THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Lines for the Hour.

"Forget, forgive, unite."

Strike together! Let us be
One in heart and in endeavor;
Make the star of Kansas "free"
On our country's flag forever!

Nerved be every doubting soul—
Hushed be every paltry feeling—
Shadows that now darkly roll
Over Freedom's sky are stealing.

Tyrants, now, must be obeyed!
Dastard spirits quail and falter;
Up! and toil—with offerings laid
Now on Freedom's holy altar!

Labor in the light of day,
Firm, with neither strife nor clamor;
Labor! sacrifice and pray,
Clad in Freedom's shining armor!

Chains are forging—Slavery's cup
To our very lips is pressing!
Labor, stout hearts—hasten up!
Yours be Freedom's holy blessing.

O'er the sunny prairie land,
Now the tyrant's foot is treading—
Let us struggle, heart and hand—
Rescue Freedom, sad and bleeding.

Shall we falter? Shall we stand,
With a mocking lip and craven?
Shall we wear the "traitor" brand,
By insulted Freedom graven?

Shall we pause and bicker now?
See the Curse in Kansas planted?
Shall we see the Ruffians bow,
And live on by Freedom taunted?

By this glorious land of ours,
Whither pilgrim feet are thronging,
Turning from the tyrant powers,
And for Freedom's altars longing—

By our fathers' hopes and fears,
Struggling through a night of peril—
By our mothers' prayers and tears,
Hold Freedom's flour of trial—

By the great work they begun,
By the great words they have spoken—
By their toils, and all they won,
By the chains of Freedom broken—

By the Pilgrim feet that pressed
Plymouth Rock in faith and prayer—
By the God the Pilgrim blessed,
God of Freedom everywhere!—

By the memories of the past—
By each great soul's constant yearning—
Let each sacrifice be cast
Upon Freedom's altar burning!

By the fallen—by the fate
Freemen now are undergoing—
And the hearth-stone desolate
By the Kansas red wave flowing—

By the glorious Martyr's name,
At his post of duty smitten—
By the burning deed of shame,
In the blood of Sumner written!

Let us rise, and firmly stand,
Bound by every tie of kindred nature—
Heed to hear, and hand to hand,
Long Freedom's God appealing!

These are traitors, these are knaves,
Basely bowing, basely kneeling—
Bastard sons and craven slaves,
Freedom's life-blood basely stealing.

Up, together! all as one,
"With the might which God hath given;"
Let each braggart traitor son
From old Freedom's fane be driven!

Strike together!—let us be
One in heart and in endeavor—
Strike till Kansas riseth Free,
Freedom's glorious child forever!

The Umbrella Girl.

A STORY OF THE QUAKER CITY.

Isaac T. Hopper, the well known Quaker philanthropist, was emphatically the friend of the friendless, and sedulously devoted his long life to deeds of benevolence. Untold wonders of persons have been rescued from misery, degradation and ruin by his kind assistance, support and counsel, and now live to bless their benefactor.—The following interesting tale of truth showed how tenderly he wooed a wanderer back to virtue's path, and how tenderly he rebuked those who meditated the destruction of the poor and lowly.

A young girl, the only daughter of a poor widow, removed from the country to Philadelphia, to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was very handsome; with glossy black hair, large beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." She was just at that acceptable age when youth is ripening into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by that restless principle which impels poor humanity to seek perfection in union.

At a hotel, near the store for which she worked, an English traveller, called Lord Henry Stuart, had taken lodgings. He was a strikingly handsome man, and of princely carriage. As this distinguished stranger passed to and from the hotel he encountered the umbrella girl, and was attracted by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the store, where he soon afterwards went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed by presents of flowers, chats by the wayside, and invitations to walk or ride, all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic; for she was as ignorant of the danger of a city as were the squirrels of her native field.—He was merely playing a game for temporary excitement. She, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear in on such a public occasion with a gentleman of high rank, whom she believed to be her future husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eyes were unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Could she not take it without being seen, and pay for it secretly when she had earned enough of money? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and carried it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that repentance would be met by a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July she came out in her dress. Lord Henry complimented her on her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way he talked to her in a manner she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guiltless young creature stopped and looked into his face with a mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?"

"I am, I am," she replied with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said that you should ask me such a question?"

The evident sincerity of her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise—but you accepted my invitations and presents so readily that I supposed you understood me."

