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DEMOCRATIC CREED.

No. 1. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.

No. 2. Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none.

No. 3. The right of States and Territories to administer their own domestic affairs.

No. 4. Freedom and equality, the sovereignty of the people, and the right of the majority to rule, when their will is constitutionally expressed.

No. 5. Economy in the public expenditures, and a strict preservation of public faith.

No. 6. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press and general diffusion of information.

No. 7. Opposition to all secret political organizations, and to all corruptions in politics.

No. 8. A careful preservation of the Federal Constitution, and no religious tests for office.

No. 9. No bigotry, no pride of caste, or distinction of birth among American citizens.

No. 10. Respect and protection for the rights of all.

No. 11. The preservation of the naturalization laws, and the rights of all to the public domain and the protection of the American government.

No. 12. Opposition to all chartered monopolies.

No. 13. Common brotherhood and good will to all—especially to those of the household of faith.

☞ *From my soul I respect the laboring man. Labor is the foundation of the wealth of every country; and the free laborers of the North deserve respect both for their probity and their intelligence. Heaven forbid that I should do them wrong! Of all the countries on the earth, we ought to have the most consideration for the laboring man.*—BUCHANAN.

☞ *Should I be placed in the Executive chair I shall use my best exertions to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations, believing this to be our HIGHEST POLICY, as well as our most IMPERATIVE DUTY.*—BUCHANAN.

☞ *That country is most prosperous where labor commands the greatest reward.*—BUCHANAN.

THE TEETH.—The enamal of the teeth is one of the most curious substance in the human organism. It is a vitriform compound sufficiently hard to strike fire with steel: its surface is smooth and polished, and it forms a thicker layer on the crown of the tooth, and at the parts where the teeth come in contact, than towards the cervix or neck. Its crystalline fibres, as seen through a microscope, are transverse to the perpindicular surface of the teeth, and seem to protrude from the ivory beneath in innumerable filiform points, giving to the more translucent portions which they thus pierce, and provide, a beautiful velvety appearance. It is supposed, however, that the enamel has neither blood-vessels nor nerves in its matured and completed state, and that its formation and sensitiveness to touch are dependent upon the vascular and nervous structure of the interior osseous portion of the tin teeth, with which it communicates by sympathy or transferred motion.

WORKING MEN!—*Bear it in mind*, that the Black Republicans in Congress, refused to pass an appropriation bill, unless they were allowed to add their unconstitutional proviso to it, and that in consequence of this factious and treasonable opposition, a large number of mechanics and workingmen were discharged from employment—there being no money to pay them their wages.

Bear it in mind, that these same Black Republican Representatives in Congress, had just voted to give themselves an enormous increase of pay, and were perfectly willing to see the industrious mechanics and laborers thrown out of employment, and deprived of their means of support. Will this be forgotten?

A BILLION STORY.—The Milwaukie *Wisconsin* tells of a horse that died recently in Ogle county, Illinois. He was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time. He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rockford, twenty-five miles, was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, will not hazard to say that during all this time he was never known to trip or stumble enough to jostle the rider's attention. He was strength, being formerly a wild horse on the plains of Arkansas.

SUPPOSED LUNACY.—The Selma (Ark.) *Southern States*, that on the 11th inst., John Shakelberry, a workman there from Sumterville, S. C., was taken by a party of young men, brutally whipped, paddled and his person blistered; after which he was stripped and chained to the porch of a hotel. Not paying any heed was the alleged reason of this inhuman treatment.

A SUFFERING WOMAN.—Mrs. Mary Ellen De Witt, of New Brunswick, advertises her husband, a resident of Newark, New Jersey, who, she says, recently absconded from that place, leaving his family in destitute circumstances, and offering a reward of twenty-five dollars, to be applied on his back on his return.

"BIG THINGS."—The Democracy of this district, Pennsylvania, should have renominated the Hon. Henry Jones for Congress, and elected him in the 4th of March Convention instructed for Gen. Wm. F. Packer for Governor, and Hon. W. Strong for Supreme Judge.

THE VOTERS IN NEW YORK.—By a table from the Census department it appears that there are 652,821 voters in the State of New York, of which 516,745 are native born, and 136,076 naturalized.

