

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,  
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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## Fremont and Dayton.

From the Evening Post.  
RALLYING SONG.

Text—The *Marselles Hymn*.

Behold! the furious storm is rolling,  
Which Border Fields, confederate, raises,  
The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our infant cities blaze.  
And shall we calmly view the ruin,  
While lawless force with giant stride  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
In guiltless blood his hands imbruing?  
Arise, arise, ye brave!  
And let our war-cry be  
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free  
Fremont and Victory!  
Oh, Liberty! can he resign thee  
Who once has felt thy generous flame?  
Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee—  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
No! by the heavens bright bending o'er us!  
We've called our Captain to the van—  
Behold the hour—Behold the man!  
Oh, wise and gallant, go before us!  
Then let the shout again  
Hark! out from sea to sea,  
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free  
Fremont and Victory!  
Hurrah! hurrah! from hill and valley,  
Hurrah! from prairies wide and free!  
Around our glorious Chieftain rally,  
For Kansas and for Liberty!  
Let him who first her wilds exploring,  
Her virgin beauty gave to fame,  
Now save her from the curse and shame  
Which slavery o'er her soil is pouring.  
Our standard-bearer, then,  
The brave Pathfinder be!  
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free  
Fremont and Victory!

## THE WHITE HOUSE RACE.

Text—*"Camptown Races."*

There's an old gray horse whose name is Buck;  
Du da, du da.  
His dam was Folly and his sire Bad Luck,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to work all night,  
We're bound to work all day,  
I'll bet my money on the Mustang  
Colt,  
Will anybody bet on the Gray.  
The Mustang Colt is strong and young,  
Du da, du da.  
His wind is sound and his knees not sprang,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to, &c.  
The old gray horse is a well known hack,  
Du da, du da.  
He's long been fed at the public rack,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to, &c.  
The Mustang is a full blooded colt,  
Du da, du da.  
He cannot shy and he will not bolt,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to, &c.  
The old gray horse when he tries to trot,  
Du da, du da.  
Goes round and round in the same old spot,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to, &c.  
The Mustang goes at a killing pace,  
Du da, du da.  
He's bound to win in the four mile race,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to, &c.  
Then do your best with the old gray hack,  
Du da, du da.  
The Mustang Colt will clear the track,  
Du da, du da.  
Chorus—We're bound to work all night,  
We're bound to work all day,  
I'll bet my money on the Mustang  
Colt,  
You'd better not bet on the gray.

## Revolutionary Sketch.

### ETHAN ALLEN IN CAPTIVITY.

Among the episodes of the Revolutionary war, none is more strange than that of the queer genius, Ethan Allen. In England, the event and the man being equally uncommon, Allen seemed to have been a curious combination of a Hercules, a Joe Miller, a Bayard, and Tom Hyer. He had a person like the Belgian giant, mountain music like a Swiss, and a heart plump as Cœur de Lion's. Though born in New England, he exhibited no traces of her character, except that his heart beat wildly for his country's freedom. He was frank, bluff, companionable as a pagan, convivial as a Roman, hearty as a harvest.

For the most part, Allen's manner while in England was scornful and ferocious in the last degree, although qualified at times by a heroic sort of levity. Aside from that inevitable egotism relatively pertaining to pine trees, spires and giants, there were, perhaps, two special, incidental reasons for the Titanic Vermont's singular demeanor abroad. Taken captive while heading a forlorn hope before Montreal, he was treated with inexcusable cruelty and indignity. Immediately suffered to have been butchered by the Indian allies in cold blood upon the spot had he not with desperate intrepidity availed himself of his enormous physical strength by twitting a British officer and using him for a target, whirling him round and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages. Shortly afterwards, led into the town fenced about with bayonets of the guard, the commander of the enemy, one Col. McCleod, flourished his cane over his captive's head with brutal insults, promising him a rebel's halter at Tyburn. During his passage to Eng-

land in the same ship wherein went passenger Col. Guy Johnson, the implacable Tory, he was kept heavily ironed in the hold, and in all respects was treated like a mutineer; or it may be, rather as a lion of Asia, which, though caged, was too dreadful to behold without fear and trembling, and consequent cruelty. And, no wonder, at least, for on one occasion, when chained hand and foot, he was insulted by an officer, with his teeth he twisted off the nail that went through the mortise of his handcuffs, and so having his arms at liberty, he challenged the insulter to mortal combat. Often when at Pendennis Castle, when no other revengement was at hand, he would hurl on his foes such a howling tempest of anathemas as fairly shook them into retreat. Prompted by somewhat similar motives both on shipboard and in England he would often make the most vociferous allusions to 'Ticonderoga, and the part he played in its capture, well knowing that of all the American names Ticonderoga was, at that period, by far the most famous and galling to Englishmen.

