

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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Poetical.

[From the New York Saturday Press.]
The Fairies.

O merry are we Fairy Folks,
The latest of races!
Who only on bright Summer nights
Presume to show our faces;
Beneath the shade of elm or oak,
Or in the starlit spaces,
We revel till the birds awake,
Then hide in shady places!

O there beneath the winking stars
We start the queerest dances!
Make mimic warfare on the sward,
Equip with bulrush lances;
With mushroom shields and acorn casques,
We charge for bloodless chances,
And celebrate the victories
With antic rites and dances!

O hoi you ought to see us troop
About the fields together!
With lady-slippers on our feet,
And plumes of scarlet feather;
Drinking the dew-drops from the flowers
Upon the midnight heather,
Or hiding under mushroom-aves
From fear of thunder-weather!

Sometimes within a hilly large—
Some couch of gold and azure,
What time the dew's low lullaby
Dresses in a drowsy measure,
We let ourselves be rocked to sleep
By zephyrs at their leisure,
And while away the golden day
In dreams of Fairy pleasure!

Or else to crystal brooks that cool
Some sweet secluded valley,
At blowing of the Elysian horn
How merrily we rally!
There where the silver cataracts
Fall soft and musically,
About the mossy-margined pools
We frolic and we dally.

O know ye not the Little Folks
So beautiful and witty,
Who live in quiet woods and glens
And lead a life so merry?
Who only deign to show themselves
When Summer nights are starry?
O know ye not the Little Folks,
The tiny tribes of Fairy?

Miscellaneous.

The Unknown Champion.

The front door of the Lysle Hall shut so heavily that it shook the house, starting a young girl and boy, who sat in the deep embrasure of a window, apparently waiting for something or some person. The young girl was dark haired, dark eyed, extremely pretty, though her lips curled too laughingly and an imperious glance shot from her large dark eyes which told of a haughty spirit. The boy was pale, and golden haired; wholly unlike his companion and sister in feature, a poor thing was Alfred Lysle—his right arm and leg being withered—had been so from his birth. He was gentle, affectionate, high spirited and talented, the idol of his widowed father and proud sister. There were times when the spirit chafed, and he almost cursed the poor maimed body which was such a clog to him.

Alfred read aloud while his sister Agnes busied herself with a piece of embroidery, giving, if the truth be told, a very divided attention to the words of her brother.

"Was not that a glorious description?" asked the boy, his face all glowing with poetical enthusiasm.

"Yes; I think I never heard a cataract described more beautifully."

"Why Aggie! I got along past the cataract and reached the meadow!"

"Oh! have you dear! Well, Alfred, to tell you the honest truth, I got to thinking of something else. Be so kind as to read it over again, and this time I will surely listen to you."

The boy laughed gaily as he answered: "No use, Aggie; your wits would be wool gathering again before I had read three lines. I will not torment you any longer. Shall I talk to you instead—or would you rather be silent?"

"Talk, if you please, Alfred."

"What think you, sister Agnes, will be the result of this conference?" asked the boy in a low tone.

The girl raised her troubled face and answered very slowly: "Indeed, Alfred, I scarcely dare think. The Dudleys are not famed for their generosity, and—"

"Bang! Bang! It was the hall door closing so heavily that it stopped her words and caused both the young persons to start. "Gone at last!" exclaimed Agnes. And she rose to her feet just as the door of the room where they were sitting opened, and an old gentleman entered.

tions, between the houses of Dudley and Lysle, there had been a long standing quarrel concerning some property, two-thirds including the buildings of the Lysle estate. The dispute had been carried from court to court without any decision in favor of either party. Lately, Robert, Earl of Dudley, had died, and his son, a dashing man of twenty-five, having tired of the old time quarrel, proposed to settle the debate by single combat to be held on the debatable territory—then, in the fourteenth century, a very common method of settling disputes. Thus the matter stood, and with conversation and feuding the three passed the evening.

