

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.  
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## The Chronicle.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1856.

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JAMES AIKEN, of Lewisburg, to the Welch citizens of Danville, on hearing that they had formed a "FREEMONT CLUB."

You men of the mountains,  
Frightened and low,  
I know your motives  
Just where you would be.  
In your high, healthy regions,  
Engaged with death,  
Your knees never yield,  
To a Tyrant like I would.  
You were true English subjects,  
For England is free,  
And you've fought her sore battles  
By land and by sea.  
No tell can deter you—  
No danger can frighten—  
You've exiled the great caverns  
Where day turns to night!  
You have loved through the mountains,  
You've brought out the ore,  
You have built the great furnaces—  
Now look to the east!  
To part, distant ages,  
Your hands struck the fire,  
And they sang songs of Freedom  
In status of free!  
On the fourth of November,  
We look for you then,  
To strike for bold Fremont,  
Free Speech and Free Men!  
All the sweet "aid and comfort"  
Which slavery can give,  
From the hand of a Buchanan  
"Ain't worth a blue bean!"  
If I'm over at Danville,  
I'll call at your club,  
And I won't be long in saying—  
"That's the call!"  
But I'll talk in plain English,  
An I won't understand  
And I'll warn my own heartstrings  
By grasping your hand!

### 60 Years in East Buffalo.

In April, 1796, ABRAHAM YOUNG came to East Buffalo, and settled near where he now resides; he supposes he has resided in the region embraced in that township longer than any person now living. He came from New Jersey, near the Hickory Tavern, and was a school-mate with Hon. Nor Middlesworth. The family was about a week coming in from New Jersey, with their goods in a wagon, by Catawissa, and a fine time he and his little brothers and sisters had of it, trotting behind or before the wagon, over the hills. At Lewisburg, there was then the old portion of Derr's (now Brown's) Mill; the Black Horse Tavern, on the lot where Wm. Cameron Esq. now resides; a storehouse kept by Mr. Black in a stone house below Mrs. C. Wolfe's; Mr. Black kept a Ferry near where the bridge now is; and there were perhaps a dozen log houses scattered among the then pine woods. There are probably ten farmers, now, to where there was one then. There were still some bears and wolves on Shamokin Ridge, and he once saw five deer in one drove when riding on horseback to what is now Kengler's mill. The Elections were then held at the house of Jacob Dreisbach, near the Dreisbach church, and the district extended where are now several Election Districts. The first time he voted was in 1805, when Simon Snyder first ran, and he has never missed a general election since, and does not intend to, for he always votes for Liberty. At that time, party spirit was higher than it is now, and he being large of his age, and having paid a tax assessed to his uncle, (of the same name, who had moved away,) and being told he had a right to vote, offered his vote, and it was accepted and put in the box without challenge, although he was not quite of age. He voted for Simon, and supposed he had a right to vote.—He was "down at Marcus Hook," in the War of 1812.

### Heaven, a Place of Activity.

[The following remarks were made by Dr. Lyman Beecher, to his theological class in Lane Seminary. Closing the book from which he had been reading, and jerking off his spectacles, he arose and exclaimed:—  
"Except freedom from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action, is the mind's highest pleasure. I would not wish to go to heaven, did I believe its inhabitants were to sit inactive by purring streams to be fanned into indolent slumbers by balmy breezes. Heaven, to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far reaching mind of Newton rested from his profound investigations? Have David and Isaiah hung up their harps, useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with god-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter, and Cyprian, and Luther, and Edwards idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of activity, of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep noble and lofty strains in eternity, and the minds of saints unclogged by cumbersome clay, for ever feast on a banquet of thought—rich, glorious thought. Young gentlemen, press on—you will never get through. An eternity of untiring thought is before you, and the universe of thought your field."

The Boston Transcript, a neutral journal has the following: "At least seventy per cent of all the voters under thirty years of age, in New England are for Fremont. In the Colleges, in the free States, the proportion is larger; and in the Law, Medical and Divinity Schools, has concentrated an immense commerce, and covered these

### New Western Correspondence.

(Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.)  
NIAGARA FALLS, July 18, 1856.

