

INQUIRER & CHRONICLE.



BEDFORD, Pa. Friday Morning, July 4, 1856.

"Fearless and Free."

DAVID OVER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FOR PRESIDENT: WILLARD FILLMORE, OF NEW YORK. FOR VICE PRESIDENT: ANDREW JACKSON DONELSON, OF TENNESSEE.

UNION TICKET. Canal Commissioner: THOMAS E. COCHRAN, Of York County. Auditor General: DARWIN PHELPS, Of Armstrong County. Surveyor General: BARTHOLOMEW LAPORTE, Of Bradford County.

NOTICE. SUBSCRIBERS to the stock of the Hopewell and Bloody Run Plank and Turnpike Road Company, are hereby notified that the 4th installment, being five dollars on each share, will be due and payable at the office of the Treasurer on the 20th July next.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING. The members of the Bedford County Agricultural Society will meet in the Court House on Saturday, 5th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., to make arrangements for the coming annual exhibition.

James Buchanan in favor of Ten Cents a day for the Laboring Man!

READ THE PROOF.

Extract from the speech of James Buchanan, on the Tariff, on the 27th January 1840, in the United States Senate, to be found in the Congressional Globe, pages 135-6.

In Germany, where the currency is a broad metallic, and the standard is a piece of broad silver, a hard money standard, a piece of broad silver can be manufactured for fifty dollars; the manufacture of which, in our country from the expansion of paper currency, would cost one hundred dollars. The foreign French and German manufacturer imports this cloth into our country and sells it for a hundred. Does not every person perceive that the redundancy of our currency is equal to a premium of one hundred per cent. in favor of the manufacturer?

A careful examination of the average prices of labor throughout the world, shows that it only amounts to TEN CENTS A DAY! Laboring man, will you vote for Buchanan, who is willing to give you only ten cents a day for your hard labor!

Signs of the Times.

It is so old saying, that "rats always desert a sinking ship." If this principle applies to the affairs of men, as is generally believed, the case of James Buchanan is a desperate one; or in the language of the adage his craft is about to sink. His friends boast wonderfully of his strength, like they always do of their candidates, but the people are not only slow to believe, but evidently see breakers and dangers ahead which they are anxious to avoid by a timely desertion.

Mr. FILLMORE, since his return from Europe, has been received in New York, Brooklyn, and other places, with the greatest enthusiasm. The feeling in his favor is unbounded. He is one of the best statesmen in the nation, and his election would be a guarantee that peace and good feeling would again assume their way in this now agitated nation.

ted last March by his party, and has remained the State candidate ever since until very lately. He doubtless is beginning to see "which way the cat jumps," and in a published card politely declines the honor of a defeat. These are only a few of the signs of the times, selected from a great many more of the same sort, to which we will refer when we have more room. In the mean time we will merely suggest to our enthusiastic Buchanan men, to look at the facts, to keep cool, and to prepare themselves for a most awful political thrashing in this county and State, and everywhere else, except in a few of the Southern States.

JAMES BUCHANAN. In early life, indeed until middle age, he was a Federalist, and the slanderer of Madison. He was the author of the Bargain and Sale charge on Henry Clay. He advocated low wages. He denied being a Pennsylvanian, to save a few dollars for taxes. He was in favor of our title to Oregon, whilst Secretary of State, up to 54 40, but backed down to 49. He was sent to England to settle the difficulties existing between the United States and that country, in regard to the Central American question; and to electioneer for the Presidency, after receiving his thousands of dollars for his services, he came back, and left our relations with Great Britain in a worse condition than when he went there. No statesman like Clay, Webster or Calhoun, would have thus acted. He has been against slavery and for it, in favor of the Missouri Compromise and against it. He has been on all sides of every public question. He was in Congress twenty years and never originated a single important public act. His friends can't point to one. His life has been one only of intrigue and cunning. Such is the man the Locofoco party asks the people to support for next President.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