After Alfred had retired, Agnes lingered behind seeming averse to leave her father. Sir Henry noticed her hesitation and putting his arm around her waist, and stroking her dark, curling hair, said earnestly: "Day after to-morrow, Agnes, I shall mount my good steed, and battle for my rights and our home. If I fall, as fall I may, we are homeless. Should anything happen to prevent me from engaging in this conflict—"

"But nothing can happen to prevent you, father," eagerly interrupted Agnes.

"Nothing but sudden illness or death, my dear child."

"Oh, father!"

"We must look at possibilities, my dear child, and I trust you do not shrink. If, as I say, anything shall prevent me from fighting my fight, I know not what you will do. A little money I have; you will find it in the ebony cabinet beside my bed. With that you must go with your brother to our relations beyond the border. Never mind, my child, I feel that you tremble. We'll only look on the bright side; and now good night."

Thus they parted with one fond embrace. As Agnes ascended to her chamber, her heart was heavy with presentiment of coming evil. About midnight Agnes was aroused from a deep though troubled slumber. It was Margery, the old nurse.

"Oh! dear, Miss Agnes! Get up—wake as quick as you can, for you are wanted."

There was trouble and despair in the old woman's voice, and Agnes sprang from her bed and began to dress as hastily as possible, while she eagerly questioned Margery.

"What is the matter, Margery?"

"Sir Henry, your father, is ill—taken very suddenly."

"With what?"

"Oh! dear, Miss, I don't know! James, who always sleeps in the next room, heard a kind of groaning, and rushing in, found my dear master in some kind of a fit."

"Oh! I merciful heaven! spare my father to me!" exclaimed the trembling Agnes, as throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she flew rather than ran down stairs. At the door of her father's room, she paused and turned to Margery, who had followed as closely as she could.

"Has any one gone for the doctor?"

"Yes, James went as soon as I could go to master."

Agnes entered the dimly lighted chamber, and approached the bed where her father lay, so white and motionless, and the frightened servants stood around mutely. Sir Henry Lysle was a good, kind master, and the servants were devoted to him.

Summoning all her courage, Agnes neared the bed. At the first sight she trembled, for she thought her father was dead. Bending over him, she laid her hand upon his heart, and was rejoiced to find that it pulsed still—though very faintly. Ignorant of what to do, Agnes bathed her father's face, and was in deep despair at the failure of her efforts, when the physician entered. Dr. Thompson found it to be a paralytic stroke, and proceeded to bleed the patient. Soon Sir Henry opened his eyes, and seemed conscious of all that was going on. He endeavored to speak, but that being impossible, paper and pencil were brought him. In large, irregular characters he scrawled:

"Doctor, will I be well enough to go out to-morrow?"

With wistful eyes he watched the physician as he deciphered the characters, and his face expressed the bitterest despair. Dr. Thompson shook his head.

Again he wrote: "I cannot meet Mortimer Dudley, and we are lost, Agnes."

Agnes read the irregular writing, so different from the usual firm, clear words, and she could scarcely repress the tears; but bravely mastering her feelings, she said, bending over the stricken man: "Can you hear and understand what I say, father?"

A faint nod was the answer.

"Then rest in peace, dear father, for a champion will be found, who will strive as manfully as you—and God grant that he may be as brave and faithful."

A smile of contentment passed over the sick man's face, and he calmly closed his eyes. "To all in question or doubt, he believed his daughter's words."

Towards the close of that day, Agnes returned from a short but rapid ride, and sought in the stable for old Arnold, her father's trusty squire. The old man turned as he heard the clatter of the horse's feet, and was only in time to see Agnes spring lightly from the saddle. He doffed his hat respectfully, and waited for his mistress to speak.

"You know, Arnold, that it was my father's intention to meet young Dudley, at day-break, to-morrow?"

"I know—I know, Mistress Agnes; but he is ill—stricken down—and cannot go," answered the old servant, in a mournful voice.

"I know of a champion," and the girl's face flushed as she spoke, "a rather inexperienced youth, but one who has a brave heart, a keen eye and a ready hand. All that he has, but no armor, and my father's is all too wide for him. Know you of any other?"

