

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856.

VOL. XXI. NO. 36.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow,
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.
The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.
Still upwards turned, with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Were splinters of the mountain chain,
Stood blank against the sky.
The night waned slow; at last a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.
"Up, men!" he cried; "your rocky cone
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen home
On summer's flowers and grass!"
They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.
Behind, they saw the snow cloud toiled
By many an icy horn,
Before, warm valleys wood embosomed
And green with vines and corn.
They left the Winter at their backs,
To flap his buffed wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the law of Spring.
Strong leader of that mountain band!
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.
The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet flashing through the night,
Let icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light.
Rise up, Fremont! and go before,
That Hour must have its Man!
Put on the hunting shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van!

Political.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE CINCINNATI PLATFORM, WITH THE OSTEND MANIFESTO ANNEXED.

Some of the old foggy politicians of the South, with strong conservative inclinations, in apologizing for their support of Mr. Buchanan, rest it upon the assumption that he will not follow up the filibustering programme of the Cincinnati Convention. Among these sagacious gentlemen, Mr. Senator Pearce, of Maryland, stands particularly conspicuous. In his late letter, proclaiming his enlistment in the ranks of the Cincinnati democracy, he repudiates their foreign policy, as involving "a course of aggression, inconsistent with the spirit of our government, faithfulness to treaties, violative of the rights of other nations, and destructive to our peace, honor and concord."

To show upon what a slippery foundation Mr. Pearce is standing, in his belief that Mr. Buchanan will avoid this wicked policy, it is only necessary to place before his eyes, and the eyes of others similarly deluded, the following authoritative letter of Mr. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, chairman of the committee appointed to wait upon Mr. Buchanan to inform him of his nomination. Read what Mr. Brown says:

LETTER FROM HON. A. G. BROWN.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 18, 1856.
MY DEAR SIR:—I congratulate you on the nomination of your favorite candidate for the Presidency.

If the nomination of Mr. Buchanan was acceptable to me at first, it is still more so now—since I have seen him and heard him speak. The committee, of which I was one, waited on him at his residence to give him formal and official notice of his nomination, and in the name of the national democracy to request his acceptance of it. We found him open, frank, and wholly undisguised in the expression of his sentiments. Mr. Buchanan said, in the presence of all who had assembled, and they were from the North and the South, the East and the West, that he stood upon the Cincinnati platform and endorsed every part of it. He was explicit in his remarks on its slavery features, saying that the slavery issue was the absorbing element in the canvass. He recognized to its fullest extent the overshadowing importance of that issue, and if elected, he would make it the great question upon which to settle the question upon such terms as should give peace and safety to the Union, and security to the South. He spoke in terms of decided commendation of the Kansas bill, and pointedly deprecated the unworthy efforts of sectional agitation to get up a national conflagration on that question. After the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, the Kansas bill was, he said, necessary to harmonize our legislation in reference to the Territories, and he expressed his surprise that there should appear anywhere an organized opposition to the Kansas bill, after the general acquiescence which the whole country had expressed in the measures of 1850.

After thus speaking of Kansas and the slavery issue, Mr. Buchanan passed to our foreign policy. He approved in general

terms of the Cincinnati resolutions on this subject. But said that while enforcing our own policy we must at all times scrupulously regard the just rights and proper policy of other nations. He was not opposed to territorial extension. All other acquisitions had been fairly and honorably made. Our necessities might require us to make other acquisitions. He regarded the acquisition of Cuba as very desirable now, and it was likely to become a national necessity. Whenever we could obtain the island on fair, honorable terms, he was for taking it. But he added, it will be a terrible necessity that would induce me to sanction any movement that would bring reproach upon us, or tarnish the honor and glory of our beloved country.

After the formal interview was over, Mr. Buchanan said playfully, but in presence of the whole audience, "If I can be instrumental in settling the slavery question upon the terms I have named, and then add Cuba to the Union, I shall, if President, be willing to give up the ghost and let Breckenridge take the government." Could there be a more noble ambition?—You may well be proud of your early choice of a candidate, and congratulate yourself that no adverse influences ever move you an inch from your stern purpose of giving the great Pennsylvania a steady earnest and cordial support. In my judgment he is as worthy of Southern confidence and Southern votes as Mr. Calhoun ever was; and in saying this I do not mean to intimate that Mr. Buchanan has any sectional prejudices in our favor. I only mean to say that he has none against us, and that we may rely with absolute certainty on receiving full justice, according to the Constitution at his hands.

