

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WILLIAM BREWSTER, EDITORS.
SAM. G. WHITTAKER,

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Campaign Song.

FREE SOIL AND FREEDOM.

AIR—"FEW DAYS."

What shout is that which rends the air?
Fremont! Fremont!
The Western prairies are on fire,
For Fremont and Dayton too;
The North and East return the shout—
Fremont! Fremont!
So pack up, Pierce, you must step out,
For Fremont and Dayton too.
Criers—Then shout aloud for freedom,
Freedom, freedom!
Shout aloud for freedom,
Free soil and freedom too.
We like the platform, love the cause
Freedom, freedom!
We like the platform, love the cause
Free soil and freedom, too.

November fourth is drawing near—
Fremont! Fremont!
Then we'll elect them, never fear—
Fremont and Dayton too.
We'll rally round with all our might—
Fremont! Fremont!
Our candidates we know they're right—
Fremont and Dayton too.
Criers—Then shout aloud for freedom, &c.
The South and Fillmore "won't submit"—
Fremont! Fremont!
Old Buck and Breck both swear they'll quit,
Fremont and Dayton too.
But all good people will stand by
Fremont! Fremont!
And shout aloud for victory,
Fremont and Dayton too!
Criers—Then shout aloud for freedom, &c.

Political.

GEORGE LAW

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

New York, July 3, 1856.

DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th ult. I have carefully reflected on its contents. In reply, I beg to state to you that I deeply regret no more perfect union has been effected by those whose duty it was to have accomplished that object—to unite the whole elements of opposition to the present corrupt administration, wielded as it is by the extreme Slave Oligarchy of the South. For the last three years this same oligarchy has used the entire power and patronage of the General Government to crush out all independent action and honest representation on the part of the North; to purchase up Northern men to misrepresent their constituents from personal motives and for promises of favor from the present corrupt administration.

All good men who have the love of their country at heart, both in the North and in the South, should unite cordially in a common effort to destroy the viper that has coiled around the freedom and independence of the American people. Freedom of speech is prohibited in the halls of Congress; bowie-knives and revolvers are daily appendages at the capital as a means of assault and defence. The Senate declares itself not only powerless for punishment, but even palsied for protection. Its members look quietly on, and see a member stricken down in open day in the Senate Chamber, without even the common effort of humanity that would be exercised in a bar room to save a man that was prostrated without an opportunity of defending himself. Thus you see that those who represent their constituents honestly, and by unanswerable arguments, and who cannot be purchased by executive favor, must be swayed into silence by bowie knives, bludgeons and revolvers. Such is the scheme of government inaugurated by the Pierce dynasty, and fostered by the Southern sectional power that supports it. Upon this basis, and into the arms of this power, the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention surrenders himself before the country, without the slightest reservation or individual independence of his own. What has the country to expect if Mr. Buchanan succeeds? Nothing better than it has experienced under Mr. Pierce, and perhaps something worse. One is an old man without independence of mind or energy of character, which the country is forewarned of by his declaration, that he is no longer James Buchanan, and has no views or opinions of his own, and is therefore the pliant instrument of the Slave Power that nominated him at Cincinnati, and must reflect their views only. It will be well for the American people to remember this when they cast their votes for Chief Magistrate in November next.

The other came into office a man in the prime of life, without any submission or phrases, backed up by almost the unanimous voice of the country in his election, and yet he was not three weeks in office before he surrendered himself to the same oligarchy that has wielded his power during his administration, as absolutely as if he had been of his own mind, and had no responsibility to any section of the Union except to the 550,000 slave-holders of the South, who now control the Executive, the Judiciary and the Senate. The only voice the Free States have in the Federal Government is in the House of Representatives.

It is not fair to expect that if Mr. Buchanan should be elected, the evils that the country has experienced for the last three

years will go on increasing during his administration until the Northern mind will submit no longer to be cheated, bullied, defied and deprived of its just rights and fair representation in the federal government?

