

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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## Select Poetry.

### THE DYING GIRL.

From Munster vale they brought her,  
From the pale and balmy air,  
An Ormond peasant's daughter,  
With blue eyes and golden hair.  
They brought her to the city,  
And she faded slowly there;  
Consumption has no pity  
For blue eyes and golden hair.  
When I saw her first reclining,  
Her lips were moved in prayer,  
And the setting sun was shining  
On her lonesome golden hair.  
When our kindly glances met her,  
Deadly brilliant was her eye,  
And they said she was the better,  
While we knew that she must die.  
Before the sun had risen,  
Through the lark's morning air  
Her young soul left its prison,  
Undeified by sin and care.  
I stood beside the couch in tears,  
Where pale and calm she slept;  
And tho' I've gazed on death for years,  
I blush not that I wept—  
I checked with effort pity's sighs,  
And left the matron there  
To close the curtains of her eyes,  
And bind her golden hair.

### Dead Leaves.

The day is dead, and in its grave;  
The flowers are fast asleep;  
But in this solemn wood, alone,  
My nightly watch I keep.  
The night is dark, the dew descends,  
But dew and darkness are my friends!  
I stir the dead leaves under foot,  
And breathe the earthy smell;  
It is the odor of decay,  
And yet I like it well.  
Give others day and scented flowers,  
Give me dead leaves, and midnight hours!

### Men of Labor.

Men of Labor, ho! the battle.  
Calls to action, calls to arms;  
Shall you toil for free or fettered;  
In your workshops, on your farms;  
Plough and loom and ringing anvil,  
Trowel, hammer, spade and hod—  
Shall they bear the curse of bondage,  
Or the Freedom born of God?

## Select Tale.

### FREMONT.

Or the Ride of the One Hundred.

In the early part of the year 1847, business called me to Alta California. Having been long a resident on the Pacific coast and being familiar with the language and customs of the people, I was selected to make a large contract of hides for one of our eastern firms, the trade being nearly paralyzed at the time by the war then in progress between our country and Mexico; where a handful of noble men were accomplishing deeds which have given them a place in history by the side of Leonidas and his bravos. The Californians had become to us a desideratum; although their mineral wealth still slumbered, waiting for that enchanter of modern days, Yankee enterprise, their splendid harbors, the continuity of our possessions in Oregon, and their facility for trade with China, were a sufficient incentive. Commodore Stockton had hurried up from Callao in the Frigate Congress and Gen. Kearney had crossed the plains from the Missouri river, with a force of armed hunters, for the purpose of taking the country and holding it as a guarantee for a satisfactory treaty.

The native Californians who had groined beneath the imposts of a distant Government and venal Governors, had themselves invited our overtures; but a few of their leaders, with a deadly hate towards the Yankees, and hope of reward from Mexico, were assiduously endeavoring to stir the people up to a revolt—in many cases with too great success. Manuel Castro, a wealthy and influential ranchero, noted for his determined opposition to all change, and enmity to the "Gringos" had arranged for an attack on the Pueblo los Angeles, the headquarters of Kearney, held by a small force of marines and volunteers. His agents were in all parts of the country inflaming the inhabitants and urging them to join him. By some means his plan leaked out.

I was at this time at the rancho of my old friend, General Martinez Vallejo, on the Sonoma Creek, my companion was Captain D., who has since espoused one of my host's daughters. Vallejo was one of the largest landholders in California, owning some sixty square miles, with forty thousand head of cattle and several hundred head of horses; the cattle, being at that time a man's available wealth. He had been formerly military Governor of the country, and was considered fair spoils by our people, though in justice I must state that he was kindly disposed towards the Americans. The house was a substantial edifice of two stories, surrounded by a corral, with a stout gateway; the household consisted of some twenty persons.

We had all retired to rest and were wrapped in slumber, when the loud barking of dogs and the hallooing of men aroused

us from our dreams. Expecting an attack from the bear party, all rushed to the court armed as well as the time permitted, and in costume the most picturesque, as primitiveness is usually considered so. The General, sabre in hand came last; he challenged the intruders with:

"*Quien es la?*" (Who is there.)  
"Americano amigos, aban la puerta." (Americans and friends, open the gate.)

was the response, a blow accompanying the words, that made the floor shake again. The demand was perforce complied with; and a band of some fifty men were presented to our view, mounted and arrayed as hunters and trappers, and armed to the teeth. Foremost among them on a black mustang, was a small, sinewy, dark man, evidently their leader, with "an eye like Mars to threaten and command," a countenance expressive of the greatest determination, and a bearing that, notwithstanding his rough dress, stamped him as one born to command—to lead.