FALSEHOODS AND TRUTHS.

The charge that the Democratic party is in favor of the extension of slavery, is a falsehood.

The charge that the present administration or the Democracy, are trying to plant slavery in Kansas, is a falsehood.

The charge that the Democracy wish Kansas to be a slave State, is a falsehood.

The charge that the agents of the government and the United States troops in Kansas favored the pro slavery men against the free State men, is a falsehood.

The charge that Mr. Buchanan's election would favor the introduction of slavery into Kansas, is a self evident falsehood.

The charge that Mr. Buchanan did injustice to Henry Clay, is a falsehood, and is proven such by Mr. Clay's own son.

The charge that Mr. Buchanan ever favored the reduction of wages, has been proved a hundred times a base calumny and a lie.

The story that John C. Breckinridge was engaged in the defence of Matt. Ward, is a falsehood.

The charge that Mr. Buchanan favors fillibustering, is a falsehood.

One half the stories that come from Kansas about murders, robberies, &c., are falsehoods.

The report that the free state settlers in Kansas have been driven out of the territory by the disturbances there, is a well known falsehood.

Such are some of the falsehoods that are mouthed over by the Black Republican orators, and printed in their papers. Those who write and utter them must know they are falsehoods.

Let us turn now to a chapter of truths.

It is true that the Black Republicans are opposed to the principles of popular sovereignty.

It is true that that principal lies at the foundation of all free government. It means simply that the people rule themselves.

It is true that the Democrats are now and ever were in favor of popular sovereignty.

It is true that the Democratic party has had the control of our federal government nearly all the time for more than half a century, and during that time no nation advanced so rapidly in all the elements of national greatness and prosperity, and no nation was ever more free and happy.

It is true that during that Democratic rule freedom has constantly gained upon slavery, both in territory and population, until now the free States have a majority of two in the Senate of the United States, and a majority of approximate in the House of Representatives.

It is true that slavery has thus no power to be aggressive even if it had the will.

It is true that *popular sovereignty* has abolished slavery in all the Middle and Eastern States since the declaration of our Independence.

It is true that before political abolitionism disturbed the country the people of Virginia and Kentucky were preparing to abolish slavery; and it is true that since then all efforts in that direction have ceased.

It is true that the abolitionists have done the slaves far more harm than good, and so said Webster.

It is true that the interests and welfare of twenty-four millions white people in this country are of far more consequence than the condition of three million blacks.

It is time that the so-called "Republicans" d vote all their sympathies and energies to the cause of the negroes, and leave the care of the interests of the white people entirely to the Democracy.

It is true that John C. Fremont is the nominee of a Know Nothing Convention that assembled at New York.

It is true his supporters are now trying to inveigle the naturalized citizens into the support of that nominee by false pretences and bribery.

It is true that a large portion of the supporters of Fremont are in favor of a dissolution of the Union, and are circulating and signing petitions to that effect, and declaring their infamous design in their speeches

It is true that Fremont is also the nominee of a sectional abolition party whose success would inevitably destroy the Union.

It is true that many speeches have lately been made both in and out of Congress the obvious and undoubted design of which was to create a bitter and incurable animosity between the North and the South, and render disunion a more certain event.

It is true that Fremont is a candidate in only sixteen States of the Union, while Mr. Buchanan is the Candidate of thirty-one States.

It is true that John C. Fremont is the most selfish and grasping land monopolist in the United States.

It is true that he is charged with speculating with government funds and credit, and appropriating government property to his own use, and that the charge is not and cannot be refuted.

It is true that as a military officer he was arrested and tried on charges of mutiny and disobedience of orders, and found guilty and dismissed from the service.

It is true that during his brief term of twenty-one days in the Senate, he introduced a bill that would have done vast injury to the laboring classes of the State he *misrepresented*, and that he tried to be re-elected and signally failed.

It is true that after forty years of distinguished public service, no true charge whatever can be brought against the Hon. James Buchanan.

It is true that while a member of the Senate, for a few days, John C. Fremont was waylaid and beat at the door of the Senate Chamber, a Senator twenty years older and much smaller than himself, and that too "for words spoken in debate."

It is true that James Buchanan never ran as a candidate for any office yet without being elected.