We call the particular attention of all our readers to the Oration of James Buchanan, delivered on the Fourth of July, 1815, in Lancaster. It will be seen by reading it, that he was one of the worst enemies Mr. Madison and the Democratic party ever had. He is the same man now that he was then, a cold, calculating, selfish Federalist, opposed to the poor man, and even so despicably mean, that whilst he occupied the position of Secretary of State under Polk, he denied being a Pennsylvanian, to save a few dollars of taxes, his rightful share towards maintaining the honor and credit of the State, that made him all that he ever was. He is the last man for whom Pennsylvanians should feel the least particle of State pride.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The teachers and scholars of the Methodist Sunday School held their annual celebration on Thursday of last week, in the beautiful grove belonging to the estate of Maj. S. M. Barclay, dec'd. We have never before enjoyed ourselves so well at any celebration of the kind as we did at this. The scholars declaimed several pieces that will have done credit to those in the best day schools. There were several dialogues spoken by some of the little girls and boys, which reflected great credit upon them and their instructors. The best of all was a dialogue from Scripture, "Joseph and his Brethren." The different persons concerned in this performed their parts exceedingly well. The part by the young man who represented the chief character, was exceedingly well performed, and elicited the admiration of all on the ground. We are convinced from the display of varied native talent by the scholars, that if some of them had the opportunity of our more favored youth, a classical education, they would make orators of the first class. The singing by the young ladies was excellent. After the performances, a first rate dinner was spread, where the vast concourse was beautifully supplied with all that the most fastidious appetite could crave. The teachers and scholars deserve the thanks of the community for the pleasure which they have afforded them. We must not forget to mention, that the greatest labor was performed by the present able and efficient Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and to him they are mainly indebted for the rich treat.

It appears that the shoe fits Cooper of the Valley Spirit. He can wear it, no matter whether his nomenclature be Jim or John! Wonder whether the flash paper he edited in which he blackguarded the best men, and even single ladies in Chambersburg, was not a ten-cent paper, and its editor a ten-cent intellect! And wonder whether any one but a ten-cent man would have run off and let his bail suffer! Ah, Johnny, you have all the attributes of a ten-cent brain and a ten-cent thing! You have!

Visitors are beginning to arrive in considerable numbers at the Bedford Springs. It is thought that the present will be a very lively and thronged season.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.—We understand that our clever friend over the way, John P. Reed, Esq., procured the nomination of A. J. Sively, Esq., for Associate Judge, in order to kill him off for Prothourary next fall. Mr. Reed wants that nomination himself! We suppose all is fair in politics! But will Sheriff Sively stand this treatment?

We notice that several Locofoco papers are publishing the Low Wages Speech of Buchanan, but they leave out that part in which he advocates the doctrine of ten cents a day. We publish the correct extract in another part of our paper. Come, gentlemen, if you pretend to publish the speech, publish low wages extract and all.

DAILY HERALD.—We have received several numbers of this spunky little daily, published in Harrisburg, by J. J. Clyde, Esq. It supports Fillmore. Price \$4 per year.

Old line Whigs, remember that James Buchanan was the author of the "Bargain and Sale" slander on the great American Statesman, Henry Clay!

A Remarkable Prophecy.

Dr. Robertson published an edition of Xenophon's Anabasis in 1850. In the preface he gives the following account of the youth who was a member of one of his classes. It is a most interesting document, and shows how the character, which Col. Fremont has ever exhibited, was formed, and illustrates the early development of the energy and talent that have borne him on through life.