"Up in the garret is a suit long unused. It belonged to your father when he was a mere stripling, scarcely stouter than you, my dear lady."

"That will do very well, I think. Have it brightly polished, all in order, and lay it on the couch in the bed-room."

"It is as bright now, Mistress Agnes," replied the old man, respectfully, though with an accent of pride, "as the day your father last wore it, nearly forty years ago. I loved the armor my young pupil wore, and no spot of rust dulls its bright surface, no stay unloosed, or any dinted plate."

"Ever faithful, good Arnold; it is well. To-morrow at daybreak be at the hall door with Black Rudolph, father's horse, yourself in armor ready to accompany the young knight."

"Your bidding shall be done."

"And Arnold, should your young knight look aught in riding, or in handling the lance, direct him as you did my father."

Agnes turned and walked quietly to the house wholly unconscious of the curious gaze that followed her. Old Arnold looked after her with wistful eyes, then murmured aloud:

"Proud step like her father, yet light as a fairy. Where has she found a champion? Jesse has been ridden smartly. I see by reeking flanks and heaving sides. It can't be that Master Alfred is going to try—that would be madness, though I know he is equal in spirit to foot-poor fellow—no, no—that can't be, for his arm is neither steady nor strong. I can't think."

"Arnold, old fellow," exclaimed a cheery voice, "don't bother your old brain, but obey orders. To-morrow will solve your doubts. God and St. Josephus grant that our poor master's cause may prove victorious."

"Amen, Joseph," responded Arnold; and he turned and went slowly toward the hall. Just before daybreak the next morning, obedient to orders, Arnold, clad in armor, holding Black Rudolph, stood at the hall door. His own horse was held by Joseph. Both men watched with anxious eyes the opening of the heavy oak door.

"My! the young knight oversteps himself, and is dreaming of his lady love," mockingly whispered the yeoman to the old squire.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the door swung back upon its hinges, and the ring of a mailed heel was heard upon its hinges. Bigger eyes were raised and lowered in great disappointment, for the visitor was tightly closed.

Perfectly silent the unknown knight mounted the spirited war horse, took the lance, and started off at a brisk trot, closely followed by Arnold. The yeoman shook his head as he gazed after them, and murmured while watching them out of sight among the trees:

"It is nobody I know. He mounted none too lightly although he rides well. A slender youth is he to combat with the fiery Dudley. Success attend him."

In perfect silence the knight and the squire rode a short distance to the field of combat—a plain in the furthest verge of the Lysle domain.

At last the ground was reached, and the stranger rode into the field on one side, at the same moment that Mortimer Dudley entered on the other. A few people were assembled to witness the struggle. The unknown knight and Mortimer Dudley gravely saluted, then backed their horses to the extremity of the field and waited with lances raised in the signal to be given. A stout man, Sir William Delorme gave the required shout. In an instant both horses sprang forward and bore their riders on. Once they met, yet neither was struck; the second charge the lance of the Earl of Dudley touched the shoulder of the young knight who visibly reeled. Arnold was in despair, and murmured:

"All is lost! the next charge he will fall!"

A third time they rushed forward and in a cloud of dust one went down. Arnold closed his eyes and fairly groaned, when a shout made him re-open them.

"Lysle forever! Lysle forever!"

Sure enough, it was the proud Earl of Dudley who was unhorsed, and beside him knelt the stranger knight.

"Now yield you, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley!"

"I yield," said the young Earl; "but I would know to whom, for you are not Sir Henry Lysle I am sure."

The friends of both parties stood around and Arnold among the foremost.

"Rise up, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley, and you shall know who has been able to conquer you."

The young nobleman rose, and with folded arms looked at the slender mailed figure before him. The steys were unloosed and helmet thrown back, and the sun streaming through the clouds, which had obscured it, shone full upon the uncovered face. Mortimer started while a loud triumphant shout rent the air. The young man gazed in wonder and admiration upon the delicate face, long waving brown hair and heaving bosom of Agnes Lysle! A red flush rose to the brow of the haughty Earl, and he bit his teeth with rage.