It is true that he is now gaining strength every day, and Fremont losing.

It is true, *in our opinion*, that a white man is as good as a negro.

THE MILLIONAIRE BUTCHER OF LONDON.—Mons. Francis Wey, a French writer of distinction, who passed some weeks in London, during the great exhibition, has recently published, in Paris, his impressions, under the title of "The English at Home." On one occasion, while riding in an omnibus, he formed an acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, from whom he derived many explanations of the strange things he saw. One of these we give:

"I addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which just drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulder; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him as a girdle—so that the coachman looked like a gentleman driving a mechanic in his working dress. Mr. Wey asked his neighbor who and what was the strange looking occupant of the dashing carriage. 'The richest butcher in London,' was the reply. 'He is returning in his own carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of more than two millions, and he, out of modesty, follows his profession—a very honorable old custom. This gentleman bucher possesses four millions.'"

HOW BARBACUES ARE DONE.—Those who read the account of the recent barbacue, near Boston, at which an ox was roasted whole, may like to know how such a gigantic roast is made. We find the following in the Salem *Register*:

If an ox is to be roasted, a pit is dug about eight feet long, five feet wide, and three feet deep. Bars of iron are laid across the pit, to form a temporary grate. The day previous to the roasting, a fire is kindled and kept up until the pit is nearly full of coals. Three large sticks of timber are set up, their points meeting, and bound by chains above the pit and from the centre the ox is suspended directly over the coals. The contrivances in use for turning the carcass over are rather rude, and doubtless our Yankee caterers will be able to invent a more convenient mode. The pit, however, it may be, must be turned almost constantly to prevent the flesh from burning; a compound for basting the beef during the process, consisting of salt, pepper, butter and vinegar, is applied by a long handled mop. (a new and clean one) This is absolutely necessary, to keep the surface from charring; for the roasting requires a long time, never less than six hours, and with a large animal even longer. The work is by no means easy; but with care it can be accomplished without serious difficulty. The beef is excellent cooked [illegible] rather; though, for some palates, it [illegible] highly seasoned.

COL. JIM LANE IN A TIGHT PLACE.—Col. Jim Lane, the wife-deserting Free State hero was making a speech in Iowa, a few days ago, and denounced the Kansas Legislature as *bogus*.

"Colonel," said a man in the crowd "let me ask you a question!"

"Go on!" said Lane.

"Well, Colonel, if that Legislature was *bogus*, what made you apply to it for a divorce from your wife?"

The Colonel caved.

A Song in praise of lager bier was sung at a Know-Nothing barbacue, in Campbell county, Kentucky, before the late election after this sort:

Fill 'em up, fill 'em up, fill 'em up here,
Swi glass lager unt tri glass bier,
Der Ducher gumpany is a good gumpany
Ash ever cum'd from Yarmany

Up mit der wine unt down mit der bier,
Dont care nix for demperance here, [rum
Der Ducher drinks schnaps, unt der Yankees drink
Unt der Kentucky boys are punkins some

THE "PENNSYLVANIAN."—This indefatigable champion of Domocracy has donned a new suit. It is now one of the handsomest as well as the best conducted journal in the country. The subscription list is larger than any other daily paper in Philadelphia, except the *Ledger*.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—The present postmaster at Jonestown, Lebanon county, Pa., was appointed under Thomas Jefferson's Administration, by Gideon Granger, then Postmaster General, on the 23d September, 1802 He is now eighty-one years old, and does all the business himself.

LAND WARRANTS.—The whole number of land warrants issued from the Pension Office under the act of March 3d, 1855, is 105,951. It will take 10,827,940 acres of land to satisfy these warrants. About 9,000 warrants have been issued during the present month.

A PICTURE.—A gentleman from the rural districts, (after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing dishes:) "Look-a-here, waiter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none o' them darned little cook stoves."

CRIME.—The Albany *Argus* states that from Albany west to Buffalo, in almost every village and city, burglaries are being committed in a sort of wholesale way. In many instances, chloroform is used in the operation.

CASH ON HAND.—The amount subject to draft in the United States Treasury on the 26th ult., was $24,727,273.