As one of the leading features of the coming administration, Slavery is to be forced into Kansas. The rivers to the great highway of the Nation through Missouri, a Slave State, are to be closed, as they are at present, to the freemen of the North who desire to emigrate to that Territory. Those great thoroughfares which have hitherto been looked upon as the pride of the nation, and that steam has rendered so valuable for the transportation of persons or property, must be closed to the freemen of the North; or they must be subjected to examination, mull, loss of property, and turned back, unless they proclaim themselves in favor of the institution of Slavery in this Territory. Such means as these are made use of to force Slavery into Kansas. When free emigrants arrive there, after all these difficulties and delays have been surmounted, they must undergo another examination, and swear allegiance to the government of the Slave Power organized in Kansas by the Missouri mob, or be deprived of the right of franchise and of holding office. This is the operation of squatter sovereignty, which deprives a man of his citizenship unless he swears fidelity to Slavery; and all this is to be carried out and put in execution by an armed force, furnished from Missouri—the adjoining Slave State; and the federal government, with federal troops in the Territory, will look on calmly without interfering, so long as the Missouri mob succeeds to enforce Slavery upon Kansas; but if the men from the free States, who believe in Free Speech, Free Territory, Free Labor, Free Press and Free Men should be too numerous for the Slave Labor, then the federal troops organized for this special purpose under the command of a Southern favorite of a Southern secessionist Secretary of War, are to interfere and decide the contest in favor of Slavery in Kansas. So much for the chances of the Northern principles and Northern men in Kansas, and all that vast territory north of 36° 30' secured to Freedom by solemn compact, in which the great minds of the country united to build up and preserve to Freedom, and which the pigmies and traitors, aided by this corrupt administration, have attempted to pull down and destroy. Here is where Gen. Pierce stands, and here is where James Buchanan stands, while asking for the support of the freemen of the North.

A few words about Mr. Fillmore. Let us examine with what consistency we, as Americans or Northern Freemen, can support him. What are his antecedents?—When President of the United States, was he not entirely subservient to the Slave Power? Did he resist the overtures of the Slave oligarchy of the South, or did he become a willing instrument in their hands? I ask you to look at his acts while President, and let them be the answers to these questions. I will refer you to the Fugitive Slave Law, that makes the freemen of the North slave catchers—that prizes men of less value than the beasts—that refuses to them the right of trial by jury—that centres the right of freedom of the man in one judge, and pays him a double fee if he declares him a slave, and only half the fee if he finds him a freeman.—This is the power that the Slave oligarchy of the South exercises at the North, where we have prohibited holding property in men to our own citizens; and this act bears the signature of Millard Fillmore as President of the United States. I ask you how he can expect the vote of the free North? Can I give him mine? Are these the views that you and I entertain in relation to the rights and the duty of the North or mankind? Now, sir, upon this question alone, without going into all his other acts of subservience to the Slave power, let him stand for the suffrages of the freemen of the North.

As to the Americanism of Mr. Fillmore you and I have some knowledge of how much he has done to sustain that party.—Has he ever been identified with it either in principle or feeling? If so, where are his acts—on what occasion, heretofore, has he proclaimed it? What were his antecedents as to Americanism when President of the United States? Did he then protect American interests or American men? I well recollect that he did not, and the country will recollect it too.

When the captain General of Cuba issued his decree prohibiting the steamship Crescent City from touching at Havana so long as Mr. Smith, an American citizen was on board of her as Purser, because she alleged the *Herald* and other papers in New York had published some information from Havana that was distasteful to the Cuban Government, and which they charged to have been furnished by Purser Smith, and, therefore, neither the Crescent City nor any other American ship should be allowed to touch at Havana having Mr. Smith on board, or any other person who would dare to furnish to the American Press information disagreeable to the Captain General of Cuba, Mr. Fillmore was apprised of this order by the owners of the Crescent City, and he was desired to take some action in relation to it for the protection of American property and American citizens; he miserably skulked the responsibility of his position, and used his interest with the owners to have Mr. Smith dismissed as Purser, and to be replaced by some one who was satisfactory to the Captain General of Cuba. This the owners refused to do, and sent Mr. Smith back in the ship. Mr. Fillmore ordered the United States mail to be taken from the vessel, and notified the owners