"For your further encouragement, I will here relate a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance. In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth, apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much (fourteen) of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and upon the whole, what I should call handsome; of a keen piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he had found him given to study, and that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments; and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry) had resolved to place him under my care, for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin and Mathematics, sufficient to enter Charleston College. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. I at once put him in the highest class just beginning to read Caesar's Commentaries, and although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year he had, with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Caesar, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, six books of Virgil, nearly all Horace, and two books of Livy; and in Greek all Græca Minora, about the half of the first volume of Græca Majora, and four books of Homer's Illiad. And whatever he read he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. I have hinted that he was designed for the church, but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was always the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence. While under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetical composition in the following manner. When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions which I thought were unclouded a few days afterward in some well written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed, unequal but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression; and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitating at first rather blushing he confessed he did. I then said: 'I knew you could do such things, and suppose you have some pieces by you, which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment. I had hired a mathematician to teach

both him and myself, for I could no then teach that science, and in this he also made such wonderful progress that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College, triumphantly, while others who had been studying four years more were obliged to take the Sophomore Class. About the end of the year 1828, I left Charleston. After that he taught mathematics for some time. His career afterward has been one of heroic adventure, of hair breadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations, which have him world wide renowned. In a letter I received from him very lately, he expressed his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from either forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent; and of anything I may have learned, I remember nothing so well and so distinctly as what I acquired with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality they would never have sprung up to a hundred fold in the full ear. Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, and who may yet rise to be at the head of this great and growing Republic. My prayer is that he may ever be 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."

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

The following brief accounts of the candidates of the Republican party, are taken chiefly from the Philadelphia Bulletin.

JOHN C. FREMONT.—With the leading particulars of the life of the Republican nominee, the whole country is well acquainted. John C. Fremont was born at Savannah, Georgia, Jan. 21st, 1813, and received his education at Charleston. His father was a Frenchman and his mother was a Virginian. His father died when he was only four years old. His capacity for mathematics procured him a situation as teacher of that branch of education, when quite a young man.

The U. S. Government gave him employment, first on board the sloop of war Natchez, and afterwards as a lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. While engaged on duty in Washington, he made the acquaintance of Gen. Benton's family, and in 1841 married one of his daughters against the parent's consent—that is to say, the elopement. In 1842 he set out on the first of his three exploring expeditions, going over the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. In 1843 he made his second exploration and in 1845 his third. The war with Mexico broke out during the latter expedition, and Fremont, now a lieutenant colonel, rendered efficient aid to our military and naval forces in California.

The dispute as to the chief command, which sprang up between Gen. Kearney and Gen. Stockton, brought Col. Fremont into notice, as the question was submitted to him. He declined to decide it, and as he was at a loss to know who had the rightful authority, he decided to obey the order of Gen. Stockton, under whom he had first been placed when he arrived in California. This incensed Gen. Kearney, who ordered his arrest, and he was tried by a court martial, for disobedience of orders. The court declared that Kearney was the rightful commander, found Fremont guilty and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. President Polk signed the sentence as being technically right, but at the same time offered Fremont a new commission of the same grade as that of which he had been deprived. This Fremont refused, and retired to private life.

After this he under took a fourth expedition across the Rocky Mountains, by a new route, which resulted disastrously in many respects. But it left Fremont in California, whose gold had just begun to be developed. He then took an active part in public affairs, and engaged in some land operations, which have finally made him out of the richest men in the Union. He was elected one of the first United States Senators from California, but the term for which he was elected was only two years, and owing to the delay in the admission of the State, he sat only during one session. Since that period he has occupied himself with his private affairs, and now for the first time appears before the people as a candidate for office, and that office is the highest in their gift.

The proposed candidate of the North is a man to excite enthusiasm. His brilliant genius, his romantic adventures, his heroic exploits, his clear, manly intellect, will make it easy for enthusiasm to be excited by the name of this young, chivalrous, and splendid American. On the other hand it will be hard to be enthusiastic about Mr. Buchanan. He is a bachelor, a man old yet not wise, cold yet not safe, as his Orestes tend circular shows. In that he plainly intimates that if Spain will not sell us Cuba for a hundred and twenty millions of dollars, we have a perfect right as a matter of personal security to take it by force. The man who could put his name to such a document cannot be called a safe man for the Presidency.