SONG FOR THE CAMPAIGN

Come listen all yo Democrats, [illegible] to chorus a story,
Sing of our country's gallant [illegible] pride and glory:
There's "Old Buck" of the Keystone State," and
"*Breck*" of "*Old Kentucky*,"
With whom we'll nobly meet the foe, and lick them, for we're lucky.

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra' for old Kentucky

At Cincinnati, there was hold, a National Convention,
The glorious act which it performed, its needless now to mention;
To the great people of the States, the friends of law and order,
To them a ticket they present, to sweep the entire border

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra! for old Kentucky

From North to South, from East to West, all's ready for the battle,
And in November next, my boys, we'll make the thunder rattle;
The *ballot-box* will then proclaim, in tones as loud thunder,
And make the *Black Republicans* amazed, and startle them with wonder.

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra' for old Kentucky

The *Constitution* is our friend, the *Union* we delight in,
We'll teach the traitorous foe to learn, that we're not slow at fighting,
The *Union* it must by preserved, and the *immortal Jackson*,
Who *lick'd* the foe at New Orleans, and *we* will in this action

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra' for old Kentucky

The Ides of March we'll ne'er regret, but tend the inauguration,
To see "Old Buck" placed in the chair, of this great and mighty nation,
And Breckinridge of the great West, shine in the Senate Chamber,
Then rest assured the country's safe, the *Union's* out of danger

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra' for old Kentucky

To end our song three cheers we'll give, *for this our glorious nation*,
And at the *ballot-box*, my boys, each man will take his station;
And when the votes are counted off, oh! I'm sure you'll find them many,
For *Breckinridge* of "Old Kentucky," Old *Buck* of Pennsylvania

Hurra' for Pennsylvania's son,
Hurra' for old Kentucky

Outrages committed in Kansas

By the Emigrant Aid Society of New England and their Myrmidons, claiming to be Free-State Men and Friends of Humanity.

November, 1854.—The New England Aid Society actually hired hirelings to vote at the election for members of Congress, who, after voting on the 29th of the same month, started back to the East the next day.

November, 20, 1854.—Mr. Davis, a citizen of the Territory, brutally murdered a few miles from Oswrence by one Gilby, a hired tool of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, who has since fled the Territory.

March, 25, 1855.—Malcom Clarke, one of the best citizens of Leavenworth, murdered by one Cole McCrea, a higher law lecturer and ruffian, who had broken jail fled the Territory—and when last heard from was lecturing admiring throngs of Black-Republicans in Wisconsin.

March, 1855.—The New England Emigrant Aid Society sends hordes of voters to the Territory, a number of whom obtained buffalo robes in Kansas City and Westport and returned them after the election held on the 30th of March, and returned to the East

April, 1855.—The secret military organization entered into by the hired tools of the New England Emigrant Aid Society in the Territory, bound together by the most Horrid oaths to resist the regularly constituted authorities of the Territory by force and bloodshed, and protect and defend each other in their midnight atrocities—for which purpose they abundantly provided themselves with secret signs and grips, by which they could at all times recognise each other, and more effectually carry out their disorganizing and revolutionary schemes.

April, 1855.—The New England Aid Society commenced erecting a Stone Fort in the town of Lawrence, under the disguise of a hotel, building it with safety upon the legal authorities, and thus prevent the execution of any legal process in the town of Lawrence.

May and June.—Sharp's rifles and other deadly weapons arrived at Lawrence, having been sent by the Emigrant Aid Society to their secret military organization in the Territory, to aid them in executing the revolutionary orders of their masters in the East.

September, 1855.—The minions of the Aid Society held the notorious Big Sandy Convention, and resolved that they would resist the laws to a "*bloody issue*." The same Convention, after ignoring the laws appointed the 6th of October for holding a pretended election for a member of Congress, and appointed an executive Committee, with James H. Lane, chairman, to designate districts and pretended judges for said illegal election.—The same convention nominated A. H. Reeder as their pretended candidate for Congress who accepted the same in a very inflamatory and revolutionary speech.

October, 6, 1855.—Said pretended election was held and some two thousand nine hundred votes polled for A. H. Reeder, as a bogus delegate to Congress, and at the same time members were elected to a pretended Convention to form a State Constitution.