Israel Potter, an exile American while strolling around Pendennis Castle, where Allen was confined, chanced to hear him in one of his outbursts of indignation and madness, of which the following is a specimen: 'Brag no more, old England; consider that you are only an island! Order back your broken battalions, and repent in ashes! Long enough have you hired Tories across the sea, forgotten the Lord their God, and bowed down to Howe and Kniphausen—the Hessian! Hands off, redskinned jack-all! Wearing the King's plate, as I do, (meaning, probably, certain manacles,) I have treasures of wrath against you British.'

Then came a clanking, as of chains, many vengeful sounds, all confusedly together. Then again the voice. 'Ye brought me out here, from my dungeon, to this green, affronting Sabbath sun, to see how a rebel looks. But I'll show you how a true gentleman and Christian can conduct in adversity. Back, dogs! respect a gentleman and a Christian, tho' he be in rags and smell of bilge water.—Yes, shine on, glorious sun! 'Tis the same that warms up the hearts of my own Green Mountain Boys, and lights up with its rays the golden hills of Vermont!

Filled with astonishment at these words which came from over a massive wall, including what seemed an open parade space Israel pressed forward, and soon came to a black archway leading far within, underneath, to a grassy tract, through a tower. Like two bear tusks two sentries stood on guard at either side of the open jaws of the arch. Scrutinizing our adventurer a moment, they signed him to enter.

Arriving at the end of the arched way, where the sun shone, Israel stood transfixed at the scene.

Like some baited bull in the ring, crouched the gigantic captive, handcuffed as before: the grass of the green trampled and gored up all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around. Except some soldiers and sailors these seemed to be mostly town's people, collected here out of curiosity. The stranger was outlandishly arrayed in the sorry remnant of a half Indian, half Canadian sort of dress, consisting of a fawn-skin jacket—the fur outside and hanging in ragged tufts—a half round bark like a belt of wampum; aged breeches of sagathy; darned worsted stockings reaching to the knee; old moccasins, riddled with holes, their metal tags yellow with salt water rust; faded red woolen bonnet, not unlike a Russian nightcap, or a portentous ensanguined full moon, all soiled and stuck about with half rotten straw; unshaven beard, matted and profuse as a cornfield beaten down by hailstones. His whole marred aspect was that of a wild beast, but a royal sort, and unsubdued by the cage.

Aye, stare! stare! thou but last night dragged me out of a ship's hold like a snout-tierce, and this morning out of your littered barracks there like a murderer—for all that you may well stare at Ethan Ticonderoga Allen, the conquered soldier by—! You Turks never saw a Christian before. Stare on! I am he who, when your Lord Howe wanted to bribe a soldier patriot to fall down and worship him by an offer of a major generalship, and five thousand acres of land in old Vermont—ha! three times three for glorious old Vermont and the Green Mountain boys! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! I am he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe: 'You, you offer our land? You are like the devil in the Scripture, offering all the kingdoms in the world, when the d—d soul had not a corner lot on earth! Stare on, I say!

'Look you rebel you, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe

here?' said a thin, wasp waisted, epauletted officer of the castle, coming near and flourishing his sword about him like a schoolmaster's ferrule.

'General Lord Howe? Heed how I talk of that toad-hearted king's lick spittle of a poltroon! the very vilest wriggler in God's worm hole below. I tell you the hordes of red-haired devils are impatiently shouting to ladle Lord Howe with his gang—you included—into the seething syrups of Fopphet's hottest flames.'

At this blast the wasp-waisted officer was blown backwards as from the sudden. He burst head of a steam boiler. Staggering away with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to bandy words with a low lived rebel.

'Come, come, Col. Allen,' here said a mild looking man, in a sort of clerical uniform, 'respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this hour, or what is most probable, be hung next week at Tower wharf, you do not know what might become of yourself.'