I wonder by Niagara's eternal anthem thundering in my ears; its avalanche of falling waters jarring the table and rattling the easements, as if shaking with ague or seized with an uncontrollable panic—its thunders one moment louder than "old ocean's roar," then unfrilled and subdued, with the changing wind, as if nature, at least, could sometimes tame and temper her own stupendous marvel.

Perhaps you expect a full and graphic description of this world's wonder, but it is too late in the day for that and if you did you would be disappointed—for no pen or pencil, that I know of, can picture the scene to the mind's eye with an approximate degree of life-like vividness. The great original refuses to be caught even by the daguerotype, except with dimmed and tarnished glory. Like other tourists, I can only give my own most obvious impressions. To do this properly, perhaps I had better go back and "bring up the record."

On closing my last at Cleveland, we repaired to the "Crescent City," one of the two night boats to Buffalo connecting the Southern and Western trains, with the Eastern routes, at the later point; thus affording dusty, jaded travelers a night's rest, yet landing them nearly 200 miles further on their way. Staggering parties kept constantly arriving, until about 9 o'clock, the arrival of the Cincinnati and Chicago trains poured a rousing multitude on board, old and young, big and little, with tons of baggage, and the huge Steamer, capable of carrying twelve hundred passengers in a pinch, is literally swarming like a human hive.

At last the gang plank was anded in, the lines cast off, and the Stear backed out of the slip with deliberate ruggling motion, and swinging slowly and eastward, pushed out two or three feet from shore—an average distance maintained throughout the trip—then with a head of steam proceeded swiftly and adily upon its dusky voyage; the new moon giving a parting glance, then hid her dim radiance behind the western beam. Supper was the first thing in order; a several miles from Cleveland, a show of rockets were sent up from a Station, shore, and an answering shower sent from the boat.

Seated out by the guard with my wife we watched the curious influx of passengers, and as the boat was loosed from its moorings, and the shore receded, we thought of little ones at home, of the many disasters by "fire and flood," on this fated lake, and the doubt would arise in our minds, whether, like many others apparently as safe, we were speeding to our chartered destination, or hurrying, with fiery funeral rites, to a watery grave. The distant shore was dimly visible, the blazing light houses at Cleveland dwindled to twinkling stars, then disappeared; and as the hours wore on, a single propeller, with red and white lights, hurried past along our backward track, flapping its stern screw like some monster in torture, seeking escape from its own agony; an occasional sail would flit, with spectral silence, across the line of vision; and at length the port prattle of the piano in the ladies' cabin was hushed, the hum of voices died away, berths and state rooms received their occupants, and the pilot was left alone with his precious charge, in the solitude and silence of the night and the peaceful sea.

Every precaution seems to be taken against fire, and no lights are permitted in the state rooms for fear of accident. Safety evidently consists in these precautions, and not in the means of escape, ample as the latter seem to be. I counted eight small boats on board, and two large launches; but between pine and paint, the heat of the weather, and the oven heat from the furnaces, in case of fire at night, one half the Steamer would be in a blaze before the other half would know it, and the boats not burnt, would be swamped in lowering or sunk by frantic multitudes leaping into them from the scorching flames. So that the idea of saving the half of such a crowd under such circumstances, would be simply absurd and impossible. I noticed several stacks of short pine plank with rope handles to hold by, and these thrown into the water, would be worth more than all the boats.

Sunrise found us nearly opposite Dunkirk, five miles out, the back ground rising and hilly, unlike other parts of the lake shore, in this respect. A few sail, snow white in the morning sun when west of us, and dark as shadows while east of us; here and there a white light house, or spire or building, along shore; a freshening breeze and ruffled surface; and a silence, unbroken by any sound but the motion of the Steamer, altogether imparted a sense of loneliness at sea peculiarly impressive. The low Canadian shore presently appeared on the left, and an hour after breakfast the dock at Buffalo was reached in safety, near the entrance to Niagara river at the eastern extremity of the lake—where without any natural harbor, sagacious and persistent enterprise, has concentrated an immense commerce, and covered these

slopes and heights with a flourishing and populous city; attractive for its business atmosphere, and the beauty of its suburban streets and dwellings. The tide of travel through this point, in the summer season, is enormous. It seems as if everybody was on the wing, and nobody left at home.

