Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1860. VOL. 7.—NO. 1.

From the "Atlantic Monthly."

THE SONG OF FATIMA.

Oh, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles!

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite:
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night!

From Chambers' Miscellany.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

One day, a good many years ago, a young woman knocked at the door of a little cottage in the suburbs of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was immediately responded to by the opening of the door from within. An aged woman, neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen from the wheel, was the sole inmate of the little cot.

"Bless your heart, girl," said the dame, as she entered with her visitor, and sat down by the wheel again, "there must surely be something particular about you to-day, for you did not used to knock."

"I was afraid some one might be with you, mother," said the girl, who had taken a seat opposite the spinner.

"And though a neighbor had been here," replied the dame, "this surely wouldn't have frightened you away, but the truth is, you have something to say to me, Catharine," continued the speaker, kindly; "out with it, my dear, and depend upon the best counsel that old Hannah can give."

The young woman blushed deeply and did not speak.

"Has William Hutton asked you to become his wife, Catharine?" said the dame, who easily and rightly anticipated the matter that was in the thoughts of her youthful visitor.

"He has, mother" was the reply.

"Well, my dear," said she, after a short pause, "is not this what you have long expected, aye, and wished?" He has your heart; and so I suppose it needs no witch to tell what will be the end on't."

This might be all very true, but there was something on Catharine's mind which struggled to be out, and out it came.

"Dear Hannah," said she, seating herself close by the dame, and taking hold of her hand, "you have been a kind friend—a parent—to me since my poor mother died, and I have no one to look to for advice but yourself. I have not given William an answer, and I would not until I had spoken to you; more especially as something—as you once said—"

"What did I say, Catharine?" interrupted the old woman; "nothing against the man you love, surely. He is, from all I have seen and heard, kind-hearted, industrious, and every way well-behaved."

"Yes, Hannah," replied the woman; "but you once said, after I brought him once or twice to see you, that you did not like those—those sort of low fits that sometimes fall upon him even while in your company. I have often noticed them since, Hannah," continued Catharine, with a sigh.

"Plague on my thoughtless tongue, for saying such a thing to vex you, my dear child! He was a soldier, you know a good many years ago—before he was twenty—and fought for his country. Perhaps he may have seen sights then that made him grieve to think upon, without blaming himself. But whatever it may be, I meant not, Catharine, that you should take such a passing word to heart. If he has some little cares, you will easily soothe him, and make him happy."

As the worthy dame spoke, her visitor's brow gradually cleared, and after some further conversation, Catharine left the cottage, lightened at heart with the thought that her old friend approved of her following the course to which her inclination led her.

Catharine Smith was indeed well entitled to pay respect to the counsel's of Hannah. The latter had never married, and had spent the greater part of her life in the service of a wealthy family at Morpeth. When she was there, the widowed mother of Catharine had died at Newcastle; and, on learning of the circumstances, Hannah, though a friend merely, and no relation, had sent for the orphan girl, then ten years of age, and had taken care of her until she grew fit to maintain herself by service. On finding herself unable to continue a working life longer, Hannah retired to Newcastle, her native place, where she lived in humble comfort on the earnings of her long career of servitude. Catharine came back with her to Newcastle, and immediately entered into service there. Hannah and Catharine had been two years in these respective situations when the dialogue which has just been recorded took place.

On the succeeding expiration of her term of service, Catharine was married to the young man whose name had been stated as being William Hutton. He was a joiner by trade, and bore, as Hannah had said, an excellent character. The first visit paid by the new married pair, was to the cottage of the old woman, who gazed on them with a truly maternal pride, thinking she had never seen so handsome a couple. The few years spent by Hutton in the army, had given to his naturally good figure an erect manliness, which looked as well in one of his sex as the light graceful figure, and fair ingenious countenance of Catharine, was calculated to adorn one of woman kind. Something of this kind, at least, was in the thoughts of Hannah, when Catharine and her husband visited the dame's dwelling.