"Be not chagrined, Brave Dudley," said Agnes, in her rich, sweet voice, while her long dark lashes dropped on her soft cheeks.

"You have but bowed to the fate decreed to all mankind. From the beginning to the end of time, brave men will yield to the power of women, and degrade not their manhood by so doing. I battled for my home, Sir Earl, and God guided my arm. Hereafter, let us meet as friends who have proved each other's mettle. Shall it be so?"

Unable to resist the sweet voice and bewitching smile Mortimer seized the mailed hand, kissed it, whispering so low that none of the by-standers heard:

"Yes, a thousand times, yes; and from now fall I will rise and soar higher than ever, seeking only for your love and approbation."

A bright flush spread over the beautiful face but for one moment—then, with a half-murmured farewell, Agnes mounted her father's horse and prepared to leave the field as quickly as she came. But this was not to be, for all the people present turned with one accord, and in triumph accompanied her home. She tried in vain to remonstrate against this—her words were unheeded. At her bride's rein rode the proud Earl of Dudley.

Upon his bed of illness lay Sir Henry Lysle. The shouts of the returning party reached his ears, and by signs he inquired the cause.

"The strange knight returns victorious," exclaimed Margery in delight.

The Portage Sentinel.

Wednesday, July 25, 1860.

The President's Speech—Politics a New Phase.

In the history of party politics, it has never for the first time occurred that a President of the United States has entered the arena as a partisan. It is true that previous Presidents have, on proper occasions, addressed the people, but their sentiments have been expressed only upon national themes, in a patriotic manner. It has been reserved for James Buchanan to bring all the power and prestige and influence of the Presidential position to bear against the decisions of the people. As the highest functionary and chief representative of the great Democratic organization of the country—an organization to which he has been indebted for all the positions which he has ever held, he has chosen to adhere to his own pride of opinion, with a pertinacity as unusual as it is injurious in the course of a Democratic statesman, and has taken ground against the very basis of the organization to which he is so greatly indebted.

On Monday evening last, from the balcony of the Executive mansion of the nation, his President made a partisan address to the friends of Breckinridge and Lane. In it he admits the binding force of party organization, and the necessity for sustaining regular nominations. In this he was wholly and heartily endorsed by his hearers. While admitting the vital force of the great Democratic doctrine that majorities should be elected by a system of special pleading, unworthy of the man or of his high position, he places himself in an antagonism to that rule, and so far as he may be regarded as the High Priest of Democracy, he has renounced his allegiance to the organization.

To gain a strong plea for his argument, Mr. Buchanan first reviews the wisdom of the two third rule in nominating Conventions, in order that a nomination might not take place against the will of the Democratic States, and then asserts that this "main pillar in the edifice of National Conventions" was broken at Baltimore in the nomination of Mr. Douglas. This is a mere begging of the question. Mr. Douglas had two thirds of all the votes given, and Mr. Cass was nominated for the Presidency in precisely the same way. Nay, more, there were 212 delegates in the Convention, representing more than two thirds of the electoral votes of the States, when he was nominated unanimously. Mr. Buchanan claims that after the secession, the body which nominated Mr. Douglas was no longer a National Convention. Fortunately the customs and usages of the Democratic party, and the action of previous Conventions has decided that question in advance of the President's *ipse dixit*. If Mr. Douglas is not the regular nominee of the Democratic party in 1860, neither was Mr. Cass in 1848.