"What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"

Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of the world stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her to him would be as the recollections of the past year's butterflies. With her the wound was deep. In the solitude of her chamber she wept in bitterness of heart over ruined air castles. And the dress she had stolen to make her appearance befitting his bride! Oh! would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break if she should ever know that her child was a thief?

Alas, her wretched forboding proved too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested while on her way to the store and dragged to prison. There she wept incessantly. On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper and informed him that there was a girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind hearted friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying in the cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper, perhaps she will speak to some one she sees." When they were alone together he put the hair back from her temples, laid his hand calmly upon her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child consider me as thy father.—Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk tell me all about it; I will do for thee as I would for my own daughter, and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, 'Oh, I wish I was dead; what will my poor mother say when she knows of my disgrace.'

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he. Alluring her by this hope he gradually obtained from her the story of her acquantance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted and take nourishment, for he would see that the silk was paid for and the prosecution withdrawn.

He went immediately to her employer and told him the story. 'This is her first offence,' said he. 'The girl is young, and she is the child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step and she may be restored to society, useful and honorable woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk.' The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have felt otherwise with the girl if he had known all the circumstances. 'Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case,' replied Friend Hopper.

The kind hearted man next proceeded to the hotel, and with Quaker simplicity of speech inquired for Henry Stuart.—The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared suprised that a stranger, in the Quaker costume, should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy. When he heard of his errand he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to 'bear a testimony' against the sin of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner that the young man's heart was touched.

He excused himself by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl if he had known her to be virtuous. 'I have done many wrongs,' said he, 'but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence weighs on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable.' The imprisonment of the poor girl and the forlorn situation in which she had been found distressed him greatly. When Friend Hopper represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note and offered it to pay her expenses. 'Nay,' said Isaac, 'Thou art a very rich man, I presume. I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of her doing a great injury.—Give me another.'

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note and smiled as he said, 'you understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come and see me; I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you as a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied the Qvaker—"though much to blame in this affair, thou hast behaved nobly. May'st thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

When the girl was arrested she had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, and by that means her true one was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Stuart the silk was paid for and she was sent home to her mother well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence forever remained a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Years after these events transpired a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he entered the room he found a handsomely dressed young matron and a blooming boy five or six years old. She rose quickly to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, 'Friend Hopper, do you not know me?' He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, 'You once helped me when in great distress' But the good missionary had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice she bade her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees she hid her face in his lap and sobbed out: 'I am the girl who stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be if it had not been for you.'

When her emotion had somewhat calmed she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native state. Being on a visit in Friend Hopper's vicinity, she had again and again passed his dwelling, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter her courage failed.

"But I must return home to-morrow," said she, "and I could not go away without once more seeking and thanking him who had saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy and said to him, "Look at him, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation to visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

"DYING FOR A COCKTAIL."—Davis has only one fault—he sets too high a value on distilled liquors. This habit has reduced Davis to seedy trowsers and generous slip. On Monday last he was "dying for [illegible] he had neither money nor credit to realize his desires. Davis thought over the matter, and then made a rush for Redmond's. He entered the bar-room with his hair streaming out behind like a comet:

"For heaven's sake hand me a glass of liquor—countryman just fell down in State street and cut his head open so that his life is despaired of."

The bar-keeper flew around and handed Davis three gills of first quality of brandy. Davis seized the mug and rushed out.—He returned in about ten minutes, and said the man was better and had been carried to the hospital. Bar-keeper said, "glad to hear it," and felt like a Samaritan for the remainder of the day. In about two hours after this Davis was arrested for singing the "Star Spangled Banner" from a dry-goods box, in Broadway.—Strange fellow, that Davis!—Don't mean any harm, but will have his cocktail.—That's so.

POWER OF THE BIBLE.—The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children, yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. One day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly expressed to her own. This was her answer: "Because, to the authority of a father, I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scripture has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—*Adolphe Monod.*

Kilkenny Cat-like.

We don't believe the following story, not a word of it. It is predicated upon a lie, reads like a lie, and is a lie. The writer goes beyond all compass—all "reasonable compass," as Falstaff says—in his drafts upon our credulity:

"An old deacon in Yankee land once told us a story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his own word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seized upon one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carniverous operation until nothing was left of either of them."

Beautiful Answer.