Many a future visit was paid by the same parties to Hannah, and on each successive occasion the old lady looked narrowly, though as unobtrusively as possible, into the state of the young wife's feelings, with a motherly anxiety to know if she was happy. For, though Hannah, seeing Catharine's affections deeply engaged, had made light of her own early remark upon the strange and most unpleasing gloom occasionally, if not frequently observable in the look and manner of William Hutton, the old woman was never able to rid her own mind altogether of misgivings on the subject. For many months after Catharine's marriage, however, Hannah could discover nothing but open, unalloyed happiness in the air and conversation of the youthful wife. But at length Hannah's anxious eye did perceive something like a change. Catharine seemed sometimes to fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits of abstraction, not unlike those which had been observed in her husband. The aged dame felt greatly distressed at the thought of her dear Catharine being unhappy, but for a long time she held her peace upon the subject, trusting that the cloud might be a temporary one, and would disappear.

It was not so, unfortunately. Though in their manner to each other when together, nothing but the most cordial affection was observable; Catharine, when she came alone to see Hannah, always seemed a prey to some uneasiness which all her efforts could not conceal from her old friend. Even when she became for the first time a mother, and with all the beautiful pride of a young mother's love, presented her babe to Hannah, the latter could see grief imprinted on Catharine's brow.

Hoping by her counsel to bring relief, Hannah took an opportunity to tell the young wife what she had observed, and earnestly besought her confidence.

At first Catharine stammered forth a hurried assurance that she was perfectly happy, and in a few seconds by bursting into tears owning that she was very unhappy.

"But I cannot, Hannah," she exclaimed, "I cannot tell the cause—even to you."

"Don't say so, my poor Catharine," replied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that prompts me to interfere."

"Oh, no, Hannah," replied the young wife, "I know you speak from love to me."

"Well, then," continued the dame, "open your heart to me. Age is a good adviser."

Catharine was silent.

"Is your husband harsh to you?" asked Hannah.

"No," cried the wife; "man could not be kinder to woman than he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink; in—"

"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was Catharine's reply; "my husband is as free from all such faults as ever man was."

"My dear child," said the old woman, almost smiling as the idea entered her head; "you are not suspicious—not jealous—"

"I have never had a moment's cause, Hannah," answered Catharine. "No, my griefs are not of that nature. He is one of the best and dearest of husbands."

Old Hannah was puzzled at these replies, as she was distressed by the open avowal of Catharine's having some cause of sorrow; but seeing that her young friend could not make up her mind to a disclosure at the time, the aged dame gave up her enquiries, and told Catharine to think seriously of the propriety of confiding all to her. Hannah conceived that, on mature consideration, Catharine would come to the resolution of seeking counsel at the cottage. And she was not wrong. In a few days after the last conversation, the young wife came to visit Hannah again, and after a little embarrassed talk, entered upon the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both.

"Hannah," said Catharine, "I fear you can serve me nothing—I fear no living being can serve me—O, Hannah, good as my husband appears to be—good as he is—there is some dreadful weight pressing upon his mind, which destroys his peace—and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits which you, as well as I, have noticed in him, are not, I fear, without cause." Catharine wept in silence for a moment, and then continued: "All that I know of this cause arises from his expressions—his dreadful expressions—while he is asleep at my side. Hannah, he speaks in broken language of murder—of having committed murder! Hannah, perhaps a woman deceived and murdered by him." As Catharine said this, she shuddered, and buried her face in that of the babe which she carried in her arms.

Hannah was shocked to hear of this, but her good sense led her to suggest for the comfort of the poor wife, that it was perfectly possible for her husband to consider himself a murderer in his sleep, and speak of it, without the slightest reality in the whole affair.

"Ah, Hannah," said Catharine sadly, "these dreadful sayings are not the result of one nightmare slumber. They occur too often—too often. Besides, when I first heard him mutter in his sleep these horrible things, I mentioned the matter to him in the morning at our breakfast, and laughed at it; but he grew agitated, and telling me to pay no attention to such things, as he sometimes talked nonsense, he knew, in his sleep, he rose and went away, leaving his meal unfinished—indeed, scarcely touched. I am sure he does not know how often he speaks in his sleep, for I never mentioned the subject again—though my rest is destroyed by it. And then his fits of sadness at ordinary moments! Hannah! Hannah! there is some mystery—some terrible mystery under it. Yet," continued the young wife, "he is so good—so kind—so dutiful to god and to man. He has too much tenderness and feeling to harm a fly. Hannah, what am I to think or do? for I am wretched at present."