that if the ship was fired upon by the Cuban authorities, and damaged or destroyed that they would have no claim upon this government for remuneration. The commander of the Crescent City was removed by his order, he being an officer of the United States navy, and under the President's control. Another commander was appointed by the owners. He, too, was removed by Mr. Fillmore's officers. The ship was fined \$4,000 for not carrying the United States mails, when the United States Government of Mr. Fillmore withheld them. The insurance officers in New York were either frightened by the course of Mr. Fillmore, or influenced by him to withhold their insurances from property shipped by the steamer that Purser Smith was on board of. The owners of the Crescent City had to insure the property of her passengers on board in Cuba—owners persevered in what they considered their proper rights, and the rights of an American citizen, and refused to dismiss Purser Smith until the Captain General of Cuba was obliged to rescind the mandate against Purser Smith. This is the mode in which the rights of an American citizen had to be vindicated while Mr. Fillmore was president. This is the same Mr. Fillmore that you recommend to support as an American. Now, Sir, can you support him as an American?—Can the American party support him as an American? Is he the proper representative of the American people? These are facts for the American party to look at before they vote. For my part, Mr. Fillmore would be the last man I would support in the whole country as a standard-bearer of the great American party.

What has Mr. Fillmore ever done for this country or the American party?—Where are his acts that are to be remembered or treasured up in the hearts of the people? What great interests has he ever advanced? Or has he been a mere office-holder, without merit except the merit of doing nothing?

You are aware of the manner in which he was forced upon the American party by the Slave oligarchy at Philadelphia, when he apparently received the nomination of the Convention.

In the letter to me you appear to lay great stress upon the course that the Republican party has seen fit to pursue, and that it has not met the American party half way in the great work of uniting the whole North against the corrupt policy of the present Administration and the power that controls the Cincinnati nominee. We will suppose that all this is true in relation to the Republican party. I myself do not think the Republican Convention acted as wisely as it might have done, when the object was harmony of action to accomplish a great good for the whole country; but is this any reason why I should be diverted from the great purpose I have at heart, which is to unite all parties that think as I do in relation to the corrupt policy of the present Administration, and the continuation of that policy if Mr. Buchanan should be elected? No man, or set of men, whatever their conduct may be, shall divert me for one moment from the course I have marked out in the coming Presidential campaign.

I intend to go for a man who most nearly represents the American sentiment, and the sentiment in relation to Slavery of the freemen of the North, which declares that Slavery is sectional and that Freedom is national. At the same time I desire to have the best representative of the progress of the age in which we live. I want a man who has done something for the great material interests of the country. I want to see his foot prints, not promised but already made in the direction that has led to the development of the resources of our country—who has enlarged the field upon which the labor and intelligence of our country is to be applied—one who has done something for American interests and American rights—one who has done something for material progress and benefit to his fellow men. I want no politician, with his host of dependents as needy as himself. Let us have a man in the prime of life, full of energy, and yet sufficiently familiar with the vicissitudes of life to judge of men correctly—to appreciate the wants of the whole country—to avoid the intrigues and traps of politicians—to devote himself honestly and fearlessly to the interests of the country—to apply the resources of the government to the accomplishment of such improvements as are national in their character and that will result in the greatest benefit to the whole country—one who has no old political friends to reward, and no old political enemies to punish—one who will feel that he is elevated by the people and not by intrigue. Now, Sir, of the candidates who are before the people for the exalted position of Chief Magistrate, I prefer John C. Fremont. I prefer him because he is not an old hackneyed politician, and all sold out. He is in the prime of life—forty-three years old. He has been brought into notice by the energy and exertion that he has evinced as a great explorer of the route to the Pacific Ocean. He first opened up the pathway through the wilderness that others had followed to the golden fields of California, and gave the most accurate and extended view to the American people of all that vast region of country between the borders of civilization on the Atlantic slope and the Pacific Ocean. He took an active part and was foremost in raising and sustaining the American flag in California. He commenced first and went all through that campaign with signal success, that ended in the acquisition of all that vast territory