October, 25, 1855.—One Coleman, of Doniphan, an officer in the secret army of Abolitionists, brutally attempted to murder Pat Laughlin, an associate in the same organization, who became disgusted with its treasonable and diabolical scheme, exposed them to the world, with their watch-words, and secret signs and grips

November, 1855.—The pretended Convention met at Topeka, and adopted a bogus Constitution for the State Kansas.

November, 24, 1855.—A number of outlaws, calling themselves Free State men of the Hickory Point neighborhood, Douglas county, in a public meeting assembled, adopted resolutions declaring that there were no laws in the Territory, and appointed a committee to punish summarily all persons whom they might see proper too designate as offenders or criminals.

November 26, 1855.—Jacob Branson an officer of the Emigrant Aid Society's secret military organization, threatens the life of a Mr. Barkley, who has a peace warrant issued against him by a magistrate, Haugh Patterson, of Lawrence.

November 27, 1855.—Sheriff Jones arrested said Branson upon said peace warrant, and while taking him before a Justice of the Peace was attacked by a party of outlaws, armed with Sharpe's rifles, revolvers, &c., headed by one S. N. Wood, of Lawrence, who forcibly rescued said Branson from his customary, declaring at the same time that there was no Governor, no Judges, and no Courts in the Territory, and no law except their Sharp's rifles.

November 27, 1855.—The citizens of Lawrence in public meeting indorsed the Hickory Point Resolutions. Said meeting was addressed by S. N. Wood, the leader of the band who rescued Branson from the Sheriff, and by Jacob Branson himself, and from that day the members of the secret military organization throughout the Territory began immediately to assemble at Lawrence, for the purpose of resisting the execution of the laws, and protecting Branson, Wood and other violators of the law in their lawless and revolutionary conduct. The outlaws thus assembled took refuge in the stone fort erected by the Aid Society, which also furnished them with Sharp's rifles and other deadly weapons; but finally finding themselves overpowered by the law abiding citizens, who had been called out by Governor Shannon to assist the Sheriff of Douglas county in executing the laws, they secretly sent the notorious Wood out of the Territory to the State of Ohio, and Branson out of the town of Lawrence, declaring that they had never justified those men in their lawless acts, and were in no wise responsible for them; that they were not in Lawrence, and that the Sheriff of Douglas county could then and at all times serve any legal process in Lawrence without any difficulty or resistance whatever. Moved by their protestations of innocence and law-abiding professions, the Governor disbanded the militia that had been called out for the emergency, and for a short time peace and quiet prevailed.

December 11, 1855.—Sheriff Jones received an anonymous letter through the post office at Lawrence, warning him that, should he serve another legal process in said town, he would sign his own death warrant. This anonomous letter purported to come from "The Secret Twelve."

December 15, 1855.—An election, held by order of the Big Springs Executive Committee, to pass upon the Constitution adopted by the bogus Convention at Topeka, which received less than *one thousand* votes, all told, in the whole Territory.

January, 1856.—Another pretended election held by order of J. H. Lane, chairman of also called Executive Committee for members of the bogus Legislature of the State of Kansas, and for a Governor, Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Supreme Court Judges and other officers

February, 1856.—A Mr. Cook very worthy citizen, residing near Paxton, Leavenworth county, was murdered by a party of outlaws, calling themselves "Free State men."

March 4, 1856.—The said bogus Legislature, Governor, and other State officers, met at Topeka, and were all sworn into office by J. H. Lane, chairman of the aforesaid Executive Committee. The bogus Governor sent into the pretended Legislature a very inflammatory document, called a message, and began to exercise the functions of Governor.

April, 1856.—The outlaws held a meeting at Ossawatomia, at which they passed resolutions not to abide by the Territorial laws, and pledged themselves to see that them even though they had to do so by force, and warned the County Commissioners not to attempt to make assessments, asserting that they would do so at their own peril

April 11, 1856.—S. N. Wood returned from his pilgrimage to Ohio with one hundred and fifty armed men, who are welcomed in Lawrence by public speeches and and other demonstrations, and even exhorted by A. H. Reeder to resist the laws.