But the President admits that if Mr. Douglas was not regularly nominated, and that was Mr. Breckinridge. Indeed, this is a generous admission, and coming from a man of Mr. Buchanan's acknowledged political experience and sagacity, it shows profound respect for the rights of the party. Having arrived at these conclusions in his speech, Mr. Buchanan then "firmly gives his reasons why he prefers the nomination of Mr. Breckinridge, to the nominated Mr. Douglas. And here he betrays his departure from all his previous Democratic adhesion to party rule and organization. It is not because he prefers Mr. Breckinridge, as a man, to Mr. Douglas. Not at all. It is because Mr. Breckinridge favors and supports certain political measures, which Mr. Buchanan also favors, and which, he thinks, Mr. Douglas and a majority of the people of the country have refused to sanction. Utterly, and with singular blindness for so sharp sighted and sagacious a politician, the President has overlooked the pregnant political fact, that the party organization has decided against the policy of the measures which he and Mr. Breckinridge support. At the Charleston Convention, before any accession took place, a platform was adopted according to all the ancient usages, customs, practices, tenets and binding obligations of the Democratic organization, by a majority of all the votes of the whole Convention representing all the States of the Union, and this platform is not the one which Breckinridge supports. And yet, Mr. Buchanan prefers Mr. Breckinridge to Mr. Douglas, for the very reason that the former does not support the National Democratic platform, sanctioned as such by the votes of a majority of the Democratic representatives of the nation. Carefully, Mr. Buchanan abstains from alluding to the fact, that the Democratic party has established a platform at Charleston which, as the friends of Democratic usages, he, as well as every other Democrat, is bound to abide by. Dejected before the people for his certain-daring measures, he prefers the man who approves those measures, rather than the man who stands upon the regularly constituted platform of the party. In his advocacy of irregular nominations, and his support of an irregular candidate upon an irregular platform, he is as inconsistent as Queen Victoria, who has recently issued a solemn proclamation against vicious and immoral practices, and especially horse racing, and then went to the Derby with her whole retinue.

It was not thus that Mr. Buchanan sought the Cincinnati platform, upon which he was elected President. In his letter of acceptance of the nomination of that Convention he said: "I need scarcely say I accept in the same spirit the resolutions constituting the platform of principles erected by the Convention. To this platform I shall confine myself throughout the canvass, believing that I HAVE NO RIGHT, as a candidate of the Democratic party, by answering interrogatories, to present new and different issues."

What right has Mr. Buchanan now to present "new and different issues" from those which the majority of the National Convention have decided upon? What right has he, as a Democratic President, elected under a strict party organization, to take a step against that organization, and in favor of one whom he admits is not the regular nominee of the party? Who gave him the right or the power to abrogate the Democracy from their allegiance and their obligation to submit to the will of the majority? His pride of opinion, it seems, is more powerful than his attachment to Democratic usages. He is right, and the platform of the party is valueless in his eyes. A Democratic President eschews the platform of his party,

and advises them to vote for a man whom that party has not nominated, and against Stephen A. Douglas, whom it has nominated. —Pittsburg Post.

Abandonment of Congressional Intervention Dying—Agonies of Republicanism.

When a party abandons the principles of its organization, it may boast of its youth and vigor; but its vitality is gone, and in the natural course of events, it must soon be numbered among the things that were. While as "Old Gid" would say, it comes squarely up to the issue it has made and faces the music, there is some hope for it; but when it is seen abandoning its distinctive principles, its doom is sealed, and its fate cannot be averted by all the political quack medicines ever invented.

The Republicans in 1856 set up the doctrine of Congressional Intervention, or Congressional Sovereignty over the Territories, in opposition to the Democratic doctrine of Non Intervention or Popular Sovereignty in the Territories as well as in the States. The campaign in that year was conducted broadly stated. The Republican Convention at Philadelphia nominated Fremont, and adopted the following as the main plank in their platform:

"Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power, it is the duty of Congress to prohibit the extension of slavery into the Territories."

"This is clear and explicit. There is no 'dough facism' in it. The sovereignty of Congress over the territories and their right and duty to prohibit slavery therein are broadly stated. The Chicago Convention met in May last, and nominated 'Abe Lincoln,' a man who declared less than two years ago, that he was implicitly, if not expressly pledged to the above principle in the Philadelphia platform. Yet the Convention at Chicago abandoned that principle, and in the place of coming out boldly and squarely as at Philadelphia, adopted the following milk and water resolution:

"That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of free land; that as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that 'no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law,' it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individual, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States."