Those who have had much intercourse with children, cannot fail to have remarked with what simplicity they frequently put questions, which even those of mature years and extensive knowledge are puzzled to answer. The following is one of those questions, with an admirable answer: A child said to his parent, "Father, where does God get the color to make cherries so beautiful and red?" "My child," said the father, "I will tell you as soon as I have been informed how he tinged all the leaves with so beautiful a green."

Louis Napolen owns a beautiful pair of bay horses, purchased for him in Lewis county, New York, for $2000.

[*Cor. of the Boston Christian Freeman.*

FREMONT AT HOME.

NEW YORK, Oct 2, 1856.

DEAR FREEMAN:—This forenoon I started out under a hot sun, to fulfil an engagement which I made yesterday. At just 12 o'clock, M., I rang the bell at the door of No. 56, Ninth street. As I stood there waiting for an answer, to my summons, I instinctively cast my eyes up to see where the balcony had been broken, for not many evenings since there was a crash there somewhere, while quite a precious load was upon it. But I could see nothing, the hand of the artificer having made all right. I had just seen that there was nothing to be seen, when the door was opened. I handed my card to the attendant, and was conducted to the front parlor on the second floor, where I was left alone some ten or fifteen minutes. The apartment was furnished in a style of simple luxuriousness, everything there being made either for comfort or use. Upon the walls were some valuable paintings, and among them a fine portrait of "Old Bullion." Also, a characteristic likeness of the iron statesman, Calhoun. Many books were there some of them, much read; and I could not but notice, that these latter were works of noble merit—mostly scientific, historical, and records of important travels. The best poets were there, and had certainly been often thumbed. At length the attendant called upon me, and desired me to follow him. In a quite simply furnished apartment, upon the rear of the first floor, I found my host. I was not prepared to meet such a man. None of the published prints of him which I had seen did him justice. Yet I knew that I held Colonel John Charles Fremont by the hand.

I had expected to see a stout built, full featured, dark, sharp-eyed man, with the air of "rough-and-tumble" life fresh upon him. I was looking for an eye that should pierce me through, and make me feel anywhere but at home. In short, I was all prepared to keep cool and wear an outward show of ease. But mark:

I met a man rather below the medium size, as far as mere bulk is concerned, with a mild, modest expression of countenance, a deep meaning eye, but beaming with intellectual light; a brow nobly formed though half hidden by the dark curling hair which parts in the centre and floats away on either side; a bold aquiline nose, with those finely curved nostrils which mark the fearless, [illegible] rather thin, and [illegible] by general complexion, [illegible] the rest [illegible] masculine face with a [illegible] outline, and less of the animal. There is hardly an animal feature discernable.—It is all man—true, pure, and noble.—His feelings speak out plainly in his face, especially in his eyes and lips; and the varying shades of his countenance betray at once the man who is not used to concealment or prevarication.

At first the visitor is hardly willing to believe that the lightly built man before him is the Alexander of California—the Vespucius of the Rocky Mountains; but when we note that firmness of muscle—that fine knitting of frame—that superabundance of nerve and arranged muscle—we are no longer at fault.

I had not spoken with him a full minute before I felt as perfectly at home as though I had been with a member of my own family. His salutation was frank and manly, free from all study, and bore upon its tone a genial welcome. I wondered ere I was introduced, if my costume was *au fait*, or *comme il faut*, for I knew that some of our *plain* (?) Republican gentry, when called upon to serve the public, were very punctilious in this respect, and it is not to be wondered at that ere I left the drawing room I gave one last look into the mirror, to be assured that all was right. But when I found the Col. I thanked my stars that I had studied my own comfort in my costume. His own dress consisted of a thin pair of pants, without suspenders, no vest, and a common brown linen sack. And so he received his guests.

Why, I tell you, he is a perfect man, just as God made him, without foreign airs or fixings of any sort or kind. He is Republican to the backbone; and you may rest assured that he has a "backbone," too. None of your stiff ones that can't bend till it breaks, nor none of your India rubber ones that bend to everything—but it is one of your finely tempered steel fixtures, that bends beneath no ordinary weight, and never bends to lose its noble uprightness. In conversation he is free, easy and pleasing; with language just fitted to convey his thoughts; a spirit of mild good nature predominant; with just fire enough in those deep-set eyes to show they could burn rather warmly were the stroke given. As we talk on we find him possessing a wonderous fund of sound, practical sense; keen and penetrating; reading motives easily, and deducing his conclusions with more than ordinary accuracy. He presents one of those peculiar moral conformations, which seek good in everything; ever ready to grasp good advice; seeking counsel from those qualified to give it; never acting on a preconceived plan when he is shown a better; but no more to be turned from what he knows is right, than his own Rocky Mountains can be turned into the Pacific.