The "Northern Indiana," a first class Steamer, plying between Buffalo and Detroit, along the northern shore of the lake was in port, preparing for the regular trip that evening. Her imposing dimensions, and sumptuous appointments, revived my original desire to visit Mackinac; and the temptation to select quarters on board of her was very strong. But the Falls were close at hand, and after no little hesitancy we concluded to take them on our way. First, and Mackinac at some other time.

The startling news received here an hour ago, of the Northern Indiana's destruction by fire on that very trip, made the heart beat quicker, with a subdued feeling of gratitude for the sober second thought that took us here, and not there. The dusty old proverb of "two heads better than one," is worth something, after all; and ought to be band up in the same volume with the "resolutions of '98."

So up town we went for a stroll and a dinner; but the sun got too torrid and scorching for comfort, and we became somewhat lazy in consequence. The public schools were closed, and the city Superintendent out of town. An outside glance at some fine school houses, was evidence enough however that the inside appointments were all right at the right season. Saw Fillmore's portraits in profusion, in the shop windows of this, the city of his residence; but did not encounter the newly fledged "nullifier" himself, the sagacity and patriotism of whose unguarded Albany speech was such a woful come-down from his previous dignified reputation.

In the afternoon embarked with a "good-looker" on the "one horse" steamer "Swallow," for the Falls, 23 miles distant; expecting, without inquiry on the subject, to be landed on the American side. Glancing at the site of old Fort Erie, on the point opposite Buffalo—suddenly blown up one night in the war, and the explosion so loud that an old soldier in Perry county who witnessed it, told me some years ago, that he thought the great globe itself had burst asunder, and resolved itself into a volcano of fire—and passing in succession Black Rock, Grand and Navy Islands, Schlosser, all memorable points in history, for various reasons; we suddenly pulled up in the mouth of Chippewa Sk, on the Canada side, near the battle field, where we caught an eager glimpse of the tossing rapids, and the spray of the catet two miles below. The descent of the falls, from the general level of the river, the brink of the falls, is about sixty ft.

The hippewa and Ontario cars soon brought us "ferment" the Horse Shoe fall, on the high ground above, and some distance be, from the level plateau on the margin of the stream, and slackening their speed toward a hurried glance directly down by the gorge, my first impression was one of disappointment; and the single idea of that crooked, thirty or forty foot intaim, was no great affair after all!

But passing on to the station, and making a speedy transit down the slope to the Clifton House—on the edge of the deep, precipitous chasm, which confines the lower river—half a mile below the Horse Shoe, and nearly opposite the American fall, with both in full view, the optical illusion resulting from the colossal dimensions of the principal features of the landscape, was apparent, and the scene began to grow upon the spectator, and gradually expand to its true proportions and sublimity.

The river contracts from two miles to less than an air line width of half a mile at the Horse Shoe, and at the same point turns square off to the east at a right angle, while a lesser branch passes behind Goat Island, and tumbling over the side of the chasm, forms the American fall, which seems to be a separate cataract, coming from an independent source. Goat Island, instead of a mere knoll, turns out to be a seventy acre tract of woodland, with a perpendicular front of four hundred yards in length, between the two falls; although most of the pictures we see represent them as near together. The loose rocks piled up about the foot of the falls, seem at first like the three and four foot specimens in a mountain brook, but in reality are as "big as a house," and weigh hundreds of tons. It is difficult to realize at first that it is over 150 feet down to the surface of the deep-green, troubled river, and a third of a mile across to the opposite bank. There is more of unshorn forest wildness in the scenery than I expected to find. And the two great cataracts look so near and thunder so emphatically, it seems incredible that instead of a few yards, they are respectively one and two hundred rods distant from the observer.