and wealth—that opened up to American energy such a field as has no parallel in history—which has advanced this country 25 years at a single bound. It gave us the facilities for increasing our commerce. It enabled us to extend largely our rail ways and other internal improvements, and thus has greatly increased our manufacturing and agricultural interests by enlarging the fields of produce and consumption. It has added hundreds of millions to the capital of the nation. By his explanations he has opened up the most central and convenient railroad to California. He aided in the organization of California as a State, and devoted her institutions to Freedom, and she acknowledged her indebtedness to Fremont by sending him as her first Senator to Congress. He protected American interests in California. He protected and advocated American interests in the Senate of the United States—His antecedents are American. He rose by his own energy, his own industry and his own merit. These are antecedents that will be appreciated by the American people. They are not promises of to-day of American principles under the expectation of the suffrages of the American party, but they are a history of his life from his youth upward, when actuated by no other motives than a true American heart, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his country.

With this view of the subject, who are we to support? I have fairly canvassed the different candidates. So far as Americanism is concerned, we may as well support Mr. Buchanan as Mr. Fillmore. He has a fairer American record than Mr. Fillmore; and as for the promises of old politicians, we all know what they are worth on the eve of an election. I do not mean to be cheated by them, nor do I wish to see the American people, by pretensions that have no value, but that are entirely worthless.

In relation to the subject of the extension of Slavery, we may as well support Buchanan who promises that he will be governed by the Southern slaveholders, and Mr. Fillmore who has already been governed by them.

As to advancing the interests of the country, we may as well support Mr. Buchanan as Mr. Fillmore. Neither of them has ever advanced, by any act of his own the great industrial interests of the country. They have both been done, living on office. The only difference that I see is that Mr. Fillmore is about five years younger than Mr. Buchanan, and has that many chances less to die.

You would laugh and ridicule the idea if I were to ask you to vote for Mr. Buchanan's party; it seems to me equally ridiculous that you should ask me to vote for Mr. Fillmore as the American candidate. I shall give my support to John C. Fremont as the best representative, in my estimation, of the American party.

I am, with much respect, yours truly,
GEORGE LAW,
To G. A. SENGUO, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREMONT'S BELIEF.

The following from Lieutenant General or Raymond of New York, on the subject of Col. Fremont's religion, appears in the Cincinnati Gazette:

New York, Tuesday, July 29, '56
My Dear Sir: Your favor of the 1st inst., ought to have been answered long ago, but absence and business must plead my excuse.

I am not surprised to hear that the rumors so widely circulated concerning Col. Fremont's religion should have the effect of calling some, who sympathize thoroughly with his sentiments in regard to the extension of slavery, to hesitate about pledging themselves to his support. But so far as these rumors assert, or imply, that he is a Roman Catholic, they are without slightest foundation in fact.

I presume that, from proper motives of delicacy and self respect Col. Fremont will not publish anything himself on the subject, or take any part personally in the canvass. But he converses with the utmost freedom upon these topics, as upon all others; he has no desire or disposition to practice any concealment of his religious opinions; and I have no reason to believe that he would desire others to do so in his behalf.

Col. Fremont is not now, nor has he ever been a Roman Catholic. His father dying when he was five years old, he was educated exclusively in Protestant schools and at the age of sixteen was confirmed, of his own motion, and from sincere conviction in the Protestant Episcopal Church of which he has continued ever since to be a member. Not one of his own children has ever been sent to a Roman Catholic school, though I believe an adopted daughter attended for a short time the seminary at Georgetown, of which the pupils generally are largely Protestant. That this ought not to be construed to his prejudice even by the most zealous Protestants, is sufficiently shown by the fact that Mr. Fillmore sent his own daughter to a Roman Catholic seminary at Buffalo for purposes of special instruction; yet no one inferred from this circumstance that he himself was not a Protestant.

