light, and was amazed to find him dead! Potts, who was overwhelmed with amazement on hearing the result of what he considered so trifling an incident, has been taken into custody.

FREMONT IN MARYLAND.—The Cecil Democrat states that a Fremont electoral ticket is to be formed in Maryland, and that Francis P. Blair, Esq., is to be one of the electors at large.

BLACK REPUBLICANS.—Some of the lower grades of Democratic papers style Fremont and Dayton the "Black" Republican candidates. We will submit a simple statement of facts, and leave the public to decide whether the epithet "black" would not be more appropriately applied to the Democratic party: Fremont and Dayton are pledged to favor the admission of Kansas under the Constitution already formed—which Constitution prohibits the admission of negroes into the State either free or slave. Consequently under that Constitution, the State would be forever consecrated to an unmixed white population. While, on the other hand, the Cincinnati Platform allows slave owners to carry their negroes there in droves, and if that Platform is sustained by the people, and the expansion of the Free-State settlers approved of, the black race will soon become a permanent institution there. The success of the Republican ticket would tend to make it a White State—while the success of the Democratic ticket will, in all probability, make it a black or slave State. Now, to which party does the epithet "black" more appropriately belong?—*Er.*

A CAPITAL STORY.—The Hawkeye and Iowa Patriot tells a capital temperance story.

A farmer belonging somewhere in Iowa, bought a keg of whiskey and carried it home. Well knowing that his better half occasionally took a "drop or so" if it came in her way, and now and then would have a drop at all events, he then endeavored to conceal the keg from her by suspending it in the barn, somewhere near the ridge pole.

The eagle-eyed, or rather "hawk-eyed" wife got sight of it, however, and resolved upon obtaining a taste. It was impossible for her to reach it. At length she hit upon the following expedient, which worked to a charm.

Taking down her husband's rifle, she put in a charge with a good ball, and taking deliberate aim at the keg, tapped it with a ball, and brought down the whiskey at the first shot!—Having a tub previously prepared, she was thus enabled to catch all, without losing a drop, and left her poor husband to weep over and wonder at the loss of his whiskey.

CUTTING IT THICK.—The Yankees are generally supposed to possess more acuteness than any other people on the face of the globe, yet the following story will show that some of the Germans possess this faculty to a remarkable degree. On one occasion a German residing in the country came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest, he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel-keeper, who afterwards, in demonstrating the acuteness of his countryman over the Yankee, said:

"You may talk about your tam Yankees sneering, but a Dutchman sneered me much better as a Yankee never was. He prings me some hams—dey was canvass nice, so better as you never see. I buy one, two dozen—all so nice—and if you believe—de sheet was so magnificent dat I eat six, seven, eight of dem tam hams before I found out dey was made of wood!"

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"HELP ME, CASIUS, OR I SINK!"

The Albany Evening Journal says that the Buchananites are calling for "Help!" The loud pulsations of the public heart for Fremont and Fremont alarm them. Hence the call for money, embodied in the following circular forwarded to us by a Post Master who received it: (PRIVATE.)

To the Post Master of —
DEAR SIR—At a private consultation of the leading Democrats of the Union held in this city, immediately upon the adjournment of Cincinnati Convention, it was recommended that each Postmaster be requested to contribute an amount proportionate to the receipts of their respective offices. Upon examining the returns of the Post Office Department it is found that your proportion will be three dollars, which you will confer a favor by remitting by return of mail.

The principal object in making these collections is to throw into the doubtful States an immense quantity of speeches and documents in favor of the policy of the Democratic party, and also to assist in defraying the expenses of speakers that will be employed during the coming canvass. You will therefore perceive that every Post Master who wishes for a continuance of his official position will find it for his interest to use every effort to bring about so desirable a result.

Post Masters are appealed to because they are considered the representatives of the party in their respective localities, and being the recipients of the patronage of the Administration, it is but just that they should comply with its demands.

Please send us the name of some reliable leading Democrat in your town whom we can confer with hereafter.

Address, PERLIN M. BROWN, Jun., Washington City, D.C. 1856.

Instead of sending the "three dollars" to Washington, as requested, the gentleman addressed sent it to us to pay for ten copies of the Campaign paper! This may be taken as a significant "sign of the times."

FREMONT IN WESTERN DEMOCRACY.—The Erie Coalition, a calm and unexcitable print, says, that it is frequently interrogated in regard to its views of the prospects of Fremont in Pennsylvania, and adds, we believe firmly that he can carry the State, but do not assume to give figures for any but that portion in which we are intimately acquainted with the state of popular feeling. In Erie county we shall certainly have 2000 majority; Crawford not less than 1500, and possibly 1800; Warren over 500; in Venango 500; Mercer probably 700; Lawrence 1600; Butler 700; Beaver 800; Allegheny 4500; Westmoreland is confidently claimed for Fremont—we name no majority; Washington 800; Fayette 800; Armstrong 800; Indiana 2000; Jefferson 300; Clarion and Greene will probably give majorities for Buchanan. The counties named gave Pollock 16,500 majority, and according to our estimate, which is certainly moderate, they will give Fremont not less than 17,500. All the indications are that our majorities will greatly exceed, in many counties, the figures we have claimed. If the campaign is conducted with the energy and enthusiasm which the signs indicate, there is little doubt that the counties embraced in our list will roll up a clean majority of 20,000. It must be borne in mind that the counties where the Republican gains are largest, have always been heavily Democratic. In the same territory, Pierce had nearly 3,000 majority in 1852.

STILL THEY COME!—A VOICE FROM BUCHANAN'S HOME!—The Independent Whig, of August 5th, printed in Lancaster City, Pa., contains a letter from C. M. Johnston renouncing the Cincinnati platform and Buchanan, and declaring his intention to yield a hearty support to John C. Fremont. Mr. Johnston is the celebrated Drummer shoemaker, who has addressed hundreds of Democratic meetings, and has heretofore been engaged as a speaker over the State. He was a member of the Buchanan County Committee of Lancaster, and his letter is addressed to the chairman, resigning his post. He says for the last twenty years he voted the Democratic ticket in Lancaster county, but as the Cincinnati Convention had repudiated the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, by endorsing the sectional measures of the Pierce Administration, and adopted a platform destructive in its character to the whole country, he cannot consistently support either it or its nominees. The Whig says Mr. Johnston is but one of scores of "old line Democrats" in Lancaster county, who repudiate the Cincinnati platform and its nominees.

GREEN CORN OMELET.—The following recipe for this seasonable delicacy is said to be excellent:—Grate the corn from twelve ears of corn, boiled, beat up five eggs, stir them with the corn, season with pepper and salt, and fry the mixture brown, browning the top with a hot shovel. If fried in small cakes, with a little flour and milk stirred in to form a batter, it is very nice.

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC BOLTER.—Hon. Mark Delahay, a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention from the State of Illinois, made a speech at a Fremont and Dayton meeting, at Montezuma, Pike county, on the 18th ult. He said he attended the Cincinnati Convention, and was in favor of Mr. Buchanan, but, when he saw him swallow the platform, he bolted, and now advocated the election of Fremont.