I have seen just enough of John Charles Fremont to assure me that no mortal man can swerve him from the path of duty, and no man knows his duty better. Why, his whole life is one living, vivid pictured proof of this. Where is the man who has faced death oftener in the path of duty than he? Where is the man who has sacrificed more of his personal comfort to the good of his country than he? Surely the man cannot be found. Amid the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" many men will stake their lives; but we shall find few, very few, who will nobly brave the thousand deaths which [illegible] upon the pioneer among the eternal snows and wild savages of the Rocky Mountains, and that, too, for the single purpose of opening the road of civilization and Christianity to the vast, rich regions beyond. Fremont's mission was emphatically one of peace and good will, and his highest hope was that he might be able to open to his countrymen a short and safe route to the Pacific country. He did it—aye, he did it, or he would not be resting upon his laurels.

Col. Fremont was born at Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813, and is consequently at the present time forty-three years of age. Just at the prime of life—in the vigor of full manhood; with a noble experience fresh upon him; one of the people in the broadest sense of the expression; with his sympathies warm for humanity; no bitter prejudices to warp his judgment; but fresh and strong, firm in the right, and looking only to the eternal laws of justice and truth for his guide, he stands at the present time pre-eminently qualified to represent to the world of nations the Republican sentiment of this glorious Union.

[*From the N. Y. Herald.*

Visit to Col. Fremont.—An Interesting Time.

The students of the Union Theological Seminary, numbering about a hundred, yesterday proceeded, according to appointment, to the residence of Col. Fremont, in Ninth street, for the purpose of tendering him their gratulations. The hour fixed for the interview was 12 o'clock, at which time the visitors arrived, and one of their number, Mr. O. E. Cobb, of Tarrytown, delivered the following appropriate address:

Col. Fremont—The gentlemen presented to you at this time form a large majority of the members of the Union Theological Seminary. Coming from no less than fifteen States, representing nearly all our leading colleges and five different religious denominations, we have assembled in this city to prepare for the sacred ministry.—A deep interest in the present state of national affairs is not unfitting, but is the natural result of our serious pursuits. We deem it, sir, a pleasant office to pay our respects to you, not only as a citizen whose past character and career we honor, not only as a soldier whose high attainments we admire, but more especially as the present representative of those great principles [illegible] the [illegible] with all zeal support and [illegible] principles which the [illegible] es on every page. And [illegible] the almost unanimous influ[illegible] ent clergy, and of those who are in days to come to fill the pulpits, is exerted in the cause you represent, seems ominous of good. We believe it to be the cause of truth—the cause of humanity, and the cause of God, and as such it breathes the firm confidence that sooner or later success must be sure. Accept, sir, as our chosen leader, our largest congratulations, our cordial co-operations, and our sincere wishes for your success.

Col. Freemont replied in substance:—I am glad to see you, because you are young men. Young men generally decide to follow their instincts without previous calculations, and are always found on the right and generous side; but your support, gentlemen, is a sure indication that our cause is a good one. As you are separated to a high and sacred calling, it could not be expected that you would manifest any interest in a political contest; but I maintain that the battle we are waging is not wholly a political one. The victory which we hope to achieve will be one of civilization and liberty, and without which, civilization cannot be supported. You cannot advance the moral cause to which you have devoted your lives, if we are unsuccessful. You will remember that on one occasion Mr. Webster said that "the first duty of a free government was to support its liberty," so that you can consistently give the Republican party your hearty support, and I am happy to receive the assurance of it from you.

Whigs Repudiated.

☞ Some weeks ago, the Richmond Enquirer, the leading Democratic paper of the South, published the following significant addendum to a previous appeal to the old Line Whigs:—

"As some persons seem to have mistaken both the motive and the object of our appeal to Old Line Whigs, it is proper that we should acquit ourselves of the unjust accusations to which such misconstruction exposes us. *We invite no man of Whig principles to join the Democratic party.* Such an overture would be as insulting to him as unjust to our party. A person with Whig convictions cannot, consistently and honestly, profess to be of the Democratic party. A person with Whig convictions cannot be admitted into the Democratic organization without to some extent corrupting its integrity, and debauching its principles. We have a creed which constitutes a test of Democracy, and to which no Whig can honestly subscribe, because it is absolutely irreconcilable with the principles which he professes. We object to fusion because it is neither consistent with personal honesty. We invite no Whig to come into the Democratic party unless he chooses voluntarily and from conviction to abjure his ancient faith and to profess allegiance to our particular platform.