Hon. Wm. L. Dayton, the Republican nominee for Vice President, is a gentleman who has long been held in high esteem in his native State, New Jersey. He was a lawyer by profession; has held the office of Judge of one of the New Jersey Courts; has served, we believe, in her State Legislature, and was one of her representatives in the United States Senate from 1842 to 1851. During this period, he secured the esteem of all who observed his course, as a conservative, yet thoroughly Northern Senator.

"THE FIGHTING."—Mrs. Prewett, the lady editor of the American Banner, published at Yazoo City, Miss., makes the following somewhat unique announcement of the accession of the political editor of her paper to his tripod:

"THE POLITICAL EDITOR.—We have the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the American Banner, that Mr. John T. Smith, an able writer and a zealous American, who has been connected with the Mississippi press for fourteen years, has been engaged to take charge of the political department of this paper during the canvass. Mr. Smith, though a remarkably courteous, and amiable gentleman, has fought five duels, killing his man every time. He brings into the political canvass, besides a general stock of information and zeal for the cause two Bowie-knives, one of Parson Beecher's Sharpe's rifles, two six-shooters, and sundry canes and scabbards, not to speak of two pair of brass knuckles. We bespeak for Mr. Smith a cordial reception by the press, gang.

P. S. Mr. Smith brings into the service a ferocious pair of whiskers and a diabolical moustache, which will carry dismay into the ranks of the adversary. He has not yet arrived at his post; his daughter, by the way, may be seen at Gurney's, taken in the inevitable style of that artist.

N. B. Challenges received from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

P. P. S.—No one need stay away on account of intelligibility; Mr. S. regards any one sufficiently a gentleman to fight with him, or to treat him, which latter can be attended to during the hour for receiving challenges—preference given to brandy jaleps, extra-song.

ARRIVAL OF EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

The steamship Atlantic arrived in New York on Sunday night, about 11 o'clock, with ex-President Fillmore on board. A large crowd was on the wharf to greet him and cheer after cheer was given before the Atlantic reached her dock. The following particulars are taken from the New York Herald:

It was now discovered that Mr. Fillmore's son was on board, when somebody demanded three more for Fillmore, J.—The demand was complied with; three good cheers were given, and several pressing forward seized the son by the hand, and, in their friendship for the father, nearly pulled his arms out of their sockets. At last the gang plank was made secure to the vessel's side and the Fillmore Reception Committee poured along like a torrent, and in over the sides of the ship, driving back the astonished passengers.

In they went to the cabin, where Mr. Fillmore was waiting to receive them. After the usual shaking of hands, Alderman Briggs addressed him as follows:

Mr. Fillmore.—In the name of New York and of this nation, I welcome you to your native shores. Your countrymen have watched your pilgrimage through the European States with solicitude, fearing that those natural calamities always impending over the living might deprive them of your valuable life, and overwhelm your country with universal sorrow, and I congratulate yourself and kindred that you have passed the danger of land and sea, and have returned in health and happiness to your native land; and above all, I rejoice that you will return to the White House, to remove the veil from that have gathered there during your unfortunate absence from the national helm. Our country is blessed with all the climates and productions of nature, and with free institutions; and the Americans should kindle the fires of liberty and union in every vale and on every hill, on your safe return to again bless us with an administration that will enforce respect and obedience to our glorious flag wherever it waves, and restore unity, tranquility, and contentment to the farthest frontiers of our beloved country.

Mr. Fillmore in reply, then spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman.—This unexpected and flattering reception from the city of New York and my native State, reaches a heart that may not feel otherwise than grateful. I have been a laborious traveler in foreign countries, and although I have wandered far, my heart has always been with the American people. (Great applause.) And this, sir, is the happiest and proudest day of my life, to be received by a city which is known throughout Europe. For, sir, travel where you will there, and ask the humblest peasant what town he knows in the United States, and he will tell you that it is New York. (Applause.) I am proud to own that I am a native of the State of New York, and I am prouder still, sir, to be able to say that I am an American citizen. (Applause, and three cheers were here given.

en for Mr. Fillmore.) Sir, you have been pleased to allude to my former services in the councils of my country. It does not become me to speak of them here. They have passed into history. Much less does it become me to speak of the future.