Knowing your long, laborious and faithful adherence to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan, I have thought it proper to address you this letter, to give you assurance that you had not mistaken your man, nor failed in the performance of a sacred and filial duty to the South. In doing so I violate no confidence. Very truly, your friend,
A. G. BROWN.

To Hon. S. R. ADAMS.

Now, any one who has perused that wonderful State paper called the Ostend manifesto, will be struck, at a glance, with the remarkable resemblance between the peculiar views and the peculiar language of that document and the style and sentiments of Mr. Buchanan on the Cincinnati platform to Mr. Brown. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Brown has given us here an autotype of the democratic candidate; or, in other words, we are entirely satisfied that the views of Mr. Buchanan, as recorded by Brown, are most faithfully and exactly reported.

This fact being established beyond all controversy, from the position and responsibility of Mr. Brown in the premises, we see at once that Mr. Buchanan is committed, not only to the general home policy of the Cincinnati Convention, but to every part and parcel of the filibustering branch of that platform, with the Ostend manifesto annexed. "That robber's manifesto declares that, should Spain refuse to sell Cuba, and should we consider the island necessary to our safety, 'then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power.' Mr. Buchanan said to Mr. Brown, in accepting the Cincinnati nomination, that 'our necessities might require us to make other acquisitions,' and that 'the regarded the acquisition of Cuba as very desirable now, and it was likely to become a national necessity.' Just so; nothing more likely, with the transfer of Mr. Buchanan to the White House, and the installation of Messrs. Forney, Sanders and the Cuban Junta in the kitchen as privy council of his administration. When a highway robber meets an unarmed traveler in a convenient place, it invariably becomes 'a necessity' to rob him.

That the acquisition of Cuba has already become 'a necessity' in the mind of Mr. Buchanan, is pretty clearly set forth in the Ostend proclamation; but still more clearly in the enthusiastic terms in which he states the case to Mr. Brown. Hear him: Mr. Brown says, 'after the formal interview was over, Mr. Buchanan said playfully, but in the presence of the whole audience, 'If I can be instrumental in settling the slavery question upon the terms I have named, and then add Cuba to the Union, I shall, if President, be willing to give up the ghost, and let Breckenridge take the government.' Whereupon, Mr. Brown exultingly asks, 'could there be more noble ambition?'

In reply to Mr. Brown, we must say that a definite answer here depends very materially upon the ways and means which Mr. Buchanan proposes to employ to effect the desired acquisition. We quite agree with Mr. Brown, that the last prospect of acquiring Cuba by purchase we snuffed out at Ostend. Yet, as Mr. Buchanan, in the absence of something better, has fallen over head and ears in love with the beautiful island, blushing in her abounding charms, and as he must have her, we fear there is no other way by which he can secure his heart's delight than by 'wresting it from Spain, if he has the power.' This is the old Anglo-Saxon, the old Norman, and the old English way of securing the rich lands of other people. It is the Ostend policy of 'wresting' that from a neighbor which she will neither give away nor sell under a threat; and the threat is the old policy of the wolf with the lamb, as recorded by Æsop and Gen. Taylor.

To this view of the case, apprehending that an official Lopez expedition will be the solution of Mr. Buchanan's criminal passion for Cuba, and that a war will probably follow, more disastrous to us and our



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT;

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

solid interests of peace than was the abduction of Helen to the Greeks or the Trojans, and more damaging to our character than the regard of Nicholas for 'the sick man of Turkey' has been to the prestige of Russia, we are inclined to pause. We cannot, in fact, agree with Mr. Buchanan's ambition for Cuba as 'a noble ambition.' On the contrary, taking his conversation with Mr. Brown and his Ostend manifesto together, as developing his scheme for the acquisition of Cuba, we are free to pronounce his ambition not 'a noble,' but an ignominious ambition—a criminal ambition—a robber's ambition, and a most unnatural and disreputable ambition for an old man like Mr. Buchanan. There is some excuse for a young man turning filibuster—it is one way among others for 'sowing his wild oats'; but when we see that old man affecting the fiery zeal, as a filibuster, of a reckless young vagabond of twenty-five, he is subject to the suspicion of imbecility or knavery, and is not to be trusted.

