

The Independent Republican

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. 2, NO. 38.

Biographical.



JOHN C. FREMONT.

The fact of three men have pressed the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whose names are associated forever with those vast ranges: JENNISON, the Nestor of scientific Travellers; ARNOTON, the Interpreter of Nature; and FREMONT, the Pathfinder of Empire. Each has done much to illustrate the Natural History of North America, and to develop its limitless resources. The youngest of all is likely to become as illustrious as the other, for fortune has ranked his name with a scene in the history of the Republic, as starting to the world as the first announcement of its existence. To his hands was committed the magnificent task of opening the gates of our Pacific Empire.

John Charles Fremont was born at Savannah, Ga., on the 21st of January, 1813. The usual residence of his family was Charleston, S. C., where his father, who bore the same name, was born in France, near Lyons. He was descended from the Puritans of France—the Huguenots—from the man who were consecrated to Liberty, and the rights of conscience in the baptism of fire and blood. Having been taken prisoner by the English, while on the way to his relatives in St. Domingo, he afterwards escaped and came to the United States. Being a young man of fine taste and considerable skill in sailing, he soon made friends and found employment. He was deeply interested in studying the character and condition of the North American Indians, and spent the last years of his life in visiting many of their tribes. His mother, celebrated for her beauty and worth, was Ann Beverly Whiting, a native of Gloucester County, Virginia. Her family was connected with many distinguished names, including that of Washington, to whom she was nearly related. It is said that they were married contrary to the wishes of her family.

The father died in 1818, leaving a widow and three children, two sons and a daughter. Col. Fremont is the sole survivor of his family, with the exception of an orphan niece, the daughter of his brother, who since nine years of age has been a member of his family. The mother died in 1847, at Aiken, South Carolina; the brother and sister some years before.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Fremont resided some time in Virginia, where John Charter received the rudiments of his education at Dinwiddie Court House. She then removed back to Charleston, where she fixed her residence, and the education of her children was continued. Although born and reared in affluence, and accustomed to the free and liberal expenditures of the hospital and generous class to which her Virginia relatives belonged, she was left, with a young charge, in very limited circumstances, but fortunately in a community which appreciated her claims to respect, sympathy, and all kind offices. She is still remembered by many faithful friends in Charleston, as a lady of great piety and worth.

When John Charles was about thirteen years of age, John W. Mitchell, Esq., a lawyer in Charleston, a gentleman of great respectability, in no way connected with the family, actuated only by benevolent impulses, although perceiving that his family, as he had promised the following account of the office for the purpose of making a lawyer of him. At a subsequent period, it became a favorite object of Mr. Mitchell, to have him prepare himself for the ministry of the Church. Mr. Mitchell placed him under the tuition of Dr. Robertson, a learned instructor at that time in Charleston, and engaged in the same employment in Philadelphia. Dr. Robertson published an edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, in 1819. In the preface he gives the following account of the youth whom Mr. Mitchell had placed in his hands:

For your further encouragement, I will here relate a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance. In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth, apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much, (fourteen) of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and, upon the whole, which I should call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he had found him given to study, and that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry) had resolved to place him under my care, for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, sufficient to enter Charleston College. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, an intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. I at once put him in the highest class, just beginning to read Cicero's Commentaries, and, although at first inferior, his progressive memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also excelled. In short, in the space of one year he had, with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Cicero's Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, two books of Virgil, nearly all of Horace, and two books of Livy; and in Greek, all of Greece Minor, about the half of the first volume of Græca Major, and

four books of Homer's Iliad. And whatever he read he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. He had hinted to me he was designed for the Church, but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, and his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help lifting him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence. Whilst under my instruction I discovered his early genius for poetic composition in the following manner: When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Alcibiades and his ten thousand, and his patriotic feelings, he was so enthusiastic, and drew from him expressions which I thought were unbridled, a few days afterwards, in some well-written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed, unequal, but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression; and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk and asked him if he did not write them; and he confessed he did, then said, 'I know you could do such things, and suppose you have some such pieces by you, which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