All I can say is, sir, that my name, unsolicited on my part, and entirely unexpected, has been presented by my friends for every part of the country. (Applause.)—If there be these either North or South who desire an administration for the North as against the South, or for the South as against the North, they are not the men who should give their suffrages to me.—(Most enthusiastic applause and cries of "that's so.") For my own part I know nothing but my country, my whole country and nothing but my country. (Great applause.) But, sir, I am unexpectedly called upon on this occasion to address these few remarks, and must conclude by again returning my sincere thanks to the Corporation of the city of New York, which has done me the unexpected honor to welcome me back again. (Applause.)

A Voice.—and the people too.

The people too—to all I return my thanks.

A Voice.—It is no corporation, but the people.

Mr. Van Riper, on behalf of the Board of Conventions, then welcomed Mr. Fillmore, and congratulated him upon his safe return to his native land, to which Mr. F. bowed his grateful acknowledgements.

The committee now took Mr. Fillmore in charge, and after two or three tremendous efforts, succeeded in getting him over the side of the steamer, down the gang-plank, and after that through the crowd into the carriage on the pier. The carriage was immediately beset by an eager throng, and by another gigantic effort the committee succeeded in getting it off the pier. The crowd then formed in a procession of five abreast, and formed an escort for the ex-President up to the St. Nicholas, clearing all the way.

When they reached the hotel, they found another crowd assembled in front, by which he was literally overwhelmed. Before he could be rescued from the carriage, half a dozen stout, burly fellows had him by the hands and by the coat, and for a time there was a struggle between them and the committee as to which should have possession of him. By main strength, the committee carried him off, and pushing him before them, they gained the door in safety, rushed up stairs, and followed by some two or three dozen, they succeeded in getting him into a room, where Mr. Fillmore was saved from his friends. But the multitudes outside became impatient, and were loud in their demands to the committee to "fetch him out." So he had to come, and his appearance on the balcony was greeted with a storm of applause. Somebody called out three groans for the Black Republicans, and they were given with a hearty good will. When silence was restored Mr. Fillmore spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens—I believe I shall hardly trespass upon the Sabbath, as I think it is midnight.

(A Voice.—It is Monday morning.) If I ventured so far as to return you, my most cordial thanks for this very unexpected welcome back to my native State.—(Great applause.) You can well conceive that a person coming from a long voyage, weakened by sea sickness and distracted by the dizziness incident to such a scene, can hardly appreciate the enthusiasm of a street full of people gathered at midnight for the purpose of receiving me. (Applause.) I can only say, fellow citizens, that during the absence of more than a year I have seen much of European life. I have been enabled to contrast it with that of my own country. I have been able to look at the condition of other nations as compared with my own, and I can say to you, fellow citizens, that after all my wanderings my heart fondly turns to America as the home of my birth. (Applause.) But, fellow citizens, this is no time for a speech. I merely came forward to thank you, and to say to you that from this time forward I am only of you and with you. (Loud and continued cheering.)

Mr. Fillmore retired amid enthusiastic cheering, and took supper with the committees. Thus ended the first night of Mr. Fillmore in the great metropolis.

If I thought I had a drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would let it out.— JAMES BUCHANAN.

For information in regard to his naming himself, in order to be free from Democratic blood, we would call attention to the following letter, furnished by the Detroit Advertiser:

LANCASTER, May 31, 1837.—Dear Sir.—Your favor of yesterday was duly received by me this morning, and in reply to the questions which you have there addressed to me, I hasten to state that a number of years ago, when the Federal and Democratic parties were nearly equally balanced in this country, I was passing by the Court House one evening, and was informed by some persons that the Federalists were holding a meeting in it at the time, and that the Hon. James Buchanan was addressing

it. Although I was a member of the Democratic party, I nevertheless went in to hear what he had to say, because I was always pleased with his delivery and his manner of speaking. I had not been in the Court House long, before he elevated his right hand above his head, and in an emphatic manner exclaimed, "If I thought I had a drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would let it out." I remember this distinctly, because I turned to some person who was standing near me at the time, and observed, "What a rash and improper expression that is for any citizen to make upon such an occasion." I recalled it, too, because it was a direct and unprovoked attack upon the party to which I was warmly and ardently attached. From that time I ceased to entertain that respect for Mr. Buchanan which I had formerly done.