This was Fremont.  
"I am an officer of the United States said he: 'I am on my way to Los Angeles; I must have horses.'"

"But," said Vallejo.  
"I said Sir, I must have them; you will be recompensed by my Government. I order you, Sir, to deliver to my men what horses you may have in corral."

Finding remonstrance would be of no avail with such a man, Vallejo called his vaqueros and gave the requisite directions. In the meanwhile my friend D— made himself known to Fremont, having met him in Washington.

"I have information of Castro's intention to attack Los Angeles. I have six days to reach there before the outbreak; for that I need these horses; for I must be in at the death."

"But the distance; six hundred miles," said D—. "The roads—"

"I shall do it," he replied, and turned away to supervise his arrangements.  
In an hour they departed as unceremoniously as they came, taking with them some three hundred horses, and leaving us astonished at this raid, to wonder if we were yet awake, or whether it was an unsubstantiated dream.

"Los Diablos," exclaimed the General, "they have taken my wife's saddle horse!" so thoroughly had Fremont's lieutenant executed his order.

From Sonoma to Yerba Buena, the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, San Francisco, he augmented his stock to the number of fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country; and commenced one of the most peculiar races for a fight ever known. Barely pulling bridle to devour a steak cut from the quarter of a scarce dead bullock, driving before them their spare horses—on, on, they went. The roads at all times bad, at this season were horrible—fifty miles being a hard day's journey even for a Californian.

As their exhausted beasts dropped under them they tore off the saddles, and placing them on others, hurried on leaving the poor animals to be devoured by the coyotes, or recover as chance might bring about. Ever at the head, the last to dismount, and the first to leap into the saddle was this mountaineer, this companion of Kit Carson, this pioneer of empire! Fremont! Rarely speaking but to urge on his men, or to question some passing native, taking the smallest modicum of refreshment, and watching while others snatched a moment's repose, was he wrapped up in his project; and determined to have some share in the fight!

Through San Pablo, and Monterey, and Josepha they dashed like the phantom riders of the Hartz Mountains, startling the inhabitants, and making the night watcher cross himself in terror as their bard flew on. The river Sacramento was reached; swollen by the rains, it rolled on, a rapid, muddy stream; his men paused.

"Forward, forward!" cried he, and dashed in himself; the struggle was a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasted the current, and he reaches the opposite shore in safety; his men after a time join him, two brave fellows finding a watery grave, and many of the horses being carried down the stream; but nothing can now stop him—the heights adjacent to the Pueblo appear—now a mile might be seen on the implacable visage of the leader—'tis the sixth day and the goal is won!

With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he fell like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. "The little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver. But cheer up, cheer again—success is at hand. On come those riders of Fremont—nothing can withstand their shock. With shouts of triumph they change the battle to a rout. The field is won!"

The route was a complete one; and had not Fremont's men been utterly exhausted none would have escaped. So ended the Ride of the One Hundred!

I would say that the Government, with their usual speed in such matters, passed an appropriation to satisfy General Vallejo and others for their losses, six years after.

This put a vital end to the war, for they again made a stand at San Paeval, headed by Pico, still they were so dispirited, and Gen. Kearney with his mounted men defeated them with great loss. The governorship of the country being decided which had long been a source of trouble between Kearney, Stockton and Mason, affairs became more settled, and the American force, now largely augmented, was placed on such a footing, as soon to "crush the head of rank rebellion," and Pico and Castro fled to the lower country, to fight for a time longer against inevitable fate.

## Campaign Song.

### SONG OF FREEDOM.

FOR THE 80TH YEAR OF THE REPUBLIC.

Ye who dwell in quiet hamlets,  
Ye who crowd the busy ways;  
All who love this great Republic  
In these dark imperiled days;  
Does your freedom never seem  
Like the beauty of a dream?

