Fremont, the Choice of the Nation.

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

For Fremont, the choice of the nation,
The pride of the fearless and free,
We'll drink to his health and his station,
Though Fillmore has come o'er the sea.
His heart beats for Freedom, remaining
On the soil where our liberty grew—
For our brethren in Kansas sustaining
The free flag—the Red, White and Blue.

There are lands where the millions are yearning
For Freedom from tyranny's chain,
While to Kansas our efforts are turning
To shield her from Slavery's stain.
For Fremont, he stands with devotion,
And swears to the Union he's true;
He crossed o'er the mountains to ocean,
To plant there the Red, White and Blue.

No sectional feuds shall o'er sever
The bands which our forefathers wrought;
The Union forever and ever!
Unsullied, unstained and unbought,
Is the watchword for Fremont we borrow,
And he stands by his promise so true;
Then who will our leader not follow,
When his flag is the Red, White and Blue?

Our voices are joined, then, for Union,
The stars and the stripes are above;
Huzza all for Fremont and Dayton!
Huzza for the men that we love!
The old Union ship, when well guided,
'Twill be found that her timbers are true;
And soon will the storm have subsided
That threatened the Red, White and Blue.

Political.

FREMONT AT HOME.

Correspondence of the Boston Christian Freeman,
New York, July 23, 1856.

Dear Freeman:—This forenoon I started out under a hot sun, to fulfill 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 hands 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 luxuriosness, 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 ch[illegible]likeness of the iron statesman of South Carolina, 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 quiet, 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 Col. 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 acquiline nose, with those finely curved nostrils which mark the fearless, firm souled man; lips rather thin, and not at all hidden by the graceful moustache; a prominent chin for character, though in perfect keeping with the rest of the features. I never saw a masculine face with so much boldness of outline, and less of the animal. There is hardly an animal feature discernible. 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 Colonel, I thanked my stars that I had studied my own comfort in my costume. His own dress consisted of a pair of thin pants without suspenders, no vest, and a common, loose, 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 wondrous 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 council from those qualified to give it; never acting upon 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 power can swerve him from the path of duty, and that 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 stare 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 most 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 now 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 preeminently qualified to represent to the world of nations the true Republican sentiment of this glorious Union.

From the Independent, Aug. 7.

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-lore 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 run into 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 became familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Noble—They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run almost run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock up 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 sprang 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 at a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, 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 sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in, continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to hurry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog skin 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 *The N. Y. Express* in respect to Col. Fremont's religion, brought it ludicrously 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 other extrinsic reason led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal honor and proper knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont 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 fatal untruth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of the Fulmer kind, etc., as to the supposed conversations with Fremont, in which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened. The authors of them are slanderers; the men to believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become indorsers of wilful and corrupt libelers.

But *The Express*, like Noble, has opened on this hole in the wall, and can never be done barking at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When every thing else fails, this resource remains. There they are, indefatigably—the *Express* and Noble—a church without a 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 toward us with his tongue out and his eyes a little aslant, seeming 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. Besidds, people who pass don't know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is needful 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.

We never read the *Express*, now-a-days, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."

MORMONISM.

By the New York *Tribune*, of the 7th inst. a letter is published from Great Salt Lake, dated the 30th of May last, from which we make the appended extract. If the statements made by the writer of this letter are correct, Mormonism is a great blot on our national escutcheon, and Brigham Young is a magnificent scoundrel.

"I am aware that to some it may seem incredible that a community embracing, as this does a respectable portion of American citizens, should be absolutely governed by one will.—To solve this, it will be necessary to understand the nature of their religion. The superficial observer or reader would readily suppose that it differed not materially from other religious sects save in polygamy: that even in their "Revelations" there was nothing binding when they conflicted with the reason and good sense of its members; that still less should the edicts of their Prophet be implicitly obeyed when those edicts conflict with their sworn duties as judges and jurors. But such, alas, is the fact. And, when rightly understood, the Oriental feature loses part of its deformity by contrast with others as degrading to man, and inimical to our Government. There is a light within the Temple, not intended for vulgar eyes. I will not give you all their forms and ceremonies in their endowments" at this time, which are part and parcel of the "ordinances" of the "House of the Lord." Suffice that in one of their degrees the candidates are made to kneel at the altar, and with the right hand supporting and the left hand covering the Holy Bible, Book of Mormon and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, they there take upon themselves an oath to obey the Council, even should that Council at the time conflict with what they deem right and proper. They abrogate and annul allegiance to this and all other Governments—They swear to avenge the murder of their oath that makes them Mormons, not the observance of the simple ordinances and sacraments taught and given to us by Him "who spake as never man spake."