I had hired a mathematician to teach both him and myself (for I could not then teach that science) and in this he also made such wonderful progress, that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College, triumphantly, while others who had been studying four years and more, were obliged to take the Sophomore Class. About the end of the year 1828, I left Charleston. After that he taught mathematics for some time. His career afterwards has been one of heroic adventures of land-breadth, scenes of blood and fire, and of heroic exploits, which have made his name world-wide renowned. In a letter he received from him very lately, he expresses his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent; in a letter he has written to me, as if he had just met me, he says, 'Here I cannot help saying that the spirit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him, but it is the soul into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they would never have sprung up to a hundred fold in the full ear. Such my young friend is, but an imperfect sketch of one once beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, and who may yet rise to be the head of this great and growing Republic. My prayer is that he may ever be opposed to injustice, and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world.'

He was confirmed, in his seventeenth year, as a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which communion he was brought up, and continues to this day. Immediately after leaving College, which was before the close of the academic term, he opened a law office in Charleston. At such time as he could command, he attended in other schools to instruct classes in mathematics; and, in addition to all these labors, took charge for a considerable period, of an evening school. Persons who have been engaged in similar pursuits can appreciate how exhausting such continuous labors must have been. So early did he develop the indefatigable energy and power of endurance that have marked his whole subsequent life.

In 1833, by the influence of Mr. Pinckney, young Fremont was appointed teacher of mathematics on board the sloop-of-war *Natchez*, then stationed in Charleston harbor to observe navigation, and he subsequently made, in that vessel, a cruise of two years and a half. On his return, he adopted the profession of a surveyor and engineer, and served in that capacity, under Capt. Williams, of the Topographical Engineers, in a survey of a railroad route between Charleston and Cincinnati. A subsequent cruise accompanied Capt. W. in a reconnaissance of the Cherokee Cape, W. in a reconnaissance of the Cherokee Cape. After this he joined M. Nicolet, a distinguished French savant in the employ of the United States in an exploring expedition over the Northwestern prairies. He was employed in this survey during the years 1838 and 1839, and while absent upon it, was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. While preparing a report, he resided for some time at Cincinnati. Among the friendly and social relations formed at this time, which, perhaps more than any other, influenced his future life, by identifying him most directly with the interests of the West, was his intimacy with the family of Mr. Benton, then senator from Missouri, in whose second daughter Jessie, only fifteen, he became deeply interested. His suit was favorably entertained by the daughter, but not by her parents.

To the marriage of their daughter with an officer, both Mr. and Mrs. Benton were decidedly opposed. Mr. Benton, because the army was not a profession, only a salary during lifetime, throwing the widow upon the war department, to which Mrs. Benton added the farther objection of her daughter's extreme youth. Both had the highest personal regard for Mr. Fremont, whom they had known well during the two winters previous, and but for the strong opposition, the marriage would have been, what it afterwards became, an entirely agreeable to them in every respect.

During the summer of 1841, and while the poor young officer was struggling as best he might with the obstacles which his suit had encountered, he received a mysterious but inexorable order to make an examination of the river Des Moines, upon the banks of which the Sacs and Fox Indians still had their homes, Iowa being at that time a frontier country. He set out to the discharge of his

duty with such spirits as he could command finished it, and returned to Washington. On the 19th October, 1841, shortly after his return, the impatient lovers eloped, and were married. He who had in him the spirit to brave the steep and snows of the Rocky Mountains was not to be daunted in an affair where youth and beauty beckoned him onward. So he sought in Washington a clergyman of his own profession, viz: that of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to unite them in marriage; but they all refused, because Col. Benton, then being in his policy days of power in the Federal city, no Episcopal or other leading clergyman thought fit to risk his disapprobation by solemnizing the marriage of his daughter in opposition to his will. In this dilemma, a lady who was a Catholic, offered to find a priest who would quit the altar and ask no questions. This offer being accepted, she brought in a priest of the Catholic Church, called Father Horstlight, who performed the ceremony. The daring young lover, who thus braved the veteran senator of Missouri, soon taught his venerable father-in-law to respect him for his talents and noble deeds, and to look upon him with pleasure and pride. So his youth and beauty could thus tempt our hero, has proved herself worthy of the risk he ran, and convinced that her judgment and determination in respect to her own choice were not inferior to her fascinations.