April 19, 1856.—Sheriff Jones, hearing of the arrival of S. N. Wood at Lawrence, proceeds, as he was in duty bound, to arrest him, there being four or five writs out against him for various offences. He finds him in Lawrence and at once arrests him, but he is immediately rescued by an armed mob, and the authority of law again openly set at defiance.

April 20, 1856.—Sheriff Jones returns to Lawrence with a civil *posse* of four men, but he is again resisted and the laws defied by the mob, calling themselves citizens of the town.

April 22, 1856.—Sheriff Jones proceeded Lawrence with a small *posse* of United States troops, and succeeded in making several arrests, but when night came on was shot in the back by a hired myrmidon of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, while sitting in the tent of Lieut. McIntosh of the United States army, and thus received a wound, deemed at the time, mortal.

May, 1856.—A band of outlaws, about fifty in number, armed with Sharpe's rifles, enters the court room, while Judge Cato was holding Court, at its May term, in the second Judicial District, and forcibly broke up the Court—at the same time warning the Judge against attempting to enforce any of the Territorial laws.

May 21, 1856.—Allen Wilkerson, of Franklin county, was most inhumanly butchered by a body of midnight assassins, who entered his house *between the hours of 12* and 1 o'clock at night, and, approaching his bedside, told him he was a "prisoner of the Northern Legion," at the same time tearing him away from the embrace of his wife, who begged upon humbled knees, with tears in her eyes, the brutes to spare her husband for the sake of her helpless children—three in number—but turning a deaf ear to her entreaties and common dictates of humanity, the brutes took him a short distance and literally chopped him to pieces with their bowie knives, for no other offence than that he was an old resident of the Territory, familiar with the incidents attending the elections in the Territory, and would likely be called upon by General Whitfield to testify before the Congressional Investigating Committee, and therefore must be murdered. On the same night William Sherman and Mr. Boyle and his two sons were massacred in the same manner by the same assassins, for the same reasons—their bodies being most horribly mutilated, the ears, nose and fingers being cut off before they were killed.

May 25 and 26, 1856.—The store of Joseph M. Bernard, at Willow Springs, in Douglas county, violently entered and robbed of $5,000 worth of goods by a party of these self-same outlaws, who, dressed in the garb of Indians committed these depredations.

May, 1856.—The post office in Douglas county, at Keczersville, entered and robbed by a party of these same outlaws and assassins, who forcibly expelled from the premises the postmaster.

June 1, 1856.—[illegible] one of the oldest citizens of Douglas county, was attacked in his house at midnight and compelled to leave the Territory with his property, under penalty of death, the assassins robbing the house of whatever was valuable in it.

June 15, 1856.—Deputy Sheriff Haney, of Lawrence, attacked in his own house at night by an armed body of midnight assassins, who, failing to kill him, renewed the attack on the following night, by breaking open his door and firing at his bed, but he, fortunately, was lying on the floor unobserved, and quietly drawing his pistol, shot the ringleader of the gang, a man by the name of Hopkins, well known in Lawrence who has associates in the crime fled. The next morning eleven shots were found in the bed of Mr. Haney.

June, 1856.—A company organized in Lawrence for the avowed purpose of stealing horses, which is now engaged in stealing them in every direction, doubtless for the purpose of mounting their "legion" of assassins and traitors

June, 1856.—The town of Franklin attacked between the hours of two and three o'clock in the morning, by an armed body of assassins from the town of Lawrence, who succeeded in killing a most estimable citizen in his own house, by the name of Tasch, maker, and committing sundry other outrages.

These are a few of the many outrages committed in this Territory by the agents and minions of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, calling themselves champions of freedom and friends of humanity. The list could be readily extended to an indefinite extent, but these will suffice for the present.

A STRONG CASE ON A HOT DAY.