'Reverend sir,' said Allen, with a mocking bow, 'when no better employed than braiding my beard, I have a little dabbled in your theologies. And let me tell you, reverend sir, lowering and intensifying his voice, 'that as to the world of spirits of which you speak, though I know nothing of the queer mode or manner of that world more than you do, yet I expect, when I arrive there, to be treated as any other gentleman of my merit. This is to say, far better than your British know how to treat an honest and a meek hearted man captured in honorable war, by—! Every one tells me, as yourself just told me, as crossing the sea every billow dinned in my ear—that I, Ethan Allen, am to be hung like a thief. If I am, the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress shall avenge me, while I, for my part, will show you, even on the tree, how a Christian gentleman can die. Meantime, sir, if you are the clergyman you look, act out your consoling profession by getting an unfortunate Christian gentleman, about to die, a glass of punch.'

The good natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant, who stood by, to procure the beverage.

At this juncture a faint rustling sound, as if the advancing of an army with banners, was heard. Silks, scarfs, and ribbons fluttered in the background. Presently a bright squadron of fair ladies drew nigh, escorted by certain outriding gallants of Falmouth.

'Ah, said a strange voice, 'what a strange said, and furred vest, and what leopard-like teeth, and what flaxened hair, but all midwived'; is that he?'

'Yes it is, lovely charmer,' said Allen, like an Ottoman, pouting over his broad bovine and breathing the words like a lute; 'it is he—Ethan Allen, the soldier; now, since ladies' eyes visit him, made trebly a captive.'

'Why, he talks like a bean in the parlor this wild-mosed American from the wood,' sighed another fair lady to her mate 'but can this be he we came to see? I must have a lock of his hair.'

'It is he, adorable Delilah, and fear not though excited by the foe, by clipping thy lock to dwindle my strength. Give me your sword, man,' turning to an officer—'ah I'm lettered. Clip it yourself lady.'

'No, no—I am—'

'Afraid, would you say? Afraid of the sword—friend and champion of all the ladies, all around the world? Nay, nay, come hither.'

'The lady advanced; and soon overcoming her timidity, her white hand shone like whipped foam among the waves of floxen hair.'

'Ah, this is like clipping tangled tags of gold lace,' she cried: 'but see, it is half straw.'

'But the wearer is no man of straw, lady; were I free, and you had ten thousand foes, horse, foot and dragons—how like a friend I could fight for you! Come—you have robbed me of my hair; let me rob the dainty hand of its price.—What! afraid again!'

'No, not that, but—'

'I see, lady; I may do it by your leave, but not by your word—the wotted way of all ladies. There it is done. Sweeter than kisses than the bitter heart of the cherry.'

When at length this lady left, no small talk was had by her with her companions about some way of relieving the lot of so knightly an unfortunate, whereupon a worthy, judicious gentleman of middle age, in attendance, suggested a bottle of wine every day, and clean linen every week. And these the English women—

too polite and too good to be fastidious—did actually send to Ethan Allen, so long as he tarried a captive in their land.

The withdrawal of this company was followed by a different scene. A perspiring man in top boots a riding whip in hand, and having the air of a prosperous farmer, brushed in like a stray bullock, among the rest, for a peep at the giant—having just entered through the arch as the ladies passed out.

'Leading that the man who took Ticonderoga was here in Pendennis Castle, I've ridden twenty-five miles to see him, and to-morrow my brother will ride forty for the same purpose. So let me have the same look. Sir,' he continued, addressing the captive, 'will you let me ask you a few questions, and be free with you?'

'Be free with me? With all my heart. I love freedom above all things; I'm ready to die for freedom; I expect to. So be as free as you please. What is it?'

'Then sir, permit me to ask what is your occupation in life? in time of peace, I mean.'

'You talk like a tax gatherer,' replied Allen squinting diabolically at him.—'What is my occupation in life? Why, in my younger days I studied divinity but at present I am a conjurer by profession.'

Hereupon every body laughed, as well at the manner as the words, and the nettled farmer retorted.

'Conjurer? Well, you conjured wrong that time you were taken.'

'Not so wrong, though, as you British did, the time I took Ticonderoga, my friend.'

At this juncture the servant came in with a bowl of punch which his master bade him give to the captive.

'No! give it to me, sir, with your hands and pledge me as a gentleman to a gentleman.'

'I cannot pledge a state prisoner, Col. Allen, but I will hand you the punch with my own hand, since you insist upon it.'

'Spoke and done like a true gentleman; I am to you.'

Then receiving the punch into his manacled hands, the iron ringing against the china he put the bowl to his lips, saying, 'I hereby give the British nation credit for half a minute's good usage; and at one draught he emptied it to the bottom.'