Since the elopement of Helen of Troy, no man could have been more strongly tempted than Fremont; but let old age, fathers' fear and fume as they may about such matters, the sympathies of the world always run with runaway lovers. Who was not shamed at the triumph of young Lehar, or trembled at the perilous flight of Lord Ullin's daughter, who could?

Meat the raising of the stakes, but not an angry father.

Thus, for new adventures, Fremont now planned the first of his grand and perilous expeditions which have given lustre to his name. Having received a lieutenant's commission in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, he reported to the Secretary of War to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. His plan was approved, and in 1842, with a handful of men gathered on the Missouri frontier, he reached and explored the South pass. He achieved more than his instructions required. He not only fixed the locality and character of the great Pass, through which rivers are now pressing to California, but he also discovered, geographically, botanically, and in every other respect, the route and the route since followed, and the paths from which the flag of the Union is now flying over a chain of wilderness fortresses.

His report was printed by the Senate, translated into foreign languages, and the scientific world looked on Fremont as one of its benefactors. Impatient, however, for broader and more important fields of discovery, he first carried him to the summits of the Rocky Mountains; Wilkes had surveyed the St. Lawrence regions of the Columbia river, between the two explorers lay a tract of unexplored territory, which was a blank in geography.

In May, 1843, he left the frontier of Missouri, and in November he stood on Fort Vancouver, with the calm waters of the Columbia at his feet. He had approached the mountains by a new line, sealed their summits south of the South Pass, deflected to the Great Salt Lake, and passed his examinations of right and left along his entire course. He joined his survey to Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and his orders were fulfilled. But he had opened one route to the Columbia, and he wished to find another. There was a vast region south of the line, invested with a halo of mystery, and he wished to penetrate it. He had begun the beginning of winter. Without resources, adequate supplies, or even a guide, and with only twenty-five companions, he turned his face once more towards the Rocky Mountains. Then began that wonderful expedition, filled with heroic achievement, daring and suffering, in which he was lost from the world nine months, traversing 3,000 miles in sightless darkness, and in which he explored and revealed the great features of Alta California, his great triumph, the Sierra Nevada, the valley of San Joaquin and Sacramento, explored the fabulous Discoverer, revealed the real El Dorado, and established the geography of the Western part of our continent. In August, 1844, he was again in Washington, after an absence of sixteen months; his report put the seal to the fame of his young explorer.

He was planning a third expedition while writing a history of the second; and before its publication, in 1845, he was again on his way to the Pacific, collecting his mountain comrades, to examine in detail the Asiatic slope of the North American continent, which resulted in giving a new volume of science to the world, and California to the United States. We cannot trace his achievements during the War with Mexico, but will future times inquire how many and what future battles he fought.

The Hon. Wm. L. Marey, the then Secretary of War, in his Annual Report, dated Dec. 2, 1845, said of Colonel Fremont, 'He achieved the conquest of California, IN THE SHORT SPACE OF SIXTY DAYS FROM THE FIRST DECISIVE MOMENT.'

After the conquest of California, Fremont was made the victim of a quarrel between two American commanders. Like Columbus, he was brought home a prisoner over the vast territory he had explored, stripped by a court-martial of his commission, as Lieut. Colonel of Mounted Riflemen, and reinstated by the President. Fremont needed justice, not mercy, and he returned his commission. His defence was worthy of a man of honor, genius, and learning. During the ninety days of his trial his rights were given to science.

Columbus of the golden West,
As he returned from his quest,
So thou, by jealousy oppressed,
The path of honor traced o'er,
But time is just; and glory won,
With busy fingers plied, wears
A diadem to grace thy brow
Of myrtle boughs and laurel leaves.