Must the lightning's flash and thunder  
On our slumber glare and break,  
Ere from false and fleeting visions  
We to real dangers wake?  
Must the earthquake's heavy tread  
Crush us sleepers with the dead?

From the bloody plains of Kansas,  
From the Senate's guilty floor,  
From the smoking wreck of Lawrence,  
From our Sumner's wounds and gore,  
Comes our country's dying call—  
Rise for Freedom! or we fall.

Hear ye not succeeding ages  
From their cloudy distance cry?  
See ye not the hands of nations  
Lifted toward the threatening sky?  
Now or never, rise and gain  
Freedom for this fair domain?

We have vanquished foreign tyrants,  
Now the battle draws near;  
Let not Despot's have the boasting,  
That a Freeman knows to fear;  
By your fathers' patriot graves,  
Rise! nor be forever slaves!

Speak! ye Orators of Freedom,  
Let your thunder shake these plains;  
Write! ye Editors of Freedom,  
Let your lightning rive their chains;  
Up! ye Sons of Pilgrims, rise!  
Strike for Freedom, or she dies!

Give this land to future ages,  
Free, as God has made it free;  
Swear that not another slave  
Shall be cursed with slavery;  
Strike! for Freedom and for right—  
God himself is Freedom's might.

## Political.

### Memoir of JAMES BUCHANAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the *Intelligencer* of the 14th inst., we find copied from the *Pennsylvania*, a very imperfect memoir of this distinguished Pennsylvanian, to which we beg leave to add a few scraps of history, omitted no doubt by mistake or ignorance of the facts. We shall confine ourselves at this time to a few extracts from the "memoir," and make such remarks and quotations from the records as truth demands. The memoir says:

"Mr. Buchanan is in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and in the vigor of health intellectually and physically."  
In 1852, Mr. Buchanan in a letter to citizens of Bradford county, put in the plea that he was too old to make them a speech. "More than sixty years," and asked for "an honorable discharge!" How unkind to force him into the Presidential harness. Again:

"He was born in the County of Franklin, in the State of Pennsylvania, of honest and industrious parents, and may truly be called the architect of his own fortunes. Having received a good education, he studied the profession of the law, in the County of Lancaster, in the same State, which has ever since been his home. In 1814 and 1815 he was elected to the State Legislature, where he distinguished himself by those exhibitions of intellect which gave promise of future eminence."

So he was elected to the Legislature, but why not state by whom? We will apply the record for 1815.

### ASSEMBLY.

James Buchanan, FEDERAL, 3051  
Milton C. Rogers, DEMOCRAT, 2502

Again:  
"In 1820, James Buchanan was elected to the House of Representatives, and retained his position in that body for ten years, voluntarily retiring after the first Congress under the administration of Andrew Jackson."

Ten years in Congress as a Democrat we suppose, but let us examine the record and see:

### CONGRESS.

1820—James Buchanan, FEDERAL, 4642  
" Jacob Hishman, DEMOCRAT, 3696  
1822—James Buchanan, FEB., 2753  
" Jacob Hishman, DEM., 1940  
1824—James Buchanan, FEB., 3550  
" Samuel Houston, DEM., 3046  
1826—James Buchanan, FEB., 2769  
" Dr. John McCannan, DEM., 2307  
1828—James Buchanan, JACKSON, 2503  
" William Heister, ADAMS, 3904

On the 4th of July, 1815, Mr. Buchanan, when he was a candidate for Assembly on the Federal ticket, delivered "an oration" in Lancaster, in which he showed his love of Federalism and hatred of Democracy, by attacking the Administration of James Madison. He said:

"Time will not allow me to enumerate all the other wild and wicked projects of the Democratic Administration. Suffice it to say, that after they had deprived us of the means of defence by destroying our navy and disbanding our army; after they had taken away from us the power of recruiting them, by ruining commerce, the great source of our national

and individual wealth; after they had, by refusing the Bank of the United States a continuance of its charter, embarrassed the financial concerns of the government, and withdrawn the only universal paper medium of the country from circulation; after the people had been unaccustomed to, and of course, unwilling to bear taxation, and without money in the Treasury, they rashly plunged us into a war with a nation more able to do us injury than any other nation in the world. What was the dreadful necessity for this desperate measure? Was it to protect our little remaining commerce from the injuries it sustained by the orders in council? No. Commerce was no such a favorite, and the merchants wished no war on that account.