'The rebel gulps it down like a swilling hog at the trough,' here scoffed a lusty private of the guard off duty.

'Shame on you' cried the giver of the bowl.

'Nay, sir, his red coat is a blush to him as it is to the whole British army.' Then looking derisively upon the private, 'you object to my way of taking things do you? I fear I shall be able to please you. You objected to the way, too, in which I took Ticonderoga, and the way I meant to take Montreal. Selah! but pray, now I look at you, are you not the hero I caught dodging around in his shirt, in the cattle pen inside the fort? It was the break of day remember.'

'Come, Yankee,' here swore the incensed private 'cease this, or I'll tan your old fawn skin for ye with the flat of this sword for a specimen; 'laying it lashwise but not heavily across the captive's back.

'Turning like a tiger, the giant catching the steel between his teeth, wrenched it from the private's grasp, and striking it with his manacles, sent it spinning like a juggler's dagger, into the air, saying, 'Lay your dirty coward's iron on a tied gentleman again, and these,' lifting his handcuffed fists, 'shall be the beetle of mortality to you.'

The now furious soldier would have struck him with all his force, but several men of the town interposed, reminding him that it was outrageous to attack a chained captive.

'Ah,' said Allen, 'I am accustomed to that and therefore I am beforehand with you; and the extremity of that I say against Britain is not meant for you, kind friends, but for my insulters present and to come.'

Then recognizing among the interposers the giver of the bowl, he turned with a courteous bow, saying, 'Thank you again and again, my good sir; you may not be the worse for it; ours is an unstable world, so that one gentleman never knows when it may be his turn to be helped of another.'

But the soldier still making a riot and the commotion growing general, a superior officer stepped up who terminated the scene by removing the prisoner to the cell, dismissing the townspeople, with all strangers, Israel among the rest, and closing the castle after them.

FREE SCHOOLS IN VIRGINIA.—In Hancock county, Va., on the 11th inst., a vote was taken on the adoption of the Free School System, and resulted in its total defeat, three townships giving 67 for and 237 against it.

## Political.

### THE POSITION OF THE OPPOSITION.

The *Pottsville Journal*, an able and ardent advocate of American principles, has the following well-timed and sensible remarks in its last number:

The brutal outrage on Senator Sumner, and the pro-Slavery ruffians of Kansas, have made in the North, a hundred Free Soilers, where yesterday there existed one. From Maine to Kansas, in the North, there is one universal expressing of disapprobation of the acts, which, concocted by Southern bullies, are endorsed by the South. It seems now almost inevitable, that the issue of the next Presidential election, must be for or against the extension of Slavery, into the free territories of the country; for or against the freedom of speech on and off the floor of Congress; in fact, the intolerance and arrogance of the Slaveocracy must be checked at some period—and we think there can be no better time than the present. Let the issue be met at once. We are ready to unite heartily with an organization, that will stand firm, and beat back the tide of pro-slavery fanaticism and ruffianism, which threatens to sweep away every right guaranteed to us by the Constitution.

When we endorsed the nomination of Millard Fillmore for the Presidency, we esteemed him—we still think so—eminently a national man—a man who, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, would, if elected, administer the affairs with a firm, impartial hand. He is undoubtedly such a man. The policy which has guided Pierce in his administration, would be spurned by Millard Fillmore; the imbecility which characterizes the Pierce Administration could never be attached to that of Millard Fillmore. While recognizing all the great features in the brilliant character of Mr. Fillmore, yet the Slave King has pushed his opposition to such extreme lengths, that we must demand from Mr. Fillmore some decided expression of opinion on the subjects which are convulsing the country to its centre.—While we yield to none, in our love for pure American principles, yet we perceive in the encroachments of the slave power on the soil of our free territories, and the Southern plaudits which attend the cruel beating of a Senator on the floor of the Senate Chamber, an attack upon our rights, which claims the precedence of anything that demands warm and earnest opposition. We would not build on the beautiful foundation of Americanism, sectional feeling or principles; we will willingly accord to the South all the rights which she possesses under the Constitution; for our part she is heartily welcome to them. We would not touch them. Does the South reciprocate that sentiment? The bloody floor of the Senate Chamber; the ravaged towns and devastated fields of Kansas; the graves of slaughtered freemen, upon which the sod is yet fresh, and women and children fleeing for refuge before the spoilers, attest, alas, how fearfully, that the South does not.