I would remark that while the founders of our Republic avowed the principle that we were capable of self government—and successive years of prosperity and national importance have more than verified it—these *peculiar* people utterly and practically *deny* it.—An admission on their part, that, with their integrity and good sense, they could legislate for themselves, would destroy the very foundation of their fabric. For, they profess to have restored to them the living, vital power of the Priesthood; and, as a natural consequence, they must give up their wills to him on whom the mantle falls. Should any man offer for office, or advocate any principles without having received the sanction of the Prophet, or the sanction of their High Council, both he and he and his pretensions would be blasted. If a theocracy is established—and even if the word *demos* is attached thereto—it must be apparent to every reflecting mind that all and everything must emanate from the head of the church. Should this be doubted, I call your attention to all their public acts. Take the Legislature, for instance.—Every session H. C. Kimball is elected President of the Council, and J. M. Grant, Speaker of the House without any opposition; unanimous votes they invariably receive.—These worthies are the Prophet's Counsellors, and, with him, constitute the first Presidency of the Church. Woe betide that member whose temerity should induce him even to nominate any other. Politically and religiously (they are here synonymes) he would, to use their own significant cant, "be handed over to the buffetings of Satan." Not a bill or grant emanating from that body—from the most trivial to the most important—from the taking away ferries from old mountaineers who have lived in these vallies for thirty years, to the establishment of impost duties, but first receives the approbation of their Prophet. Signing them after their passage is a mere form. This course accounts for the *harmony* and *unanimity* which they boast so much of. Thus while Egypt's benighted conclaves are divided in feeling, sentiment and policy, the Mormons speak, act and think as one man.

They have at length adopted a Constitution of the Katy-did and Katy-didn't school. It *may* be a *Slave State* and it *may* be a *Free State* after its admission. These contingencies are the golden balls thrown on your Olympic courser; but woe to the racer whose eye is attracted from the mark of rectitude by them. If it were Brigham's policy to have this a slave State, (African I mean,) it certainly would be such, notwithstanding three-fourths of our population are foreigners of that class who readily affiliate and sympathise with the negro. But African Slavery, of all kinds, suits him least. It is White Slavery, of deeper dye and more degraded form than this or even Russian serfdom, that suits best his purposes."

The Flag on the Mountain Peak!

Fourteen years ago, on the 15th of August, 1842, Col. Fremont climbed the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, towering up 13,570 feet, and planted the stars and stripes upon its summit—an act emblematic of that glorious banner being lifted up by the same noble hand from the mire in which it has been so long disgraced by corrupt politicians, and placed aloft upon the tallest pinacle of national dignity and honor, early in November next. Of this feat we read the following account in Col. Fremont's Report of his Rocky Mountain Expedition:—

"Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rocks, I succedded in geting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions a in small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into a field of snow 500 feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice, and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20 degrees North, 51 degrees East. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn, for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow on the summit, and fixing a ramrod in the crevice, *unfurled THE NATIONAL FLAG to wave in triumph where flag never waved before!*"

Frightful Earthquake in Moluccas!

THREE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

The India mail brings intelligence of an eruption of an active volcano on the island of Great Sangir, lat. 3 deg. 50 min. N., long 125 deg. 50. min. E. The mountain of Arava, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, suddenly on the 2d of March, discharged boiling water and lava, which destroyed for several miles extensive fields, crops and groves of cocoa-nuts:

This frightful picture of destruction, the horror of which was increased by the shrieks of men and beasts, the wild roaring of the tempest, and the crashing of thousands of trees torn up and carried away, was followed about an hour later, by peals of thunder which shook the earth and deafened the ear. A black column of stone and ashes then shot up, from the mountain to an immense height, fell, illumined by the glare of the lava, like a shower of fire upon the surrounding country below, producing a darkness that, only now and then momentarily broken by the flashes of lightning, was so intense, that people could not discern objects close at hand, and which completed their confusion and despair. Large stones were hurled through the air, crushing whatever they fell upon. Houses and crops which had not been destroyed by fire, sunk and disappeared beneath the ashes and stones and the hill streams, stopped by these barriers, formed lakes, which, breaking over their banks, soon provided a new source of destruction. This lasted some hours. About midnight the raging elements sank to rest; but on the following day about noon, they resumed their work of destruction with renewed violence. In the meantime, the fall of ashes continued without intermission, and was so thick that the rays of the sun could not penetrate through it, and an appalling darkness prevailed. Scarcely recovered in some degree from fright, the inhabitants of this desolated part of Sangir were again disturbed by an eruption on the 17th of March, which destroyed many fields and a great number of trees on the Tabukan side. Since then the volcano has remained quiet.

The loss of life has been great. It is estimated as follows, in the undermentioned districts:—Taruna, men, women and children, 722; Kandhar, men, women and children, 45; Tabukan, men, women and children, 2039; total, 2,806. The greater number met their death in the gardens. They fled in all directions, but were overtaken and swallowed up by the fatal fire stream. Some tried to save themselves in the trees, but were either carried away with them or killed by the scorching heat.

Negligent Correspondents.—The Piedmont (Va.) Whig says, "since the 26th of December, seventeen negroes have left the neighborhood, of Middleburg, and not more than half have been heard from."