And then again, speaking of foreigners, he remarks:

"The greater part of those foreigners who would be thus affected by it, have long been the warmest friends of the Democratic Party. They had been one of the great means of elevating the present ruling (Democratic) Party, and it would have been ungrateful for that party to have abandoned them. To secure this foreign feeling has been the labor of their leaders for more than twenty years, and well have they been paid for their trouble for it has been one of the principle causes of introducing and continuing them in power. Immediately before the war this foreign influence had completely embodied itself with the majority, particularly in the West, and its voice was heard so loud at the seat of government that President Madison was obliged either to yield to his dictates, or retire from office. The choice was easily made by a man who preferred his private interests to the public good, and therefore hurried us into war utterly unprepared."

And then again:  
"We ought to use every honest exertion to turn out of power those weak and wicked men whose wild and visionary theories have been tested and found wanting. Above all, we ought to drive from our shore foreign influence and cherish AMERICAN FEELING. Foreign influence has been in every age the curse of our Republics—it has jaundiced eye sees everything in false colors—the thick atmosphere of prejudice by which it is ever surrounded excluding from its sight the light of reason. Let us then learn wisdom from experience, and forever banish this fiend from our society."

Here is positive testimony that Mr. Buchanan endorsed the entire platform of Native American principles; and at a time too when the evils of foreign influence were but lightly felt. Since that time, it has increased four fold; and now, when overwhelming us with its blighting curse, Mr. Buchanan stands before the world an apostate to his former political faith, as an advocate of the very evil, against which he so eloquently and truthfully warned us.

And again in the same oration he said:  
"What must be our opinion of an opposition whose passions were so drunk and malignant as to be gratified in endeavoring to blast the character and embitter the old age of Washington? After thus persecuting the saviour of his country, how can the Democrats dare to call themselves his disciples?"

Again, in a confidential circular got up by the Federalists of Lancaster, dated June 5, 1823, to secure the election of Mr. Gregg, for Governor, over the Democratic candidate Mr. Shultz, Mr. Buchanan said:

"Mr. Gregg, although not a Federalist, has always been considered an honest and enlightened politician."  
"He has acted a leading part in the administration of General Hiestor, and deserves much of the credit to which it is entitled. We are assured he resisted with all his energy, the adoption of the measures which justly gave so much offence to the Federalists of Lancaster county."

The memoir again says:  
"He was the warm and ardent defender of the Administration of Mr. Moore, the active opponent of the administration of John Quincy Adams, and the consistent and trusted friend of Andrew Jackson."

Mr. Monroe was elected President in 1816, and again in 1821, and Mr. Buchanan was a Federalist until 1828, when he shifted his position to a "Jackson man," and was elected to Congress as such, but not as a Democrat, as about that time, he to secure the Federalists to vote for him, told a prominent Federalist, that if he "had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would let it out." There must be some mistake, as to his having been an "ardent defender of the administration of Mr. Monroe."

On the subject of slavery the "memoir" is not very definite, and we will give his views as expressed in a series of resolutions reported by him to a public meeting held in the Court House in the city of Lancaster, on the 23d of November, 1819.

James Buchanan, James Hopkins and William Jenkins were appointed a committee on resolutions, and reported the following among others:

"Resolved, That the Representatives in Congress from this District be, and they are hereby most earnestly requested TO USE THEIR UTMOST ENDEAVORS as members of the National Legislature, TO PREVENT THE EXISTENCE OF SLAVERY IN ANY OF THE TERRITORIES OR NEW STATES, which may be created by Congress."

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the members of Congress, who at that session sustained the cause of Justice, Humanity and Patriotism in OPPOSING THE INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY INTO THE STATE THEN ENDEAVORING TO BE FORMED OUT OF THE MISSOURI TERRITORY, are entitled to the warmest thanks, of every friend of humanity."