It was not long ere the old dame replied to this question. She mused greatly upon what had been told her, and in the end, said to Catharine—"My poor child, I cannot believe that William is guilty of what these circumstances lay seemingly at his door. But, if the worst be true, it is better for you to know it, than to be in this killing suspense forever. Go and gain his confidence, Catharine; tell him all that has come to your ear, and say that you did so by my advice." Hannah continued to use persuasions of the same kind for sometime longer, and at length, sent Catharine home, firmly resolved to follow the counsel given her. On the following day, Catharine once more presented herself at the abode of Hannah, and as soon as she entered, exclaimed: "Dear mother, I have told him all. He will be here soon to explain everything to us both."

The old woman did not exactly comprehend this. "Has he not," said she, "given any explanation to you."

"No, Hannah," said Catharine; "but, oh, he is not guilty. When I had spoken as you desired me, he was silent a long time, and he then took me in his arms, Hannah, and kissed me saying: "My darling Catharine, I ought to have confided in you long before. I have been unfortunate, not guilty. Go to kind Hannah's, and I will soon follow you, and set your minds at ease, as far as it can be done. Had I known how much you have been suffering, I would have done this long before.' These were his words, Hannah. On, he may be unfortunate, but not guilty."

Hannah and Catharine said little to each other until the husband came to the cottage. William sat down gravely by the side of his wife, and after kindly inquiring for the old woman, at once commenced to tell his story:

"The reasons of my unhappy exclamations in my sleep, which have weighed so much upon my mind, dear Catharine, may be very soon told. They arose from a circumstance which has much embittered my own peace, but which, I hope, is to be regarded as a sad calamity rather than a crime. When I entered the army, which I did at the age of nineteen, the recruiting party to which I attached myself was sent to Scotland, where we remained but a few days, being ordered again to England, in order to be transported again to the continent. One unhappy morning, as we were passing out of the town where we had rested on our march southward, my companions and I chanced to see a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, washing clothes in a tub. Being the most light-hearted among the light-hearted, I took up a large stone with the intention of splashing the water against the girl. She stooped hastily, and shocking to tell, when I threw the stone, it struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull fractured. Stupefied at what I had done, I stood gazing on the stream of blood gushing from my poor victim's head, when my companions, observing that no one had seen us—for it was then early in the morning—hurried me off. We were not pursued, and we were in a few weeks, on the continent; but the image of that bleeding girl followed me everywhere; and since I came home I have never dared to inquire the result, lest suspicion should be excited, and I should be hung for murder; for, I fear, from the dreadful nature of the blow, that the death of the poor creature lies at my door."

While Hutton was relating his story, he had turned his eyes to the window, but what was his astonishment, as he was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry aloud, "Thank God!" while his wife broke into an hysterical passion of tears and smiles, and threw herself into his arms.

"My dear husband!" cried she as soon as her voice found utterence, "that town was Morpeth?"

"It was," said he.

"Dear William," the wife then cried, "I am that girl."

"You, Catharine!" cried the amazed and enraptured husband, as he pressed her to his bosom.

"Yes," said old Hannah, from whose eyes the tears were fast dropping, "the girl whom you unfortunately struck, was she who is now the wife of your bosom; but your fears had magnified the blow. Catharine was found by myself soon after the accident, and though she lost a little blood and was stunned for a time, she soon got roused again. Praised be Heaven for bringing about this explanation." "Amen!" cried Catharine and her husband.

Peace and happiness, as much as usually falls to the lot of mortals, were the lot of Catharine and her husband, from this time forward, their great source of disquietude having been thus taken away. The wife even loved her husband more, from the discovery that the circumstances which had caused her distress were but a proof of his extreme tenderness of heart and conscience; and William was attached the more strongly to Catharine, after finding her the person whom he unwittingly injured. A new tie, as it were, had been formed between them.