In the city of H—— lived three personages—each eminent in their profession. As the wisdom of each will be fully apparent to the reader after perusing this sketch, we will first introduce Mr. Pomp Benton, the defendant in this suit. The plaintiff and defendant, both wooly heads of the blackest dye, had been discussing each other's claims to the affection of Miss Dinah Brown, a lady of ebony hue, until the warmth of their love, the warmth of the day, and the warmth of the whisky internally, caused them to use language highly derogatory to the honor of gentleman of color. Johnson, the plaintiff in the case, asserted that the defendant, Benton, was a hen thief, for which a combination the latter gave him a blow between the peepers, which caused him to see sunlight for the next half hour. When each had appeared to this full Othello, he determined upon legal redress, for so gross an outrage upon his person. Acting upon this suggestion, he appeared before Squire C——, demanding the arrest of Benton for assault and battery. The warrant was obtained and duly served upon the defendant who immediately made tracks for the law office of Jim S——, whose skill, wit and cunning, had rendered him famous among the disciples of Blackstone.

"What! here again?" inquired Jim, as Pomp's sable mug darkened the walls of his office.

"Yes, massa, I'a been sued," the latter replied, assuming a look of sorrow.

"Sued, eh! What have you been sued for?"

"Well, you see, massa, I squashed a nigger."

"What business had you to squash a nigger?" asked Jim.

"'Cause I couldn't help it; he called me a hen thief, and dis child couldn't stand dat."

"Did any one see you strike him?

"Yes."

"How many saw you do it?

"Five or six colored persons"

"I fear I can do nothing for you this time," continued Jim; "the evidence is all against you."

Pomp seemed not to relish this remark at all. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his coat-tail, and gave a deep sigh.

"What Justice issued the warrant?" inquired Jim

"Squire C——," replied Pomp.

"Worse yet! worse yet!" exclaimed Jim.

Pompey's under lip fell an inch.

Jim saw that he had a desperate case, and felt assured that nothing but a powerful remedy would save his client. Leaning his head upon his arm, he seemed to be invoking the aid of the gods, at the same time taxing his fund of inventive gemus to its fullest extent.

"Pomp," said he finally, "I think there is some hope for you, if you will follow my advice strictly; but, mark! the least departure from my commands, and you will not knock down another nigger for the next three months to come."

"Gemmy alive! I'll do anything you tell me to, massa, if you'll only get me out of this fix," exclaimed Pom, rubbing his hands with delight

"Now, then," continued Jim, "I want you to procure forty or more subpoenas, and see that they are all duly served upon witnesses in this case; and now, mark and remember that your fate depends upon your selecting the strongest smelling ones you can find."

"Leave that to me, massa," replied Pomp, knowingly turning up the white of his eye. "I'll smell 'em out." How well Pompey performed the task assigned him, the sequel will show.

The day of trial came, and a hotter sun never burned in the month of August.—The thermometer ranged at 90 in the shade, and everything seemed parched by the hot air

Squire C——, before whose august tribunal this trial was to take place, seemed to feel the heat of the day with all its intensity. His office was small, hardly capable of containing fifty persons, with one door of ingress and egress, and one window, containing eight panes of glass. His office was small, while his body was large; and the ruby tint of his nose fully indicated that his obesity would never be lessened by a want of Monongahela. He was a thirsty old soul, and *often felt* it. Yet we will do him the justice to assert that no man was more proverbial for cleanness. He utterly abhorred dirt or stench in any form.

The hour of trial had arrived. Squire C—— sat in his large, old fashioned arm-chair; but he seemed to have lost the dignity of other days. He sat minus coat or vest, swaying a huge fan to and fro, with a rapidity that gave evidence that Monongahela and the extreme heat of the day were acting strongly upon his frame. Jim S——, the counsel for the defendant, was seated at the table, while the counsel for the plaintiff [illegible] the witnesses subpoenaed, smoking the Squire, who sat puffing like a porpoise. A smile of approbation crossed Jim's features, as he saw how faithfully Pomp had performed his task, while the latter displayed a row of ivory at this mark of the keenness of his counsel's nasal organs. Still Pomp was not idle. He made the black wreath which encircled the Squire as compact as possible.

With an eagle eye Jim watched the effects of his client upon his Honor. It was but for a little time, as the latter broke the stillness of the Court by a sneeze which fairly resembled distant thunder. And with he might, for the heat and perfume combined were beyond all endurance.

"Mr. S——," exclaimed the Squire, "let's proceed with this case! I can't stand this any longer."

Jim arose with all the dignity of a Hoffman in his palmiest days, informing His Honor that many important witnesses were yet to arrive, which rendered it impossible for him to proceed with the case until they had made their appearance.