Very respectfully, ANTHONY M'GLINN. Who doubts now but that James Buchanan made use of the expression? But he was only a boy then.

A FALSEHOOD CONTRADICTED.

"We have on more than one occasion, heard Mr. Buchanan declare that there was no living statesman for whom he entertained a higher respect, or a warmer personal friendship, than Mr. Clay; and, politically, he always condescended to him the purest negatives and most exalted patriotics.

"Mr. Clay, we believe, to the day of his death, reciprocated those feelings—and we may safely say, that from the first to the last moment of their intercourse, there was no estrangement between them.

We copy the above from the Harrisburg Patriot and Union. We have no doubt that the editor of that paper has heard Mr. Buchanan make such professions of regard for Mr. Clay; but what does that prove but his own baseness? If Mr. Buchanan had such a friendship for Mr. Clay, and conceded to him pure motives and exalted patriotism, how comes it that he allowed him to be abused, maligned and vilified, as guilty of a bargain and sale with Mr. Adams, for more than a quarter of a century, when he knew the accusation to be basely false, and was the only man living who could so prove it?

But our purpose in noticing the above was simply but unqualifiedly to contradict the second paragraph of the extract. It is wholly untrue that Mr. Clay had any other feeling towards Mr. Buchanan than those which an injured man would naturally have. From 1844, to the time of his death, he would have no intercourse with him, and on all proper occasions freely expressed his opinion of Mr. Buchanan in anything but complimentary terms. We happen to know, of our own knowledge, that a conversation with a personal and political friend of his residing in the State, he named Mr. Buchanan as having behaved more infamously towards him than any other public man.—He made no secret of his abhorrence of Mr. Buchanan's conduct, and his utter detestation of his character. The attempt, therefore, of Mr. Buchanan's friends to win Ways to his support, by representing Mr. Clay to have been his friend, had better be abandoned, or they may provoke Mr. Clay's friends to bring forward proof on that subject, which will neither be creditable to Mr. Buchanan, nor all his sticking cause.—Daily News.

The Independent Democrat, Concord (N. H.) whose editor, George G. Fogg, Esq., was the chief Secretary of the Kansas Investigating Committee, as the result of two months' painful experience in the Territory says:—

"Instead of the wrongs of the people of Kansas having been exaggerated, the half of their wrongs has never been told. And this, the testimony taken by the Congressional Commission will conclusively show. And yet, no oral or written testimony can portray the height and depth, the length and breadth of the outrages perpetrated in that Territory under the color of law, and by authority of men who hold commissions under the President of the U. S. Including the Governor, Judges, Marshals, and Indian Agents, they are engaged in one consolidated conspiracy, having for its object the expulsion of every Free State settler from the Territory, and the establishment of Slavery therein, at all hazards, not excepting civil war and a dissolution of the Union."

"BOLTING" CONTINUES.

The St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens, a German daily and weekly paper, with a large circulation and much influence among the Germans in the West, which has hitherto acted with the Administration, repudiates both the platform and the Candidates of the Cincinnati Convention.

The Sumpterville Watchman, a Democratic Journal of South Carolina, refuses to support BUCHANAN, and advises S. Carolina to throw away her vote on FRANKLIN PIENNE.

"The last office to which Buchanan was elected by the people, was to Congress, by the Federal Party of Lancaster county. When this party had been abandoned everywhere else, James Buchanan carried its banner in Lancaster, and under that banner obtained a seat in Congress. Since then he has professed to be a Democrat, but it is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding he has held office all his life, he never received the suffrages of the Democratic masses.