They have all been baptized and educated in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The statements which Alderman Fulmer, of this city, is said to have authorized to the effect that in March, 1852, he saw Colonel Fremont joining in the religious services of a Roman Catholic Church at Washington, and that in a subsequent conversation with him at dinner at Brown's Hotel, Colonel Fremont declared himself a Catholic, and a believer in the peculiar doctrines of that church, are entirely untrue.

Colonel Fremont was not in the city of Washington at all during the year 1852.—He left New York for California in March, 1850. He returned in the steamer George Law, which reached New York on the 6th of March, 1852; and, remaining in that city four days, he left on the 10th, in the steamer Africa for Europe, and did not return until June 1853. I understand that Alderman Fulmer exhibits a receipt from Brown's Hotel, dated March 7, 1852, for one day's board. This makes it certain that the Alderman's stay there terminated on the 7th, and that the alleged conversation must have taken place previously to that date. But as Colonel Fremont did not reach New York from California until the 6th, it is impossible that he should have been conversed with them, especially as he remained in New York until his departure for Europe, and did not visit Washington at all.

He has no recollection of having ever dined at Brown's Hotel, until this last winter, since 1841, or of having ever seen Alderman Fulmer, there or elsewhere. The Alderman, I am informed, is a man who would not be likely to make such statements unless he believed them to be true. But it is very certain that he has fallen into a very gross error somehow, probably by mistaking some other person with whom he may have held the conversation in question, for Col. Fremont. He owes it to his own character, as well as to justice, to take steps to confirm or correct the accuracy of his recollections in this matter.

You may rely upon the entire authenticity of the statements I have thus made in reply to your inquiry for the "facts". In the present state of the public mind, and in view of the earnest and persevering misrepresentations of the truth, you may think it desirable that they should be generally known. If so, you are quite at liberty to make them public, and to add that they are given as the result of conversations with Col. Fremont himself.

I am, very truly, yours,
HENRY J. RAYMOND,
E. D. Mansfield, Esq., Cincinnati.

The *Sunday Dispatch* of yesterday, says:

"Is Fremont a Catholic?" is now the absorbing question that puzzles the editors of the partisan press. The most conclusive proof is brought forward on both sides. After a careful examination of the evidence, we confess our inability to decide the vexed question. If he is so decided a Protestant as his friends claim, however it is a little remarkable that the Catholics are so warmly advocating his election.

Now this is either true or false—which? There are three or four Roman Catholic journals in this city, with thirty or forty in the Union, and if any one of them is "warmly advocating Fremont's election," we should be glad to know it. So far as we know, not one Catholic journal is for Fremont, and not one in twenty of the Catholic voters. There certainly is no other denomination half so generally adverse to him as the Roman Catholic. And yet lies are piled upon lies day after day to induce Protestants to oppose him under the presumption that he is the candidate of the Pope, Archbishop Hughes, the Jesuits, &c., &c. Yet the *Leader* the new Romanist daily at St. Louis, says:

The recent fusion, to a great extent, of Black Republicanism and Northern Know Nothingism, and their union upon the same candidate, were not necessary to improve his identity; or to point out to us that the only difference between them is, that one is our avowed enemy, and the other our enemy in disguise.

So the *Irish American* calls on all Catholics to oppose him because the North Americans support him, and it adds:

"These very men would forsake him, as rats run away from the falling house, or a sinking ship, if he was at any time of his life a Roman Catholic."

We publish this to show how utterly false is the assertion of the *Dispatch*; and we beg the people to notice that all the ado about Col. Fremont's religion is made by his most bitter adversaries. No friend has advocated his election either as Protestant or a Catholic candidate, for he is neither. As a man he is a Protestant Episcopal man, as he has a perfect right to be; but no one is expected to vote for him as Protestant on that ground. He is openly in favor of impartial Freedom in the Federal Territories, of the immediate admission of Kansas as a Free State, and of good faith against the Buchanan policy in our Foreign Relations; and on these grounds his election is advocated. To support or oppose a candidate for President because he belongs to this church or don't belong to that, would be at war with the spirit of Republican Freedom and the Federal Constitution.