The Squire gave another sneeze, louder than the first, at the same time spreading his huge arms right and left, knocking down half a dozen *black* Republicans; exclaiming, "stand back! stand back! for Heaven's sake, stand back!"

On by one the black diamonds continued to arrive, while Pompey gave them explicit directions where to stand, and not to move.

At this stage of the proceedings, the stench was almost beyond all human endurance The heat of the day was great; but the effluvia emitted from the group of sable knights which clustered around His "Honor," was still greater.

"Open that door!" yelled the Squire, Pomp having taken the precaution to have it closed.

His Honor was evidently growing weaker and weaker, as his huge fan whirled to and fro with less rapid strokes

"Gentlemen, for mercy's sake, let's go on with this case!" he exclaimed.

Jim again rose, assuring His Honor, with one of his blandest smiles, that it was quite impossible for him to proceed until the remainder of his witnesses had arrived.

"Benton," yelled the Squire.

"Sah!"

"Where are you, you black scoundrel?"

"Here, sah!"

"You are clear, Benton, you are clear! No, every blasted darkey out of here!"

Like black shadows they came, and like black clouds they went away.

Pompey paid his counsel liberally for his cuteness and skill, at the same time assuring him that he should be the recipient of his law business in future.

"You is a great man on law," said Pomp, "but it takes dis child to smell hitt out!"

It would be needless to remark that the Squire never granted any more warrants to gentlemen of color during dog-days.

HOW TO TELL A COUNTERFEIT BANK NOTE.

Mr Dye, the editor of the *Bank Note Detecter*, lectured at the Tabernacle in New York, *some time since*, on Counterfeiters and their tricks, illustrating his subject by a panoramic display of bank notes on an enlarged scale Some of his remarks will be useful to the readers of the *Democratic Watchman*:

Mr. Dye said, that his object in these lectures was to explain the mode of detecting all classes of bad bills. The idea of describing counterfeit notes originated with a counterfeiter in Philadelphia, and it has ever since been turned to the advantage of this class of rogues.

There had been a suspicion, he said, that bank note engravers were the makers of the counterfeit money. But this is not so. There never was but one engraver turned counterfeiter. The counterfeiters are not so numerous as formerly. On account of the great difficulty they have to contend with, in the excellent workmanship of genuine bills, they have turned their attention to making spurious and altered bills For these they can use one plate for all denominations of bills of every bank in America. This is done by erasing the title of the bank and names of the state and town, and leaving a blank, in the place of the figures and letters.

The true way to detect a counterfeit is not always by the signatures, but by the workmanship, which is generally coarse and rough When a man takes a bill in his hand he should look at every part of it, particularly at the imprint of the engravers. It is well to look at the letters, to see that they are well formed. Most counterfeits can be detected by the imprint alone.

The *panorama* now moved, and on canvas, ten by fourteen feet, was exhibited a facsimile of a genuine five dollar bill of the Ocean Bank. Mr. Dye pointed out the beauties of the workmanship of the note, and said that by the shading of the letters, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a person could tell a good bill from a bad one. A counterfeit five on the Ocean Bank was also exhibited on the panorama, and the difference could be easily seen, even by an unpracticed eye.

The lecturer then explained the manner in which counterfeiters make plates and bills. The last new mode is to transfer by means of white wax. Even by the folds of the drops of the figures on the viguette the work is seen to be imperfect. Counterfeiters are generally satisfied if they can produce the general features of a bill.

The best counterfeit bill that was ever made was a fifty on the State Bank of Missouri. But it was imperfect in the shading and was detected. A counterfeit note is the hardest thing in the world to make, because it must be perfect.

A five dollar bill on the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Hartford, altered from Pontiac, Michigan, was next shown on the panorama. It was calculated to deceive all outside the bank. It was the note of a broken bank, but the plate had been a good one, and was engraved by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, of New York.

The next shown on the canvas was a five on the Weybosset Bank, of Providence, Rhode Island. It was a Michigan bill, with the title of a genuine bank inserted: By looking close at the shading around the lettering it appeared broken. Every thing is complete on the bill, except that the counterfeiter altered it.

The most dangerous of all, a genuine note, was then exhibited. It was a five on the