Neither does the "Memoir" give any account of how Mr. Buchanan saved to himself a few thousand dollars tax on a large personal estate invested principally in bonds and mortgages in Lancaster county farms, at six per cent interest. But the following letter from the assessor explains all, and also shows how near we came losing him as a "resident":

### THE WARMEST THANKS, of every friend of humanity.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1846.  
DEAR SIR:—I have received yours of the 12th instant, informing me that, not knowing whether I considered myself a resident of Lancaster, you have assessed me as such. I had supposed that you could have known that I had removed from Lancaster nearly a year ago, and have ever since been an actual resident of this city, where my official duties require that I should reside. I trust that at some future period I may again become a resident of Lancaster, but that is wholly uncertain.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

MICHAEL BUNDEL, ESQ.  
By way of an "Appendix" we would suggest to the *Intelligencer* to re-publish Mr. Buchanan's 4th of July oration of 1815 also the confidential circular of June 5, 1823, and several other choice records not unknown to the *Intelligencer*.

BUCHANAN AS A STATESMAN.  
We hear much of the veteran statesmanship of James Buchanan urged by persons belonging to the so-called democratic party. Yes, he has attained the age of three score and ten, the greater portion of his life having been passed in the political world. Call you him a statesman, who has never contributed an original idea or thought to political science? Who has been on all sides of almost every question, for whom nothing in the game of politics has been too base? What has he done to merit the title of statesman? Was it statesmanship to defame the character of Henry Clay, and afterwards beg his generous victim not to expose him? Was it statesmanship to pledge his honor to assembled thousands, who trusted him, that James K. Polk was as good a tariff man as Henry Clay? Was it statesmanship to oppose the extension of slavery as contrary to the interests of the people, and afterwards at the beck of an oligarchy of slaveholders favor its extension? Was it statesmanship to advocate the seizure of Cuba to gratify the interests or whims of 347,000 slaveholders, though it should bring upon 25,000,000 of people the horrors of a war with England and France united? From his recent mission to England he came home without effecting a settlement of the differences with that country. We vainly ask what has he done to promote the interests of the people? It is time to distinguish between a political hack and a statesman. To call such a man as James Buchanan a statesman, is to insult the memory of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin; they were gods if he is or ever was a statesman.

Had he been in the prime of life a statesman, would it be judicious, now that he has reached an extreme old age, to place him in the Presidential chair, to be under the control of Slidell, Jefferson Davis, Wise and Toombs, avowed disunionists, and at this moment engaged in a plot to dissolve the Union; men devoid of principle; men who are unscrupulous politicians, pledged to sustain the most ultra demands of the slaveocracy; men who say that the proper condition of all laborers, white and black, is the state of slavery, and that newspapers and common schools are a curse to the community in which they exist?—*Phila. Daily Times*.

### Indiana.

In the State of Indiana the Fillmore men lately undertook to organize for the Presidential contest. They held a State Convention, and nominated an Electoral ticket, but the purpose of the leaders to help give the State to Buchanan was so plainly manifest that the more sensible portion of the Convention returned home in disgust. The result is that the *Vincennes Gazette* and *Terra Haute Express* which had previously battled earnestly for Fillmore, have hauled the flag down and run up Fremont and Dayton. They were, not long since nearly a dozen papers there supporting Fillmore; there are now, we believe, but two—one at New Albany and the other at Evansville.

In addition to this Col. White, one of the electors nominated on the Fillmore ticket has declined. He is more honest than the others; for he avows his purpose to support Buchanan, in a direct instead of an indirect manner. It is probable that most of the electors named along with him will also decline and that the few Fillmore men left in the State will go over to Buchanan. It will do him no good however.—*The Hoosier* are bound to give their State to Fremont.

### Look Here.

DISTINGUISHED ACCESSIONS.—The Hon. C. GILPIN, of Philadelphia, formerly Mayor, addressed a meeting in the Seventh ward, last night, in favor of FREMONT and DAYTON.—The Democracy have been congratulating themselves upon the idea that he would lend his assistance to the elevation of Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. GILPIN was an old line Whig and took no part in the American movement. The Hon. Judge KELLY of Philadelphia, who has been a long-life Democrat, and is a distinguished judge, repudiates the Cincinnati platform, and supports the People's Candidate. These gentlemen but precede others of equal vote in their junction with the great swelling tide of popular feeling that is now oversweeping the land, Philadelphia will yet give a most excellent account of herself. To our friends abroad we say, "Be of good cheer."—*Philadelphia Times*.