The Revival in Sweden.—A revival of unprecedented force has recently visited Sweden. Scarcely a church or congregation in the Kingdom has not felt its power. An article in the London *Quarterly Review* sums up the results of this work ably. From this article it appears that the circulation of tracts and the reading of the Scriptures were the principal agencies employed. Owing to a peculiar regulation of the Lutheran Church, the Swedish people were only acquainted with a small portion of the Bible, and thus it had the freshness of a new book. Small meetings for prayer and reading, almost entirely by laymen, were everywhere largely attended. The lowest estimate places the number of converts, or as they are termed in Sweden, "readers," at 250,000 out of a population of 3,500 000. The morality of these people is remarkable. Drinking has so decreased that two-thirds of the distilleries have been closed since 1836. In the parishes bordering on Russia, where nearly every man was guilty of smuggling, hundreds of persons refunded the duties of which they had defrauded the Government. Many sold their property to obtain the money, and others who could not raise the sum at once, discharged the debt by installments. The perplexed officers of customs laid the matter before the King, who decided that the proceeds should be distributed among the poor. The average number of law-suits has decreased from 5,800 to three, four, and six. In villages once, remarkable for their profanity, not an oath is heard, and the Bible and sermons have replaced low literature to such an extent that the booksellers only keep religious works. The awakening pervaded all classes, and even extended among the nobility and the wealthy. Instances of "sudden conversion" were not unfrequent, and the "Divine impulse" was so irresistibly felt in the midst of secular arrangements, or in the streets, as to lead the people to fall on their knees, and cry for mercy. In many of its features this remarkable revival was strikingly similar with that which recently visited Ireland.

A Piggish Illustration.—A country girl, whose sisters had married badly, was about to take the noose herself.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

The young girl replied with spirit:—

"I choose to make a trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit, and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all in turn thrust in their noses, just as if they hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you are satisfied."

Filial Affection.—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded: "The only one of my children who shows me any real filial affection, is my youngest son, Larry, for he never *strikes me when I'm down*!"

Julias, did you attend de last meeting ob de Abolition Debating Society? "Yes sir." "Well," what was de fust thing dat came up before de house?" "De fust thing dat came up before de house?"—why—it was a charcoal cart!"

SPEECH OF GEN. GEORGE A. SCROGGS,
IN FAVOR OF LINCOLN AND VICTORY.

We presume if there is any man in this county who is disposed to vote for Bell and Everett, he does so on the ground of that being the *American* ticket. We tell him, however, that there is little or no Americanism about the ticket. The Convention which nominated Bell and Everett, at Baltimore in May, was called by a committee appointed by a number of Senators, Members of Congress, and others, who met in Washington City, to organize a *new* party, under the name of the "National Union Party," but since its organization is better known as the "Old Gentlemen's Party," because of the part taken in it by old fogies generally. Through the operations of this movement, the American party was *set aside*, and its principles *ignored*, having, in the outset, discarded *all* platforms, which, as a matter of course, must include the American. The "Old Gentleman's Party," is in fact a party *without principles or platform*.

Gen. G. A. Scroggs, one of the most prominent and influential Americans in the State of N. York, and a member of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Bell and Everett, in a speech made at Buffalo, on Aug. 4th, says:

"The *American Party* has not nominated any candidates for President and Vice-President; neither has it or will it call a Convention for that purpose." He says, moreover, "that the National Union Convention of Baltimore never uttered a syllable, either by resolution, address, or otherwise, in any way signifying that it endorsed or approved a single principle or doctrine of the American party."

"I have reflected much," continues General Scroggs, "upon this subject of a coalition with the Douglas men, and however others may think of it, I cannot, with a due regard to a decent consistency with my humble and brief political career, nor as a man of honor, engage in what seems to be such a stupendous piece of political shysterism. Americans of Fillmore men who can sufficiently divest themselves of all considerations of consistency, principle and honor, so as to engage in such an enterprise, are welcome to the laurels with which they shall wear even the crown of success. I will have no part or lot in the matter, and I assure you here that a very beggarly account of the Americans in the State of New York will.