Now we ask candid Republicans to compare the Philadelphia and Chicago resolutions together, and see what a falling off there is in the latter from the former. The latter is in fact a virtual abandonment of the principle announced in the Philadelphia platform. When a party becomes so dishonest and corrupt as to abandon its principles, it is time for honest men to abandon the party. It is true the Chicago resolution is interpreted by Giddings, Chase & Co., to mean no more than that adopted at Philadelphia; but that interpretation is denied by all the conservative men who still abid by the old to the Republican organization. All such men, if honest, cannot but repudiate a party that has no fixed principles.

So great a change has, within the last four years, come over the public mind that the Republican organization is struck with a fatal paralysis. Its friends may deceive themselves with the hope that it may be roused from this deadly slumber; but it is evident that such hopes are utterly vain. The very medicine which Republican doctors are administering to the patient, are poisoning it to death. They hope to cure it upon the eclectic principle that contraries are cured by contraries, and so administer minute doses of Popular Sovereignty. But, alas, the medicine does not agree with its constitution, and will kill it.

Pleasantry aside, it is a fact which the Republican masses cannot avoid seeing that there is hardly a stump or an editor of the party that dare speak out in favor of the once cardinal doctrine of the party—Congressional Intervention for the prohibition of slavery in the Territories. Some of the leading Republican journals even go so far as to deny that there is any necessity for such legislation by Congress. What further proof is wanting that the party is either dead or very near its final dissolution? —Statesman.

Oregon Election—The Result at Last.

It would appear by the latest news from the Pacific, that the Democrats have secured a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, and that Mr. Stout, Democrat, is elected to Congress over Mr. Logan, his Republican competitor. The Portland Times gives the following table of the Legislature elect:

Senate—Democrats—Multnomah, 1; Clatsop and Wasco, 1; Lane, 2; Benton, 1; Lane, 2; Douglas, 1; Jackson, 1; Josephine, 1—10. Republicans—Washington and Columbia, 1—10. Republicans—Washington, Columbia, Clatsop, and Tillamook, 1; Yamhill, 1; Polk, 1; Marion, 2; Umpqua, Coos and Curry, 1—6. Democratic majority, 4.

Assembly—Democrats—Clatsop, 1; Multnomah, 5; Wasco, 1; Benton, 2; Lane, 1; Lane, 3; Douglas, 3; Josephine, 1; Jackson, 1—18. Republicans—Washington and Columbia, 1; Washington, 1; Yamhill, 1; Clatsop, 3; Marion, 4; Polk, 2; Lane, 3; Umpqua, 1; Coos and Curry, 1—18. Republican Assembly majority 2. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 3.

It is possible, though by no means probable, (says the Times) that one or two members elect from Polk and Lane, elected as Republicans, may repudiate the coalition by which they were elected, and act with the Democratic party. If two of them should do so, it will give the Democracy a majority of two in the House, and a majority of six on joint ballot. If one should do so, it will tie the House, and make a Democratic majority of four on joint ballot. On the other hand, we may gain a member in Umpqua, or Coos and Curry, or lose one in Josephine; but no possible event that can now be foreseen, can the Opposition secure a majority in the Senate.

Why are presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with vices.

The Vote in Illinois.

The office holders of Illinois have met in convention and nominated a Danite ticket. It won't get one thousand votes in the State. —Enquirer.

We quote this as one of the latest specimens of our neighbors peculiar tactics, for which it has of late become so notorious. In Illinois, there are 100 counties, or a little more. An organized band of "office holders," extending through every one of these counties, and now zealous to secure a good political status for the future, knowing the utter hopelessness of trying to carry the State for Douglas, if they wished to do so, can hardly command less than 200 votes, on the average, in each county, or at least 20,000 votes in the State. We ask any man who thinks our estimate is a high one, to cut out and preserve this paragraph, in order to compare it with the official result next November. —Cincinnati Gazette.

In Illinois in 1853, the Federal office holders, at the command of the President, nominated a bulging ticket. The President, Sidney Bright, Cobb, Fitch, Gwin, and Black, and all the other men of weak political honesty, will forthwith promise of office to the "outs," threats of removal to the "ins," to induce a combination to defeat Douglas. Illinois then had 100 counties; the postoffices, with two years and a half certain continuance were worth retaining, and the prospect of getting office for at least two years and a half, was a moving inducement to many.