After one hurried, sweeping glance at these different features, my attention was riveted upon the American Fall, directly in front. A foamy, snow-white, crystal

avalanche, 160 feet high and 200 yards wide, standing out in bold relief from the dark cliffs on either hand, and the darker woods above, and shining full in the declining sunlight with resplendent brightness—ever falling, falling, falling, yet never ceasing; rousing in one's bosom a kindling excitement that feared to stir the radiant vision should vanish, yet yearned to leap into its rushing torrents and share their jubilant gambols; its tossing spray and fitful rainbow, now full, now faint, all seemed as if rushing headlong, with weird and solemn exultation, to the opening seals of apocalyptic visions, or hurrying to lift the veil from unknown and unimaginable scenes of splendor and glory.—There! I guess that will do! If not, just fix it up to suit yourselves.

The first approach is everything upon such occasions, and I stumbled, by pure accident, upon exactly the right spot and the right moment to realize more than my highest expectations.

A closer acquaintance proved the American to be tame and trivial, in comparison with the massive and more magnificent Horse Shoe fall; which pours over its central arch, a stream of water twenty-five feet deep, by experiment—one million tons of water being estimated to fall over every minute, plunging into the abyss below with an incessant roar of thunder, a ponderous weight of sound, unlike any other, and for which one in vain seeks a comparison. It seems impossible that such a scene could last; the river surely must exhaust itself in an hour, or its rocky bed crumble and disappear under the pressure of such resistless forces. But then it rolls unchanging and eternal.

The cataract is white foam at either side, but along the middle the stooping waters are of a surpassingly beautiful green color, like a falling mass of molten emeralds; and, as they descend, first streaked and spangled with jeweled foam, "beautiful exceedingly" in the glittering sunlight, then wholly changed to white as they disappear in the tossing spray.

A visit behind the falls well repays the risk incurred. Laying aside coat, hat and shirt, yellow oil cloth pants, and coat and bonnet of the same material, and descending a hundred feet down the face of the cliff by an irregular path and steps, from the hard limestone at the top to the strata of soft slate, so soft you can dig it out with your fingers. From this point, the loose rocks and crumbled shale slope down to the water, leaving room at the upper part, for a narrow path under the projecting cliff, which reaches far over like a sheltering canopy. Following on, sometimes erect, sometimes stooping, you reach the "hell of waters," you stand in a gothic arch of nature's own cathedral, rock on one side, dissolving crystal on the other, a hundred feet up from the path and thirty wide at the base, the spray dashing up like a summer shower, and as you grope along till its blinding buffeting prevent all progress except by the sense of feeling, and threaten to whirl you into the yawning gulf, you wheel about and edge back to a seeing point, to enjoy the sublime spectacle—seemingly as if Noah's deluge were pouring its flood of waters back again into the fountains of the great deep, with the deafening thunders of a dissolving universe.

Picking out specimens of rock to send you—bringing down a bushel or two more about my head than was desirable—and trying to seize some of the young cells that are at home here, I made my exit; as glad to get out, and stay out, as I was to get in—as is the case with most persons, after the first flush of excitement has passed off. Aside from the danger of falling, there is, whether one is behind or above the falls, an indefinite longing to jump in: a singular temptation that is a specific danger in itself. Another more palpable danger on this particular visit, is Table Rock, what is left of it, a huge projecting mass, cracked clear across above, and half way down, as I discovered in passing under it on my return, that may tumble down in five days, or five years. Wo to the passing visitor when it does fall!

Quit the Clifton House yesterday afternoon and came around to the American side. The waters at that house by the way are mostly runaway slaves; very polite and attentive, but with an undefinable something, in their air and manner, that seems to say, "Sambo owns himself, sah!" Southern gentlemen, I find, dislike the house on that account.

Crossed at the Suspension Bridge, two miles down; a fragile looking structure, 800 feet long, in a single span, and 200 feet above the river, with a carriage way below, and railroad track on top—yet feeling as solid and secure, when on it, as the most timid could desire. Just below the bridge the river becomes cramped into a narrow gorge of less than a quarter of a mile, through which the angry waters tear their way with mad impetuous fury: piling up the longitudinal waves twelve or fifteen feet higher in the middle of the stream than at a bend in the river, to a wide whirlpool, two miles in circumference, of all floating things, and relentless in its grasp of all floating things, than even the great cataract itself; bodies of men and animals being known to float forty days before escaping, and huge saw-logs held perpendicular for minutes in its circling move-

ments, then drawn under and retained for hours before again appearing.