"But suppose that the election is sent to the House, let us see what Mr. Bell's chances are then. He has one vote, and only one, to start with. He can depend only upon that one vote. It requires 17 to elect. Where are the remaining 16 to come from? The strength of each candidate in the House is thus estimated by the New-York *Express*: Lincoln 15; Breckinridge 12; Douglas 1; Bell 1; equally divided 4. Now, where is Mr. Bell to get votes to elect him? None of the Breckinridge men will vote for him, for they confidently expect, in the event of the election going to the House, General Lane will be the next President. Nothing is to be counted on from the four equally divided States. If Lincoln's 15 and Douglas's 1 be given to Bell, that will elect him. But it is said that the Douglas State will vote for Lincoln. This gives him 16. Now, this 16 must go over to Bell to elect him, or the Bell State must go for Lincoln and elect him, to prevent the election of General Lane. What is most probable? What is most reasonable? Will the mountain go to the prophet? or will the prophet go to the mountain? Or will the Bell State take the ground, and excuse its obstinacy as that juror did whose reason for the disagreement of the jury of which he was one, was because there were eleven obstinate fellows who would not agree with him? Is it likely that fifteen or sixteen States will yield their opinions and prejudices to one? No, it is not probable—hardly possible. Human nature is made of sterner stuff. We have but to look within our own breasts to be conscious of the fallacy of such a supposition. Would fifteen or sixteen of you Americans yield the election of the most insignificant officer to one Republican or Democrat? You certainly would not. Much less would you yield to the election of so high a functionary as a President of the United States, under similar circumstances. Then would fifteen or sixteen American States yield to the caprice of one Republican or one Democratic State? They certainly would not. Can we expect concessions from other men that we would not make ourselves? We must regard them as being as tenacious of their opinions as we are. But it is said the Republicans will not dare take the responsibility of suffering an election to fail in the House, in view of the election of General Lane in the Senate. This is assuming too much. There are men who act from conscientious motives sufficiently strong to justify them in the performance of what they conceive to be a present duty, content to abide the consequence with those who disagree with them. If it be such a calamity to have General Lane elected President, what an overwhelming responsibility a single State would assume in suffering it to be done when it could prevent it. It is plain, I think, which would be more culpable in a case where sixteen men refused to act with one, or one with sixteen, to prevent what both esteemed an evil.

"If we should conclude to vote straight for Bell and Everett, we would have the gratification of knowing that we supported men eminently qualified for the offices, but of course without any hopes of success. If, on the other hand, we should conclude to act affirmatively and to a purpose, the way is clear to me. There is a party whose platform of principles, save one resolution, conforms in all respects with my views as to what should be the policy of this country in reference to the subjects involved. And that resolution I believe to have been inserted rather as a matter of policy, for the present, than as a fundamental principle. Therefore, I am willing to hold my objections to it in abeyance, for the time being, as well as to forgive the spirit in which I suspect it to have been introduced.

"Upon that platform I see gathered vastly the greatest number of my political friends, as well as many of my personal friends—friends by whose wisdom I have instructed, and by whose counsel I have been profited. There, I have no doubt, we all would find more affinity, on principle, than in any other political association without the pale of our own. That party has already inaugurated some of the reforms which were principles embraced in our political creed, and has given its sanction to others which, if carried out, would go a great length towards accomplishing the aims of our political action. On the other hand, the opposite of this party repudiates, denounces, and condemns these reforms, as well as every principle of our political faith; branding us, as a party and as individuals, as intolerant proscriptives, and radically wrong. We all, individually and collectively, as Americans, are marked by the orthodox Democracy as unworthy of confidence or respect, politically, and consequently unfit for any place of public trust. What kind of metamorphosis an American can subject himself to, so as to find any political affinity there, I cannot imagine.

"Let us take a hasty view of our own party forces and position. Around the smouldering embers of our once glowing camp-fires a faithful few still continue to gather. Here and there a solitary sentinel is seen at his post, reminding us that there are yet a few Americans on guard. And although all is still thoughout that once vast camp, where but lately the feet of near a million trod, in that camp there yet remains a band small in numbers, but efficient in service, and although impotent in separate action, yet powerful as an ally. The gorgeous ensign of the Union still floats from its flag-staff. Without is heard the din and roar of battle. The striving forces are in view, drawn up in formidable array. On one side, is seen a mighty host, on whose banner glares the startling motto—slavery and slavery extension. Amongst that host there may be discerned, by close scrutiny, a band of fierce and treasonable spirits, bearing, as yet but half unfurled, the black flag of disunion. On the other side may be seen a more mighty host, whose banners, waving in the breeze, disclose the motto—slavery restriction—civil and religious liberty. The conflict is about to begin. Shall this patriot band remain within its camp, indifferent spectators, and reckless of the issue? Or shall it sally forth and engage as allies on the side of justice, philanthropy and right?