Thus ended his services to the Government, but not to mankind. He was now a private citizen and a poor man. Charleston offered him a lucrative office which he refused. He had been brought a criminal from California, where he had been an Explorer, Conqueror, Peacemaker, and Governor. He determined to retrieve his honor on the field where he had been robbed of it. One line more would

complete his surveys—the route for a trail road from the Mississippi to San Francisco. Again he appeared in the far West. His old mountaineers looked around him, and with 33 men and 130 mules, perfectly equipped, he started for the Pacific. On the Sierra San Juan, all his mules and a third of his men perished in more than Russian cold; and Fremont arrived on foot at Santa Fe, stripped of everything but his life. It was a moment for the last pang of despair which breaks the heart, or the moral heroism which conquers Fate itself. The men of the wilderness knew Fremont; they refitted his expedition; he started again, pierced the country of the fierce and remorseless Apaches; met, awed or defeated the savage tribes; and in a hundred days from Santa Fe, he stood on the glittering banks of the Sacramento. The men of California received the judgment of the courts martial; and Fremont was made the first senator of the Golden State. It was a nobler tribute to science and heroism.

Mr. Fremont now devoted himself to developing the resources of his California estate, which had been discovered to be rich in gold; but, in addition to the loss of his commission, as the only reward he had realized for his services in California, he now found himself greatly annoyed by the claims of his creditors, which during his campaign in California, had been furnished to the United States on his private credit. During a visit to London he was arrested on one of these claims, and it was only after great delay that the Government of the United States was finally induced to relieve him from further annoyance by the payment of these debts. In maintaining his right to the Mariposa property, he was obliged to encounter many obstacles on the part of the government which resisted his claim, but finally, by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, he has triumphed over all of them.

His name is identified forever with some of the proudest and most gratifying passages of American history. His twenty thousand miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature, and the perils of Indian hostility, and the power of endurance in a slender form; his intrepid coolness in most appalling dangers; his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men; his vast contributions to science; his controlling energy in the extension of our empire; his lofty and unswerving ambition; his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and heroism, make all these things progress, learning, and virtue, rejoice that Fremont's services have been rewarded by high civic honors, boundless wealth, and the admiration and gratitude of mankind. During all his explorations among the mountains, and snows and ice, and cold and storms, he never drank anything but cold water; Col. Fremont has what so many public men lack, EARLY IN MORNING, AND STRICTLY TEMPERATE HABITS. He is very quiet, very domestic, exceedingly respectful, and is not a big man but has an intellectual and strong frame, and a complexion that would indicate that he had just come in from a thousand miles ride through the sun. His face is indelibly marked with exposure. It is said of Fremont that the only person in the world who had had more influence over him was his wife, and that she is a most estimable lady, handsome and intelligent, fond of her home, her husband and children, and of her country. He is a man who has been most severely cherished by the great Pathfinder, and a magnificent sword presented to him by the State of South Carolina, and a beautiful miniature of his wife, attached to a faded pink ribbon, the only thing of value preserved about his person when he first arrived in California. The Colonel keeps these souvenirs of love and glory in his library, looked on in a class case, and is always alluded to, in a rich and splendid specimen of highly wrought and elaborately executed workmanship. It is gold and silver mounted. The head of the bill, around which is coiled a rattlesnake, belonging to the old arms of the State, is formed to represent the summit of the Palmetto tree. On the guard is a map, with the word 'Oregon' partly unrolled. On the scabbard, which is of gold, are two silver shields, hung together with the words 'California' and '1846' respectively. Below them is the following inscription:

resented
BY THE CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON
TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
JOHN CHARLES FREMONT,
A MEMORIAL OF THEIR HIGH APPRECIATION
OF THE GALLANTRY AND SCIENCE
HE HAS DISPLAYED IN CALIFORNIA.
SOURCES IN OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.
Still fewer in number, the scabbard is a representation of the scabbard of the same name, and is a costly gold-mounted belt, having the present arms of the State on its clasp, presented by the LADIES OF CHARLESTON, accompanied the sword.