Yet the game failed. Orders from abroad, and official letters from the Cabinet—containing promises to the faithful, and threats to the recusants, all failed, and in all the State only 6,071 votes could be obtained against Douglas. Of that vote, 2,059 were obtained in Cook, Duwitt, Bureau, Peoria and Union counties. In these five counties Breckinridge in 1850 will not get 200 votes all told. The remaining ninety-nine counties, in 1853, gave the voters 3,029 votes, or less than average of 32 votes to a county. In 1860 Breckinridge and Lane will not average in those counties 5 votes to a county. Mr. Buchanan has no office to give for the few months he has to stay in office that would be worth having. Postmasters who had no dread of him in 1850, do not fear him now; and over in the history of the State will there be a more united, active and vigorous party, than the Democracy of Illinois in 1850.

In 1858, the entire vote of Illinois was 252,000. In 1860 the Democracy will poll over 140,000 votes for Douglas and Johnson, electing no man by the electoral ticket, but their candidate for Governor and other State offices.

The Lane and Breckinridge ticket instead of being an injury to the Democracy will be an auxiliary. No man will vote that ticket this year who would not vote for Lincoln and Hamlin, were there no other division ticket in the field. Therefore, the Democratic party in Illinois in its stories that Lane and Breckinridge will have even a decent vote the State. —Chicago Times.

Douglas Men on the Stump Along Side of the Seceders at the South.

Right nobly, says an exchange, have the true-hearted Democracy of the South entered the campaign to battle against sectionalism and disunion. We like the plan of the gallant Mississippians, where the Douglas men meet the Seceders on the same stump, and the crowd listens to the speakers of both parties. In all these discussions great good is being done to the cause of the "Little Giant," as it is sure to be the case where the masses of the thinking, unselfish people hear the truths honestly explained. One of these meetings took place a few days since, at Corinth, Mississippi, at which Hon. B. N. Kinyon on the part of the Douglas men, and Ex-Governor J. W. Mathews for the Seceders, held forth. The True Democrat of that place says of the meeting:

Our limited space will not admit of an extended notice of this discussion. Suffice it to say, that the Seceders are bearded at their own homes by the ablest and best men for a description of the great and settled principles of the Democratic party. By party tricking, known to all, the Seceders have been enabled to disrupt the party, and sow seeds of discord in this trying hour of its history; and the people will not hold them guiltless, but in every county of the State, as in "Tallahassee," they will see their efforts to bring off on as the nominee of a miserable faction, and be let to know, as they were in 1856, that slavery agitation shall be driven from Congress, and the people allowed to have their own laws in their own way.

Meeting at Toledo.

One of the largest meetings ever held in Toledo, assembled at last night at the Hickory point at the corner of Summit and Monroe streets, and listened with profound attention for two hours, to Hon. David Tod, who made a most powerful, convincing and unanswerable speech, establishing beyond all doubt the claims of Douglas to the support of all good Democrats, and satisfying every man who heard him, that the good of the country, its prosperity and its peace, demand the election of Stephen A. Douglas. The meeting contained at least "twelve hundred stalwart men who voted the Democratic ticket"—was such an one as convinced the rail-splitter that the Democracy of Toledo are a living body of men, strong enough to carry the city for Douglas. It was a glorious turnout, full of enthusiasm, giving courage and hope to all who have had doubts about our success, and striking terror into the Lincolnites.

The Democracy are under lasting obligations to Mr. Tod for his eloquent speech. If he can make the Ohio will give her vote to Douglas beyond a doubt. —Toledo Times.

A CHANCE FOR REPUBLICAN CAPITAL.—Republican jugglers are loud in claiming that Douglas cannot carry his own State of Illinois. If any such have the dimwit to back up their opinion, let them go and ask Louis Schieler, of Galena, will accommodate them. That gentleman offers to bet \$2,500 that Douglas will carry Illinois, and as the Republicans of Galena do not feel willing to take him up, he invites the Republicans of any other place to accept the wager.