Those Old Line Whigs, who are just now doing the writing and speaking for the Democracy, may understand from the above insulting language, if their minds are not too much warped by prejudice, that they must work for nothing and find themselves in the present campaign, or change their name and abjure their faith.

[*From the National Era.*

To Pennsylvania.

Oh, State, prayer-founded! never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
Such power to bless or ban,
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,
For which on thee the centuries wait,
And destinies of man.

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
With groanings from a land of pain,
The west wind finds its way;
Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood,
The crying of thy children's blood
Is in thy ears to-day.

And unto thee, in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need, God gives the power
To ruin or to save,
To wound or heal, to blight or bless
With fruitful field or wilderness,
A free home or a grave!

Nay, more! transcending time and place,
The question of the human race
Is thine to solve anew;
And, trembling doubtful on thy breath,
A thrill of life or pang of death
Shall reach the wide earth through.

Then let thy Virtue match the Crime,
Rise to the level of the time;
And, if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like,
For Fatherland and Freedom strike
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
The great Occasion's forelock seize
And let the North-wind strong
And golden leaves of Autumn be
Thy coronal of victory
And thy triumphal song!

Important Accessions.

We are glad to announce that the venerable and renowned HORACE BINNEY—he who has been the pride and honor of this great city, for years; the who rivalled, if he did not excel, SERGEANT and HOPKINSON in the forum—one whose name has crossed the Atlantic, and been heard by the learned of other lands, and whose reputation is co-extensive with the Union—has declared his determination to vote for the only conservative candidate before the people—JOHN C. FREMONT.

The virtuous and enlightened all over the land are declaring their determination to rally under his banner, as the banner of the Constitution and the Union. When the lights of the past, the contemporaries of the Constitution itself, those who saw WASHINGTON, and learned wisdom from his lips—who knew JEFFERSON, were the intimate friends of MADISON, MONROE and JACKSON—the COLES, the INGHAMS, the DUANES, and the BINNEYS—lead, who would hesitate to follow? That man were

In Dangerous Company.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* has the following:

During the Taylor and Fillmore administration, Mr. Buchanan resided in Lancaster, and also two very respectable and worthy gentlemen, and his intimate friends known as General Ford and Judge Vondersmith. Ford was a General of the State Militia; Vondersmith was an associate Judge of the County of Lancaster. These gentlemen, separately and jointly, did a large business in searching out widows of deceased revolutionary officers and soldiers, presenting their claims to the department at Washington, and recovering, in their names, large amounts of money for pensions due them. In this laudable labor, it appears by the records, Ford and Vondersmith were ably aided and seconded by James Buchanan, who, doubtless, might have acted with pure motives. A few months after the departure of Mr. Buchanan from the United States, and while performing the functions of American Minister, resident at London, the administration was forced by the irresistible weight of public opinion, to cause the arrest of General Ford and Judge Vondersmith, on a series of charges of forging pension claims said by persons employed in the department to amount to over *seven hundred thousand dollars* known of. By a strange mismanagement the distinguished felons were taken before the fellow-associate of Judge Vondersmith, (who clearly had no jurisdiction in the case,) and were admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000; that very night both gentlemen left for parts unknown. For some months nothing officially was heard of the renegade forgers, until in a dispatch from Minister James Buchanan, at London, to Secretary Marcy, at Washington, he (Buchanan) informed Marcy that Judge Vondersmith called on him at the American Consulate, and had passed several pleasant visits of several hours duration with him. P. H.

"La takes me!" said Mrs. Partington, "if the DIME's CRAZY hasn't put up a pole, with some old woman's garter tied to the top, and

BROOK-CANE KM
&
BREKING HEADS,

painted on it!" and she laid down her spectacles, wiped her eyes and gave a sigh, like smiled and thought the old lady's blunder was a happy hit.