Assuming that imbecility is at the bottom of this 'noble ambition' of Mr. Buchanan for Cuba, there will be no safety in his election, for his filibustering advisers, who have thus far warped his better judgment to their designs, will still continue to lead him by the nose. With these remarks we turn Mr. Buchanan over again to the care of Mr. Brown.

White Laborers, Read!

DO YOU WISH TO BE SLAVES?

The white laborers of the country who think slavery does not effect them, will wake up one of these days, when it may be too late to their fatal mistake. The South emboldened by the success of their aggressions on freedom, are already boasting of claiming the right to enslave the white laboring man. Southern papers and Southern speakers now brazenly assume this position. To show our readers the truth of it, we make an extract from the Richmond Inquirer, the leading Buchanan paper of the South. That paper says:

"Until recently, the defence of slavery has labored under great difficulties, because its apologists—for they were merely apologists—took half way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery, thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong, and yielding up the authority of the Bible, and of the history, practices and experience of mankind. Human experience showing the universal success of slave society, and the universal failure of free society, was unavailable to them, because they were precluded from employing it, by admitting slavery in the abstract to be wrong. The defence of mere negro slavery involved them in still greater difficulties. THE LAWS OF ALL THE SOVEREIGN STATES JUSTIFIED THE HOLDING WHITE MEN IN SLAVERY, provided that through the mother they were descended however remotely from a negro slave. The bright motives, according to their theory, were wrongfully held. The line of defence, however, is changed now, and the North is completely cornered and dumb as an oyster. The South now maintains that slavery is right, natural and necessary. It shows that all divine, and almost all human authority justifies it. The South further charges that the little experiment of free society in western Europe has been, from the beginning, a cruel failure, and that symptoms of failure are abundant in our North—while it is far more obvious that negroes should be slaves than whites—for they are only fit to labor not to direct—yet the principle of slavery is in itself right, and does not depend on difference of complexion. Difference of race, face, of language, of habits and customs, all tend to render the institution more natural

WASHINGTON AND FREMONT.

The New York Independent, the organ of the Congressionalists of the United States, and one of the ablest journals in the country, is decided in its support for Fremont. It runs the following parallel between Washington and our candidate:

"It is somewhat curious to notice the striking correspondence between the history of this young Republican Captain, and that of him whom our fathers took as their leader, in the first great struggle for liberty on this continent. A part of these have been noticed by the papers and by speakers. Others we have not seen referred to. They are interesting and suggestive. Washington was left in childhood, by the death of his father, to the charge of his mother. Fremont was so likewise, at a still earlier period, and in circumstances certainly much less auspicious. Washington had an early passion for the sea, so strong that a midshipman's warrant was obtained for him by his friends. Fremont went to sea and was there employed for more than two years. Washington was introduced to public life through his service on the frontiers, as a surveyor and civil engineer. Fremont won his discipline and his early fame in the same department, and by his use and practice in it has become fitted in mind and body, to endure hardship. Washington learned all that he knew of war in Indian combats and strife of the wilderness, and rose thus to rank of Colonel in the provincial troops. Fremont's school was the same, and he has gained the same rank. Washington had small experience as a legislator, until he was called to the head of the Government. He was taken for his well-tried general qualities, and not for any distinction he had achieved as a diplomatist or as a statesman; and here again the parallel holds. Washington was sneered at by the Tories of that day as a soldier who had 'never set a squadron in the field,' until his energy and patience drove them all out of it. The same class of attacks are now made on Fremont; to be answered in some impressive way. His friends early felt that Washington was especially fitted and preserved of Providence to become the head of the nation; as Rev. Samuel Davies expressed it, that 'Providence has hitherto preserved him in so signal a manner for some important office to his country.' The same expectation, becoming almost a premonition, has for years been general among the friends of Fremont. D. Robertson, his early teacher, expressed it in the preface to his edition of the Anabasis, published years ago, in these words:—'Such, my young friends, is an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, who may yet rise to be at the head of this great and growing Republic. My prayer is that he may be ever opposed to war, injustice and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world.' Washington was called to the head of the army at the age of forty-four; and if Col. Fremont shall live to see the 4th of March next, we confidently expect that the singular parallel will so far be perfected."