"There was a time when your speaker's voice was listened to in the camp with some degree of consideration, and his counsel was regarded of some avail in doubtful questions. And whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, his voice and counsel now is—to seize that gorgeous ensign of ours—let it be high advanced—rally around it all true American hearts—and in the van of the oppressed against the oppressor, let the gathering cry be—*God and the right—Lincoln and Victory.*"

LOCOFOCO BELL-EVERETTISM.

The Bell-Everett leaders have finally completed their sale to the Douglas managers in New York, and a joint electoral ticket, with *twenty-five* Douglas and *ten* so-called Bell men on it, has been formed. There is no stipulation, however, that any portion of these electors shall, under any circumstances, vote for Bell and Everett. Were anything wanting to show that the arrangement is exclusively for the benefit of Douglas and Johnson, the testimony of Mr. Ottendorfer, editor of a German paper, who is one of the electors on this joint ticket, must be conclusive. In replying to a charge that he had allowed himself to be put on the same ticket with a lot of Know-Nothings, Mr. Ottendorfer says:—

"These men were not placed on the Electoral Ticket as Bell and Everett men, and still less as Know-Nothings, since no such political organization now exists, but as conservative patriots; and with regard to most of them it is a question whether they belong to the Bell and Everett organization at all. Some of them would, in any event, have worked and voted with the Democrats.

"They were nominated by the Democratic delegates of the various Districts in the State Convention, and if they accept the nomination, they will form the *Democratic* Electoral Ticket, which, if chosen, will have to give its votes for Douglas and Johnson."

In another article on the same subject, Mr. Ottendorfer expresses himself even more distinctly, as follows:—

"At the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse, it was expressly understood, and in the proceedings of the State Committee it was declared that the Electors appointed by this Convention, in case of their election, should, under all circumstances, cast their votes for Douglas and Johnson, and that the result of the Presidential canvass, either in this or any other State, should in no wise influence (or change) this determination—that, therefore, every vote given for this ticket shall count *wholly and entirely* for Douglas and Johnson."

Could anything be more plain or unequivocal? Is this not enough to satisfy any impartial and honest man? And yet there are those who have the impudence to attempt to palm this off as a Bell and Everett ticket! How can any *American* consistently vote for a Douglas-Bell ticket, when there are strong reasons for believing that Mr. Douglas is a *Catholic?* A Know-Nothing-Catholic ticket is a new idea!

The Baltimore, Maryland, *Patriot*, decidedly the ablest organ of Bell and Everett in the country, denounces the conduct of the traitors who are selling out its party, in the following plain and emphatic terms:

"The story of the intrigue, by which the Bell leaders of New Jersey sold themselves to the Breckinridge party, is already known, but shameless as that transfer is, it is not so utterly abandoned as the New York trade is. There is a semblance of a Bell electoral ticket in New Jersey, but there is not the shadow of one in New York. The very existence of a Bell party is ignored. Under no contingency whatever is the vote of the State to be thrown for Bell, provided it is elected. Henceforward we shall treat the New York Bell party as extinct. The true friends of Col. Bell and Mr. Everett in that State are now reduced to the necessity of voting for either Douglas, Breckinridge or Lincoln, and the probability is, they will swell the vote of the latter by thousands."

An effort, it is said, is being made to form a Douglas-Bell ticket for Pensylvania also. A pretty "kettle of fish" that will be, indeed, for those fond of rare dishes. We shall see, in due time, who partakes of the mixture.

Guide to happiness—a young lady's arm.

LETTER OF PATRICK KERR.

No little interest having been manifested to see the letter of Patrick Kerr, Esq., who was butchered by the Democratic Congressional Conference at Brookville on the 8th inst., we publish it entire, as we find it in the columns of the *Clarion Democrat*:

St. Charles Furnace, Aug. 11, 1860.