## A Popular Air.

### BOBBIN' AROUND.

In August last on one fine day,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
When Josh and I went to make hay,  
We went a bobbing around.  
Says Josh to me let's take a walk,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Then we can have a private talk,  
As we go bobbing around.  
We walk'd along to the mountain ridge,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Till we got near Squire Slipshop's bridge,  
As we went bobbing around.  
Then Josh and I went on a spree,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
And I kiss'd Josh and Josh kiss'd me,  
As we went bobbing around.  
Then Josh's pluck no longer tarri'd,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Says he dear Patience let's get married,  
Then we'll go bobbing around.  
Now I knew he lov'd another gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
They call'd her long legg'd crook'd shin,  
curly tooth'd Sal,  
When he went bobbing around.  
So after we got into church,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
I cut and left Josh in the lurch,  
Then he went bobbing around.  
Now all you chaps what's got a gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Do think of long legg'd, crook'd shin, curly tooth'd Sal,  
When you go bobbing around.

## Miscellany.

### Night Scene in a Young Lady's Bed-Chamber.

Last Tuesday night, which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the "West End," was excessively frightened at a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight. The young lady, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty, and whose "eye's dark charm" has caused more than one waistcoat to palpitate, had retired to her chamber, where, after laying aside the greater portion of her wearing apparel she committed herself to the tender embrace of Morpheus, whose soothing influences were aided by the cooling breath of Zephyr, who came in at the open window and fanned her cheeks with his feathered wings. In a word, she was snoozing finely—or, to use the language of a modern bard—

"Sleep on her velvet eyelids lightly press'd,  
And dreamy sights upheaved her sunny breast,  
While starbeams, thro' her window softly creep-  
ing,  
Stole to her couch, and trembling there stood peeping."

It was, as we said, about midnight when the young lady was roused from her delicious slumber by hearing a noise at the window. Half unclosing her eyes, she was startled by the corpulent form, apparently struggling to gain admission to her chamber through the open window. It struck her at once that the intruder had been caught by the rear of his unmentionables, by a nail or some other sharp instrument, as he seemed to be struggling with a stern determination to enter. Her first thought was to faint—her second to give the fellow a push—her third, to jump out of the window as soon as he jumped in—her fourth, to scream, which was immediately carried into effect. The whistle of the locomotive on the Iron Mountain road, when it gave its first snort on the 4th of July, was but a whisper to the screams of the young girl. The whole house, and half the neighborhood, were awakened by the outcry. The old folks, three female servants, and two big brothers rushed to the rescue, and broomsticks, mop-handles and bootjacks flashed in the gaslight, as the household entered the chamber of the frightened beauty. An examination of the figure in the window dispelled the fears of all, and changed the screams of the young lady into shouts of laughter. The imaginary "fat man" was only her own darling hoop'd skirt, which she had hung on a hook near the window, and which the wind had inflated and set in motion. There was no more sleeping in the house that night.—*St. Louis Herald*.

### The Newspapers.

The New York *Herald* makes a list of all its exchange papers, with their past and present political attachments. The results are thus stated:

"In summing up, it appears that Mr. Buchanan has 105 of these newspapers in his support—of which fifty-five in the South; that ninety-eight of these are old Democrat papers, and seven were formerly Whigs. For Fremont, 122; and only 2 in the South; that of the whole number, seventy-eight were lately Whig, twelve Democrat, fourteen Know Nothing, and eighteen are Independent papers. For Fillmore, of our exchanges there are 47 papers—forty-two originally Whig, four Know Nothings, and one Democrat—and of the whole number, thirteen are in the North, against thirty-four in the South—the rump of the old defunct Whig party in that section. We also give a list of the German press and their party affiliations. When we consider that the German papers were unanimously for Pierce in 1852, this list presents a very curious and remarkable feature in the revolution now going on in our national politics."