Writing to Jessie (who has proved herself worthy to be a hero's bride, for she is beautiful, graceful, intellectual, and accomplished), after one of his most perilous adventures, he said: "When I think of you all, I feel a warm glow at my heart, which renovates me like a good medicine, and I forget painful feelings in strong hope for the future. We shall yet, dearest wife, enjoy quiet and happiness together—they are nearly one and the same to me now. I make frequently pleasant pictures of the happy home we are to have, and oftenest and among the pleasantest of all, I see our library with its bright fire in the rainy, stormy days, and the large windows looking out upon the sea in the bright weather. It is getting late now, and I have to say there are two gods which are very dear to us, Hope and Sleep. My home-god shall be equally divided between them; both make the time pass lightly until I see you, and so I go now to pay a willing tribute to the one with my heart full of the other. Good night."

The Anti-Republican papers are publishing the votes of Colonel Fremont while a member of the Senate, to prove that he is not an abolitionist. Go ahead, gentlemen, you could not do him more service. The Republicans are not abolitionists, and therefore do not nominate abolitionists for office. They are opposed to the extension of slavery, and their candidate represents them correctly on that point. The Republicanism of the Garrison abolitionists, thus showing that he occupies the true conservative ground, between the two extremes.

Miscellaneous.

From the National Era.

The Pass of the Sierra.

BY J. A. WHITTIER.

All night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra over head,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark;
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond the camp-fire's dark
Glared on the mountain's morn.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow; at last, a glow,
Fleeting though it were, came on;
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spine.

"Up men!" he cried; "your rocky comb,
To-day, please God, we'll pass;
And look from Wister's frozen home
On summer's flowers and grass."

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod their eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, halted at last,
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-clouds tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys were embosomed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the winter at their backs,
To flap its baffled wing,
And down, they went, the glacier's track,
As sped to the lip of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band!
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild; the way is drear;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, FREMONT! and go before!
The hour must find his man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van.

For the Independent Republican.

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY POLITICS.

No. 5.
LEXOX, August 11, 1856.

During the Summer and Fall of 1854, the Democrats of this County almost unanimously professed to be opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and in favor of its restoration, and of the right and duty of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories. The Montrose Democrat of August 3, 1854, discourses as follows, and at that time it was thought to be Democratic, and the Pierce and Douglas doctrine of popular sovereignty was repudiated as a humbug:

"On the final passage of the Nebraska bill in the House of Representatives, a majority of the Northern Democrats voted against it, and in every election since held in a Northern State, the repeal has met the most decided disapproval of the people. We take it that the friends of the bill in all quarters have now come to the conclusion that all attempts to wring from the sentiment of the North an endorsement of the measure, will eventually in disaster and ruin. Certainly, unless total blindness to events and their causes darken the judgment, no man can now believe that the North, or any State of the North, will ever sustain that bill as it passed Congress and became a law."

The Democrat of August 10th, in following up the subject, says:

"If our rulers have done a wrong, the remedy is both simple and easy. REPEAL it, that is the word. REPEAL. We have no doubt that the next Congress will be strongly for repeal, so far as the House is concerned; and the question will probably rest there till a radical change can be made in the Senate. Quite likely before that can take place, Nebraska and Kansas will be knocking for admission as States. Then will come the rub. A Congress in favor of repeal of course would refuse to admit either of these Territories as States, with a Slave Constitution, and there would doubtless be no spirit of compromise pervading the Northern mind. There, in Congress, is the proper place for the contest, and there let it be fought 'till the last armed foe expires."