Stopped at this end of the bridge to let the driver report at the custom house. He presently returned with the word that he "guessed the old fellow was up stairs asleep, for he couldn't find him;" and we passed on. But all do not get through so easy. A party of girls at the Cataract House gave the old folks the slip to have a nice ride around to the other side, by themselves. But it so happened that out of revenge, a discharged driver had just reported that carriage for carrying smuggled goods, and the moment Uncle Sam's officials got their eye on its number, it was seized for confiscation, and the young ladies unceremoniously turned out to find their way back, as best they might.

Went over to the Tower on the margin of the Horse Shoe; all around Goat Island, and the half dozen others that are accessible in the rapids, and to every point of interest on this side—except the Cave of the Winds under the American Falls, which was "most too ticklish for my taste, on such a windy day as this has been—and the ramble is a thing to be enjoyed, not described. When I think of attempting it, Charley S.'s load of ashes comes to mind slightly modified, and I surrender.

One visit, however, should yet be mentioned. That is the descent, by the inclined plane, worked by water power, to the wharf of the "New Maid of the Mist," near the eastern side of the American Fall—a neat, stout little steamer, built and launched a short distance above the Suspension Bridge, which is a prisoner for life in her narrow bounds, as she can not scale the falls or get through the whirlpool. She makes hourly trips during the day, and sometimes on moonlight nights, from the bridge up into the very vortex of the Horse Shoe Fall, dancing saucily for a moment on the boiling, milky surges, then gracefully bending to the right, and sending away down stream, as if old Neptune was after her with his harpoon. Seen from above on the upward trip, the clusters of passengers on deck, in their yellow oil cloth mantles and hoods, look like a shrinking company of recalcitrant monks and nuns being shipped to perdition; coming back in such a hurry, they look as if they had broken loose from Old Nick, or he had kicked them out of his dominions.

—We would require two weeks instead of two days, to explore and study this wonderful region. We have been obliged to omit the battle fields of Chippewa and Landy's Lane, and other celebrities, for want of time, and in head quarters.

### Senator Wilson's Speech.

**Bigler's attack upon Fremont!**  
[In the U. S. Senate, on the 14th, when the resolution introduced by Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, calling upon the Treasury Department for copies of the papers concerning the accounts of John C. Fremont with the Government came up for consideration, Hon. HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, rose and said:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—The days of this session are rapidly passing. Business of the highest importance presses upon our consideration. Chairmen of leading Committees, charged with measures of great public concern, crowd forward to obtain the ear of the Senate.

While the Senate is thus engaged in the performance of its high duties to the country, the Senator from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Bigler) thrusts before us this little, petty proposition, unworthy of a moment's attention of honorable men, in or out of the Senate. The Civil and Diplomatic bill must be thrust aside, other measures must be thrust aside by the Senator from Pennsylvania, that the Senate may consider this proposition, by which certain political schemers hope to elicit something out of which they can manufacture slanders against a brave man, who has served his country with eminent ability both in peace and in war. The Senator from Pennsylvania can not suppose that this proposition will pass this body without at least a passing notice. He takes the responsibility, he chooses to press it, and I shall take at least a few moments of the time of the Senate to characterize the proposition as I think it deserves.

Does the Senator from Pennsylvania think the generous people of this country will applaud this attempt to wound the sensibilities and defame the character of one who has won a brilliant name in the history of the Republic—one whose explorations and scientific attainments are renowned among civilized nations? Does he expect to win support for his favorite candidate for the Presidency by thrusting into the Senate this wretched proposition? This is small game. If that Senator hopes to win popular confidence and applause, if he hopes to turn back the tide of popular favor that is bearing John C. Fremont to the Executive chair, by this resolution, which I here pronounce, which honorable men in and out of the Senate will pronounce, and which the country will pronounce, small and mean, he will find himself sadly mistaken. Wherever this proposition goes, high minded men will treat it with derision.