## HOW FREMONT RUN OFF WITH OLD BULLION'S DAUGHTER.

### "GO IT JESSIE."

Col. Tom Benton is a great man, sir!—He always has been a great man since he has been any man at all. He was a great man and a Senator from Missouri, with a house at Washington, when John C. Fremont was a poor draughtsman and mappist. Fremont would not have dared to propose to Col. Benton to run away with him. Such a thing would not have occurred to him, for he regarded Col. Benton with becoming awe. He had passed many an evening in her company, and the oftener he saw her the oftener he wished to see her. Love overcame timidity, until one day he found himself, hat in hand, with heated breath, in the presence of the great Tom Benton, asking him for his daughter. But Tom Benton would not do it. He was inexorable, and he refused to do what in a few days afterwards he was ready to do—Tom refused to "give him Jessie." He also forbade Fremont the House; but that the draughtsman cared little for, because it was not the house he wanted. Finding all persuasion useless, the young couple determined to be married clandestinely, and so they set about the preliminaries. They found the Protestant clergy overawed by the awful dignity of Col. Benton, and afraid to act, but they found a Catholic priest, who stood in no such fear, and the knot was tied. Just before the decisive step was taken, and while her last step lingered upon the paternal threshold, the sweet daughter's heart yearned for her mother, who she was thus leaving, perhaps, forever, and she hung her head and sobbed; the carriage door stood open, the horses pranced; another moment and all might have been lost. "Go it Jessie," was the word from the bridegroom, the bound was made from Benton to Fremont, (a great leap at that time), the horses tore the pavement in their flight; the night wore on;

"They'll have fleet steeds who follow,"

thought the young draughtsman, as his arm encircled Jessie, and he looked at that moon under which so many strange things had transpired. Col. Benton waked in the morning, descended to the breakfast table, but found no Jessie. Her room was explored, but no Jessie was found, and her bed had not even been occupied. There was the great Col. in a great rage, sir! He frothed and foamed, and roared and ranted, perhaps, he swore. He promised he'd give the rascal a cowhiding—he'd give him—"You had better give him Jessie," was the quiet suggestion of the mother—perhaps she was about half right.

One of the grossest accusations brought against Col. Fremont is the running away with Tom Benton's daughter; yet, after all there is much to be said in extenuation. He admired the family, and felt that he must have a member of it. To have run away with the old lady would have created great scandal; to run away with the Colonel himself was out of the question—he took the only one of the family he could get.

Old Cardinal Richelieu said to Louis XIII, when that monarch fell in love with Julia De Mortimer, niece of the Cardinal, "if you must love somebody, Sir, love me!" Benton was still more unreasonable—he shut his door against Fremont, and forbade him to love any of the family.—What could he do then but what he did?

Every pro-slavery newspaper from 54 or 55, or fight, down to 32 20, parades before its readers the damning fact that Fremont had the audacity to run away with Col. Benton's daughter in order to be married to her. That he told her to "Go it Jessie" at the very moment of her departure. This fact is mentioned with an air of decisive-ness, as if he had run away with Col. Benton's pocket book, or favorite race horse. In this country, society, the laws and public opinion, all make a broad distinction, and so it stands, in respect to their tribunals, that Col. Fremont is neither more or less fit to be President of the United States upon that account; and his wife is neither more or less fit to dispense the hospitalities of the Executive mansion. He will not receive a vote less because of the fact, which is of such unchallenged notoriety that denial is useless.

### To Make Pure White Soap.

Take soda in crystals, and put it into a barrel, with a layer of quick-lime, and pour warm water upon it, suffering the liquor to leach out in the same manner that ashes are leached out in the woods for making crude potash. This liquor should be filtered through straw, so as to have it pure and clear. Its specific gravity should be 1.040 in the hydrometer. To every gallon of this-lye, 11 lbs. of melted suet or white tallow should be added, and it should be kept boiling gently, in a clean kettle, for four hours.

It should then be very completely saponified, which can be easily tested by immersing a flat knife in it. When completely saponified, it will shake on the spatula. The fire should then be drawn from the furnace, and a handful of salt, dissolved in cold water, thrown in. This is to cool the soap, and separate it from the water. It can be run off into frames, when cool put it into proper casks. This is good soap, and is well adapted for making it into toilet and other soaps.—*Scientific American*.

A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take one egg, and beat it up, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and pour in about two thirds of a pint of water, then slice some bread, dip it in, and fry in a little butter. Serve while warm, and you will find it an excellent dish.