If Millard Fillmore expresses, in firm and decided language, his disapprobation of these acts, and his opposition to the further spread of slave territory, we are prepared to yield him our hearty support.—If not, we shall esteem it a duty we owe to the cause of liberty, to unite in the support of that candidate who fearlessly will become the standard bearer of Freedom of Speech and the Non Extension of Slavery. All else assumes a character of minor importance. On these principles the opposition must UNITE.

'NIGGERISM.'—There is a backwardism in politics specially in vogue among the locofocoes, which induces them to denominate all efforts against the extension of slavery as "niggerism." In our city, it was not indifferently, but was imported here from Virginia by a miserable spiritual rapping, vagabonding fellow, who is now telling Pennsylvania democrats how they must vote to please the slave power. But the only real specimen of "niggerism," or negro worshipping we have seen, is to be found among the laws framed by the Border Ruffian Legislature of Kansas, one of which enacts that any person enticing, conveying away or kidnapping a white child from its parents or guardians in the Territory of Kansas, suffer the penalty of six months imprisonment in the county jail and be further liable to such fine as the discretion of the Court may suggest. Another law makes the penalty for enticing, conveying away, or kidnapping a negro child in said Territory—DEATH! So, for stealing a white baby, six months imprisonment is the humane and just extent of the law. For stealing a negro baby, DEATH!

### Why we Support John C. Fremont.

We are asked why we support Fremont in preference to Mr. Fillmore. Our reply is simply this. When Mr. Fillmore was nominated in February last, we endorsed him for his many excellencies, public and private. We have heretofore given our reasons for endorsing his nomination. It is unnecessary to reiterate them. When the Kansas difficulties reached a point at which forbearance on the part of the Free State men ceased to be a virtue when slaveocratic arrogance and brutality transferred its scene of action from the violated and blood-stained soil of Kansas to the sacred Senate Chamber of the United States, even then, our blood curdling with horror at pro-slavery atrocity, we were willing to support Millard Fillmore for the Presidency, if he would express his sentiments openly and fearlessly, on these new aggressions of the slave power. We waited patiently, up almost to the very hour appointed for the assembling of the Republican Convention in Philadelphia.—Still Mr. Fillmore was silent.

While regretting that Mr. Fillmore did not deem it expedient to give to the free men of the North—his personal and political friends—a chart whereby they might have on instantly trimmed their sails, and placed him at the helm, we perceived that in the existing state of affairs, it was necessary to have principles founded upon the rock of truth and the Constitution, and a man to uphold them, in whom we could confide. Before the Republican Convention assembled, we flung to the breeze our flag, upon the folds of which we inscribed—'Freedom of Speech; Freedom to Kansas; Not another inch of Slave Territory; The Union now and Forever, and the men who will carry out these principles.'—Upon that platform, which the free press of Pennsylvania have already said amen to, John C. Fremont stepped, and we heartily endorse his nomination. He has expressed himself in unmistakable terms as the firm, unflinching friend and defender of those principles. He is the man for the hour. Principles first, men next, is now the lover of the Constitutional privileges handed down to us by our fathers; and at this revolutionary period of our country's history, we cannot, will not support any man who hesitates to endorse the principles which enter into the coming contest on the side of Freedom. If Fremont wavered even for an instant from the true faith of which he is the standard bearer, we should instantly "whistle him down the wind," and seek a better man; for we will not yield our principles for men.

These are our reasons in brief for preferring Fremont to Mr. Fillmore. Every thing in the present contest is of minor importance to the great question of the non-extension of Slavery. Until this matter is settled, we have fully determined to set every other question aside and devote our energies to the success of the candidates who endorse our Principles. The North is fully aroused on the subject, and the result of next November will prove that slaveocratic rule, after a reign of half a century, must succumb to the force of public sentiment, springing full armed, from the great, free heart of the North.—*Miners' Journal*.

POLITICAL PREFERENCES.—The Boston Journal gives the following as the political preferences of all the newspapers which reached its office in a single day from all parts of the Union;—For Fremont 28; for Buchanan 7; for Fillmore 6; entirely neutral 7; neutral, with strong Fremont tendencies, 4; straight out Whig, 2.

FREMONT IN INDIANA COUNTY.—The two American papers in Indiana county, Pa., and the Republican paper in the same county, have hoisted the Republican ticket. They promise 2000 majority in the county for Fremont.