If anything was needed to convince any one that Col. Fremont is a Protestant, the following would be conclusive:

New York, Thursday, July 16, 1856.
To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:
DEAR SIR—An undue importance seems to be attached to Mr. Fremont's religious position by some portion of our citizens, and as there are a few persons whose minds are exercised, permit me to say that some

time since, receiving letters from Ohio, saying that it was being industriously circulated that Mr. Fremont was a Catholic. I went to him and asked him the question: "Are you a Roman Catholic?" He replied, "I am not; I was bred in the Protestant Episcopal Church, where I still belong. My children have been baptized there, and my wife goes with me as a good wife should."

Respectfully yours,
C. W. ELLIOTT,
No 136 East Eighteenth St.

A Popular Air.

CIDER.

I love the white gals and the black,
And I love all the rest,
I love the gals for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
Oh, dear I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper,
I drank three palls of apple juice,
And a tub of apple butter.
Criers—And a little more cider too,
A little more cider too,
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider too.
When first I saw Miss Snow Flake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her,
I'd give my hat and boots I would,
If I could have walked beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
And then I crossed the street,
And then she smiling said to me,
A little more cider sweet,
And a little more cider, &c.
Oh I wish I was an apple,
And Snow Flake was another,
Oh! what a pretty pair we'd make,
Upon the tree together;
How bad the darkies all would feel,
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how we would feel,
When made up into cider,
And a little more cider, &c.

Communications.

For the Journal.

A FEW FACTS

For the Whig Voters of Huntingdon County.

We are now upon the eve of another Presidential contest—a contest involving interests of the highest importance. We look over the political field, we see our venerated standard-bearers gone, those who intellects that swayed, those voices that electrified the heart of the nation, are silent in the grave, their memory survives in the hearts of the American people. We look around for the standard under which we fought in '44, '48, '52; we see other standards in the field, but we see none with the Whig name inscribed on them. I see one standard called the Democratic, another the American, another the Republican. We all want to enlist under one of these standards. I look at the first standard. I see the term Democracy inscribed on it; that spacious word. I reflect; it will awaken bitter memories of the past, it calls to mind bitter associations. I see embodied in that term my old enemy, against which I have fought ever since I had a political existence. I see arrayed around that banner the defamers, the vilifiers, the moral murderers of Clay, of Webster, of Scott. Yes, their hands yet reeking with the blood of murdered reputation. Those same hands they stretch forth to you and me, and invite us to enlist with them. Yes, with a smile upon their lips, and a laugh in their sleeves and hypocrisy and self-interest in their hearts, they invite us to come over and help them.

I remember Clay whose name is yet music in my ears. I remember Webster at the shrine of whose mighty intellect I respectfully bowed. I remember Scott, whose national services and deeds of high and noble daring evoked the warmest gratitude of my heart. I remember more. I remember that this same Democratic party, notwithstanding their fond protestations of friendship, are the base calumniators and slanderers of my noble leaders, and I turn from them with mingled feelings of scorn and disgust.

I next turn to the American standard. The banner is a fine one, the name a good one, but I find the organization ineffective in our State and the other issues of greater moment claim my attention and demand my services. I turn as my last hope to the Republican standard. Again I reflect. That name strikes me as a familiar one. Memory recalls the fact that Clay ran for President as the Republican candidate in 1832, and that the Whig party was once called the Republican party. I become favorably impressed with the name and that leads me to further examination, to an examination of the platforms. I first examine the Democratic platform. I find it to be a second edition of Pierce's administration. I find that Buchanan has endorsed the administration and swallowed every plank of the platform. As a Whig I cannot endorse Pierce's administration (and it would keep me busy if I were a Democrat.) I cannot endorse the truckling to Southern domination. I cannot endorse the filibustering spirit, acquiring new Territory by fair or foul means in order to strengthen the power of the south, involving our country in a war with England and France. I cannot endorse the repeal of a time honored compact. I cannot endorse the fraud and violence in Kansas,

carried on under the eye, and under the broad shield of administrative protection. I cannot endorse the platform that endorses these things. I cannot endorse the man that swallows the endorsement of such an administration and such a platform.