Col. Alexander:—As there are many inquiries and considerable talk about the reason of my withdrawal from the Brookville Convention, after having received a majority of the votes therein, I think it but due to my friends and the public generally to make a brief statement to set the matter right before the people. At the call of the counties, when the convention was organized, three delegates responded from each of the eight counties, except McKean county. There were but two delegates in attendance from that county. The first thing in order was to settle how McKean county should vote. After hearing various propositions and a full interchange of opinion it was unanimously decided that McKean should be allowed three votes, each of her delegates casting a vote and a half. It was so entered on the minutes, and the rule was fair and just alike to all the candidates. Candidates were then put in nomination, and the convention proceeded to ballot. My name was presented by Clarion county. On the first ballot I had three votes from Clarion county, three from Forest county, who were instructed for me, and three from Elk who had no instructions—making nine votes in all. The next highest candidate had four votes. After the first ballot the Forest county delegates did not adhere faithfully to their instructions, although one, and sometimes two of them did occasionally afterwards vote for me. The ballotings continued through Wednesday evening without any result, and on Thursday morning Mr. Jenks withdrew his name as a candidate. Thereafter the Jefferson county delegates cast their votes for me. Shortly after, I think it was on the 55d ballot, I received three votes from Clarion county, three from Elk, three from Jefferson, two from Forest, and one and a half from McKean—making 12½ votes for me to 11½ for all others, a clear majority of one. At this point there was some cavil about the half votes, some delegates insisting that they ought not to be counted, but either way I was entitled fairly to the nomination. Counting the half votes, in accordance with the rule of the convention, as unanimously settled at the outset, I had 12½ votes to 11½ for all others. Rejecting the half votes, I had 12 to 11—either way a clear majority of one, and entitling me by every rule of right and party usage to be declared the nominee. Notwithstanding these facts, a delegate from Clearfield moved that no one should be declared nominated by the chairman, until he had received 13 full votes, and this resolution carried against the protest of the Clarion county delegates—thus introducing a new rule, contrary to all right and usage, for my especial case. I am satisfied that some delegates did not understand the object, or the force and effect of the resolution, or it would not have been allowed to pass.

Now, Mr. Editor, it strikes me, as I think it would strike any impartial mind, that such a resolution, at such a time, was unjust and out of order. First, it conflicted with the rule and understanding of the convention, up to that time, in allowing the half votes, which had always been counted and announced by the Secretary—and secondly the resolution came too late, as I was in point of fact, and by the rules of the convention, already nominated by a clear majority of one, *before* the resolution was offered. A resolution of that kind could only apply to the future, it could not affect a previous ballot, or operate to deprive me of a nomination to which I was *undeniably* entitled. Convinced then that it was an unworthy artifice to operate especially against me, I no longer desired that my name should remain before the convention, and accordingly instructed one of my delegates to withdraw my name from the list of candidates, but he not complying with the request, I went personally before the convention and withdrew my name, in a few plain words, not perhaps sufficiently courteous and complimentary, but they were the words of a plain man who is in the habit of using language to convey thoughts, not to conceal them.

I wish it distinctly understood that I exonerate a majority of the convention from all blame in the matter, as I am well satisfied that a majority were favorable to my nomination. I also cheerfully exonerate James K. Kerr, Esq., who was afterwards declared the nominee of the convention, as he was not present and had no part in the transaction. Had he been present, I am free to say that his sense of honor would not have permitted him to participate in so transparent an artifice, or to accept a nomination secured in so questionable a manner.

Yours, respectfully, Patrick Kerr.

Jonathan Long, a gawky six-footer—commonly called "Long John"—when on his way to market, always stopped for his breakfast at the tavern of old Major F. The Major observed that John was a tremendous eater, and he looked crab-apples at him until he was tired, and in hope of inducing him to get his breakfast elsewhere. But it availed not. Long John was on hand again. "Major," said he, "cant I have some sassengers for breakfast?" "Yes," replied the Major gruffly, "you can have them if we have enough in the house." He then bawled to the housemaid, and at her appearing, "There Betty," said he, "go take the measure of that man and fry his length in sausages!"

Killed While in Prayer.—A Mrs. John Brown, says the Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle, during a thunderstorm was killed by lightning, while on her knees at prayer. She had just made the remark that if the Lord wished to take them, she knew of nothing better to be doing than to be at prayer.

The New London *Chronicle* says that a "sea-porcupine"—a queer-looking, zebra-striped fish with a velvety skin ornamented with an abundance of vicious looking prickles, was captured in the sound a day or two since, and brought alive to that city by a smack. It was sent to Barnum.

A wild child is roaming through the forests of Iowa, and exciting much discussion among the primitive naturalists of that section of the country. The nearest approach made to its capture was to find the place where it had slept, and the remains of a frog whereupon it had dined.