## Select Miscellany.

### Singular Affair.

It is related in the *Revue Franco Italienne*, that, recently, in the Italian Tyrol, at Bolzano, a boy attending to the town school threw stones at a peacock belonging to the master and killed it. On hearing this the boy's father voluntarily came forward to pay the value of the bird, but the two masters, who were priests, determined that the child must also receive exemplary punishment. They beat the boy till his back was broken, so that he died on the spot. Some people who heard the cries of the child, sent for the father. The latter went at once to the school, and seeing his son dead, fell upon the two priests, and killed them by repeated stabs with a knife.

### UNCLE PETER'S OPINION OF GIRLS.

BY APOLLO.

'I'll tell you, boys, this 'ere running arter gals ain't what it's cracked up to be.—I've had a little experience in that line in my day, I have. A true girl is about as skeered an article as Wall street honesty, and that's decidedly below par. As long as a feller's got the 'nin' and can treat, he's some; but just wait till the ballast gets low, and you will hear some of the insinuations. This courtin is just about as risky a business as dealing in Parham's. A feller don't draw a blank, I'll admit, but he must draw the pile or he'll not get his stakes.

'I mind the time I'd smashed any feller's face that would a told me that Betsy Baker wasn't pirty; but I've changed my mind some since. I was 'sucked in' with that gal, the god darndest, I'll admit; but since it's over I'll tell you fellers about it, provided you don't say nothin.

'When I was young, and a nateral consequence rather verdant in the courtin business, I met Betsy Baker at an apple-bee at old Deacon Smith's, near Bang r. She was dressed to kill, and powdered up till she looked most darned nice; and I, being about as green as a tulpy hocking in June, was fool enough to think them sheepy eyes she was casting at me were caused by that called 'love at first sight,' and the consequence was I returned them ar glances with a palpitating heart.

'By and by we got done with the apples; and begun playing "The first three steps," Law sake! you ought to a seen me jumping around like a parched pig on a drum head, with that ar gal; and when we got to play in 'Joggle' didn't we joggle along? well now we did nuthin else.

'Somebody made a move to adjourn about half past ten, and I asked Betsy to accept the angle of my elbow, and started for home, thinkin all the time that the 'posible Scrapeshear must have been tight or misinformed, one or the other, when he said: "The course of true love never did run smooth." Well, I took that girl to all the circus shows, and treated to ice cream on all occasions, never once thinking that she never thought nothing of me, and only pulling the wool over my eyes.'

'Well, I fool-like spent the most of my hard earned dimes for Betsy, and was beginning to be hard up when a young lawyer stuck up his shingle in Bangor, and I soon found out that it was highly probable that I would have a rival in the courtin line. In fact I heard that this limb of the law was seen prowling around Solomon Baker's house. This kinder rix my daughter; so I started for Betsy's next Saturday night, and on enterin found her alone. Well I never was much for useless ceremony, so I sat down in the big rocking chair, and said in the language of the poet who, with outstretched arms, exclaimed: 'Come to my arms, ye grassy flitters!'

'This was a way I had often addressed her when I wanted her to sit on my lap, and I never thought but she would do it again, as she had often before. But she didn't; but with a turned up nose, said: 'Mr. Sanders in future I do not wish to keep company with any persons who use this kind of language to me.'

'This kinder skeered me, but I soon recovered sufficient to make use of an expression that ended with and, and then sid.

'I soon found out that she had been wanting to sack me for some time, but could never get the chance until this time. But maybe you think I thought of stretching a heap or strangling myself with belona sausage. If you do you are decidedly mistaken, for in the language of Sykesey:

'I only takes an horn, observing let her went.' You see it aint girl fashion to be true, so I will leave off as I began—I will say, true girls are like Wall street honesty—darn scarce article.—*Yankee Privateer*.

Appeal to a Jury. Gentlemen of the Jury, I quote from Shakspeare, when I say to you, 'To be or not to be'—that's the question.—'My client is a national stump machine—he flings his wrath in pailfuls, and it is dangerous to run against his interest. Let me be made fodder for a fool, and chowder for a powder mill, if he is guilty, notwithstanding the criminal absurdities alleged against him. Do you believe that my client is so destitute of the common principle of humanity—so full of the fog human nature—so wrapped up in the moral insensibility of his being, as deliberately to pick up a tater and throw it at the nassal protuberance of the prosecutor? No, not while you can discern a star in the northern sky—while the waters of the Ohio roll, and the race of buffaloes nestle on the Rocky Mountains, this immutable principle will remain—that my client is a gentleman, ta-