While reading the paper from which the above is taken, I could hardly persuade myself that there was not some mistake, and that I was not reading a Fremont and Dayton paper, and before I could fully satisfy myself of the fact—so fully and clearly were Republican sentiments set forth—I had to turn over the paper, when I saw "Chase and Day, publishers, 1854." Take the "Democrat" of 1854 and of 1856, place them side by side, read them carefully over, and then ask yourself which upholds and sustains Democratic sentiments. Then the watchword was REPEAL, and the restoration of the Missouri Compromise; now Mr. Buchanan says that "the Compromise should not be restored." Then it was madness to attempt to wring from the sentiment of the North an endorsement of the measure; now every man is a "black Republican" who is in favor of the restoration of the Missouri restriction, or keeping Slavery out of Kansas. Then the Douglas doctrine of "popular sovereignty" was ridiculed by the Democracy of the County as a swindle and a humbug; now it is the war-cry of the party and the only true Democratic doctrine.

In the "Democrat" of the 14th of Sept. 1854, the people of the County were asked to make the issue on Congress, and all other officers where it properly belonged, and not on Governor. The County Convention, after nominating a ticket in 1854, adjourned without passing any resolutions defining its position on the great question of Freedom in the Territories. Many of the most firm and consistent Democrats in the County were seriously disappointed. They said it was due from the Democracy of this County to plant themselves fairly and squarely on the side of Free Soil. The ticket was composed mostly of men who were right in principle, consequently it received the support of many

Democrats who were dissatisfied with the course of the party, but had confidence in the men placed in nomination. Mr. Grow, the candidate for Congress, had been tried, and during the whole of the struggle in the House on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, proved himself true and faithful to the interests of freedom. And to satisfy the people of the County in a measure for the County Convention's dodging the resolutions, the Congressional Conference, E. B. Chase and Wm. K. Hatch, came fully up to the public sentiment of the County, and placed Mr. Grow upon a platform of principles that met the hearty approval of the masses of this Congressional district. Before the nomination of Mr. Grow he had defined his position, in a speech at the Court House; and no one was or could be mistaken in the position he then occupied, or the course he intended to pursue in the future. He was for "Free Kansas," and for using every lawful means to keep Slavery out of territory now free. He was an opponent of the Pierce administration, and every Democrat in the County knew it. The Convention by which he was nominated knew that he was opposed to the extension of Slavery into free territory, and that if he was sent to Congress another term, his whole efforts would be exerted to make Kansas a Free State, and with that knowledge he was UNANIMOUSLY NOMINATED. The Conference agreed at the same meeting above referred to, were known to be gentlemen who professed to sympathize deeply with the feeling of indignation that everywhere existed at the North, at the violation of national faith in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. No better understanding can be given of the position of the Democracy of this district than is derived from the proceedings and resolutions of the Conference held at Towanda, Sept. 6th, 1854. Thos. Smead was called to the Chair, and E. B. Chase chosen Secretary. On motion of W. K. Hatch, Hon. Galusha A. Grow was unanimously nominated for reelection to Congress. The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the restriction to the spread of Slavery contained in the Missouri Compromise, rested upon the only and earliest policy of the fathers of the Republic, and that the repeal of that restriction in the act of Congress organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, was a direct violation of that policy, a breach of faith between the two sections of the Union, a violation of every principle of justice and humanity, and a determined attempt to overturn the settled measures of the government, and establish in their stead, constitutional constructions subversive of the rights and guarantees of freedom."

"Resolved, That we cordially approve of the course of our Representative in Congress, Mr. Grow, and especially do we commend his course in resisting the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He has reflected honestly and with fidelity the views of his constituents, the best evidence of which, as well as of their determination to resist this outrage upon their rights and principles, is his unanimous nomination."

(Signed)
THOMAS SMEAD, Chairman.
E. B. CHASE, Sec'y.

There we have the platform of Democratic principles for this Congressional district, the course of Mr. Grow fully approved, and say Chase and Hatch, "Especially do we commend his course in resisting the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and he has reflected honestly and with fidelity the views of his constituents."