I next turn to the American platform. From the looks of its timber, I judge it grew in a sunny glime, and the men that hewed the planks grew among the timber. It is not sound on the great issues before the people, and as the South made it, let the South support it. It is ineffective in the present contest. As my last hope, I again return to the Republican platform. Around it I behold a mighty mass of freeman and I enquire what is the cause of this mighty outburst of popular feeling. The answer is "Territory now free, let it be free forever." I enquire into the reason of this answer and I learn that there is on our north western borders territory large enough for an empire, and that there is room for a home for our children to the third and fourth generation. I learn that it belongs to freedom. I learn that God made it free, that free winds blow over it, that free sunshine visits it. I learn that our forefathers built a hedge around it, and that the unanimous voice of a nation's acquiescence consecrated it to freedom; that the unanimous voice of a nation's acquiescence consecrated it to freedom; that no being bearing the upright form of a man and the image of his God, should bleed beneath the tyrant's lash. I learn, moreover, that traitor hands have torn down that hedge and desecrated that soil, and that the south demands the territory that belongs to us and our children in virtue of the plighted faith of our forefathers. I learn that the Republican party has risen up in the majesty of their outraged feelings; in the majesty of down-trodden right and justice, they tell the south, thus far but no farther, here let the black waves and foul curse of slaves be stayed. I learn in a word, that the great principle of the Republican party is, opposition to the extension of Slavery in Free Territory.

I remember this as a cherished principle of the Whig party. I examine other principles, and I find them identified with Whig principles and I too rally to their support. The name sounds familiar as the old name of the Whig party. The principles I recognize as old Whig principles and I will support them, heart and hand.

I next look at the standard-bearer. I first cast my eye at James Buchanan. His name is familiar, I think I know him. I remember him as a Federalist, afterwards knew him as an uncompromising Democrat. I generally saw him at the public feed-trough and he generally had a big spoon. He rendered some services, but if my memory serves me right, he was always well paid by Uncle Sam. He is a man of considerable discrimination, as is evident from the fact that he has held office the greater part of his political life. He is a political hack, well greased for running, but so greasy is he that he is regarded by some of his own party as decidedly slippery. But one thing I do remember and I do not know what is the reason I cannot forget it, and that is the charge of bribery and corruption against Henry Clay. I remember that thing contributed largely to Clay's defeat in '44, and I will remember James Buchanan for that very thing when I come to the ballot box, and, fellow Whigs I think you will remember it likewise.

The next standard-bearer is Millard Fillmore, a good man but he has a hold of the wrong flag and stands on the wrong platform. We will pass him by with a respectful bow, and wish him well.

The man that bears aloft the proud pennant of Freedom is FREMONT. He is no old broken-down politician. He has shown us by his past life that he has brains and an indomitable will and perseverance. A man of fine acquisitions and world wide reputation, a man of modesty, of unblemished reputation, a man that has the capacity to govern as conquer.

Now, fellow-Whigs will you come to the rescue? Will you throw your mite in Freedom's cause? Will you support a man that is pledged to Freedom? Will you support your old cherished principles? or will you support your old enemy? Will you give them aid in this the hour of their extreme peril? Will you help to extend the area of human bondage? Will you help to elevate to the highest office in the nation the defamer of your own loved Clay. Or will you say with me, if my tongue directly or indirectly advocates the extension of slavery, let it cleave to the roof of my mouth, and sooner let my right hand forget her cunning than to vote for James Buchanan.

Yours truly,
AN OLD LINE WHIG
THAT STICKS TO THE LINE.
Cass Tp., Aug. 20, 1856.

To Boil Potatoes.

In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection; the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in London, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their jackets; peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in a pot; the water is gradually heated, but allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.