"Working men, is not that plain and to the point? You too, are to be made slaves! But, here are some extracts from a Virginia work entitled 'Free Society a failure.' 'Make the laboring man the slave of society, and he would be far better off.' 'Two hundred years of liberty have made white laborers a pauper banditti.' 'Free Society has failed, and that which is not free must be substituted.' 'Free society is a monstrous abortion and slavery the necessary, lawful and natural being which they are trying so unconsciously to adopt.' . . . 'The slaves are governed far better than the free laborers of the North are governed. Our negroes are not only better off as to physical comfort than free laborers, but their moral condition is better.'"

"We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the negro race. The Jewish slaves were not negroes; and to confine the justification of slavery to that race would be to weaken its spiritual authority, and to loose the whole weight of profane authority, for we read of negro slavery in ancient times." "SLAVERY, BLACK OR WHITE IS NECESSARY."

"Nature has made the weak in mind or body slaves. . . . The wise and virtuous, the brave, the strong in mind or body, are born to command. . . . 'Men are not born entitled to equal rights. It would be far nearer the truth to say, that some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them—and the riding does them good. They need the reins, the bit and the spur.' . . . 'Life and liberty are not inalienable.' . . . 'THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IS EXUBERANTLY FALSE, AND ABORESCENTLY FALLACIOUS.'"

"These extracts do not need comment. White men who wish to be slaves, now know where to find men ready and anxious to enslave them."

IS THE CROSS A CRIME?
We are sorry to see our good friends of the Express, in their partisan zeal to discover objections to Col. Fremont, accusing him for engraving the symbol of the Christian faith upon the tablets of the Rocky mountains. The Cross (which was the gallow of the Jews) is the sacred emblem of the religion of the Christian world. It belongs to no sect or creed or nation; and as well might that 'sleazebag astronomer' who traced its outline upon the eternal stars be denounced for conferring the name upon that beautiful constellation, as the great explorer of the wilderness who piously carved it upon God's own monument of everlasting granite. The man who repudiates the 'superstition of the cross' can have little love for him who bore it—that beautiful moon of the divine sun which alone illumines our human night. To be ashamed of the symbol is to be ashamed of the love and suffering it symbolizes:

"Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let darkness blush to own a star."

Surely the true 'friends of the cross,' without regard to creed, will honor the heroic pilgrim of the wilderness, who gratefully and devoutly recorded his triumph in that simple sign, dear to every Christian heart—the holy hieroglyphic which tells the story of a world's redemption, which no Christian eye can ever see without emotion, and which no Christian soul can ever contemplate without remembrance the pilgrims of Palestine.

"PRIZE FOR THE MATHETICUS."
Col. Fremont has no reason to be ashamed of his chronicle of the Cross.—N. Y. Times.

Mrs. AMELIA R. M. ROBINSON.

THE DOG NOBLE AND THE EMPTY HOLE.

We take the following from the last issue of the New York Independent, which is the organ of the Congressionalists in America. It is from the pen of Rev. H. Ward Beecher. The hit at Brooks of the New York Express, who insists upon forcing Col. Fremont into the Catholic church against his will, is capital:

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Noble. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well timed calculation under all this apparent rashness, that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red-backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chicks, emerged at a little distance, and sprang into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereof electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with grove folks, and when he had slept all his dog skin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, 'Well, as there is nothing else to do, I may as well try that hole again.'

We had almost forgotten this little trait, until the conduct of the New York Express, in respect to Col. Fremont's religion, brought it ludicrously to mind again. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, a sound Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith and has never changed. He is unacquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended the services of that Church, with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal knowledge. Col. Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated for that reason, and like other political lies, it is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood, from top to bottom, from the core to the skin, and from the skin back to the core again. In all its parts, in pulp, tegument, rind, cell and seed, it is a thorough and total untruth, and they who speak it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of Mr. Fulmer, etc., as to supposed conversations with Fremont, in which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened. The authors of them are slanderers; the men who spread them become endorsers of wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the Express, like Noble, has opened on this hole in the wall, and can never be done barking at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When every thing fails this resource remains. There they are, indefatigably—the Express and Noble—a church without a Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes we thought that he really believed that there was a squirrel there. But other times we apparently had an inkling of ridiculousness, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out and his eyes a little askant, seeming to say, 'My dear sir, you don't understand a dog's feelings. I should of course much prefer a squirrel, but if I can't have that, an empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he was there. Besides, people who pass by don't know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is needful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides, to tell the truth I have looked into this hole so long, that I have half persuaded myself there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep on.'