I would not stoop to such a warfare as this. If it was aimed at James Buchanan, I would spurn it from me.

This is not the first time, Mr. President, that the shafts of political malignity have been hurled at men who have served the Republic, and it is not the first time that the Senate has been called upon to grope among the archives of the Government, to discover some account, or the records of some account, between the

Government and men who have been intrusted with public funds, out of which something would be distorted for partizan ends.

In 1825, Andrew Jackson was assailed for his military deeds. The people, unmindful of these assaults, bore him proudly to the Presidential Chair, over one of the purest, ablest, and most incorruptible patriots that ever graced the councils of the Republic.

In 1840, Gen. Harrison was assailed by the envenomed tongue of slander, branded a coward, and denounced as a bad man, and the people took him in their arms and bore him to the Executive Chair over his accomplished and experienced competitor.

In 1848, Zachary Taylor and the venerable Senator from Michigan, (Gen. Cass) were both denounced in the same manner—their accounts with the Government through long years of public service, overhauled and audited over again by political accountants and auditors.

In 1812, Gen. Scott, a soldier who has served the Republic for more than forty years in peace and war, with unsurpassed ability, was arraigned in the same manner and for a similar object.

What was gained by these assaults upon Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Cass and Scott? I venture to say here, to-day, that all these assaults upon these distinguished men, concerning their monetary transactions with the Government, never lost them the confidence or support of any portion of the American people. Pass this resolution, drag out of the departments the bills, vouchers, letters and papers between Colonel Fremont and the Government, garble them, scatter them over the land, blast their contents into the ear of the unwilling country, and the people, with that sense of justice, that practical judgment which distinguishes them, will pronounce it all political persecution.

Col. Fremont was intrusted by his Government with high and responsible duties. These duties were far distant from the seat of Government—beyond the borders of Missouri—in California. Those high and responsible duties were performed in a manner that won the commendation of the Government, the approval of honorable Senators upon this floor, and the applause and admiration of a grateful people. His name is for ever associated with the pathways to the golden shores of the Pacific, through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains—with the conquest and acquisition of California.

Money was intrusted in his hands. In the performance of duties assigned him, men, property, money, were all for months—years, intrusted to his keeping. The people will demand why John C. Fremont is arraigned now—eight or ten years after his duties to his Government were performed. If his accounts were unsettled—if he had failed to account for money placed in his hands, if he was in any sense a defaulter, why, the people will demand, was he not reported as the law requires, by the proper officers? Why was his name left out of the list of public officers whose accounts were reported as unsettled?

On the 16th of January, 1854, Hon. ELISHA WHITTELEY, Controller of the Treasury, made a report to the House of Representatives, in which he says:—

"In conformity with the provisions of the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1809, entitled 'an act further to amend the several acts for the establishment and regulation of the Treasury, War and Navy departments,' and of the act passed March 3, 1817, entitled, 'an act to provide for the prompt settlement of the public accounts,' I transmit herewith, statements of the accounts which remained due more than three years prior to the 1st day of July, 1853, on the books of the Register, Third and Fourth Auditors of the Treasury."

This report, Mr. President, contains *analytically* (96) pages of names, reported in obedience to the requirements of the laws, by Mr. Bigler, Register of the Treasury, Mr. Clayton, Second Auditor, Mr. Bart, Third Auditor, and Mr. Dayton, Fourth Auditor.

In this long list of names, I find the names of some of the noblest sons of the Republic. The names of General GAINES, WORTH and HARNEY are in this list, but the name of John C. Fremont is not among them! If his accounts were unsettled—if a balance were against him, why was not his name reported? This name is not in the list of persons whose accounts were unsettled, during the year preceding the 1st day of July, 1852, or in the years preceding that date.

On the 1st day of July, 1853, no moneys were in his hands unaccounted for. He owed the Government nothing. At that very time, he had a claim for supplies furnished the Government as early as July, 1851. That claim was examined and reported upon by a committee of the House of Representatives, at the head of which was Col. Orr, one of the leaders of the Administration in the House. That committee reported a bill allowing Col. Fremont \$183,825, and that bill received the unanimous

vote of the House and Senate and the approval of President Pierce, on the 29th of July, 1854. If his accounts were unsettled, if money was in his hands unaccounted for, if the Government had any balance against him, why, Sir, why did not your Administration compel a settlement and secure any claims of the Government, when it held \$183,825 of John C. Fremont in his coffers? Will the Senator from Pennsylvania, will any Senator answer this question?