A SOUTH SIDE VIEW.—We learn from a reliable source that Rev. George D. Boardman of Barnwell Court House, South Carolina, has been compelled to abandon his pastorate for refusing an expression of sympathy on the side of Brooks in his outrage on the Massachusetts Senator. Mr. B., we are informed, did not volunteer any expression, but it was elicited from him by direct interogatory.—*Christian Watchman.*

The Philadelphia Sun says: "If Franklin Pierce, four years since, did loom up giant like, he has grown small by degrees, and his degrees may be gramatically stated as little in war, less in peace, and least in the affections of his countrymen."

A Border Ruffian Fraud.

☞ In Potter county and elsewhere, the Ruffian friends of Buck and Breck are circulating bills for meetings headed

"BUCHANAN & BRECKINRIDGE,
AND FREE KANSAS."

Poor fools—don't they know that we have Free Schools in Pennsylvania, and that the people can read and understand? Buchanan and Breckinridge in favor of Free Kansas!! Why they might as well charge Bully Brooks with being in favor of Free Kansas. None but a [illegible] knave would circulate such a bill or make the assertion. It is about on a par with the infamous fraud of 1844, when bills were circulated in Pennsylvania with the inscription

"POLK AND DALLAS,
AND THE TARIFF OF 1842."

Which Polk had repealed by the casting vote of Dallas, immediately after they obtained power.

Can the Freedom voters be defrauded in a similar manner again? It would be an insult to their intelligence to answer yes.

☞ A friend has sent us a copy of the bill alluded to above, which can be seen at this office.

SPEAKING of full pocket-books; was there ever a more forcible expression, in the way of a simile, than that given by the Yankee, when he said;—

"When I left *hum* to come to 'York,' my pocket-book was as full as a swelled cow in a wet clover pasture; but when I *came away* in the steamboat, a gittin' on near *hum* again, it looked *jest as if an elephant had stomped onto it!*"

INTERESTING INQUIRIES.—In view of Mr. Buchanan's political character and history, in what Pennsylvania county should he reside?

Answer.—*Somerset*; or, in view of his horn, *Bucks*; or, as he blows his own horn, *Clarion*; or, as his political career is almost run, *Huntingdon*; or, as he is being hauled over the coals, *Carbon*; or, as proclaimed Polk a better tariff man than Clay, *Lie-coming*; or, as his prospects are scaly, *Pike*; or as he is going to pot, *Potter*; or, as his chances are declining, *Wayne!*—Will Mr. Buchanan withdraw?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

[illegible] "Don't be sue powers! I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left!"

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended:—"Dear Jim come right off if you're coming at all. Edward Kolderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

Plants are injurious to health when kept in a sleeping room, because though in the day time they absorbe carbonic acid gas, and give out oxygen, which is healthful; in the night, the reverse takes place from the absence of sun-light—oxygen is absorbed, and carbonic acid gas given out, which vitiates the air.

DINNER TO HON. P. S. BROOKS.—A public dinner to Hon. P. S. Brooks, came off at Ninety-Six, S. C., on Friday. Col. Brooks was presented with a gold goblet, a silver goblet and two gold headed canes. Speeches were made by Senator Toombs, of Ga., Gov. Adams and Hon. A. P. Butler, of South Carolina.

SPIDERS.—Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having one thousand holes; and the fine web itself is the union of four thousand threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth has been destroyed, they go fillibustering, and seize on the webs of their neighbors.

☞ An Advertisement in the *Ledger* says "1,000 agents wanted to sell the life and Public Services of James Buchanan." We think this a hoax, from the fact that Buchanan himself, long ago, sold his life and public services to the South, and they cannot be had for the North now.

The N. Y. *Evening Post*, (Fremont) publishes an estimated vote for President in each county of New York, which sums up as follows: Fremont 217,000; Fillmore 139,000; Buchanan 140,600.

A Schenectady editor, describing the effect of a squall upon a canal boat, says: "When the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

A gentleman once observing that a person famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, a wag replied, "Aye, the whole tenor of his life has been base."

A Gem.

Those of our readers who have but one "responsibility," will feel the exquisite beauty of the following little waif:

At our house, at home, we've a sweet little baby
As fat as a coon in the fall;
And for mischief, fun, music, or whatever it may be,
Of brats he's the general of all.
With cheeks like two roses,
The prettiest of noses,
Endeared is our Moses,
By every fond tie,
In fair and foul weather,
To bind us together,
My Betsy and I.