Immediately after the election in the fall of 1854, when the prediction of Mr. Chase as to the defeat of the Democratic party, on the Nebraska Platform had been most strikingly verified, the first "Democrat" after the election discoursed as follows:

"It must be admitted by every close observer of political events and relations that the Northern Democracy must rally, in '56, around a Northern man, and a man with Northern principles and ideas. Such a man long tried in the school of American statesmanship, a man who has had no part in repealing the Missouri Compromise, and will come forward, and condemn that repeal as wrong, unnecessary, and mischievous, who will pledge his administration, and his antecedents as a hostage of good faith, that the whole force of his administration, shall be wielded to place things back to the position in which they were at the opening of the last Congress. We say such a man only can be elected—save the Democratic party—and bring peace and repose to the country."

That was good sound Democratic doctrine then, and is good Democratic doctrine now. The party had been most soundly thrashed in all the Free States, and the editor of the "Democrat" was not slow to see the cause and devise a remedy, and that remedy was the nomination of a man in '56, with Northern principles and ideas, and who would pledge his administration to bring things back to where they were at the opening of the last Congress.

That the men who took the lead, in placing the party in the position it occupied in 1854, were dishonest and designed deceiving the people will hardly be disputed by any one. Chase and Hatch, the Congressional Conference, are gentlemen of character and standing in the Democratic party, and at the Towanda Conference both professed to be among the most firm and inflexible Free Soil men in the country, and there can scarcely be a doubt that the principles then promulgated as those of the conferees and party, were the honest convictions of their own judgments. But what a change since that time! The doctrines then advocated as Democratic are now "national and Republican," "popular sovereignty," as construed by Toombs, and Douglas is the only true Democratic doctrine; and

all who refuse to acknowledge the Christian platform as the *abiboleth* of the party are denounced as schismatics. Party names and catchwords are of little use, only when they convey to the mind the principles upon which the party is based; names change, but principles never; and I would respectfully ask the reader to look over the platform of the Democratic party in this county, for the last eight years, on the question of freedom in the Territories, look at their new and revised, then look at the Cincinnati and the Philadelphia platform, compare the old and time-honored principles of the party with those platforms, and then, not as a partisan, but as an American citizen, determine which platform more truly reflects true and honest Democratic sentiments. A Democrat.

From the Independent.

The Dog Noble and the Empty Hole.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-like excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel running on a tree, he was so much interested that he went to a hole in a stone wall he could not be persuaded that he was not there, for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular rump with Noble. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparent rashness, that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red-backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance, and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying to get into it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair erect, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great anxiety and impatience. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the growl, flogs, and he would be made all that his dog-like mind would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do I may as well try that hole again!"

We had almost forgotten this little trait, until the conduct of the New York Express, in respect to Col. Fremont's religion brought it indelicately to mind again. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, as sound a Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith and has never changed. He is unacquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended the services of that Church, with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We know Col. Fremont's own personal history, and we know the Protestant faith of his father, and we know that he never went to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute, and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated, for that reason, and like other political lies, it is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood, from top to bottom, from the core to the skin, and from the skin back to the core again. In all its parts, in pulp, tegument, rind, cell and seed, it is a thorough and total untruth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of the Fulmer, etc., as to supposed conversations with Fremont, in which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure factious inventions. The authors of them are slanders; the men to believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become endorsers of willful and corrupt libellers.

But the Express' lie, Noble has opened on this hole in the wall, and can never be done barking at it. Day after day resorts to this empty hole. When everything else fails this resource remains. There he goes, indefatigably for that reason, and like other political church-worms, Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes we thought that he really believed that there was a squirrel there. But at other times he apparently had an inkling of the ridiculousness of his conduct, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out, and his eyes a little sad, peering to say, "My dear sir, you don't understand a dog's feelings. I should of course, much prefer a squirrel, but if I can't have that, an empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he was there. Besides, people who pass by don't know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is useful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides, to tell the truth I have looked into that hole so long that I have half persuaded myself that there is a squirrel there; or will be, if I keep on."

"Well, every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt if we were to bring back Noble now, after two summers' absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall with just as much zeal as ever before."

We never read the Express' story, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."