Some mouing politician in the department, or who has access to the departments, some little, soulless creature, ever ready to blast the reputation of honorable men, has doubtless found papers bearing upon Col. Fremont's connections with the Government, out of which he thinks extracts can be quoted, if published, by which venal politicians can blacken the reputation of one they hate and fear, and the Senator from Pennsylvania comes into this chamber, with this resolution, to carry out this small game of political malignity. I shall vote, Sir, for this inquiry, but I wash my hands of its meanness—its subject bitterness.

The Senator from Pennsylvania assumes to be Mr. Buchanan's flegleman here. I have sometimes thought the Senator, in his deep anxiety, felt that he carried Mr. Buchanan on his shoulders. I hold Mr. Buchanan responsible for an attempted blow at his rival—struck by the hand of the Senator from Pennsylvania—who professes to be his particular friend, who is ever watchful of his interest and fame. So prompt is the Senator from Pennsylvania to rush to the defence of Mr. Buchanan, that I have come to regard him as that gentleman's "premonitory symptom" here. Nothing but that Senator's extreme desire to better the waning fortunes of his chief, could have induced him to engage in this political device.

Mr. President, the people will regard this as persecution. It will bring odium—not upon Col. Fremont, but upon the men who originated it and move in it. It will rather rebound, as all such attacks against candidates for the Presidency and most transparent issues ever presented to the people of the United States. All that the Senator from Pennsylvania and his candidate can make out of his inquiry will not weigh a feather in the coming contest, which is to decide whether Freedom or Slavery shall sway the policy of the Republic.

Iowa—young Iowa has uttered her voice for John C. Fremont, by a majority of thousands. Maine will respond to Iowa for the East, in a few weeks, in a voice not to be mistaken. The Senator can not break the mighty current that is bearing the friends of free Kansas on to assured triumph by this petty political manoeuvre, which gentlemen should not stoop to engage in. Pennsylvania, on the 11th of October, may teach her Senator that she is not to be won by attempts to defame the Chief, around whose banner the liberal, progressive, Democratic masses of the country are rallying for the coming fight.

I have not spoken, Mr. President, of the motives that have actuated the Senator from Pennsylvania in introducing this inquiry. I have nothing to do with motives. I have spoken of the act, and I have spoken of it as I think it deserves. Perhaps the Senator feels that he has the good name and fame of Col. Fremont, as well as Mr. Buchanan, in his keeping. Perhaps we ought to feel grateful to him for his zeal for the reputation of our candidates; but I can not but feel that whatever the effects of this inquiry may be upon Col. Fremont, the Senator will win no laurels by it that any one will desire to pluck from his brow.

### The Southern Elections.

If there are any Americans still in doubt as to the position of the advocates of slavery extension, and whether the next Presidential election is not made an exclusive Southern question, we presume the election returns, especially from Kentucky, will convince them of the true position of affairs. With Mr. Fillmore as our candidate, we could have gone cheerfully to work, and been content to have been beat, but it was evident to us weeks ago that the Hotspur of the Slave States would no more recognize a Northern Fillmore man as a good citizen, than a supporter of Fremont, and thus narrow the question down to free or slave territory. These elections show that Buchanan is regarded as the chosen instrument for fastening slavery on such Territories as they covet, and as such they will support him. A conservative man like Mr. Fillmore will not suit them, and a man like Col. Fremont, who promises to administer the government, if elected, "according to the true spirit of the Constitution as it was interpreted by the great men who framed and adopted it," suits them still less; and, consequently, leaves no alternative for Northern men than to vote either for or against an extension of slavery.—*Lewistown Gazette, formerly for Fillmore.*

H. N. McAllister, heretofore a democrat of Centre county, last week addressed a Fremont meeting at Huntingdon.