Well, every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt if we were to bring back Noble now, after two summer's absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall with just as much zeal as ever.

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

Campaign Song.

THE POLITICAL JUDGMENT DAY.

AIR—"OLD DOG TRAY."

The day of grace is past,
And reckoning comes at last,
The bold and the daring ones in vice shrink away
But tricks will not avail,
In guilt and fear they pale,
Before the people's judgment day. [faithful,
CROOKS—Douglas and Pierce have not been
The White House has led them astray,
They're our country's direct foe,
Have destroyed her calm repose,
But they'll never forget this reck'ning day.
We'll remember who are true,
And we'll hold them up to view—
Their courage for right and rebuking the wrong
But Buchanan and his clan
Will be routed to a man,
Before the mighty—Freedom's throng.
CROOKS—Fremont and Dayton will be faithful,
Slavery cannot make them a prey.
They're men of noble mind;
The path of right they'll find
To usher in the glorious day.
"Uncle Sam" has trained his boys
To cherish Freedom's joys, [of earth,
Bequeathed by Freedom's fathers,
But the rulers of to-day,
By their foul despotic sway,
Disgrace the land that gave them birth.
CROOKS—Fremont to their trust must be faithful
Yield not to border ruffian sway,
But united to a man,
With Fremont in the van,
Proclaim the people's judgment day.
"Uncle Sam" provides a farm,
For each son, whose sturdy arm [soil,
Will plough, sow and reap, and adorn the virgin
But the land to freedom sworn,
Must by ruthless hands be torn,
And sacrificed to unpaid toil! [faithful,
CROOKS—The South to her pledge has not been
Kansas seeks for her prey,
But the North, too, has her right,
To secure it she will fight,
"Till we usher in the glorious day!
Ye Sons of Freedom wake!
The chains of party break, [true,
And show a daring word to liberty you're
The White House has no place
That a bachelor can grace,
So with Jessie we'll adorn it all!
CROOKS—Fremont and Jessie will be faithful,
"Union"—"of hearts" be their away,
'Tween the sunny, balmy South,
And the steadfast, busy North,
The dawn of Freedom's glorious day!

Miscellany.

PRESERVING APPLES.—An old farmer in forms us that he has long been in the habit of preserving his choice apples, for late use, in plaster. He takes common flour barrels—cans the bottom to the depth of five inches with finely pulverized plaster, thoroughly dried, and then places a stratum of apples, not so close as to touch each other, and covers them with another layer of plaster, carefully filling all the interstices, and making the whole close and compact by the pressure of the hand. In this way he fills the barrels, and heads them up. He says the apples will keep perfectly sound for a twelvemonth, or longer if desired. A crisp, juicy apple, in the warm, sultry days of June or July, is a luxury not often to be obtained, hence any method for the preservation of this excellent fruit in the full retention of its many excellencies, is a desideratum "devoutly to be wished for."

Peck, says the editor of a New Orleans paper, invited us down to take dinner with him the other day and he went. For the benefit of those who may hereafter want to know where to find good eating and plenty of it—such as it is—we give Peck's bill of fare: 1st—catfish soup. 2d.—One huge catfish, with catfish sauce. 3d.—A small catfish, stuffed. 4th.—several catfish, not stuffed. 5th.—Some fried catfish. 6th.—Catfish "omlet," mixed. 7th.—Scrambled catfish, great variety, very good. 8th.—A large number of very small catfish, a la Francaise. 9th.—A few catfish. 10th.—Some more catfish. There was quite a number of dishes besides, but they all contained catfish done up in every style the heart could wish.—The dinner was "interspersed" with a few crackers and bad jokes. Long may Peck wave.

The Washington Union, speaking of the Free State men who have emigrated to Kansas, says:

"The miserable bear-eyed rabble who have been transferred, like so MANY CATTLE, to that new country, are more to be pitied than blamed."

Such language is worthy the organ of a miserable Slave-driving, Slave-extending, Slave-whipping, Slave-holding, doughface Administration.

At Columbus, Mississippi, John Duberry, has been arrested charged with circulating the speeches of Senators Sumner and Seward among the people. The punishment on conviction is ten years in the penitentiary.

The London Times of the 29th ultimo lauds Col. Fremont, and declares his political address worthy of any people and of any statesman.